Selected English Readings

For Advanced Students

最新中學精讀英文選

楊承芳選註

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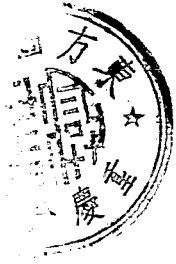

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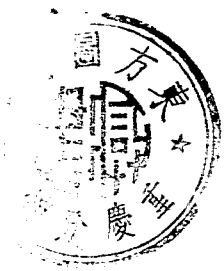

序

想編輯「中學精讀英文選」的念頭，很早以前就起過的。兩年前，當我在「中學生」雜誌上發表長篇「英語學習漫談」（現由開明書店出單行本，改名「英語學習法」）的時候，我經常收到各地讀者的來信，要求我介紹一點適合中學生閱讀的英文書。讀者們的來信，大都對於目前坊間所能買到的英語教科書及課外讀物，表示不滿，他們要求我介紹一點新的讀物，但是說來慚愧得很，我也介紹不出讀者們所要求的書。有些熱情可感的讀者，尤其是廣東方面的幾位英語教師，向我建議：編輯一本中學英文選，以適應目前的需要。這種工作我是很樂意做的，但是由於個人事務的繁忙，我始終一再拖延，未曾動手。今年六月間，我到一個中學去教了一班高中的英語，學生英語程度之低落，很使我吃驚。教科書陳舊不堪，學生不僅不高興讀，而且根本討厭讀。因此，我更深感有編輯一本新的中學英文選之必要，於是積極進行，從五月間開始，至九月底完成，經過五個月的時間。

目前中學校所採用的英語教科書，站在語言學與教育學的立場看來，是有許多缺點的。在「英文手冊」（桂林文化供應社出版）中，我曾指出：

「我國各級中學現時所採用的英語教科書，內容大都

偏重文藝讀物，如小說，故事，寓言，神話之類，而且這些東西又大半是幾百年以前的老骨董，與今天中國學生的實際生活環境和經驗，相隔太遠。我們生活在廿世紀四十年代，但英語教科書中所選的東西却是十七或十八世紀的所謂「古典」作品。（我說這句話時，沒有絲毫輕視古典作品之意，古典作品有它的價值，但是要中學生把大部分學習英語的時間花費在讀古典作品，這是頗成問題的；因為中學生習英語的目的，與其說是學習欣賞文藝作品，勿寧說是藉為一種求知識的工具。）我們處在戰爭與變革的動盪時代，英語教科書却要我們坐在象牙之塔去學英語！」

正因為英語讀物與我們的實際生活之間存在着一條鴻溝，所以讀英語不能在實際生活中應用，實際應用所需要的英語，又大半在教科書中找不着，這樣自然造成學習與實用脫節的現象，因而影響學習的興趣與進步。

中國的抗戰已經經過了快要六年，在這段時期中，無論中國或國際方面，均起了空前激劇的變化，但是現時的英語教科書，幾乎全部是抗戰以前出版的（至少在六年以前），這種書之不能適應目前的實際需要，不能引起學生之興趣，是無足怪的。

然而困難還不僅此，太平洋戰爭爆發後不久，敵人佔領了香港與上海租界，切斷了內地所需的英語教科書供給的來源，到處都在鬧「教科書恐慌」，目前要買陳舊不適用的英語教科書亦很不易。

為了補救過去一般英語教科書偏重文藝讀物的缺點，於是又有人採用流行英文報紙與雜誌上的文章，作為補充

教材。這種補充教材在某些方面固然補足了過去教科書的缺點，但它自身又具有另外一些缺點。這些補充教材大部是政治評論，報告文學或戰地通訊之類的東西，政治性太重，在文字方面却不免有小毛病，因爲新聞記者的文章草草成篇，缺少推敲與琢磨，用字造句自不免疎忽。此外，正因爲政治性太重，恰如過去偏重文藝讀物所產生的缺點一樣，學生們所獲得的語彙與知識，亦是偏於一方面的造成畸形的發展，而不能適應實際生活各方面的需要。

我們應該走什麼路呢？

對於中國學生，一本完善的英文書，依我的意見，應具備下列三個條件：

第一是現代的與實用的。所謂現代的就是說要授給學生以現代的英語——現時英美人所用的英語——而不是學了不能用的英語。所謂實用的就是說所選的課文要能適應目前中國學生現時生活各方面的要求。

第二選擇課文時，應以語言學和教育學爲根據，換句話說，在選擇教材時，不應局限於文章的文藝價值或所謂「意識」問題，尤應顧到文章本身的好壞，顧到各種文章分配的比重，顧到學生的悟解力與接受性。

第三應兼顧課文之形式與內容的多樣性。換句話說，所選的課文在形式方面應包括各種不同的文體，在內容方面應包括各科的知識，使學生讀了後可以認識各種不同的文體，獲得各科知識。

這本書，就是根據這三個原則編輯的。全書選文，在文體方面包括小說，故事，戲劇，會話，詩歌，傳記，遊

記，尺牘，演說，小品文，報告文學，戰地通訊，評論，議決案，書評……等；在內容方面涉及政治，經濟，軍事，地理，歷史，自然科學，現代社會生活，以及學生生活，青年的學習指導。在選材時，形式與內容並重，以期能適應中國學生的實際需要。

在編選本書時我雖然努力遵守上面所講的三個原則，但是由於各種客觀的困難，我未能完全實現我自己所規定的標準。最大的困難是資料的貧乏，舊的東西既多不合用，新的資料又太少，選五十篇文章費了五個月的工夫，然而在課文的分配方面，還存在着不少的缺點。例如，我本想選一篇敍述中國地理與歷史的文章，但翻了幾本英文地理書，英文中國年鑑及英文政治家年鑑，我都不能找到一篇合用的文章，結果祇得作罷。

其次，我本思在每篇課文後附以詳註及練習問題，不僅解釋個別字句的意義及習慣用法，並擬說明整篇文章的結構，以及各種文體的特殊形式及風格，但是由於排印的困難和篇幅的限制，我祇能附以簡單的註釋，其餘的就只得割愛。

在編輯本書時，坎寧兄夫婦給了我不了少幫助，坎寧兄代我借了若干資料，坎寧夫人代我打了一部分原稿並把全部原稿校閱一遍，謹向他們衷致謝，沒有他們的鼓勵與幫助，這本書不知道要拖延到什麼時候才能完成呢！

楊承芳一九四二年十月於桂林

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CORRECT ENGLISH

By Norman Forester

Correct English, or Good Use, is the English sanctioned (1) by the use of the best writers and speakers of English. As Ben Jonson observed (2) long ago, "Custom is the most certain mistress (3) of language.....When I name custom, I understand not the vulgar (4) custom.....but what I call custom which is the consent(5) of the learned(6)." It is not the usage of the people in general(7)—vulgar custom—but of cultivated(8) people. It is not the usage of a single cultivated person, but of cultivated persons as a class. Correctness in language, like correctness in social manners,(9) is not determined "democratically"(10) by the majority, but "aristocratically"(11) by a select(12) class.

In a sense(13) all English is good—good or those who use it. A section hand's(14) English passes muster (15) among section hands; a shopgirl's (16) English invites no criticism in her society. But the question is, Do you wish your English to be section-hand English, or shopgirl English? What sort of English are you trying to use? That(17) of the indiscriminating(18) masses (19) or of the more fastidious(20) classes? There

is no law, no compulsion. You merely place yourself in one class or another(21) by the language you use. Do you wish your English to seem queer in another section of the country or among the more discriminating classes? Are you content that it seems right only in your own neighborhood?

Correct English, to put (22) the matter more exactly, must be "present," "national," and "reputable."

We must use words that are intelligible (23) to the present generation. Old words are constantly dropping out of (24) the language or changing their meanings; and new words are constantly being added to express new ideas. Our vocabulary, to be intelligible, must exclude archaic (25) words (words that are antiquated, such as "whilom" for "formerly," "thou" for "you," etc.) and obsolete (26) words (words or meanings that have totally passed out of present use, such as "dole" meaning "grief," "prevent" in the sense of "to precede," and "cuisse" (a part of the armor).

Our words must also have national currency,(27) must be intelligible throughout the nation. The two most common classes of words violating this test of good use are unidiomatic expressions(28) and provincialisms (29) or other dialect words or phrases.

An idiom is an expression that is peculiar to a particular language. Using the wrong preposition

with certain verbs, nouns, or adjectives is the most common form of unidiomatic English. For example, "I cannot comply to this request" violates the established (30) idiom "comply with." Similarly "to home (31)," "angry at(32)," and "independent from(33)" are violations of long-established idioms. The student can collect many other examples for himself by watching the speech of foreigners, or of children, by studying literal translations (34) from a foreign language, or by reading stories written in such dialects as Pidgin-English(35), German-English(36), or French-English(37)

Other violations of the test of national use are provincialisms or technical words—dialect words. Provincialisms, or localisms, are words confined to a limited section of a country. Every region has words widely current(38) among its speakers but rarely or never used in other regions. These words—which one perhaps has used from childhood without thinking of them as incorrect—are the most common violation of national use and are, without question, the most difficult to detect and correct. Although provincialisms may sometimes be used in conversation and in familiar writing, one should refrain from(39) using them in formal speech or writing. Examples of provincialisms are "calculate(40)", "allow", or "reckon" for "think," "wait on" for "wait for," "chunk" for "throw", "scotch" for "block" or "prop," "tote" or "pack"

for "carry", and "out it" for "put it out." Technical words, such words as "volplaning,(41)" "fungo (42), "bagasse,(43)" words confined to a particular sport, trade, or profession, constitute another class of dialect words. Technicalwords ohsuld ordinarily be used only in technical writing; they are usually unintelligible to all except specialists.

On the other hand, "Ain't"(44) and "I haven't got no books" and many other incorrect expressions satisfy the first two tests of good use; but they fail to meet the third and most important test: they are not inreputable use. To be reputable, a word must have the sanction of the best writers. It must not be a vulgarism(45), an impropriety(46), a colloquialism (47) or slang.

Good use, it must be remembe ed, is a relative (48) term. Every one has several language, which differ from each other in many respects, He has a free and easy, somewhat unconscious colloquial language— the language of "talk." He has a more conscious, thoughtful spoken language—the language of conversation or discussion. And he has a formal, conservative written language—the language of print. Each of these has minute and delicate shadings. The time, the audience, the place, the mood, the subject —all play a part in helping him select that form of speech which best fits the particular occasion. This

adjustment is just as much a social matter, a matter of good taste and correct manners, as the choice of dress. The man who has only one kind of language is just as handicapped as the man who has only one kind of dress. In this adjustment of speech to the occasion two extremes(49) are to be avoided: too rigid adherence to (50) rules of correctness, which leads to(51) a pedantic, artificial style; and too little regard for(52) propriety in speech, which leadr to a slangy, slovenly style. Good English avoids both these extremes.

SPEAKIND THE SAME LANGUAGE

By A. E. Mander

To say that two persons speak the same language is to say that they use the same words with the same meanings. When we say that we are all English-speaking (1) people, that signifies (2) only that the majority of everyday words mean more or less the same thing to all of us. But there are many words which have different meanings to different persons. Probably no two persons speak exactly the same language.

We should note(3) that a language is not merely a collection of words: it is the relation of words to meanings. To speak or write the same words does not of itself (4) show that we are using the same language. The word "genial"(5) occurs in both German and English; but if a German were to use the word in the German sense and we were to accept it in the English sense, we should completely misunderstand him. The word "Solicitor," means something quite different in America from what it means in England: in America it means one who solicits(6) orders,(7) a salesman or commercial traveller(8); in England it means a lawyer(9). "Dumb"(10), likewise, has a meaning in America different from the meaning it has in England.

Again, there is a word, "conscience"(11), in both French and English. But if a Frenchman were to use the word in the French sense, and we were to accept it in the English sense, we should entirely misunderstand his meaning. We speak different languages. Yet because German and French and English are so widely different, we are not likely to be misled when a German or a Frenchman speaking his language, happens to use a word which occurs in our language too. We recognise that we speak different languages; and so we are on our guard(12) against confusing his use of the word with our own.

The word "homely" occurs in both English and American-English. To most Englishmen "a homely girl" is an expression with quite an agreeable flavour: (13) it means a pleasant, natural sort(14) of girl who possesses the domestic qualities which would make her a good wife and mother.(15) But it would be unwise to describe such a girl as "homely" to an American. For to him the word has a different meaning; to him it means plain and unattractive, coarse and ugly. So in regard to (16) this word at any rate, (17) the English and the Americans are speaking different languages.

There is probably less danger of misunderstanding when we are dealing with(18) the Germans than we are dealing with the Americans. For in the former case(19) we recognize that we are speaking different languages. We are therefore on our guard; and in translating from one language to the other we exercise great care to get the exact meaning intended—what the word really means to the person who uses it. But in dealing with Americans we may suppose that we are speaking the same language; and so we are apt to (20) take it for granted(21) that a given word must mean the same thing to them that it means to us. The word "homely" is but one of hundreds of cases in which a complete misunderstanding may result.

But what of ourselves? Of us, apart from the Americans, who call ourselves English-speaking people? Do we all speak exactly the same language? I repeat: we do not. We all speak languages which are more or less similar; and for the sake of convenience(22) we lump them all together as the English language. But when we come to look into(23) the matter more closely, (24) we find that our respective languages are not entirely and exactly the same language.

I repeat: to say that two persons use the same language, is to say that they use the same words with the same meanings. No doubt there are many English words which do have approximately(25) the same meaning to all of us. If there were not, we could not understand one another at all. But consider how many words there are—how many every-day English words—which mean different things to different people. And can you say that two persons are really speaking the same language if—even though they use the same words—they mean different things by them? Can you? Think it over(26).

WHAT IS A THEORY?

By A. E. Mander

There is a common saying:(1) "That's all right in theory, but it doesn't wo k out(2) in practice." About this, there is only one thing to be said: If it does not work out in practice, then it cannot be all right in theory. No theory can be true unless it fits the relevant(3) fact; and the only way to test a theory is by applying it to the facts to ascertain if(4) it works out. Such a saying therefore betrays only the speaker's ignorance(5) of the meaning of the word 'theory'.

Again, we know the type(6) of man who loudly proclaims(7) his scorn(8) of all theory and theoretical considerations priding(9) himself on his own essentially practical mind', based,(10) he will probably tell you, on experience in the hard school of life(11). He has "no time" for books or theories, he declares: he is quite satisfied with his own common sense.(12) But, of course, he does not understand that he is really boasting only of his lack of ordinary intelligence! For theories are simply attempts at an intelligent interpretation(13) of facts. Apart from(14) deduction(15) all reasoning(16)— that is," all intelligent thinking— consists of making and testing theories.

Yet again, there is the person who insists that he is "not interested in theories": all he wants are the "plain facts". To him it should be explained that there is no real division, such as he supposes, between facts and theories. Every true theory is a statement of fact: a statement of fact—about other facts. Whatever is—is a fact (whether we know it or not). Roughly, whatever we think or infer is a theory. If it does actually correspond to(17) fact, the theory is true; if it does not, then the theory is false.

There are two kinds of theory—general and special.

A general theory is a proposition which, if true, is universall (18) true. It covers (19) all things or all events—all, always, everywhere of the class referred to. A generalization(20) is a simple type of general theory. An explanation also is 'general' if it applies to all things, or all events, of the sort that are being explained.

A special theory refers to(21) one particular set or selection of facts. It is an attempt to explain them in their relations to one another. The theory must fit all the 'known,' facts to which it refers; but it reveals also the identity of some other fact or facts, hitherto unknown.

Figuratively, we may say that finding a special theory is like discovering the "pattern" into which a

number of particular facts will fit. Still more figurati -vely, it is like putting together the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle(22) from which one or more pieces are missing. When we have fitted together all the pieces available (the known facts), we can see what the missing pieces must be like to enable them to fit into the gaps.

IF I WERE TWENTY-ONE

By Williams S. Knudsen

If I were twenty-one(1) I would be a mechanic.(2) I would try to get work in a machine shop.(3) If that failed I would try for a job in a filling station, or as an apprentice to an electrician(5) or an plumber,(6) or as a clerk behind a counter, (7) or as an errand boy. I would try to get some work to do with my hands.

When I was a youngster(8) a college education was a rarity. (9) I have been on somebody's pay roll(10) since I was eight; I have been more or less a mechanic since I was sixteen. In my early days in a bicycle plant, (11) I went to a technical school at night.

Nowadays in America most youngsters want a college education. That is all right. I would probably

want one (12) too. But I wouldn't, if I knew what I know now, let the college education interfere with (13) my practical education as a mechanic. For that I have some good reasons.

Last summer I talked a good deal with some college seniors (14). They all seemed worried about how they would get their start in life. "What shall we do?" they asked. "What shall we head for?"

I suggested that they go out and try to get a job working with their hands: filling station, factory store, machine shop. They were puzzled. They thought I was joking. Why, they were college men. Manual labour (15) would involve (in some way I don't understand) a loss of standing (16), of prestige (17). Furthermore, these youngsters had never had any training in practical, mechanical skills. They wouldn't know how to start.

Now, these (18) were pretty good, average, decent, intelligent young Americans. The fact that they feared to go to work with their hands indicates (19) there is something wrong with our system of training (20).

Of the hundreds of thousands (21) of young men graduated from college every year, the larger proportion (22) seem to have one ambition: to start a desk with a telephone on it. If the desk has a buzzer (23) with a secretary to answer the buzzer, why, that's tops (24). It seems to me there is something wrong with

that ideal.

I don't want to put on the robe of Solomon.(25) When you are asked to spout(26) advice to the younger generation (27)it is usually less a sign of wisdom than a sign of advancing middle age. Every generation must learn for itself. So I will just ramble on, (28) in a casual way, about my experience as a workman and as a boss (29) of workmen, dropping in(30) such observations (31) and anecdotes (32) as occur to me.

There is nothing "humble" about the position of a mechanic. Even with all (33) our unemployment,(34) the top-rank skilled mechanic(35) is still the most sought-after (36) and independent man you can find. The place of America today, the American standard of living, depends more on the skill of our mechanics than on any other one class or factor. (37) The genius of America is production; and a large percentage of our productive enterprises (38) are headed (39) by men who have come up from the worker's bench. (40)

Why is it, then, that so many of our youngsters today want to start their careers sitting at a desk, with no more manual and practical skill than is necessary to operate a telephone?

They aren't weak; on an average (41) they are stronger and healthier than we were. They aren't lazy; they will run themselves to exhaustion on the athletic field. They aren't soft; (42) they will risk their

necks bucking a football scrimmage like. Why, then, their dread of manual labouring [illegible]

The pioneers (43) were men of little education. So were the immigrants (44). Consequently (45), there grew up in America a great reverence (46) for book learning. (47) The man who made his living sitting at a desk, wearing a white collar, was looked up to (48) and envied. His life was easy, clean, "genteel." He seemed of a higher social class.

From this came many good things. (50) It provided the urge for universal education (51) in America. It gave every American mother the ambition that her child should have "the highest possible education." It built in America the greatest number of colleges and universities in any country of the world.

But maybe we have gone a little too far in our reverence for book learning; maybe in our concentration on that we have forgotten other things which are just as (53) important. That is, the knowledge of how to work with our hands, how to create with practical skill.

I am not belittling education. (54) What I am trying to say is that a person educated entirely through books is only half educated. There is a kind of practical knowledge and good sense which can flow into the brain only through the use of the hands.

The pioneer's legitimate (55) aspiration (56) for learning

has decayed into a kind of snobbery (57) which considers it more honorable to handle a telephone than a wrench; (58) more socially desirable to dictate to a stenographer (59) than to direct (60) a crew (61) of mechanics. This is not the true American tradition. (62) George Washington (63) was for years a hard-working (64)surveyor; Thomas Jefferson(65) was a gifted designer (66) of useful appliances;(67) Benjamin Franklin(68) was a journeyman printer, an inventor, and the best electrician of his age; Abraham Lincoln (69) split rails, kept a store, built and worked on flat-boats. The fact that these men knew how to work with their hands undoubtedly contributed to their hard, practical sense.

What to do about it? Well, I think all our schools should put more emphasis on (70) training in manual skills, give more opportunity for the youngsters to test the theories they learn in actual practice. You can tell a boy what a pump (71) is; but if he gets a pipe, (72) and by means of a cork on a string, draws water up through that pipe, he really understands what a pump is.

BLACK MOUNTAIN COLLEGE

Fortnight ago little Black Mountain College, in North Carlolina's (1) Blue Ridge Mountains, finished its sixth year and laid plans for its seventh. Orthodox (2) educators (3) were surprised at its persistence. Black Mountain resembles no other college in the U. S. It requires no attendance at classes, (4) grants no degrees, (5) has no president, (6) no fraternities, no football team. Thus unencumbered by the machinery of curricular and extracurricular (7) activities, it devotes itself to art, music, dramatics, philosophy and what it calls "commuity living." (8) Last week, better to house "community living," the college announced plans for new buildings such as no U. S. campus (9) has seen. The new buildings will stand on stilts over a lake and will be modernist in style. Besides classrooms, a library, laboratories, (10) shops, offices, the buildings will include two-room apartments (11) for teachers, rooms for 120 students. Each student will have a private study (12) but share (13) a bedroom. Most unusual aspect of the plans is the compactness of the buildings, for compact community life.

Black Mountain College was founded by nine teachers and nineteen students, most of whom had been kicked out of or resigned from Florida's (14) Rollins College. Most notable was Classics Professor John Andrews Rice. John Rice was fired (15) by Rollins' President Hamilton Holt because he had cried loudly that Rollins, for all (16) its progressive claims, was full of bunk. (17) To start a bunkless college, Rice and his followers went to North Carolina. There, on a mountainside near the village of Black Mountain they rented for the college year a Y. M. C. A. (18) summer—conference hotel. First year, Black Mountain's teachers drew no pay. (19) To help support the college, the teachers and students ran (20) a farm and did their own housework (except cooking and dishwashing.)

Today Black Mountain College has some 20 teachers and 70 students. The students pay an over-all (21) fee of $300 to $1,200 a year, according to their means (22) (a few pay nothing), and are expected to share in the work, whatever they pay.

Each Black Mountain student, with faculty (23) advice, lays out (24) his own course (25) and takes comprehensive examinations when he thinks he is ready to go from the junior to the senior division. To graduate (usually but not necessarily, after four years), he must pass an examination, given by a professor from another college, in his major field.

Although they need not go to classes, most students do. Classes are informal, and are often held outdoors.

The most popular professor is John Rice. Professor Rice, a tall man with a small moustache, (26) spectacles, (27) and a passion for good talk, gives courses called Plato (28) I and Plato II, but rarely mentions Plato. He assigns (29) no reading to his students, teaches by the Socratic method, (30) expects his students to learn from his questions how to read understandingly.

Like Oxford's (31) and Cambridge's (32) colleges Black Mountain is run by the faculty (plus a student representative.) They elect a rector to do the "dirty work" of administration each year. In serious crises, such as deciding what to do about a drunk who joined the student body one year, the whole college meets. Black Mountain has only one rigid rule: girls may not visit boys' rooms or vice versa. (33) But girls take their turns pulling a plough, help mend roads, dismantle the stage. Twice a week girls and boys dance after supper in the dinning room. Sports are swiming, tennis, and games on an athletic field.

Black Mountain's teachers hope that its community life at least shows the students how to get along with other people. Still too young to know how its students will turn out, Black Mountain points with pride

to the fact that they are admitted by graduate schools of top-notch (34) universities and that adults who come to visit the college often stay on for months.

GRADUATE'S LAMENT(1)

By L. Paul Roberts

I'm well educated;
'Tis easy to see.
The world is at my feet,(2)
For I have my A.B.(3)
M.A.(4) will come next;
Then, of course, Ph.D.(5)
But I'd chuck(6) it all
For a good J.O.B.(7)

REUNION(8) ANYWHERE

By Margaret Fishback

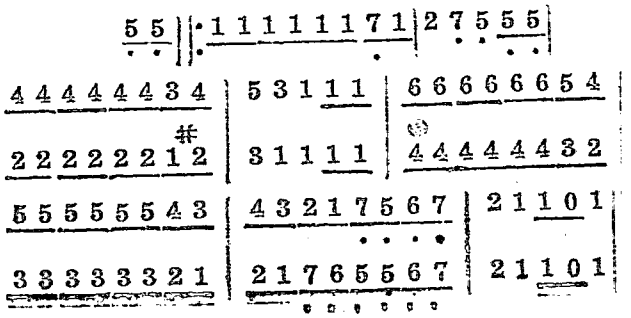
Bright college days have come and gone;
I toast them with a crave (.) yawn,
And pusillanimously(10) note
Your extra chin where all was throat.

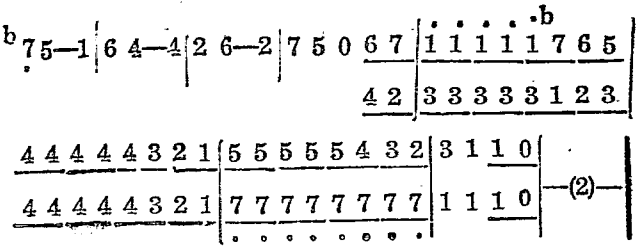
Those hips are likewise on the make(11);
And children toddle in your wake(12)
To call me Auntie, which I find
Repulsive(13) to my girlish mind.
So may I wistfully suggest
For both of us, new friends are best?
You' ll doubtless feel the way I do(14)
If you love me as I love you.

YOUTH SONG

Text by
V. LEBEDEV-KUMACH

Music by
I. DUNAYEVSKY





See the golden dust awhirling(1) on the road we go.
Through our life-blood joy is streaming in an endless flow.
Like the sun that's shining o'er us,
Like the wind that wafts our chorus,
Free and bright the boundless road of youth with fire aglow(2).

Chorus:
Let's all pull together(3)
In all kinds of weather!
Like the sun that's shining o'er us,
Like the wind that wafts our chorus,
Free and bright the boundless road of youth with fire aglow.

All we dreamed of, all we hoped for, surely wins the day.
And our daring to the very sun does forge a way(4).
All who slumber will be shaken
And the swiftest overtaken(5).

Like the corn in ear(6) our hearts do burst from joy today.

Chorus:
Let's all pull together
In all kinds of weather!
All who slumber will be shaken
And the swiftest overtaken.
Like the corn in ear our hearts do burst from joy today.

Gladness, cheer! Our feet unbidden dance in measure gay.
And above us merrily the birds do sing and play.
Come here lassie (7), don't be sad!
Have a look at yonder lad!
All the land is full of laughter like a bright May day!
Chorus:
Let's all pull together
In all kinds of weather!
Come here lassie, don't be sad!
Have a look at yonder lad!
All the land is full of laughter like a bright May day!

NEHRU

By John Gunther

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru is, next to Mr. Gandhi,(2) the most important Indian in India. This handsome, cultivated and exceptionally fastidious(3) and sensitive Kashmiri(4) Brahman(5), who is generally accepted as the Mahatma's successor(6) in the nationalist movement(7), is not so baffling a creature as Mr. Gandhi, but he has complexities enough. The struggle in Nehru is triple(8). He is an Indian who became a Westerner(9), an aristocrat(10) who became a Socialist(11), an individualist(12) who became a great mass leader(13). More than that, he is a man with a modern mind, a man of reason——a rationalist(14). Nehru the agnostic(15), Nehru the modern man, faces the colossal medievalism of India. He fights the British, but he fights the entrenched conventions and ritualism of his own people, too. His struggle is that of a 20th century mind trying to make a revolution of material going back beyond the Middle Ages(16).

Nehru was born in Allahabad(18) on November 14, 1889, the son of Motilal Nehru, one of the greatest lawyers and richest men in India. He comes not

only of the bluest blood(19) in India, with a tremendous pride of race and heritage, but of a family with a deep tradition of public service(20).

Young Nehru had an English tutor from his earliest years; in 1905, at sixteen, he went to England, where he studied at Harrow(21) and Cambridge-(22) and read for the bar(23). In 1912, when he was 23, he returned to India. The coalition between the Indian National Congress(24) and Muslim League-(25) in 1916 was made in his father's house—and presently he was identifying himself with the nationalistic movement and making speeches.

Soon a turning point in Nehru's life occurred. He took his mother and wife, both of whom were ill, to Mussoorie(26) in the north. It happened that an Afghan delegation, negotiating peace with Britain after the 1919 Afghan war, was housed in the same hotel. Nehru never talked to any of the Afghan plenipotentiaries (27), but after a month he was suddenly served with an order from the local police forbidding him to have any dealings(28) with them. This struck him as ridiculously arbitrary(29), he had no intention of talking to the Afghans, but——a young man of fiber—he refused on principle to obey the order. Thereupon he was formally "extorned"(30) from the Mussoorie district. This was his first conflict with British authority. In the next two weeks he

had nothing much to do and then he became aware of the Kisans, peasants, and their grievances.(31)

Nehru first went to jail during the 1921 non-co-operation(32) campaign. Altogether he has served seven terms(33) Jail alone did not make him a socialist, but it gave him the time and opportunity for exhaustive political study and introspection.(34)

Presently his socialism took concrete form, and merged gradually with the nationalist side of his nature. He began to see the Indian problem as more than a struggle between rebel nationalists and British nationalists. Hes became convinced that British imperialism as a capitalistic growth was the real enemy, and that it must be fought from the socialist as well as from the nationalist point of view. British imperialism rests on capitalist exploitation as well as on the political demands of empire; therefore a logical opponent of British imperialism must be not merely a nationalist but a socialist, too. This is the root of Nehru's creed. In every way he has tried to hammer it home(35) to the Indian people.

Today, at 49, Nehru is strikingly handsome. He is tall for an Indian, about five feet ten, with excellent bearing and a sound, hale constitution. He exercises methodically and loves winter sports and swimming.

travels are formidable. He lives on the rail-

way trains, and by choice travels third class. Anyone who has been in India knows what an ordeal this is.

Nehru's wife, Kamala, who came of a Kashmiri Brahman family like his own, died in 1936. She had been in ill-health for many years, and he was released from his most recent term of imprisonment in order to visit her in Switzerland. Previously, when she was in India, the British volunteered to free him so that he might see her if he would pledge himself to give up politics for the period corresponding to the rest of his term. He refused. She begged him to refuse. Their only child, twenty-year-old Indira, is in school in England. Nehru has two sisters; one, Lakshmi, married Ranjit S. Pandit and is the thoroughly competent minister for local self-government(36) and health in the United Provinces government——the first Congresswoman to reach ministerial rank.

He has, as his father had, a tremendous number of acquaintances, but very few intimate friends. He speaks often of his loneliness. He hates promiscuous effusiveness; he is moody and ingrown, and finds it hard to meet people half way.

He has no faddisms,(37) like the Mahatma; he is appalled at Gandhi's dictum that sexual intercourse is evil and must never be practised except to create offspring. He ate meat from childhood, but gave it up under Gandhi's influence in 1920. He re-

verted to meat again in Europe, though he felt that it "coarsened him;" and now (like Hitler, whom he in no other way resembles) he is "more or less" a vegetarian.(38)

He gets no salary for political work, and the great family fortune has gone mostly to the cause. What little money he needs he gets from writing.

One of his defects, people say, is that he is too decent, too honorable, to be a good politician. He is a gentleman. Worse, he is an English gentleman. He has devoted his life to freeing India from Britain, but the British imprint(39) is deep upon him. The old school tie has turned to homespun cheesecloth, and he still follows a code of chivalry. Another defect is, of course, his ingrownness, his hatred of give-and-take(40) and political hurly-burly.(41)

The sources of his power are numerous. Consider his courage and obvious strength of character. Then there is his technical competence at a job; he was, for instance, a highly successful mayor of Allahabad in his early years. Consider, too, his industry, both intellectual and physical. In jail he wrote not only most of a closely printed 617-page autobiography but a history of the world in the form of letters to his daughter which runs to 1,569 pages. During the most recent election campaign he travelled 110,000 miles in 22 months, in vehicles ranging from bullock carts

to airplanes. Once he made 150 speeches in a week.

Then again there is his modesty and complete honesty with himself. By 1929 he was a hero, almost inundated by the applause and enthusiasm of the masses; by 1930 he had to face hero worship such as no man in India, Gandhi alone excepted, had ever known. He was dissatisfied of his popularity, but he couldn't help being exhilarated and impressed by it. His family quickly chastened him with raillery; his wife and sisters, even his small daughter, began to call him in the home the names he was given by the crowd. They would say, "Oh Jewel of India, what time is it?" or "Oh, Embodiment of Sacrifice, please pass me the bread."

His political integrity is unshakable. Nothing can deflect him from the path he has chosen if he believes it to be right; nothing can make him compromise an issue if it is turning out badly; he has nothing of the occasional slipperiness of Mr Gandhi. He makes definitions scrupulously and abides by(43) them.

He has great detachment. Recently——this is a curious oblique sidelight on his character—he wrote a character sketch of himself and carefully arranged so that it was published in a magazine anonymously. No one knew that he was the author until he let the secret to a few friends months later.

The article describes in somewhat indignant

detail his manner as a conqueror of the multitude, and ends with a stirring appeal that he be defeated if he runs again for(43) Congress President. It attacks his 'Caesarism(44)", and says that he must not be spoiled by more success. "His conceit is already formidable. It must be checked. We want no Caesars... It is not through Caesarism that India will attain freedom, and though she might prosper a little under a benevolent and efficient despotism, she will remain stunted and the day of the emancipation of her people will be delayed."

The lessons of this document are obvious. Jawaharlal was outlining possible remote dangers of the future quite unconnected with himself. As for himself, he was desperately anxious not to be president of the Congress(45) for another term.

Jawaharlal's relations to Gandhi are more complex than those of a disciple to a master. Poles apart(46) as they are mentally and emotionally, they are devoted to each other. Nehru needs Gandhi because Gandhi alone can carry the mass of the Indian people. Gandhi needs Nehru because Nehru is his indispensable second-in-command.(47)

Nehru differs basically from Gandhi in that he cannot follow his leader all the way on non-violence. He admits the political value of non-violence, but says frankly that non-violence alone cannot carry

India to the final gaol.

Nehru does not hate the British. He British imperialism and its exploitation of India, he freely admits his intellectual debt to British ture. When he takes a holiday, he heads straight for England.

The British should realize that the fact that he is a socialist and a gentleman—is a great asset on their side. Nehru, since he is a socialist, is impeded from any projection of the Indian struggle internationally, for the reason that the only countries which could help him are Fascist states, and he will have nothing to do with them.

The British are enormously curious about Nehru. Everywhere you go in India, the first political question is, "Have you seen Jawaharlal? What's he like—what's he doing—what's he up to now?"

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

By K. Khersonsky

Everyone knows him and everyone loves him. Charlie Chaplin(1) has created a type(2), a living

image as unforgetable as that of Cervante's Don Quixote(3). But Charlie today is much closer to(4) the masses of the common people.(5)

Who is Charlie? He is a type taken from life and yet he is at the same time a symbol(6), a reflection of reality,(7) a symbol that is poetic and always has a touch(8) of the abstract. Poetry and prose exist side by side in art. In exactly the same way the poetic figure of Charlie exists side by side with the splendid "prose" figures of such actors as Wallace Beery(9) or Emil Jannings.(10) Charlie comes closer than they not only to pantomime(11) but to music, in its free and not illustrative sense.

Whence comes this love for poetry and music to Charlie Chaplin? Whence those large child-like eyes, looking out at the world with wonder and mute reproach?

To understand this, one needs to know something of Chaplin's life and his artistic career.

He did not come to the cinema(12) like many other actors,(13) from the legitimate(14) stage. With the exception of(15) a few brief appearances in a London theatre in the role of(16) errand boy in a "Sherlock Holmes"(17) play, all his mastery, all the actor's training he brought with him to the cinema, comes from his apprenticeship in Fred Carnot's troupe(18), which preserved all the traditions of panto-

mime. Acrobatics, tricks, tragic laughter, devastating melancholy, juggling...burglars on bicycles, billiard players, drunks staggering homeward, boxing, the back-stage life of a music hall, a singer making painful attempts at high nots, a conjurer whose feats never succeed, and so on(19) all performed with the impertubable calm and seriousness of mien-(20) that cannot fail to draw a laugh from the public.(21)

The fact that Chaplin grew up in the family of roving(22) variety(23) artists, that he suffered poverty,-(24) hunger, cold and the bitterness of loneliness in his childhood, that he made his first appearance on the stage at the age of six——all helped to determine his future in the cinema.

In these days, 25 years ago, every comedy had its hyperbolic(25) mustache-twirling villain, its fat man of unconscionable(26) stupidity, its gaping policeman.... Nor did Charlie seem to be distinguished by the originality(27) of his "gags"(28) He received his knock-out(29) blows, of custard pie in the face and bricks on the head.

But the face of a human being, pale with suffering and touchingly wistful, peeped out momentarily from under the masks of Charlie, the acrobat and clown,(30) and went straight to the heart of the onlooker. And all at once(31) you felt that there

was a definite reason why everything around Charlie seemed so terrible. There were signs, symbols of a hostile reality in which the little naive and sensitive man floundered helplessly and with as little luck as many a man in the audience! It was to this little man, to compassion for him and defense of him, that Charlie Chaplin dedicated his art.

Chaplin, an English cabaret(32) actor, has developed into a brilliant playwright,(33) regisseur(34) and artist, from whom actors the world over learn to act, and the public learn to perceive life more deeply, more sharply and at closer quarters. Chaplin won the hearts of filmgoers(35) all over the world(36) with his famous pictures: "A Dog's Life", "Shoulder Arms", "The Pilgrim", "The Kid", "A Woman of Paris", "The Gold Rush", "The Circus", "City Lights", and "Modern Times".

Charlie's eccentricity is clearly but one of the necessary means of struggle for existence(37). This is the means used by the weak man who knows he is right, in defending himself against the strong. The little man with the cane in his hand endeavours to fight against the Moloch(38) of capitalism.(39) And it is more tragic than comic.

Chaplin's eccentricities are always on the verge(40) of the tragic. Chaplin's laughter is tragic. On the one hand, this laughter is the expression of the joy of

life, vitality and the desire to be gay....And on the other it is the bitter laughter of a man who senses the horror of the life around him.

In the struggle for existence, the little man accepts any job he finds, he tries his hand at a multitude of minor professions and is always a square peg in a round hole.(41) He has eternally dreamed of a piece of bread, of a hopeless sentimental love, of a tranquil spot, a cozy hearth and home and invariably he is frustrated by the powers that be: the policemen, the shopkeepers, the rich hoses, the judges, pastors, respectable ladies and gentlemen and their servants. His happiness is always in someone else's hands. He is never the master of his own fate, which has always been filled with pathetic reverses.

Even the pitiful crumb of happiness to which he has aspired has invaribly proved to be illusory, and has disappeared at the first contact with reality. Charlie is constantly on the threshold of jails, he is always being taken into custody,(42) not for serious offences, but for petty, absurd, unjust reasons. Where is he to turn?

The final scenes of Chaplin's films—the heartbreaking tramp(43) along a lonely road winding into the distance—are exactly the opposite of the happy endings of O. Henry's stories. Chaplin refuses to

varnish(44) reality(45) or try to adapt(46) himself to it, as Harold Lloyd's characters do.

With the passing of years, Chaplin's portrayal of the life around him has grown more profound and more realistic.(47) He has long since torn the masks from the "villains" the "simpletons" the "gentlemen" and their "servants" and has revealed their true characters(48). As early as the "The Kid", "The Pilgrim", and "The Woman of Paris" he exposed the unjust and, at times positively bestial human relationships. Speaking of his "Modern Times" Chaplin said that capitalist society's ability to produce the necessities of life in unlimited quantities has bred poverty, that such a situation is tragic, but absurd and laughable at the same time.

Chaplin's films are a passionate challenge to the conscience and minds of the contemporary humanity, the appeal of a great humanist and democrat! That is why Chaplin is great. That is why he occupies such an important place in the spiritual life of America and the whole world. That is why he is universally loved.

SEDOV—THE GREAT ARCTIC EXPLORER

By V. Reut

Twenty-five years ago, on March 5, 1914 Lieutenant George Sedov, great Arctic explorer,(1) perished not far from Rudolf Island(2) (Franz Josef Land) while heading(3) the first Russian expedition to the North Pole.

"Though the efforts of many a traveler to reach the North Pole ended in a desolate grave," Sedov wrote on the eve of his departure, "the solution of this far from easy problem has so engrossed the mind of man that it has become a universal contest of nations. In this, besides human curiosity, the main stimulus has undoubtedly been national pride and honor. Almost all civilized countries have participated in this contest, except Russia, and yet a burning passion for the discovery of the North Pole has manifested itself among the Russian people as far back as the days of Lomonosov(4). It is still alive in our days."

To his last breath(5) Sedov strove toward the cherished goal. Even when he felt that his end was approaching, he refused to turn back. When he became fatally ill and he was no longer able to sit

up in the dog sled,(6) he ordered his companions, the sailors G. Linnik and A. Pustoshny, to tie him to the sled. With compass(7) in hand, he continued the northward course.

On March 5 Sedov felt very ill. In a weak voice he whispered: "Linnik, Linnik, hold me up." These were his last words.

After the death of their chief, Linnik and Pustoshny turned back with Sedov's body, which they buried on Rudolf Island.

From records it can be seen that all sorts of obstacles were placed in the way of the preparations for the expedition, and it was thus doomed to failure(8) in advance. Sedov was treated with disdain, skeptics declaring that it was impossible to reach the North Pole. He could not obtain sufficient funds for the expedition.

According to most conservative estimates, between 60,000 and 70,000 rubles(9) was required for the expedition. Sedov, who was the son of a poor Azov(10) fisherman, had no private means. After many petitions, the government granted him only 10,000 rubles. He then appealed to the public for support. But the contributions(11) received were extremely meager. At a general meeting of the Russian Society of Amateur Geographers, for example, 14 rubles was collected. The Army and Navy Officers' Society contributed

75.05 rubles. In short, only a small part of the sum required was raised.

Sedov dashed from Moscow to Archangel,(12) from Archangel to St. Petersburg(13) to purchase dogs, to select his scientific staff and to collect additional funds. Everywhere he was met with indifference. Nobody would help him. Certain merchants supplied him with spoiled corned beef, others sold him dogs they knew to be unfit. Having obtained a wireless apparatus with great difficulty, he was unable to find an operator, and was obliged to leave the apparatus in Archangel.

Sedov realized how poorly his expedition was equipped. He did not dare to postpone his trip for another year, however, for he knew that if he did not go to sea at once, he might be deprived of the opportunity altogether.

Finally, on Aug. 27, 1912, the Sedov expedition, consisting of 15 persons, sailed on the steamer Svya-toy Foka from Archangel to the North. Owing to the unusually difficult ice conditions that year, the expedition wintered(14) at the shores of Novaya Zemlya.

Renewing its voyage to the North in September 1913, the expedition stopped to winter at Tranquillity Bay, (south of Franz Josef Land). The second winter was incomparably harder than the first. Many mem-

bers of the expedition including Sedov himself, fell ill(15) with scurvy.(16) Despite all the hardships, heweve , he decided to carry on,

On Feb. 15, 1914, Sedov handed over the command to P. Kushakov, his assistant and together with the sailors Linnik and Pustoshny, continued to the Pole on dog sleds.

Frost-bitten and starved, Linnik and Pustoshny returned to the ship on March 18, bringing the sad news of the death of their chief. Here the two sailors rapidly recuperated (17) thanks to the game(18) caught by the crew.

On July 30, the Svyatoy Foka left Tranqiull ty Bay. The stocks of coal had run out(19) and the crew had to tear up part of the vessel and use the wood for fuel. En route,(20) at Cape Flora, the crew found buildings of the Jackson expedition, which they also pulled down for fuel. Leaving Franz Josef Land on Aug. 8, the ship sailed through the ice toward the mainland.

When the last log obtained at Cape Flora had been used, the interior decorations and furniture of the ship were used for fuel. On Aug. 2', the Svyatoy Foka came into open water. Then sails were unfurled. Archangel was reached in the latter part of August.

On Rudolf Island, where the body of the heroic Arctic explorer is buried, a worthy monument to

him—a first-rate Soviet Arctic station—has been built. It was this station which served as a base from which the Polaveviks(21) made their historic flight to the North Pole in 1937, thus realizing Sedov's dream.

THE STRONG KWANGSI MAN

By C. F. Yang

The natives(1) of Kwangsi Province(2) are a militant( ) people, who believe(3) in tit-for-tat(5) and who would rather(6) square up to the enemy(7) than throw up the sponge(8) without a fight. You can hardly expect a Kwangsi man to take his beating(9) lying down.(10) He is not that sort of coward, I assure you.(11) No, he is no fawning yes-sir man.(12) To those who hold the belief(13) that money makes the mare go,(14) it will be highly surprising to find that things are vastly(15) different around here.(16) Neither the dollars-and-cents stuff (17) nor the clink of money (18) could ever induce an out-and-out(19) Kwangsi man to do what he does not like to do. He wants none of your money. It is just as simple as that!

Their bitter struggle for existence(25) under extreme difficulties(26 has taught them to look things squarely in the face(27) and to take misfortune philosophically.(28) They have nothing in common with(29) the swash-bucklers(30) whose barks are worse than their bites.(31) And for the slick talker, (32) the fellow who can talk the hind leg off a mule(33) but who is all-talk-and-no-deed,(34) the people of Kwangsi have nothing but supreme contempt (35)

The Kwangsi man is slow of comprehension.(36) But once he has made up his mind,(37) he is sure(38) to hold on(39) until his goal is reached. He seldom does things by halves.(40)

A LONE WOMAN ON FLIGHT TO AUSTRALIA

By Miss Jean Batten

There is a popular belief(1) that once a pilot(2) has conceived the idea(3) of flying to some distant country, all that has to be done is to fit long-range(4) petrol tanks(5) to the airplane, await suitable weather and, after mustering up sufficient courage,(6) take off(7) on the great adventure.(8) Unfortunately,

this is not the case(9) and so numerous are the details to be arranged that months of preparation are necessary.

On the England-to-Australia flight,(10) one of the most complicated flights, one has to fly over 14 different countries. Each of these countries, with the exception of(11) those belonging to the Federation Aeronautique,(12) has to be notified of the approximate date of the flight over their territory, and also the towns at which landings(13) are to be made. The pilot must choose the route(14) to be taken by the type of country to be flown over and the general meteorological(15) conditions, and then divide it into sections representing the daily progress one expects to make. This is determined largely by the type of plane(16) to be used. For instance, on my flight to Australia my airplane carried enough petrol to fly for 10 hours—approximately 800 miles—but as I always like to have a 20 per cent. petrol margin in the event of meeting very strong head winds or bad weather, my refuelling airdromes(17) had to be not more than 650 miles apart.(18) Since the good airdromes are not always 650 miles apart, there is sure to be a certain amount of over lapping(19) when planning these stops.(20)

The complete schedule(21) including details concerning(22) the type of airplane to be used, the horse

power of the engine(23) and the registration(24) of the machine(25) is handed to the Air Ministry,(26) which approaches(27) the various countries concerned(28) through diplomatic channels(29) to obtain permission for the pilot to fly over these countries, and make landing at places stated in the schedule.(30) A copy of the schedule has also to be given to the oil and petrol companies, so that refuelling arrangements(31) can be made and the different agents in each town notified.

The airplane, a De Havillard Moth(32) fitted with a 90 h. p.(33) Gipsy I engine, was equipped with long-range petrol tanks which increased the usual capacity of 19 gallons to 60 gallons. A tooth-brush,(34) a cake(35) of soap, several changes of underwear,(36) one white silk frock for the tropics,(37) a white tropical flying suit,(38) a jar of face cream, a box of powder and a comb made the sum total(39) of my luggage. I left England wearing a tweed skirt, a woollen pullover, a suede jacket, and over all a heavy lined flying suit. I carried only two pairs of shoes, a pair of brown leather brogues, which I wore, and a pair of white kid shoes to wear with my dress in the tropics.

The daily provisions(40) formed a much more tempting list than the emergency rations,(41)and included ham sandwiches, oranges, dates, chocolate, a thermos

flask(42) of coffee and a large thermos(43) of water. Sometimes I supplemented this with a portion,(44) of chicken or a lunch prepared by friends at a stopping point.(45) But eating was not easy. To hold the control column(46) with the left hand and while keeping the airplane flying straight and even, endeavor to pour a cup of coffee from the thermos flask without spilling it, is no easy matter.

On the flight out to Australia I made 27 landings, some of which were for refuelling only, and others for a night's rest. Before setting out(47) I had worked out an engine schedule consisting of: cleaning the plugs, draining the oil, cleaning the oil and petrol filters, adjusting the tappets, and other jobs which I endeavoured to carry out every evening, no matter how tired I felt. It was my custom to take off at dawn each morning and fly till sunset, with a midday stop for petrol. On arrival at the aerdrome, the procedure(48) was always the same. Landing and hangar(49) fees were paid and while refuelling operations were being carried out, I would work on the engine, invariably finishing by torchlight. The time of rising varied a little, depending on the distance of the airdrome from my hotel, but usually it was about four or four thirty(50) in the morning. It was seldom before 11.30 that I fell asleep, after checking over my maps for the next section of the

route, so my average night's rest was about five hours.

I have often been asked what occupied my thoughts during the long hours in the air. In addition to flying, navigating and studying my maps, and keeping the airplane on its correct compass course, I had, by means of a hand-pump, to pump the 43 gallons of petrol from the two auxiliary tanks to the top standard gravity tank, for my plane had no automatic pump. This was very hard work, and on my return flight my right hand became badly blistered(51) with gripping the pump handle. Secured with a piece of elastic to my knee I always carried a notebook stating the names of various towns over which I flew and the times of arrival at each, or the approximate times I expected to arrive over landmarks such as rivers, lakes or mountain ranges. It was my custom to make entries every half-hour, and sometimes I would add notes about the atmospheric conditions, or the country over which I was passing. Although there is much to occupy one's thoughts, there are moments when the loneliness becomes almost unbearable, and over some of the swamp lands, jungle tracts or sea crossings where there is not a sign of life anywhere, even a tiny native village or a fishing-smack(52) would fill one with joy.

From Batavia(53) to Singapore,(54) on my return

flight, I flew for eight hours without seeing the sight of life except for a steamer glimpsed through a gap in the clouds. On this section of the journey, through being forced to fly part of time above the clouds, I was even denied a sight of the crocodiles(55) which on my outward flight had amused me by the way in which they had slithered(56) into the water when I would come upon(57) them on the muddy banks of some river in Sumatra.(58) It is over stretches(59) of water that one feels loneliest.

There is no doubt that these long-distance flights (60) teach a woman self-reliance, efficiency, patience, and the value of companionship. To my mind all the setbacks(61) and hardships which one is sometimes forced to endure in order to achieve one's goal are more than compensated for(62) by the joy of achievement when at last the journey's end is reached.

THE WARDHA(1) RESOLUTION

Events happening from day to day(2) and the experience that the people of India are passing through confirm the opinion of Congressmen(3) that British

rule in India must end immediately, not merely because foreign domination, (4) even at its best, is an evil in itself and a continuing injury to the subject (5) people, but because India in bondage(6) can play no effective part in defending herself and in affecting the war fortunes of the war which is desolating humanity. The freedom of India is thus necessary not only in the interests of India but also for the safety of the world and for the ending of Nazism,(7) Fascism, militarism(8) and other forms of imperialism,(9) and the aggression(10) of one nation against another.

Ever since the outbreak of the World War, the Congress(11) has pursued a policy of non-embarrassment.(12) Even at the risk of making its satyagaraha(13) ineffective, it deliberately gave it a symbolic character, in the hope that this policy of non-embarrassment, carried to its logical extreme, would be duly appreciated, and that real power would be transferred to the popular representatives so as to enable the nation to make its fullest contribution towards the realization of human freedom throughout the world. which is in danger of being crushed. It had also hoped that negatively(14) nothing would be done which was calculated to tighten Britain's stranglehold(15) on India.

These hopes have, however, been dashed to pieces,

The abortive(16) Cripps proposals(17) showed in the clearest possible manner that there was no change in the British Government's attitude towards India and that the British hold(18) on India was in no way to be relaxed. In the negotiations with Sir Stafford Cripps, Congress representatives tried their utmost to achieve a minimum, consistent with(19) the national demands but to no avail.(20) This frustration has resulted in(21) a rapid and widespread increase of ill-will(22) against Britain and a growing satisfaction at the success of Japanese arms. The Working Committee(23) views this development with grave apprehension as this, unless checked, will inevitably lead to (24) passive acceptance of aggression. The Committee holds that all aggression must be resisted, for any submission to it must mean the degradation(25) of the Indian people and the continuation of their subjection. The Congress is anxious to avoid the experience of Malaya, (26) Singapore, (27) and Burma (28) and desires to build up resistance to any aggression or invasion of India by the Japanese or any other foreign power. The Congress would change the present ill-will against Britain into goodwill and make India a willing partner in the joint enterprise of securing freedom for the nations and peoples of the world and in the trials and tribulations(29) which accompany it. This is possible only if India feels the

glow of freedom.

The Congress representatives have tried their utmost(30) to bring about(31) a solution of the communal tangle.(32) But this has been made impossible by the presence of the foreign Power whose long record has been to pursue relentlessly the policy of divide and rule. (33) Only after the ending of foreign domination and intervention can the present unreality give place to reality, and the people of India, belonging to all groups and parties (34) face India's problems and solve them on a mutually agreed basis. The present political parties, formed chiefly with a view to attracting the attention of and influencing the British Power, will then probably cease to function. For the first time in India's history realization will come home that princes, zamindars,(35) and propertied(36) classes, derive their wealth and property from the workers in the fields and factories and elsewhere, to whom essentially power and authority must belong. On the withdrawal of British rule in India, responsible men and women of the country will come together to form a Provisional Government,(37) representative of all important sections of the people of India, which will later evolve a scheme whereby a Constituent Assembly(38) can be convened in order to prepare a constitution for the government of India acceptable to all sections of the people. Representatives of free India and repre-

esentatives of Great Britain will confer together for the adjustment(39) of future relations and for the cooperation of the two countries as allies in the common task of meeting aggression. It is the earnest desire of the Congress to enable India to resist aggression effectively with the people's united will and strength behind it.

In making the proposal for the withdrawal of British rule from India, the Congress has no desire whatever to embarrass Great Britain or the Allied Powers(40) in their prosecution of the war, or in any way to encourage aggression on India or increased pressure on China by the Japanese or any other Power associated with the Axis group.(41) Nor does the Congress intend to jeopardize the defensive capacity of the Allied Powers. The Congress is therefore agreeable to the stationing of the armed forces of the Allied Powers in India, should they so desire in order to ward off (42) and resist Japanese or other aggression, and to protect and help China.

The proposal of the withdrawal of the British Power from India was never intended to mean the physical withdrawal of all Britishers(43) from India, and certainly not of those who would make India their home and live there as citizens and equals with the others. If such withdrawal takes place(44) with goodwill, it would result in establishing a stable Provisional Government in India and cooperation between

this Government and the United Nations(45) in resisting aggression and helping China.

The Congress realizes that there may be risks involved in such a course. Such risks, however, have to be faced by any country in order to achieve freedom and, more especially at the present critical juncture in order to save the country and the larger cause of freedom the world over(46) from far greater risks and perils.

While therefore the Congress is impatient to achieve the national purpose, it wishes to take no hasty step and would like to avoid, in so far as is possible,(47) any course of action that might embarrass the United Nations. The Congress would plead with the British Power to accept the very reasonable and just proposal herein made, not only in the interest of India but also that of Britain and of the cause of freedom to which the United Nations proclaim their adherence.

Should however this appeal fail, the Congress can not view without the gravest apprehension the continuation of the present state of affairs,(48) involving a progressive deterioration(49) in the situation and weakening of India's will and power to resist aggression. The Congress will then be reluctantly compelled to utilise all the non-violent(50) strength it might have gathered since 1920, when it adopted non-violence as

part of its policy for the vindication (51) of political rights and liberty. Such a widespread struggle will inevitably be under the leadership of Gandhi.(52) As the issues(53) raised are of the most vital and far-reaching importance to the people of India as well as to the peoples of the United Nations, the Working Committee refers(54) them to the All-India Congress Committee(55) for final decision. For this purpose the A. I. C. C.(56) will meet in Bombay(57) on the seventh of August, 1942.

FOR UNITY AND RESOLUTION

By Winston Churchill

Nearly six months have passed since at the end of August I made a broadcast(1) directly to my fellow countrymen.(2) It is therefore worthwhile looking back over(3) this half year of our struggle for life to see what happened to our fortunes and to our prospects.(4)

In August I had the pleasure of meeting the President of the United States and drawing up(5) with him a declaration of British and American policy which has become known to the world as the Atlantic Charter.(6) We also settled a number of other things

about the war some of which have had an important influence on its course. In those days we met on terms of a hard—pressed(7) combatant seeking assistance from a great friend who was, however, only a benevolent neutral.(8)

In those days the Germans seemed to be tearing the Russian armies to pieces(9) and striding on with growing momentum to Leningrad, (10) to Moscow, (11) to Rostov(12). and even farther into the heart of Russia. It was thought to be a very daring assertion when President Roosevelt declared that the Russian armies would hold out(13) till winter. You may say that military in all countries, friend or foe or neutral alike, were very doubtful whether this would come true.(14)

British resources were stretched to the utmost. We had already been for more than a whole year absolutely alone in our struggle with Hitler(15) and Mussolini.(16) We had to be ready to meet a German invasion of our own island. We had to defend Egypt,(17) the Nile Valley(18) and the Suez Canal.(19) Above all, we had to bring in food, raw materials and finished munitions across the Atlantic in the teeth of German and Italian U-boats(20) and aircraft.(21)

It seemed that our duty in those days was to do everything in our power to help the Russian people meet the prodigious invasion which had been launched

against them. It was little enough that we have done for Russia, considering all that she has done to beat Hitler for the common cause. We British have no means whatever of providing effectively against a new war with Japan.

Such was the outlook when I talked with President Roosevelt in the middle of August on that good ship Prince of Wales(22) which is now, alas, sunk beneath the waves. It is true that our position in August 1941 seemed vastly better than it was a year earlier in 1940 when France had just been beaten into awful prostration in which she now lies, when we were almost entirely unarmed in our own island, and when it looked as if Egypt and all of the Middle East would be conquered by the Italians who still held Abyssinia and had nearly driven us out of British Somaliland.(23)

Compared with these days of 1940, when all the world except ourselves thought we were down and out(24) forever, the situation President Roosevelt and I surveyed in August 1941 was an enormous improvement. Still when you looked at it bluntly and squarely, with the United States remaining neutral and fiercely divided, with the Russian armies falling back(25) with grievous losses, with German military power triumphant and unscathed, and with the Japanese menace assuming an uglier shape each day, it certainly

How do matters stand now? Taking it all in all, are our chances of survival better, or are they worse than in August 1941? How is it with the British Empire? Are we up or down? What has happened to the principles of freedom and decent civilisation for which we are fighting? Are they making headway, or are they in greater peril?

Let us take the rough(26) with the smooth, let us put good and bad side by side,(27) and let us try to see exactly where we are. The first and the greatest of the events is that the United States is now unitedly and wholeheartedly in the war with us. The other day I crossed the Atlantic again to see President Roosevelt. This time we met not only as friends but as comrades(28) standing side by side and shoulder to shoulder in a battle for dear life and dearer honour, in a common cause and against a common foe.

When I survey and compute the power of the United States and its vast resources and feel that now they are in it with us however long it lasts till death or victory, I cannot believe that there is any other fact in the whole world which can compare with that. It is what I have dreamed of, aimed at and worked for, and now it has come to pass.(29).

But there is another fact in some ways more immediately effective. The Russian armies have not

been defeated. They have not been torn to pieces. The Russian peoples have not been conquered or destroyed. Leningrad and Moscow have not been taken. Russia's armies are in the field. They are not only holding the line of the Urals(30) or the line of the Volga.(31) They are advancing victoriously, driving the foul invader from that native soil they have guarded so bravely and loved so well.

More than that, for the first time they have broken the Hitler legend. Instead of victorious and abundant booty which he and his hordes had gathered in the West, he has found in Russia so far only disaster, failure, the shame of unspeakable crimes and slaughters, the loss of millions of German soldiers, and icy wind that blows across Russian snows. Here then are two tremendous and fundamental facts which will in the end dominate the world situation and make victory possible in a form never possible before.

But there is another heavy and terrible side to the account which must be set in the balance against this inestimable gain. Japan has plunged into the war and is ravaging beautiful, fruitful, prosperous and densely populated lands of the Far East. It would never have been in the power of Great Britain, while fighting Germany and Italy--hardened and prepared for war as they are--while fighting in the

North Sea, in the Mediterranean and in the Atlantic to defend the Pacific and the Far East singlehanded against the assault of Japan.

We have only just been able to keep our heads above water (32) at home. Only a narrow margin have we brought in food which keeps us alive, and supplies without which we cannot wage war. Only by so little have we held our own in the Nile Valley and in the Middle East. The Mediterranean is closed and all transports have to go round the Cape of Good Hope, (33) each ship, making only three voyages in a year. Not one ship, not an aeroplane, not a tank and not an anti-tank gun (34) or anti-aircraft gun (35) has been idle. Everything we have has been deployed either against the enemy or awaiting his attack. We are struggling hard in the Libyan desert, where perhaps, another serious battle will soon be fought.

We have to provide for the safety and order of liberated Abyssinia, (36) of conquered Eritrea, (37) of Palestine, of liberated Syria (38) and redeemed Iraq, (39) and of our new ally, Persia. (40) A ceaseless stream of ships, men and materials has flowed from this country for one year and half to keep up and sustain our armies in the Middle East which guard these vast regions on either side of the Nile barrier. We have also done our best to give substantial

aid to Russia. We gave it in her darkest hour and we must not fail in our undertakings now. How then in this posture, gripped, held and battered upon as we were, could we have provided for the safety of the Far East against such an avalanche of fire and steel as has been hurled upon us by Japan? Always this thought had overhung our minds.

There was, however, one hope and one hope only, namely, that if Japan entered the war with her allies Germany and Italy, the United States would come in on our side, thus far more than repairing the balance. For this reason I had been most careful all these many months not to give any provocation to Japan and to put up with Japanese encroachments, dangerous though they were, so that . . . we would not find ourselves forced to face this new enemy alone, I could not be sure that we should succeed in this policy. But it has come to pass. The Japanese have struck their felon blow and a new and far greater champion has drawn his sword of implacable vengeance against her on our side.

I shall frankly state to you that I did not believe that it was in the interests of Japan to burst into war both upon the British Empire and the United States. I thought that it would be a very irrational act. Indeed, when you remember that they did not attack us after Dunkirk, (41) when

we were so much weaker and when our hopes of United States help were of most tender character and we were all alone, I could hardly believe that they would commit the mad act.

Tonight the Japanese are triumphant. They shout their exultation round the world. We suffer, we are taken aback, we are hard pressed. But I am sure even in this dark hour that criminal madness will be the verdict which history will pronounce upon the author of Japanese aggression after the events of 1942 and 1943 have been inscribed on its sombre pages.

An immediate deterrent which the United States had exercised upon the Japanese, apart, of course, from the measureless resources of American industry, was the dominant American battle fleet in the Pacific which had, with the naval forces we could spare, confronted Japanese aggression with the shield of superior sea power. But, my friends, by an act of sudden and violent surprise long calculated, balanced and prepared, and delivered under the crafty cloak of negotiations, the shield of sea power which had protected the fair lands and islands of the Pacific Ocean was for the time being—but only for the time being—dashed to the ground.

Into the gap thus opened rushed the invading armies of Japan. We were exposed to the assault of

a warrior race of nearly 80,000,000 with a large outfit of modern weapons, whose wa lords had been planning and scheming for th's day and dreaming of it, perhaps, for twenty years while our good people on both sides of the Atlantic were praying about perpetual peace and cutting down each other's navies in order to set a good example. (42)

The overthrow for a while of British and United States sea power was like the breaking of some mighty dam. Long-gathered and pent-up waters rushed down a peaceful valley, carrying ruin and devastation forward on their foam and spreading their inundations far and wide. No one must underrate any more the gravity and efficiency of the Japanese war machine. Whether in the air or upon the sea, or man to man on land, they have already proved themselves to be most formidable, deadly and, I am sorry to say, barbarous antagonists. This proves a hundred times over that there would have been hardly any chance for us, even though we had been much better prepared in many ways than we were, if we had to fight them alone while we had Nazi Germany at our throat and Fascist Italy at our belly.

It proves something else which should be a comfort and reassurance. We can now measure the wonderful strength of the Chinese people who, under Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek(43), have, single-handed

fought this hideous Japanese aggressor for four and a half years and left him baffled and dismayed. This they have done, although they were a people whose whole philosophy for thousands of years was opposed to war and warlike arts, and who in their agony were caught ill-armed and ill-supplied with munitions and hopelessly out-matched in the air.

We must not underrate the power and malice of our latest foe. But neither must we undervalue the gigantic and overwhelming forces which now stand in line with us in this world struggle for freedom. And which, once they have developed their full and natural extent of power, whatever has happened in the meanwhile, will be found fully capable of squaring up all accounts(44) and settling all things right for a good long time to come.

You know I have never prophecied to you or promised smooth or easy things, and now all I have to offer is a hard and adverse war for many months ahead. I must warn you, as I had warned the House of Commons(45) before they gave their generous vote of confidence(46) a fortnight ago, that many misfortunes, severe and torturing losses and remorseless and gnawing anxieties lie before us. To our British folk this may seem even harder to bear when they are at a great distance than when the savage Hun was shattering our cities and we all felt in the battle our

selves.

But the same qualities which brought us through that awful jeopardy of the summer of 1940 and those long autumn and winter bombardments from the air, will bring us through this and other new ordeal, though it may be more costly and will certainly be long. One fault, one crime-and one crime only can rob the United Nations and the British people of the victory upon which their lives and honour depend. Weakening in our purpose and, therefore, in our unity—that is a mortal crime.

Last autumn when Russia was in her most grave peril, when vast numbers of her soldiers had been killed or taken prisoners, when one third of her whole munition making capacity lay—as it still lies—in Nazi hands, when Kiev fell and foreign ambassadors were ordered out of Moscow, the Russian people did not fall to bickering among themselves.(47) They stood together and worked and fought all the harder. They did not lose trust in their leaders, they did not try to break up their government. Hitler had hoped to find Quislings(48) and fifth columnists (49) in the Russian territories he overran and among the unhappy masses who fell into his power. He looked for them, he searched for them, but he found none.

The system on which the Soviet Government is founded is very different from ours and from that of

the United States. However that may be the fact remains that Russia received blows which his friends feared and her foes believed mortal, and, through preserving her national unity and persevering undaunted had a marvellous come-back(50) for which we thank God now. In the English-speaking world we rejoice in free institution. We have free parliaments and free press. This is the way of life we are used to. That is the way of life we are fighting to defend.

But it is the duty of all who take part in those free institutions to make sure, as the House of Commons and the House of Lords(51) have done..... that their national executive government in time of war have a solid foundation on which to stand and on which to act; that misfortunes and mistakes of war are not exploited against them; that while they have not kept up to the mark by helpful and judicious criticism or advice, they are not deprived of the persisting power to run through a period of bad times and many cruel vexations and come out the other side and get to the top of the hill.

Tonight I speak to you at home throughout the British world, to our loyal friends in India and Burma, to our gallant allies, the Dutch and the Chinese, to our allies in Russia and to our kith and kin(52) in the United States. I speak to you all under the shadow of a heavy far-reaching military defeat. It

is a British and Imperial defeat. Singapore has fallen. All of the Malay Peninsula has been overrun.

Other dangers gather about us out there and none of the dangers which we have hitherto faced successfully at home and in the East are in any way diminished. This is therefore one of those moments when the British nation can show its quality and its genius. This is one of those moments when it can draw from the heart of misfortune the vital impulse of victory.

Here is the moment to display that calm and poise combined with grim determination which not so long ago brought us out of the very jaws of death. Here is another occasion to show, as we have shown so often in our long story, that we can meet reverses with dignity and with renewed accessions of strength.

We must remember that we are no longer alone. We are in the midst of great company. Three quarters of the human race are now moving with us. The whole future of mankind may depend upon action and upon our conduct. So far we have not failed. We will not fail now. Let us move forward steadfastly together into the storm and through the storm.

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE

—A Broadcast from London, June 18th, 1940—

By Andre Maurois

I have been asked to talk to you of the spirit of France and, at first, yesterday, I hesitated to accept. The terrible events of the last few days(1) made it painful for me to think of the glory that was and that will be, France. I felt very much as a man who loves his wife dearly, and who sees her mortally(2) ill. He would rather avoid talking about her, not because he loves her less, but on the contrary,(3) he realises better than ever how desperately he loves her and how great is the danger of losing her. However, if some friend gently, tenderly, succeeds in breaking his silence, very soon he understands that, though it hurts, it does him good all the same to talk about his beloved. Therefore I shall attemp to talk to you of my beloved France as if she were not today in so sad a condition, in so desperate a plight.(4)

I shall always remember what I felt when I came back from America, for the first time, and went by train through Normandy(5) from Havre(6) to Paris. I hadn't seen France for many months; it

was as if I suddenly discovered her. "How lovely!' I thought. "This is not country, it is a garden." And it is quite true that France is such an old coun-try, and has been cultivated by her people for such a long time, with such loving care, that it really looks like one huge garden. When her continental neighbours thought and said: "The distribution of wealth is unfair; the French have got all the good and fertile land; we have got the marshes(7) and the forests," they forgot that, for two thousand years, Frenchmen had been clearing the forests and drain-ing the marshes. And even now, how hard they work! Kipling used to say that France is a country where every man, woman, child and dog works from morning till night, and seems to enjoy it. That is certainly true of French peasants and most French families come from peasant stock.(8) It is from their farmer farhter that hard-working French professors and students learnt their devotion to their task.

And their farmer fathers respect them for being learned young men. No country in the world has more reverence than France for good literary educa-tion. Every middle-class Frenchman knows at least some of his classics by heart;(9) he has been brought up on La Fontaine,(10) and Corneille,(11) and Molie-re.(12) The Comedie-Francaise, which is the national theatre, and the French Academy, are public institu-

tions and a surprisingly great part of the nation takes an interest in their ceremonies. Very often in the last fifty years, France was governed by professors. Whether it was a sound idea or not is another story, but it is a fact, and it shows the great importance attached by Frenchmen to classical eloquence, to the proper use of words, to simple and beautiful language.

The French language has become, after centries of improvement, so crystal clear that Lord Salisbury (13)used to say that things would go better in the world if it was forbidden to write about metaphysics(14) in any language other than French. It is also the ideal language to talk about sentiments. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, at the courts of the last Kings of France, idle men and women of infinite subtlety took pleasure in(15) analysing very minutely each other's feelings and thoughts. The result was this wonderful literature that goes from La Bruyere(16) and Pascal(17) to Stendhal(18) and Marcel Proust.(19) France became a country of fine refined taste. The part played by her was in a way similar to that played by Greece in the ancient world. Other literature may have had more strength, more romantic violence; none had that mysterious perfection.

This was true, not only of literature, but of all

the arts. During the last dreadful days, as is only too natural, as soon as I had a free moment I let my thoughts wander to France. What were then the images that crossed my mind? It was the Place Verdome,(20) the Place des Vosges(21), the Place de la Concorde,(22) all so well planned, so pure in design, so simple in ornament. The whole world has praised the good taste of the Paris working girls who, in the celebrated street that crossed the Place Vendome design dresses and jewels. Their taste comes, for a very large part, from the town in which they have been brought up. How could they have bad taste when ever since they were children, they saw the lovely and simple lines of so many monuments? Even the light of Paris is what it should be.

The people themselves, men and women, are sometimes, in France, works of art. God knows we have our bores and knaves like every nation. But many Frenchmen, in the happy days of peace, had turned life into a fine art. What could be more delightful than to dine with a few well-chosen friends in a small Paris restaurant? The owner, who is called the Patron, was, of course, at the same time the chef.(23) He wasn't so much interested in your money as in your appreciation of his great talents. He was not a tradesman but an artist and friend. Paris conversation at its best was witty, brilliant sometimes

deep, never ponderous sparkling with anecdotes, portraits and sketches of the great.

I remember suddenly a dinner which was offered to me, a few days before the German offensive, at the front, by some young French officers who formed the staff of a reconnaissance squardron.(24) They all knew that they hadn't much of a chance to survive. They never said a word about it; they spoke gaily and brilliantly. Every one of them has now been killed. But we have a right to say that they were worthy of their fathers, the soldiers of Marne(25) We owe it to them to say that the spirit of France was never more alive than it was in them. It will live in their sons. No one can kill in a few months, or even years of occupation, a spirit that has been built by generation after generation of patient men and faithful men and women.

From the friends of France who listen to-day, I would ask two things. The first is: Do not judge France harshly in this hour of her great distress. She needs more than ever your understanding friendship and she has, I think, a right to it because she has lost everything in the service of freedom. The second is this; Take tonight the French book you prefer and read a few pages of it. Open a portfolio and ask Manet(26) and Cezanne,(27) Renoir(28) and Degas,(29) to refresh your memories of France. Then think of

the French man or woman you like best, of an old mill in Provence,(30) of an apple orchard in Normandy, of all bookshops on the quays of Paris, of some beautiful, long, rolling, sentences in Chateaubriand's(31) memoirs, of a blue sky, of a soft French voice, and the spirit of France will be alive in you, as it is, this minute, in the minds of millions of Frenchmen, who suffer for France and worship her.

INTROSPECTION

By Madame Chiang Kai-shek

When the Greek philosopher Socrates impressed upon his students the injunction (1) 'Know Thyself,' (2) he undoubtedly meant that they should make an impersonal, cool, objective (3) self-analysis (4) as a method and means of self-improvement. To build a new, strong, unified China it behooves us all to engage in intensive introspection, (5) to be scrupulously honest in our estimate of our past shortcomings, and to acknowledge frankly our past mistakes with a view to correcting them in the future.

We are the product of our own performances,

Slackness which was permitted in the past has, in the flight of years, developed into a strangling national habit. If our nation seems to have been internationally circumscribed we have no one to blame for it but ourselves. If a new China is to arise out of the blood and the ashes of the old one, those who accept positions of responsibility must awaken to the understanding that they have automatically undertaken positions of trust and the definite obligation to devote all their energy, their thought, and their care to the interests of the people and the state. Those who are unable to do this should resign.

To save China from the consequences of this war, character is essential. There must be intellectual honesty, general integrity, and, above all, (6) sober common sense; there must be, indeed, actual wisdom. As personal conduct is the matrix (7) in which character is cast we have it in our own hands to develop our moral excellence by reforming our lives, revitalizing our attitude of mind toward our individual and collective duties, and so develop an efficiency which will contribute to the effective resurgence (8) of our entire n tion. If we cannot carve our way (9) to salvation we are not worthy of our heritage.

Any man who is in a position of authority, even if he is able to do but a little good, should be inspired and be glad and eager to do that little, if only

to escape the charge of being incompetent or of deliberately neglecting at a time of crisis the welfare of his country and his people.

It is the duty of each of us to clear our national records of the old stigma of dishonesty and corruption (10). Close upon the heels of corruption is always cowardice, the hand-maiden. (11) And we must never forget that it was the evil combination of corruption and cowardice that was solely responsible for the disgrace and humiliation and territorial losses which were inflicted upon us in 1864 (12). We have the chance now to wipe that ignoble stain from the pages of our history. The gallant soldiers at the front who are giving up their lives that we shall be safe are already obliterating it.

Only a traitor to whose cheeks could not come a blush of shame would betray the trust of those brave men by using his safety to divert to his own pockets directly or indirectly, funds intended for national purposes or for the pursuance of our resistance. All of us who are in the rear should leave no stone unturned (13) to see to it that all money as well as all effort are applied to the full to the cause for which our civilians are suffering and our soldiers are dying. We must do that not only because the fate of our whole nation is at stake, infinitely more so than it was in 1864, but because we want it inscribed

in history that we are honorable and that we are courageous.

What we have suffered in the past was expressed by Edmund Burke when long ago he wrote that 'corruption loads us with more than millions of debt, takes away vigor from our arms, wisdom from our councils, and every shadow of authority and credit from the most venerable parts of our constitution. Is there any one of us who wants a repetition of the bitter lesson we have had? Echo surely answers 'No, Then it is more than ever imperative that every official should be compelled to keep ever before him the important fact that the monies he handles or the monies he accepts from the National Treasury, (14) belong to the state, and come, one way or another from the people.

No one accepting office should forget, or be permitted to forget, that since he is paid from funds coming from the people he is the servant of the people. All his actions should be guided by that knowledge; should be stimulated by the promptings of unimpeachable integrity and should be directed to the immediate as well as to the ultimate service of the people. Into the depths of oblivion must be cast the corroding (15) assumption of olden days that the officials are the masters of the people. Out of the flame of freedom must come the acknowledgement that

the people who pay the taxes are deserving of good and honest government, and must at all costs (16) be accorded that to which they are entitled. (17)

If good and honest government is accorded the people, the people will be prosperous. If the people are prosperous the state will be rich. If the state is rich, the state will be peaceful and strong. If the state becomes rich, and peaceful and strong, then a new China will have emerged, like her fabled phoenix, from the embers of the fires that have burned her, and will, in all truth, have achieved the destiny embodied in the prophetic word 'RESURGAM'— 'I shall rise again."

THE DIEPPE RAID

By Alan Humphreys

For eight hours I watched Canadian shock troops, (1) United States Rangers, (2) Commandos, (3) British tanks, naval vessels and an armada (4) of R. A. F. (5) fighters (6) battling in daylight against a concentrated German opposition. This is mainly a Canadian operation.

A 1,000 to 1 chance found the raiding craft carrying some of the Commandos being intercepted (7) just before they were due to land. An enemy patrol was around, with the result that not only were the Commandos' craft severely damaged, but much more important the warning was given to the German coastal batteries, (8) which were the Commandos, objective.

So when the Commandos landed, they simply walked into a curtain of fire from every small arm that the enemy could muster. The defenders even trained anti-aircraft guns (9) on the beach against this rain of death, the Cmmandos, who had needed some measure of surprise to succeed, spent themselves in vain. The enemy guns were never silenced. This initial failure was a setback, which was felt throughout the whole operation. To land and stay for nine hours was a brilliant feat of daring and planning. The Royal Navy did a superiatlve job in getting this large and complicated convoy (10) to the right spots at the right time. So dominant was the Royal Navy's supremacy that during the many hours that the whole raiding Fleet lay a mere two or three miles off Dieppe not one attempt was made to attack by surface craft.

The dimensions of the air support defy adequate prescription. Only a relative handful of bombers (11)

ever reached our ships, and a good half of those never reported back to base. Even the enemy fighters which came over showed utmost respect for our 'air umbrella' (12) Not once did the Luftwaffe (13) attempt to fight it out with the Spitfires (14) guarding the vessels.

At the port from which I sailed late on Tuesday night there was as much bustle as in peacetime. Steadily through the night flotillas pressed on carrying tanks across, while the men who formed the tank crew slept easily in their hammocks.

The craft in which I crossed the Channel (15)—auspiciously known as No. 13—carried tanks which were to be the third wave of armour to land, and she was not due at Dieppe until about one hour after zero time. (16)

We arrive dsoon after the Commando shad launched attacks on the coastal batteries at Berneval, about 4-1/2 miles to the east of Dieppe and at Varengvillesur-Mar, about the same distance to the west of Dieppe. The attack at Berneval was discovered before it could be made. The force was defeated, and of the surviving Commandos who got back to the beach for reembarkation many were wounded and dying. At Varengville the Commandos, many of whom went on the first Poulogne raid, carried their objective triumphantly. They captured and destroyed

battery of six 6-inch naval guns with relatively light losses, and were soon afterwards withdrawn.

By now the whole coastline was springing into activity with gunfire. When the battery at Berneval opened fire, the orange red flash showed across the sea like a lighthouse beacon. With this opening round the battery started a ceaseless rhythm of heavy explosions. Great fountains of flame spurted(17) upwards from the cliff and violent explosions came like blows on the chest.

The Commandos had completed their task at Vargenville. The guns had been destroyed. The South Saskatchewan Regiment achieved a measure of surprise in their landings. The Royal Regiment of Canada had a stiffer task in landing at Puits, about 3 miles to the east of Dieppe. They were beaten back by the beach defences at the first rush. They nevertheless, reformed and swept over the defences.

The rising crescendo of heavy firing by guns of the escorting destroyers (18) told of a naval bombardment, which preceded the landings on Dieppe beach. As the bombardment ceased, tanks were landed and made their way across one of Europe's most popular peacetime playgrounds.

With the tanks went men of the Royal Canadian Engineers to clear the way for the tanks to enter the town. There were also an infantry assault at

the beach by the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry and the Essex Scottish. The battle was on. It was a truly amazing sight. The thunder of battle roared over the town of Dieppe and the sky was filled with British aircraft. (19) As I looked along the lines of upward gazing soldiers all of them that I saw had huge smiles. Equally amazing was the scene on the sea. From close to the shore to 3 miles out lay an armada of all types of craft—destroyers, motor launches, motor gunboats, tank landing craft and assault landing craft.

The Berneval guns, the crew of which now see what really is happening, open fire on the anchorage, to prevent which was the chief reason for attempting to silence them .Our vessel was fairly remote from the shell splashes, but nonetheless it was shaken by the explosions, and some of the craft began to lay a smoke-screen.(20)

I landed on the beach with the tanks and the men. I climb on to a tank and a Major offer me a wireless earphone. Reports of fierce German resistance were coming over. One tank reports: 'My tracks have been shot off: my turret won't work. But I am accounting for a lot of Germans."

It is now 7,45. At this moment the constant cannonading in Dieppe all ceases. A fresh smoke-screen is being laid. A perfect August day is begin-

ning. Raids on this scale are not made without casualties. The Commandos have sustained heavy losses at Berneval. The Essex Scottish and Hamilton Light Infantry have been severely handled, and the South Saskatchewan Regiment has run into heavy opposition.

The Royal Navy has not escaped. One tanks-landing craft is down by the stern; another is towed away with two great holes in its bows.

Radio reports from tanks ashore are still not good. The casino (21) is proving to be a strong fortress, and a nearby tobacco factory is very strongly held. The tide is now nearly at low, which would make it impossible for us to land our tanks. A new smoke-screen is once again laid to hamper the guns at Berneval.

Particularly violent bursts of heavy firing re-fix our attention on shore. Black puffs in the sky over Dieppe and heavier thuds tell us that the Bomber Command has come to the aid of the tanks. A motor gunboat tells us to fall in astern of a destroyer guard. Four and a half hours after the first shot was fired in the raid the Fleet gets its first bombing attack. A small formation of bombers came over. The seemingly impossible happens and no ships are hit by bombs. One bomber, with avenging Spit-fires on its tail, falters and in an instant is just a great tongue of flame, falling into the sea.

The whistle of bullets passes close by my head,

I slip my tin hat a little more forward over the right eye. The doctor hands me his flask of brandy. A shoal of dead fish go floating past.

The radio now gives the work that everybody had been expecting for some time. The men on the beach and promenade have had a hard fight. They have done magnificetnly. "Evacuate" says the radio. A terrific smoke-screen is laid. The Canadian infantry are to be withdrawn. Ten minutes later, we are bombed again— for the last time. For several hours between now and our arrival back in England the Luftwaffe does not dare to risk more looses. The tank radio speaks again. A certain tank is instructed to "go to a new position." That tank and those Canadians have fought out their part in this rearguard action. The earphone tells us that the Canadians still fight and die so that Hitlerism may perish. "Evacuate tanks and destroy them on the beach," instructs the Tank Commander. Four minutes later the radio emits only heavy burst of machine-gun fire. The end is very near. Another four minutes and I hear "Am ready by the centre tank landing craft to upload." Back comes the answer "You will see me when smoke comes in." Only one more minute—the last. "I have to upload. My guns are gone. We can do no more good on the beach." Smoke had come in.

INSIDE NEWS OF THE SEA WAR

By H. C. Ferraby

This war's record shows that mastery (1) has not passed to the air. (2) The ratio of loss is well below the 1914-18(3) toll. The student of war had some pretty problems put him for examination with the destruction of the Prince of Wales (4) and the Repulse (5) by Japanese air attack in the South China Sea.

Much more detailed information than can be available in war time is needed for a complete examination of all the questions that arise, but there are some to which the answer can be offered now. Losses of big ships are bound to occur. In the last war the British Navy had 13 battleships, and three battle cruisers destroyed in various actions. (6) In this war, the losses so far total two batte-ships and two battle cruisers.

The ratio of loss to total strength is therefore at present only half what it was in the last war,

And it is to be remembered that despite its losses then, the British Navy remained strong enough with its Allies, to win the war.

There is no disguising(7) the fact that the loss of these two capital ships (8) in the South China Sea has seriously altered for the moment, the balance of sea power in the Malaya theatre of war. (9)

It is known from the signal made by Admiral Phillips to his squadron before the attack that he expected to encounter at least one of the older battle ships of the Kongo(10) class as part of the Japanese force in support of the Japanese invading expedition. We also know from American official reports from Manila that others of the same class had been attached to the invading armies in the Philippines.

It is still to be shown in what area the Japanese intend to use the newer and better battleships that form their main battle fleet.

Long years of naval limitation had so reduced the battleship strength of all the principal powers that none of them has sufficient reserves for all the work the fleets are called upon to do in a world wide war. The British Navy has major operations to maintain in Nothern European waters, and around its own shores, in the Mediterranean and now in the China Sea and the Indian Ocean and has to do all

this work with fewer than half the capital ships with which it carried out a smaller task in the last war.

The American Navy, it is true, is the main bulwark(11) against the Japanese Fleet and will cope(12) more than adequately with it within range of its cruising capabilities. Distances in the Pacific and the China Sea are so great however, and the vital strategical position of the American Fleet is so important, that the British Government deemed it advisable to build up a British Eastern Fleet at Singapore to second the work of the American Asiatic and Pacific Fleets.

The new Eastern Fleet has been definitely weakened by the sinking of Prince of Wales and Repulse and British naval staff is confronted with (13) the problem of finding the necessary ships with which to replace them. British warship building programmes(14) which were announced before the war allowed for nine new battleships. Two of these, we know, have been completed, but one of them, the Prince of Wales, is lost. Three more should be well advanced. The other four were only in their earliest stages in the summer of 1939.

Another question that has been raised all around the world by the Japanese success against the two British ships is the old controversy about airpower and seapower. But to those who contend that battle-

ships are no use against aeroplane, it may be pointed out that for more than two years the German Air Force(15) has been unable to sink a single capital ship: that for 16 months the Italian Air Force, with Admiral Cunningham's battleships frequently on their very doorstep, have similarly failed to deliver a fatal blow.

It is even possible the British naval Air Arm,(16) in its great attack on Italian ships in Taranto(17) Harbour, did not annihilate Italian battleships, though at least it put them out of action(18) for many months. Those facts must be weighed against Japan's success.

The conclusion inevitably is that there were special circumstances that account for(19) that success.

In part, no doubt, the cause of the British loss was the absence of fighter(20) escorts. They are a tactical necessity for covering and fleet today just as it was learned in the last war that a good destroyer screen was a tactical necessity for covering the fleet against submarine attack.

In the special conditions that obtained in the Malayan compaign, that coverage apparently could not be provided for Admiral Phillips' squadron so the Japanese airmen had to contend only with the anti-aircraft barrage from the ships. That proved insufficient to deter fanatically brave men from pushing in to

battleship Bismarck last May, that propellers and steering gear were damaged. The ship became unmanageable. She could not manoeuvre fast enough to dodge other torpedoes.

Those are conditions that may not, indeed should not, recur in any future operation. The risk was known before this engagement and the circumstances compelled the British admiral to weigh the importance of the task he was called upon to do. He decided the importance outweighed the risk.

Those are decisions that commanders-in-chief have to make. It is an awful responsibility, and none, save those with life-long experience and training, can rightly say, with Julius Caesar "Let the die be cast,'

KIEV.(1) YOU SHALL BE AVENGED!(2)

By Ilya Ehrenburg(3)

In war one must learn to endure misfortune. Misfortune is for the heart what fuel is for the motor. (4) Misfortune fans(5) hatred. Despicable aliens(6) have seized Kiov. It is a misfortune for each one of us. It

is a misfortune for the whole Soviet(7) people.

Kiev has been called "the mother of Russian cities". It was the cradle of our culture. When the ancestors of the Hitlerites(8) still roamed the forests wrapped in(9) animal skins the glory of Kiev echoed through the whole world. The conceptions of truth and justice were born here. In Kiev there flourished a magnificent(10) art,a Slavonic(11) Hellas.(12) The Berlin upstarts(13) are now riding roughshod over(14) these ancient stones. Drunken SS(15) men stagger through the streets. Nazi(16) corporals(17) have taken up the schools. Hitler's pogrom-mongers(18) are plundering the city's(19) museums.

Kiev was a rich and lovely city—it has attracted the covetous eyes of hungry savages for centuries. It was laid waste(20) many a time.(21) It was burned. But it rose from the ashes.(22) The names of its temporary conquerors(23) have been long since forgotten, but the name of Kiev is immortal.

The fate of Russia and the fate of Ukraine(24) were cemented(25) here in blood. And now the misfortune of the Ukrainian people is the misfortune of all Soviet people.(26) In the cottages of Siberia (27) and in the huts of the Caucasus(28) women reflect (29) with grief on the beautiful city.

The storms of revolution refreshed Kiev. I was there this spring, I did not recognized my native

city. New blocks of houses had risen on its outskirts. (30) In its university the children of shepherds busied themselves with compasses(31) and retorts(32) --a world was opening before them just like the fields open to your view when you look down the steep banks of the Dnieper. The day will come when we will read the remarkable epic of the defense of Kiev. Every one of its stones will be a monument to heroes. Here men of the People's Volunteer Force(34) fought side by side with men of the Red Army, and up to the last moment grenades(35) and bottles of burning oil were hurled at the German tanks(36). The approaches(37) to the city were soaked in the blood of the enemy. In the very heart of Kiev, in the corner of the Kreshchatik and Shevchenko Street(38), grenades exploded in the midst of a German column.(39) The day will come when we will know how much the defenders of Kiev have done for the defense of their country. And then we shall say: they lost the battle, but they helped their people win the war.

We grit our teeth. The Germans are in Kiev— this thought feeds our hatred. We shall have much to avenge, and we shall also avenge Kiev. In 1916 the (40) also swaggered down the Kreshchatik. In those days their officials hanged recalcitrants(41) and gorged(42) themselves in the pie shops. But they soon had to get out(43). I remember how they ran,

But at that time they got away with their skins.(44) Their sons shall not get away at all.(45)

We will take revenge for(46) Kiev, think the defenders of Odessa.(47) We will take revenge for Kiev, repeat the gallant(48) people of Leningrad.(49) And the naval guns boom, the men of Leningrad dash into bayonet charges,(50) and the enemy is bleeding white. We will take revenge for Kiev, vow the Red Army men at Novgorod,(51) Smolensk (52) and Kherson(53) And the invader is hurled back. The autumn tempest howls. The Russian forests thin out. (54) The ranks of the German division thin out, too.

When their commander is killed the men march dry-eyed into battle: to avenge his death. When the Hitlerites burn their homes, the collective farmers(55) take up their axes and go into the forests: to take revenge. The enemy has defiled(56) Kiev. We will make him pay for it dearly, so that their children and their children's children should shudder at the very mention of the name of "Kiev."(57)

We will liberate Kiev. The enemy's blood shall wash away his traces. Like the ancient phoenix,(58) Kiev shall rise from the ashes, young and beautiful. Misfortune and sorrow feed hatred. Hatred gives strength to hope. We shall close our ranks.(59) We have something to fight for: for our country, for our Kiev.

THE WAR CAME LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE

By O. Savich

It was quiet and warm when people went to bed that night. They were rudely awakened at daybreak. Bombs were exploding, injured people were screaming and fires were burning. The war came like an earthquake, sudden like fate.

People left their homes. Dust covered roads, flames raged in the forests and consumed grain in the fields. As it happens in fateful years grains were particularly luscious (1). What people built in the course of centuries was now blown in fragments skyward. But people had built their own life too and that they were now taking along.

Four ordinary men who only yesterday learnt to handle dynamite(2) hid beneath the Vitebsk bridge. They four waited. They waited for 24 hours until tanks (3) were on the bridge. Then they blew up(4) the bridge, destroying the tanks and themselves. They wanted to enable others to carry their lives to safety.

One half year, just half a year. When did that youth there become grey, when did children become grown-ups?(5)

The fir(6) tree stands in the corner. Children have

gone to bed. A lonely woman presses her face against the needles of the tree and cries. She repeats the words she read in a letter: "We've buried your husband beneath a fir tree."

A town in the hinterland is asleep. A child's weeping pierces the silence. A little girl played all day, but now in her dream she recalled her mother who has disappeared. And grown ups are powerless in the face of her sudden despair.

An old woman sticks her cane into the snow, she is insane. The Germans raped(7) her daughter before her eyes.(8) Now she searches for her daughter in the snow, calling her endearing names.

There will be no New Year for the Vitebsk heroes, for the husband beneath the fir tree,for the daughter of the demented(9) old woman or the mother of the crying little girl.

Lights are provided by burning towns and villages. The enemy celebrates his retreat by setting fire to them. Instead of popping corns there is the rumbling of batteries. Instead of songs the howling of blizzard is sweeping over frozen corpses.

Formerly we never hated so intensely nor loved so intensely. The Germans called the Russians "lunatics,"(10) now Hitler demands fanaticism from his soldiers. A mounte-bank(11) he is, he is stranger to ordinary words. He does not know the price of our

love and our hate. We have reason to celebrate this New Year, we have compelled the fascist hordes to fall back. But our celebration will be modest. For we have not forgotten anything—not a single drop of our people's blood, not a single tear. For the martyred (12) cities and the martyred people in the occupied districts(13) call to us. For only the first blow has been dealt to the enemy.

New Year! This year we want to quench our hatred and consummate our love!

THE LAST DAYS OF WARSAW(1)

By Fulien Bryan

At one o'clock in the morning of September 7, 1939, our train, the last to enter Warsaw, drew up(2) at the East Warsaw station in inky darkness. No taxi (3) were available, because all had been commandeered(4) by the army; but one lone droshky (5) was discovered which carried me, with several Polish friends, to the Hotel Europiejski.

I had supposed the hotel would be crowded with newspaper correspondents, but rooms were ominously (6) plentiful. I could have a large room with bath,(7)

How much? The clerk shrugged,(8) named a price, but seemed little interested in money. I have no tyet paid my hotel bill(9) in Warsaw.

I learned(10) next morning that the Polish government had already been removed from the city, and that all correspondents and motion-picture(11) and press(12) photographers(13) had left also. Now it appeared that there was no way of getting out. Here was a photographer's dream come true.(14) I was in a city which was facing(15) perhaps the worst siege in modern history. I would be able to record these events without competition. I had the seige of Warsaw to myself.(16) But I wasn't too happy about it.

As I was soon to learn, Stefan Starzynski, mayor of Warsaw and civilian commander of the town, to whom I applied(17) for permission to make photographs, was the hero of the siege. He received me cordially and said, in quiet tones: "The rest of us must stay, but you—you must finally get out with your pictures so that the world may know what has happened here".

During the terrible days that followed, I never once saw Mayor Starzynski upset. Once I was in his office when two bombs landed(18) barely 30 yards away. The building shook as in an earthquake. Then it was deadly quiet. For two weeks the mayor never left that often-bombed(19) building. Daily he kept

the raido going, broadcasting(20) brave words of encouragement, assuring the people that even with the government gone they still had a leadership.

Starzynski got a car for my use--with a guide(21) and interpreter(22)-- and we proceeded first to a great Catholic hospital which had just been bombed. Five bombs had landed, each making a crater(23) from thirty to thirty-five feet in diameter. The hospital was in terrible confusion: the whole west end of the building had been shot away. Everywhere the beds were covered with plaster,(24) and windows were broken. In the surgery(25) a great overhead reflector(26) dangled lopsidedly.(27) and the operating table(28) was covered with plaster.

The next day I was on the scene(29) shortly after a direct hit(30) had been scored on a modern five-story(31) building. By the time I arrived they had found the bodies(32) of 14 women and children. Bodies are not pleasant sights under any circumstances. When they are of young women, torn, to pieces by bombs, sometimes without heads or arms or legs, are horrible to behold. This was sheer horror. But I was making a historical record of what happens in modernw ar. People might not believe my words. Everyone would believe my pictures.

I was impressed with Warsaw's will to survive.(33) In the cellar of a maternity hospital (34) which I

visited were 50 young women who had suffered all the pangs of labor(35) under heavy bombing and shelling, sometimes to have their new-born babies struck by shrapnel(36) or broken glass. Yet somehow no matter (37) how terrible the suffering, these young mothers had found the strength to endure.

One day as we drove by a small field at the edge of the town we were just a few minutes too late to witness(38) a tragic event. Seven women, desperate for food, had been digging potatoes in the field. Suddenly two German planes appeared from nowhere and dropped bombs on a small home 200 yards away. Two women in the house were killed. The potato diggers dropped flat on the ground, hoping to pass unnoticed. But the Nazi(39) fliers were not satisfied. In a few minutes they returned, raked the field with machine-gun fire, killed two of the seven women.

While I was photographing the bodies, a little girl came running up and stood transfixed(40) beside one of the dead women, her elder sister.

"Oh, my dear sister," she wailed. "What have they done to you?" Then after a few seconds: "Please talk to me. Please, oh please! What will become of me without you?"

The child looked at us in bewilderment. I threw my arm about her and held her tightly, trying to comfort her. She cried. And so did I and the two

Polish officers who were with me. What could we or anyone else say to this child?

In making photographs, I came upon(41) an old woman standing before what had been her home. It was in ashes,(42) and a teakettle was still steaming on the remains(43) of the stove. But the heat came, not from the stove, but from the burning building. The bare skeleton of her iron bedstead stood a few feet away. She was dazed and kept poking about(44) in the glowing ashes, looking for something; I doubt if she knew what. Another woman over 70 had res -cued two silver spoons and a pair of scissors.(45) She stood there uncomprehending.(46) This was all she had left.

In one area which had suffered a particularly violent bombing, not one home was left standing. Wherever one looked there were hundreds of people on foot, on bicycles, pushing wheelbarrows(47) and baby carriages(48) loaded down with their bedding and a little food. They went in all directions—north, south east and west.(49) Homeless, they had to find shelter somewhere. Each night at 5:30 the Nazis sent over more bombers(50) and each morning a whole new section of the city was destroyed.

At first we had only bombs to worry about, but from September 13 the German artillery was within range of (51) the heart of the city. Aviators gave

the exact range to the artillery who trained(52) their guns up and down the main streets. The shells were timed to explode in the air, the fragments killing or wounding everything in their path below.

The really heavy shelling started about the 17th of September. From 10,000 to 30,000 shells were Warsaw's daily punishment, and from then it was always dangerous to walk in the open.(53) Even the air-raid safety squads(54) had to abandon their efforts. In fact, at the end even the air-raid alarms(55) were discontinued—our only signa lof coming danger was the radio.(56)

While standing in the garden of the American embassy,(57) I saw a German plane shot down directly overhead by anti-aircraft batteries.(58) Luckily I had my camera(59) with me and got the picture of the German plane descending in flames. We rushed to the spot and found the smoking ruins(60) of the big bomber. The crew of four had been instantly killed. As a human being with decent instincts, I suppose that I should have been sickened by the sight of that plane falling with its human cargo.(61) But I joined with other two Americans there at the embassy in yelling and cheering. We had forgotten the families of the fliers back in Germany. We knew only that they represented a government that for three weeks had been coldly killing helpless people. We were glad

they were dead. That is what war does to you.

On the night of September 16, which was Jewish New Year's Day, the German planes came with incendiary bombs (62) and set fire to(63) the old Jewish quarter of the city. For three hours, with cinders in our eyes and with walls falling around us, we watched the appalling sight of 20 square blocks razed to the ground. (64) Thousands were made homeless(65) that night; there was not even time to rescue the wounded or to remove the bodies.

For several days we had been hearing rumors: a great fleet(66) of British and French planes were coming to turn the tide;(67) uprisings(68) in Germany would soon stop the war, and so on.(69) The most fantastic (70) of all was that there would be a truce(71) to permit citizens of neutral countries to get away. The idea that the German army which had been sparing no one would now call a halt for the benefit of a few hundred neutrals was too much for credulity.(72) Yet this was the rumor that was true.

The word came over the radio on September 20 that for three hours between two and five o'clock hostilities(73) would cease and all foreigners with passports(74) from neutral countries would be evacuated.(75) We met at the Hotel Bristol. On the way there I saw German planes overhead dropping circulars.(76) In badly phrased Polish, the message read: "Poles,

give up.(77) If you do not do this at once, we will be obliged to bomb you from the air and to shell with artillery."

Some 1200 of us, comprising 30 nationalities, were assembled in trucks and cars. We started at 4:30, over the Vistula(78) and through residential sections, where acres of workers' homes were burned to the ground. Beyond was No Man's Land.(80) We started across on foot. There were tears in our eyes as we shook hands(81) with Polish soldiers in the front line. At last we could distinguish German soldiers in the distance. As we came closer, young men in new gray uniforms came out with broad smiles to meet the refugees.(82) I saw one soldier take charge of a bad ; others politely picked up suitcases(83) and several offered their coats to women. It was all smiles, courtesy, and chivalry. Having shelled and bombed us for weeks, now they carried our grips,(84) patted babies.

At our hotel in Konigsberg(85) we were kept more or less under guard,(86) but I did get out to a barbershop for a much-needed shave.(87) I couldn't resist asking the barber why Germany had attacked Poland. Quite soberly he replied: "My friend, you do not understand. We never attacked Poland. The brutal Poles repeatedly attacked us, and we were forced to defend ourselves."

Later I went to a motion-picture theater. A news-

reel(88) showed the devastation of Poland. The Nazis were evidently very proud of their conquest. But here was an interesting thing: though the showing of the war pictures continued for half an hour, not once was there a sound of applause.(89) Even when Hitler was shown at the front, fraternizing with his soldiers, there was not a cheer. To be sure, they saw their victorious troops marching into Poland. But they also saw in the background the burning and ruined villages of Poland and the sad, frightened faces of the Polish refugees. It was powerful anti-war propaganda. (90) The Nazi censor had failed to see that.

RIOTS IN PARIS

By Frederick L. Schuman

The mob eddied and swirled around the fountains and monuments of the Place de la Concorde.(1) It raged in the nearby streets and poured over the Champs d'Elysee(2) and the rue de Rivoli.(3) A motor-bus was upset and burned. The Ministry of Marine (4) was ignited.(5) Firemen saved it, though they were beaten and had their hoses cut by the rioters. The police were strangely inert.(6) The mounted Garde

Republicaine(7) swooped into the great square. But the young Royalist(8) followers of Charles Mauras(9) and Leon Daudet,(10) who called themselves the Camelots du Roi,(11) threw handfuls of marbles over the pavements to trip the horses, and slashed at their bellies with razor blades(12) on the end of walking-sticks. The Fascist bands, confident that no democratic Cabinet would order troops to fire on the "People," edged the multitude ever closer to the bridge over the Seine.(13) Across the river was the Qai d'Orsay(14) and the Chamber of Deputies.(15) "Down with (16) the thieves!" To storm parliament would perhaps end parliamentary government and give France a reactionary "authoritarian" (17) regime on a model already perfected across the Rhine(18) and bey ondthe Alps.(19)

Many in the mob had no objective beyond the joy of rioting. A few. Communists, trying to demonstrate(20) against Fascism(21) and the Government were clubbed(22). The National Union of Ex-Service Men(23) marched in dignity down the Champs(24) and across the Place(25) but refused to go near the bridge. But others were headed for the Chamber:(26) the Jeunesses Patriotes(27) of perfumer Francois Coty;(28) the Solidarite Francaise;(29) the Croix de Feu(30) of Lieutenant-Colonel Francois de la Rocque,(31) most of who e followers were demonstrating on the left bank behind

the Chamber; and sundry minora groups of Royalists and Fascists. They tried to rush the bridge. The Garde fired, the rioters screamed: "Assassins!" They recoiled and later tried again and were again stopped by a hail of bullets. The bridge was held. The Chamber was saved. But the detested Cabinet had been forced to commit "murder" to protect itself. This sufficed. Toward midnight battered demonstrators began to scatter in order not to miss the last trains on the Metro.(32) Twenty rioters and one policeman were dead; hundreds were wounded; thousands had torn clothes, black eyes, and bloody noses.

Thus the creed of the colored shirt(33) and the cult of the little Caesars(34) made its debut(35) in the capital of the French Republic on the evening of February 6, 1934. This fateful brawl had a double origin: the Stavisky scandal(36) and the weakness and mistakes of Chautemps.(37) It also had a double consequence: the coming of Barthou(38) to the Quai d'Orsay and the formation of the anti-Fascist People's Front.(39)

THE FALL OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA(1)

By Frederick L. Schuman

During the long evening hours of September 29, 1938, two gentlmen from Prague(2) waited in the Regina Palace Hotel in Munich(3) while the four(4) deliberated(5) behind closed doors (6) One was Dr. Hubert Masarik, who had come as representative(7) of the Prague Foreign Office.(8) The other was Dr. Vojtech Mastny, Minister to the Reich.(9) At 7.00p.m. they succeeded in seeing Ashton-Gwatkin (10) but learned nothing. At 10.00 Sir Horace Wilson(11) received them and outlined(12) them terms in preparation(13) for the dismemberment(14) of the Czechoslovak Republic. They objected. He returned to the Conference. Ashton-Gwatkin assured them that their protests were useless, since the British Government had approved the German plan. "If you do not accept this plan you will have to settle your affair alone with Germany. Perhaps the French will put it in a more amiable way, but believe me, they think the way we do; they will keep out."(15)

At 1.30a.m. the two gentlemen from Prague were called into a room and met by Wilson, Chamberlain, Daladier, and Alexis Leger,(16) The agreement(17) was

read. Mastny asked questions. The British Prime Minister yawned repeatedly. He found this anticlimax boring(18) and wanted to go to bed. Bad enough for Hitler to keep him up so late. As for twe Czechs...! Masarik asked Daladier whether they were waiting for an answer. Daladier kept silent. Leger said there was very little time. No answer was necessary because the plan was already accepted. There was mutual embarrassment(19)—as might occur in a courtroom should the attorney for the defense(20) assume the role of prosecutor(21) and then step up to the bench as judge and pronounce a death sentence(22) on his client.(23) Nothing remained to be said.

The Cabinet in Prague met at noon on Friday, September 30. There was nothing to say or do, save (24) acquiesce.(25) "The Czechoslovak Government protest the decision of the Four Great Powers, which was entirely one-sided(26) and taken without Czechoslovakia's participation. Premier Jan Syrovy told his troops that it was "the saddest moment of my life.....We were abandoned. We stood entirely alone... We shall fulfill the conditions imposed upon(27) us by force." Twilight fell over Prague(28) and then night. One hour after midnight, at 1.00 a. m. Saturday, October 1, 1938, the first German troops crossed the frontier from Aigen(28) in Upper Austria into Czechoslovakia. An ultimatum(29) from Warsaw(30)

had demanded that Prague give(31) up Teschen(32) by Saturday noon. Prague yielded. Polish troops marched in on Sunday noon. Prague agreed to negotiate a settlement(33) with Hungary.(34) As the international commission(35) began its work at Berlin all the Czechoslovak Legionnaires (36), elderly heroes of 1918-year of liberation and year of victory when they had been feted as crusaders of independence in the United States, Britain, and France—discarded and sent to London and Paris all their British and French medals and decorations.(37)

The aftermath(38) of Munich was in fact the reversal(39) of 1918's verdict.(40) Twenty years before, the Second Reich(41) in its bid for world hegemony(42) had been defeated. By a strange paradox the crushing treaty(43) which was imposed upon the vanquished(44) was insufficient to prevent them from becoming victors (45)in the aftermath, thanks to the eagerness with which the erstwhile victors accepted their own defeat. And by a strange paradox, final German victory in the First World War, which forever eluded the Junkers(46) and war-lords(47) of Potsdam,(48) was belatedly won without firing a shot by an Austrian corporal(49) transfigured(50) into Fuhrer(51) and God for eighty million Teutons.(52)

DALADIER'S RETURN FROM MUNICH(1)

—From News Review—

The hour was 1:28 a. m.(2) September 30, 1938. Out of the great double doors of the conference room of the palatial(3) Fuhrerhaus. in Munich, walked four European statesmen.(4) The expressions on their faces (5) told the story of what had happened.

Adolf Hitler (6) triumphant,(7) tried to conceal his jubilation.(8) By threats he had cracked the tough little nut of Czecho-Slovakia(9) and already could feel its meat crunching between his teeth.

Benito Mussolini(10) was ogreishly(11) saturnine(12). He had bet on the winner.(13)

Neville Chamberlain tried to look like a statesman—imperturbable(14)--but inwardly he was rubbing his hands; he was sure that he had avoided a war which would have been bad business, had got gracefully out of(15) an embarrassing moral obligation to the Czechs, had thrown a cheap sop(16) that would convert a troublesome fellow into a reasonable man.

The fourth man of the party had an entirely different outlook on the world. He, the son of a maker of French bread and pastry, had gone in to

sit in conference with Europe's biggest three statesmen. The occasion should have crowned his career. But he came out morosely. He knew that he had taken a terrific licking. He was still Edouard Daladier, but he had grave doubts how much longer he would remain Premier of France. At that conference he had written off, as a fatal loss the strong alliances which since the World War had kept France the biggest power in Europe. He had been caught in a corner, trapped because he had not dared break the first rule of modern French politics—never antagonize England. The French people might forgive Daladier for breaking his Government's word, pledged until only a fortnight before, that France would fight before yielding Czecho-Slovakia, but he could not expect them to forgive him for what he had allowed to happen to France.

After a few hours' sleep in Munich, Edouard Daladier flew back to Paris a worn, tired, nervous, scared man. In the plane he stiffened his courage by downing(17) a few more pastis (a legal absinthe drink) than usual. As he alighted from the plane at Le Bourget, Paris airport, and saw a big crowd waiting, he grabbed the arm of an aide (18), exclaimed in apprehension:(19) "My God, where are the Mobile Guards?"(20)

But he needed no protection. The crowd, including

many women and children, began to yell "Vive (21) Daladier! Vive la Paix!(22)." Flowers were strewn in his path. An impromptu(23) parade was organised for him. France had expected war at any hour. Few men bothered then to inquire what price had been paid for peace. Daladier struck while the emotion was hot, called the French Parliament to a short session(24) to ratify(25) what he had done. Presented thus with a fait accompli,(26) the realistic deputies voted approval 535-to-75, (27) almost lone objectors being the intransigent(28) Communists. So Daladier stayed on as Premier of France, but France—la belle France(29)—was lost forever.

INFLATION:(1) A TRAGIC ADVENTURE

By Pascal Copeau

It is an old story now, but go to Germany and you will learn that the episcdes of the drama have remained engraven (2) on all hearts. This is so true that the all-powerful Führer(3) of the Third Reich(4) and the astute Dr. Schacht(5) fear even today to touch the mark lest panic be let

lease.(6)

The year 1922 found Germany in a paradoxical situation. Export industries were working at full strength; financiers and speculators(7) who exercised a decisive influence upon the government, had instituted a wide policy of credit. At the same time the continuous increase in the cost of living caused intense misery and an increasing need for currency. Inflation commenced: Germany could no longer resist its allurement.

Up to December of that year one could still distinguish in this evolution between what was deliberately done and what was the inevitable result of circumstances, but the collapse of 1923 was something which it is impossible to describe in concrete fashion. For the Germans, a people fond of order, discipline and work, life lost its meaning because money had lost its significance.

In January, the gold mark was worth about 4,000 paper marks, in March 5,000, in May nearly 12,000, in June 26,000, in July more than 83,000. Finally its value reached the fantastic figure of 1,000,000 millions of paper marks.

When, during the summer of 1923, the workmen engravers of the Reichsbank went on strike,(8) it was a veritable national calamity. Germany was practically without money for a year. Faced by this situa-

tion, towns, districts and certain industries issued their own money.

As for the prices of goods during these years of crisis there was no longer any scale of values. In March, 1922, bread had reached a price 30 times higher than before the War, while cereals were already 60 times dearer than in 1914. In August the prices of products of the metallurgical industry were multiplied by 150, but railway journeys were only 15 times more expensive. Thus it came about(9) that in August, 1923, a jonrney from Berlin to the Lake of Constance cost exactly the same amount as a pound of butter in Berlin!

Amid all this incoherence only one thing remained quite clear and that was that prices (10) mounted (11) quicker than salaries. Thus it was not only the moneied(12) people who were the martyrs of inflation, all the industrial classes were hit; a man could no longer live by his work. The workmen united and obtained by means of strikes, often of a sanguinary(13) nature,the adoption of a sliding (14) scale of wages which enabled them in a sort of way to keep in line with(15) the curve of prices. But the middle classes,(16) professional people, civil servants (17) were powerless. They were reduced to absolute starvation.

Meanwhile the cafes,(18) night clubs and places of

amusement(19) were thronged by the profiteers(20)of inflation. These were not only foreigners who benefited by the fabulous rate of exchange, but there were also many Germans, crafty speculators who had understood the game, the kings of inflation.

But the agitated tumult of the post-war(21) years was not caused solely by the shameful luxury of the New Reich. To spend was the order of the day because tomorrow your money would be worth nothing. The idea was to transform it into permanent values. Above all one must not keep any money. As soon as the worker received his pay he rushed off to see what hetre was left to buy.

And then, one had to live. To forget: jazz(22) music deadened the sound of the anguished voices.

Inflation produced a profound social revolution in Germany, not only through the displacement of wealth which resulted but also through a transformation of character which is still noticeable today in spite of the inverse propaganda of National Socialism. Germany has learned to live only in the present, to think just from one day to another, to pass from expedient to expedient. For it was the children, those who are the German men and women of today upon whom the privations and demoralization of that period produced the greatest effect.

When Germany recovered the free disposition of her

important industrial region in the Ruhr,(23) the mark was officially dead. German industry then offered to guarantee the new money. The miracle of the Rentenmark was not so much a matter of technical cleverness of Karl Helfferich and Hjalmar Schacht as of the return of confidence and of the German people's will to live.

Economic stabilization(24) brought back with it order, moral calm and intellectual equilibrium. Germany ceased to dance and play; she also ceased to shiver with cold and hunger. Giving back to the German a stable currency has brought back to him the meaning of life and work.

But there are some memories that can never be effaced. Suggest to a German that a policy of inflation might get him out of his present difficulties. "Inflation?" he will reply, "sooner war; one knows then at least what one is fighting against!"

WHY INDUSTRIAL COOPERATIVES?(1)

The Chinese nation is to-day confronted with(2) the gravest life-and-death(3) struggle in all its long history. Shall the Chinese people be forced back into

agricultural feudalism(4) as a colony(5) for Japan to exploit(6) or shall they march forward with the free and independent peoples of the world? Shall the natural resources(7) and labour-power(8) of China be turned over(9) to the Japanese, or shall they be utilized by the Chinese themselves?

These are not rhetorical(10) questions. They are historical questions of the greatest magnitude.(11) On their solution hinges the fate of China.(12). And they cannot be solved by wishful thinking(13) nor even by rifle-shots(14) alone. Military resistance(15) is only half the answer. The other half lies in economic resistance.(16) It is not enough to mobilize at the front(17)The productive power of the nation must also be mobilzed in the rear.(18)

Japan is wagging against China a "total war"(19) of aggression. China's only hope of survival is by the strategy of "total resistance."(20) But is this now being done? Japan has mobilized in the rear. Japan has attacked economically. China has so far not been able to defend herself economically: much less(21) has she prepared for an economic offensive. Japan's first acts of war were to destroy or seize many of China's most advanced economic bases.(22). Japan's bases remain intact. In the seizure of the Shanghai area alone Japan immobilized nearly 70% of all modern industry of China.

It is said that "an army fights on its stomach;" to-day this is truer than ever, in the broadest sense: an army fights only as long as its economic bases—the means of production and production itself—are kept functioning and beyond reach of the enemy. Without industrial bases no modern nation can hope to survive. Without industrial bases no modern army can continue to fight. China will not be able to defend herself against colonization(23) in the future unless she re-builds her industrial bases immediately. How can this be done? It will not be easy, because: (I) China has little capital. (II) China so far has little heavy industry(24) available to make machinery for big factories (III) Conditions are too unstable (25) for big factories to be built except in the farthest corners of the most remote provinces. (IV) China's modern means of transportation(26) are almost exclusively(27) needed for military purposes. Such transport is lacking to carry manufactured goods from the great cities to the interior markets. No effective boycott against Japanese goods can be organized because few Chinese-made goods are available to take the place of(29) enemy goods.

But there is another side to this dark picture. In the first place, China has unlimited man-power, war refugees and wounded soldiers are available in hundreds of thousands to start new industry. Secondly,

China still has enough raw materials(30) and natural resources in the un-occupied areas(31) to build up new industries, though rich areas are already in the hand. of the enemy. But these resources cannot be utilized because of lack of transport facilities to send them to the urban industries. Thirdly, the automatic war-time blockade(32) also creates a favourable condition for the development of industry in the interior towns and villages. Moreover, there are tens of thousands of patriotic students, teachers, engineers, trained factory managers and others standing around idle, but anxious to get busy reconstructing the economic and cultural life of their nation. They only need to be given work to do.

That is the situation. What is to be done about it?

First of all, it must be said that the Government fully realizes the necessity for building new industries in the interior, and much is being done. It is true that the Government urges industrialist (33) to move to the interior. But its energies to date(34) have been almost entirely absorbed by plans and study for the rebuilding of key industries--textile, chemical and steel, for example. Actually very little has been done to create the basis of a new industrial economy, built up through innumerable small de-centralized(35) shops manufacturing the thousand and one(36)

articles formerly produced by China's lost industrial plants in the lower Yangtze.

At the same time, in Shanghai, where, it must be remembered, most of China's industry was formerly concentrated, a new phenomenon(37) is observable. There, hundreds of new Chinese factories are springing up. This, in effect, only serves to strengthen the Shanghai area as an economic base for Japanese imperialism.(38)

In actual figures,(39) during the first four months of 1938 over 400 new Chinese factories were established in the western district of the International Settlement(40) alone. During the same period less than 50 Shanghai industrialists moved their plants to the interior of China! This is a cause for widespread alarm.

Meanwhile in the interior, the Government has made marked progress in organizing and supporting the agricultural cooperative movement—consumers, marketing, and credit cooperatives. It has thereby strengthened the rural purchasing power,(41) and improved a market which was anyway given extraordinary "protection" as a result of the automatic blockade enforced by the war.

Thus there is this paradox:(42) an improved rural market and increased purchasing power for manufactured articles in the interior, but an industrial

production enormously reduced and incapable of meeting(43) the demands. Government-supported(44) agricultural cooperatives have succeeded in increasing agricultural output (45) but private initiative(46) alone cannot begin to increase the industrial output on anything like the scale needed.

It is urgently necessary, therefore, to adopt emergency measures.(47) What is here advocated is the combination of the cooperarive idea—which has worked so well in agriculture—with such industrial technique(48) as China possesses, in a great new Government-backed(49) movement for quickly rebuilding China's industrial productive power.(50) Only in this way can the economic necessities of China's military, social, and political position be satisfied in the shortest possible time.(51)

LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

Washington, November 21, 1864.

Dear Madam:

I have been shown in the files(1) of the War Department(2) a statement(3) of the Adjutant-General-

(4) of Massachusetts(5) that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously(6) on the field of battle.(7) I feel how weak and fruitless(8) must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile(9) you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming.(10) But I can not refrain from(11) tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks(12) of the Republic(13) they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father(14) may assuage(15) the anguish(16) of your bereavement,(17) and leave you only the cherished memory(18) of the loved and lost,(19) and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly(20) a sacrifice upon the alter(21) of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
Abraham Lincoln.

A TRIP ALONG THE MOSCOW-VOLGA CANAL

By G. Petrov

Trips on the Moscow-Volga Canal have become one of the most popular and pleasurable forms of recreation (1) in the summer months. I made the trip

myself last weekend(2) on one of the comfortable motorships(3) which ply this 128-km(4) waterway. Here the tired townsman(5) can take a rest from the jogging (6) of the week, and iglde through scenes of field and forest and giant locks(7) down to the "Sea of Moscow," a vast artificial(8) lake which lies 38 meters below the level of the Moscow River. Here one gets an inexplicable sensation of arriving in the South.

The Khimki port(9) with its terraces, landing stages(10) and ticket offices was crowded with people when I came to book my passage(11) in the morning. Girls in summer dresses, young men in white suits, whole families with fathers, mothers and children, people of all ages and occupations.

I was unable to get a cabin on the motorship. Cabins have to be booked at least a week in advance. (12) It was all I could do to get "steerage"(13) on the Vyacheslav Molotov.(14) The people who could not get tickets at all retired hastily to the restaurants on the terraces. Others made for(15) the nearest bathing beach and aquatic sport station. Young couples preferred to get tickets for the rowboats, launches and yachts riding the waves in the artificial lake outside the dock.

The prelude(16) to our trip was noisy enough, what with the bands playing on the landing stages'

the dance music pouring from the ship's amplifier,(17) making a holiday medley (18) with the voices of the crowds, laughing and singing. Only when we cast off(19) the din(20) subsided, the passengers dispersed about the decks, the flags fluttered in the breeze, and we felt a breath of coolness and tranquility.

So I began my trip down the canal, which was built to bring the water of the Volga to the Soviet capital, and, besides making Moscow a port of three seas —the Baltic(21), the White Sea(22) and the Caspian(23)—became Moscow's favorite pleasure resort(24).

The Vyacheslav Molotov is one of the most comfortable ships in the canal flotilla(25). It has a large number of berths(26) including staterooms.(27) All the inclosed space in the prow(28) is used as a restaurant. The open space fore and aft(29) is set apart for dancing and community singing.(30) Some of my fellow passengers complained that there was too much of it(31). True enough the young folk were dancing and singing above decks the whole day. But there was nothing to be done about it(32). Russians cannot imagine recreation without dancing and singing.

The only intervals in the revelry(33) came when other ships were passing or we were going through

the locks. Then they would crowd to the rails to wave their hands or watch dripping walls rise slowly above us.

We went through five locks altogether. We dropped eight meters at each of the first four locks and six meters at the fifth. Thus by stages(34) the motor ship came down 38 meters to the "Sea of Moscow." The inlet to the sea can be seen at a distance from two giant statues of Lenin and Stalin in rosy granite.

"This is the youngest sea in the world," said our skipper.(35) It is three years old."

This "Sea of Moscow" is a reservoir(36) 55 km. long, 85 km. wide and 18 meters deep—the largest on the canal.

"At the bottom of this sea," continued our skipper, "lie the remains of 110 villages and one town. A large number of new settlements(37) had to be built for the inhabitants."

Beyond the "Sea of Moscow" is the Volga, a new Volga raised to a higher level with dams. The Volga here is twice its former self.(38) It has become navigable all the way to Kalinin and further. It takes another twelve hours to reach Kalinin. At the "Sea of Moscow" our motorship turned back.

Night was falling when I headed for home. The numerous yachts with their white sails were no

longer in sight. There was no sign of the anglers whose still patient forms had dotted our path all the way out. Even the gull which infest the canal had finished their hunting for the day. Our motorship glided through a corridor of light formed by hundreds of beacons, the colorful illuminations of the looks, quaysand canal-side villages,

FOR THE LOVE OF BEAUTY

By Carl Crow

Anyone who visits Hwang Shan(1) (Yellow Mountain), one of the most famous of the many famous beauty spots of China, must be impressed by the tremendous amount of labor which has been expended in order to make the forbidding crags and peaks of the mountain accessible to travellers. For mile after mile roads have been laid out along the steep slopes of the mountain and over the greater part of the distance the route has been paved with heavy stone slabs (2) whose number runs into the tens of thousands, each one representing several days of labor. About twenty miles of 'road' climb from an elevation (3) of 2,000

feet to 7,000 feet and it is rare to find a level stretch of 50 feet. At places long stairways have been carved out of the living rock. Chasms have been bridged with great labor and rest houses built on the tops of peaks which would appear to be inaccessible to the most experienced and venturesome mountain-climber.

Great feats of labor like this have been accomplished elsewhere under the urge of religious devotion, as shown by any cathedral in Europe and the elaborate temples located in the sacred mountains of China. But Hwang Shan is not, and has never been, a place of even ordinary fame as a mountain of any religious importance. The breath-taking(4) beauty of the place first attracted the attention of Buddhist(5) monks, who set up a monastery here, but as a religious establishment it never prospered and was never visited by the pilgrims(6) who throng to hundreds of famous temples throughout the country. The many visitors come to the place because of its beauty and not because of its sanctity.(7) The small Buddhist temple provides support for less than a dozen monks.

The glory of the place—the objective of the pilgrimage—is the sunrise seen from the top of the highest peak. The way there has been made as easy as possible, but a large part of the route is so steep that the mountain chairs cannot be used and the traveller pulls himself up hundreds of steps with an

angle of more than 45 degrees. A dozen round trips up and down the stairways of the Empire State Building would be quite easy compared to the climb of Lotus Peak, where visitors spend the night. Yet every day when the roads are not made impassable by ice or rain the mountain is visited by Chinese beauty lovers who spend the night in an uncomfortable monastery, and at dawn the monks call them to see the sunrise.

The significant fact about Hwang Shan is that all the prodigious labor which makes its peak accessible was expended on it solely for the purpose of making it possible for the public to enjoy its beauty spots and without any idea of gain, direct or indirect, on the part of anyone.

A FIRE

Some years ago a terrible fire broke out(1) in a huge theater in one of the southern states of America. A crowded(2) audience had gathered to witness the evening performance(3) of a play which was very popular at the time. The first act was not far advanced,(4) and the latest comers had but just settle

themselves in their places. when a sudden shout of "Fire!" was raised; and a burst of flame issued from the stage. The cry was taken up(5) on all sides and a great confusion ensued. A panic spread through the audience; there was a general rush for the doors; (6) women fainted, and men, losing their self-control(7) in the first impulse of fear began to fight their way through (8) the crowd. Suddenly a voice was heard clear and strong above the tumult: "Calm yourselves, ladies and gentlemen, there is no immediate danger." The distinct, imperative tones arrested the outward rush of the people and brought them in a moment to their senses; the stampede ceased, and all turned to look at their speaker.

It was the stage manager who had spoken. Having hastily let down the curtain, he had advanced to the edge of the platform, and now stood facing the audience. His calm and collected (9) bearing inspired the terrified people with courage. His clearly given commands were instinctively obeyed; order replaced the former confusion, and the people passed out of the building in a swift but steady stream. The stage manager was the last to leave the theater, and that(10) only just in time, for it was full of smoke, and as he looked back he saw the stage enveloped in flames.

Outside there was intense excitement. A vast crowd had collected while several fire engines (11) were

dashing to the scene of action.(12) Happily no one was left inside to need rescue, and the firemen devoted their energy to(13) extinguishing the flames, and, mounting on ladders, worked their hoses with great vigor. But a strong wind was blowing, the fire increased in spite of their efforts, and finally they concentrated their attention on saving the neighboring buildings.

The conflagration was now a splendid sight to behold. Flames shot out of the highest gallery windows and the whole theater presented the appearance of being brilliantly illuminated. Great columns of smoke arose, but these were rapidly blown away so that they did not impair the grandeur of the spectacle. At last the fire reached the roof; there was a sudden blaze; and far up into the sky leaped a great flame,(14) lighting up the faces of the watching crowd.

By this time the heat had became so intense that the foremost among the mass of people were forced to fall back, and the crush was so great that some of the women fainted and were with difficulty extricated from the throng. In a short time, however, the flames began to die down. The roof fell in(15) with a loud crash; and only the walls, glowing red-hot remained standing.

Once more the firemen turned their hose on the ruined building. Now and again there was a fresh outburst of flames; but the greatest danger was over,

and although the firemen were kept busy all night, they knew that they should be able to master the smoldering embers(16) of the conflagration.

Thus the great fire ended with the less damage than might have been expected. For, though the monetary(17) loss was considerable,(18) and though several people suffered the shock and the crush both within the theater and outside,not a single life was lost. The stage manager who had acted with such coolness and foresight was presented with a public testimonial,(19)but was better rewarded by the gratitude of the whole community.

AN ARCTIC PHYSICIAN

A lamp burned brightly in the reception room of the Taxie Bay hospital. Dr. Vasili Kamynin had just finished his evening rounds (1) and was about to (2) turn in. (3) Suddenly hurrying footsteps resounded from the corrider. The door opened, and when the clouds of steam and fine particles of snow had vanished, Kamynin recognized his old acquaintance, a Yakut (4) who is chairman (5) of the Lykov National Soviet. (6)

"Doctor," said the visitor, out of breath, "my wife is dying! She gave birth to a boy, and is bleeding to death."

The doctor had already picked up his case of instruments and medicines which he always held in readiness; a few directions to nurse Skornyakova, a note about his absence to the port superintendent, and Kamynin was running to the sleds. The dogs were already snowed under. Awakened by a kick from the driver, they reluctantly crawled out of the snow and lazily strained against the harness.

Unable to determine his bearings (7), the driver relied upon the dogs. Every now and then (8) they would stop and search for their old tracks, and again rush onward. It was no small distance to Bykov: 150 km. (9) Only on the following day, after the snow-storm had begun to abate and the sky was becoming lighter in the southeast, did Kamynin and his companion reach the village.

Snow had completely covered the hut where the patient was lying. The woman's face was of a greenish hue and her pulse (10) was hardly perceptible. (11) All indications showed that she was on the threshold of (12) death. In a corner, wrapped in a skin of a young reindeer, the new citizen of the Soviet Union (13) was kicking and crying at the top of his voice. (14)

Only an immediate blood transfusion (15) could save the woman's life. But the blood of the donor would have to be of a certain group, and there was no time for an analysis. The doctor solved the difficulty by giving his own blood. He performed the operation and the patient soon showed signs of improvement.

This is only one episode from the life of the Arctic doctor. There have been many similar instances of self-sacrifice. (16) More than once during spring break-up (17) when neither dogs nor reindeer could be used, Dr. Kamynin has had to go on foot to Bykov. He would spend nights on the failing ice and in the tundra, (18) and always reach his patient in time.

Frequently Kamynin treats (19) his patients by radio. (20) There are inhabited points which can not be reached by the doctor because of the long distances and absence of transport. In such cases, the patient describes his condition and what ails him to the doctor by radio. It is up to the physician to determine the illness and radio back the cure.

In all doubtful cases, Yakuts drive for hundreds of kilometers—from the island of Shamilyakh, Mostakh and Ara, from Omoloi and Bulun and even from Zhigansk and Kazathye—to th Taxie hospital

Next to the reception room of the hospital is the

doctor's little office, which also serves as an operating room, (21) a room for dressing wounds as well as a dispensary. And in his person Kamynin comprises the medical staff of an entire polyclinic: (22) he is at once a splendid surgeon, (23) a general practitioner (24) and gynecologist. (25)

In addition, he is an active social worker. (26) There is not a single campaign in the port that he does not actively participate in. Once a week he lectures at the local club. He has also delivered many talks to Yakuts in distant hunting camps.

THE BEES

By Jean Prevost

"Well, madame?" The patient looked more than forty: there were some grey streaks among the brown of her hair, white at the temples; the thin face with the large straight nose looked strong and healthy, her hands, as she took off her gloves, (1) were vigorous, but the woman was slow in answering.

"Well, doctor, I am married, that is to say (2)

...not exactly. But look here, (3) I want to know..." She choked in her rapid stammering and reddened.

"You expect a child?" (4) He turned away to his instruments, then came back. When he raised his head after the examination, his patient's eyes were shinning, widening, only awaiting his first word to begin crying.

"No doubt of it, madame; it must have been two months since you began to suspect it."

The tears began to flow, running down her cheeks, after each tear fell a look shone out, anxious and radiant at the same time.

"It is true, then? It was not too late? Tell me, he is only as yet a tiny little bud, but could it hurt him if I am knocked about?"

"Certainly.... if you can avoid it."

"Oh, yes, doctor, I can run away. But that is not all; I must tell you: I spat blood when I was a child. You don't think that could hurt him, too?"

The doctor sounded (5) her, and also found some marks of blows.

"Could you stop work till the child is born?"

"I cannot; it would be necessary to ask the father." She uttered the word with difficulty and disgust. "But I am a typist, (6) and I can find a post almost in the country, at Mayenne." (7)

"I should like you," said Dr. Guvelier, "to come

back to Paris a fortnight before the birth. It would be better for you, and it will be necessary to inoculate (8) the child at once against tuberculosis". (9)

"A month's holiday, that is possible, but I don't want the child to be born in a hospital. I have two thousand francs."

"Do you know the Good Shepherd? I am accoucheur, (10) there, I will try to see to it myself."

'Thank you, doctor. I will get away from the man and write to you. . ."

With burning cheeks and shining eyes, she paid proudly, then shook both the doctor's hands and went out very upright, and a little breathless.

"Poor old maid," Cuvelier said to himself. "Here is certainly an adventurous maternity."

Ten days later he received a letter from Mayenne: Mademoiselle(11) Alberte asked him for a regime.(12) Cuvelier, guessing that it would please her, regulated every minute of her day, down to forbidding her salt on her eggs. And every month he received a letter full of reassuring news, with a stamp for a reply.

Spring went by, and "the little bud," as Mlle.(13) Alberte called him, was well aired, well exercised, well nourished. When his time to be born drew near,(14) the doctor arranged with(15) the clinic of the Good Shepherd, and recalled the old maid.

He came to visit her. She was already in bed,

the brilliance of her eyes worried him, and he sounded her carefully; reassured on that point, he thought it necessary to say: "For the sake of the baby, do not get too excited."

Two days afterwards he and the accoucheur met at her bedside and were made anxious by her convulsive smiles, by her disturbed silence.

"No, no, madame. Cry, groan. Clenching your jaws won't help(16) at all."

She spoke, and Cuvelier never forgot that hoarse voice full of enchantment.

"Come, come quickly. It is you, my beloved. Do not kill me; you have only me. Only think of him, doctor—only of him, of him. No, do not put me to sleep. I want to see him at once."

The accoucheur left. Cuvelier remained with one of the nurses. The mother recovered her voice and murmured: "Can I see him?"

More understanding than the strict and severe nurse, Cuvelier took the child in his wrappings.

"Do not move your arms, madame. Kiss him—yes, a boy."

More alive in the mother's face than her wet eyes, the thin nostrils of her long nose quivered and grew pale. She chattered anxiously.

"He has all his fingers? And his toes on his two feet? The two little arms match exactly. He will not

squint—he will be beautiful."

The nursing sister interposed her black arm between the mother and the child. Mlle. Alberte pressed her lips together, wept two heavy tears and slept.

"You must soothe her nerves. Don't cross her," said Cuvelier. He came again the next day to see the first attempt at giving the breast.(17)

He breathed in, seemed to suck; the mother looked happy, but the weighing machine was inexorable. The nurse quickly prepared a supplementary bottle.

The attempts at breast-feeding(18) lasted for two days. The next day there was the threat of a breast abscess.(19) Cuvelier administered that terrible vaccine (20) which makes the thermometer move up to more than 102 degrees, which makes the teeth chatter and causes delirium.(21)

"For him, for him! My little darling."

"She is an hysteric," said the nun severely.

The fever went down. Made older by her wrinkles which had deepened and by hair grown whiter since her pregnancy, (22) the mother lying flat in her bed was now no more than a resigned woman, who, happy to see a cradle, scarcely dared ask to look into this cradle. During the healing of the abscess Cuvelier bent over her with admiration and with pity.

Then came the day when she could take her child out. The day before her departure for Mayenne,

the doctor joined her in the street.

"It is nice to be out?" he said.

"Oh, yes, doctor. Before I dared not go out, but now I don't mind any more; it is even good to be able to hate everybody."

"So you hate everybody, then?"

"Men, yes. All men are beasts. Not you, certainly. I don't count you as a man, nor the little one." (23)

Two years later Dr. Cuvelier passed through Mayenne in his car. He went to the old maid's former address. Mlle. Alberte had moved. The new tenant showed him quite a pretty little house.

"She is married, then?"

"Married? Oh no, not she."

He saw the child asleep in the orchard under a kind of mosquito net. Why the net? Then he found Mlle. Alberte near four large beehives. The bees and the old maid seemed highly excited.

Her eyes burned in her thin face, which had become almost beautiful. She drew the doctor near the hives.

"Do you see? Do you see; it is the day when the bees massacre the males. I have put traps for the males at the doors. Look! They can get in by these little shutters, but only my bees can get out again. Besides men are so stupid. There are a lot in this trap here. Let us drown them in the butt under the

gutter. Yes, baby is still asleep. He is lovely, isn' he? Bees are amusing, aren't they? They alone are any good."

Cuverlier went to sit near the child's cot. "No news of the father?"

"Yes, I have been lucky.s Hed it ead."

The doctor did not know what to say. He saw over the house and the garden, said good-bye outside the gate. He risked saying; "Doesn't it surprise you that you hate all men and love the boy so much?"

"I don't know, doctor. I have never thought about it. I think all that happened to me at the same time."

THE LAST CLASS

By Alphonse Daudet

I started for school very late that morning and was in great dread of(1) a scolding, especially because Mr. Hamel (2) had said that he would question us on

participles, and I did not know the first word about them. For a moment, I thought of running away and spending the day out of doors.(3)

It was so warm, so bright! The birds were chirping at the edge of the woods; and in the open field, back of the saw mill, the Prussian soldiers were drilling. It was all much more tempting than the rule for participles, but I had the strength to resist, and hurried off to school.

When I passed the town hall(4) there was a crowd in front of the bulletin board.(5). For the last two years all our bad news had come from there—the lost battles, the requisitions, the orders of the commanding officer—and I thought to myself without stopping: "What can be the matter now?"

Then, as I hurried by as fast as I could go, the blacksmith, Wachter, who was there, with his apprentice, reading the bulletin, called after me;

"Don't go so fast, bub;(6) you'll get to your school in plenty of time!"

I thought he was making fun of(7) me, and reached Mr. Hamel's little garden all out of breath.(8)

Usually, when school began, there was a great bustle, which could be heard out in the street—the opening and the closing of desks, lessons repeated in unison, (9) very loud, with our hands over our ears to understand better, and the teacher's great ruler(10)

tapping on the table.

But now it was all so still! I had counted on(11) the commotion to get to my desk without being seen, but, of course, that day everything had to be as quiet as Sunday morning. Through the window, I saw my classmates, already in their places, and Mr. Hamel walking up and down with his terrible iron ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and go in before everybody. You can imagine how I blushed and how frightened I was.

"Go to your place quickly, little Franz. We were beginning without you."

I jumped over the bench and sat down at my desk. Not till then, when I had got a little over(12) my fright did I see that our teacher had on(13) his beautiful green coat, his frilled shirt, and the little black silk cap, all embroidered, that he never wore except on inspection and prize days. Besides, the whole school seemed so strange and solemn.

But the thing that surprised me most was to see, on the back benches that were always empty, the village people sitting quietly like ourselves; old Hauser (14) with his three cornered hat, the former (15) mayor, the former post master, and several others besides. Everything looked sad. Old Hauser had brought an old primer, a beginner's reading book, thumbed at the edges, and he held it open on his knees, with his

great spectacles lying across its pages.

While I was wondering about it all, Mr. Hamel mounted his chair; and in the same grave and gentle tone which he had used to me he said;

"My children, this is the last lesson I shall give you. The order has come from Berlin to teach only German in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. (16) The new master comes to-morrow. This is the last French lesson. I want you to be very attentive."

What a thunderclap(17) these words were to me!

Oh, the wretches; that was what they had put up at the town hall?

My last French lesson! Why, I hardly know how to write! I should never learn any more! I must stop there then! Oh, how sorry I was for not learning my lessons, for seeking birds' eggs, or going sliding on the Saar!(18) My books, that had seemed such a nuisance (19) a while ago, so heavy to carry, my grammar and my history of saints, were old friends now that I couldn't give up. And Mr. Hamel, too; the idea that he was going away, that I should never see him again, made me forget all about the ruler and how cranky he was.

Poor man! It was in honour of(20) this last lesson that he had put on(21) his fine Sunday clothes, and now I understood why the old men of the village were sitting there in the back of the room. It was their

way of thanking our master for his forty years of faithful service and of showing their respects for the country that was theirs no more.

While I was thinking of all this, I heard my name called. It was my turn(22) to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say that dreadful rule for the participle all through, very loud and clear, and without one mistake? But I got mixed up(23) on the first words and stood there; holding on to my desk, my heart beating, and not daring to look up. I heard Mr. Hamel say to me:

"I won't scold you, little Franz; you must feel bad enough. See how it is! Every day we have said to ourselves: 'Bah!(24) I've plenty of time. I'll learn it to-morrow.' And now you see where we have come out. Ah, that's the great trouble with Alsace; she puts off(25) learning till to-morrow. Now these fellows out there will have the right to say to you: 'How is it; you pretend to Frenchman, yet you can neither speak nor write your own language?' But you are not the worst, poor Franz. We've all a great deal to reproach ourselves with.

"Your parents were not anxious to have you learn. They preferred to put you to work on a farm or at the mills, so as to have a little more money. And I? I've been to blame also. Have I not often sent you to water my flowers instead of learning your

lessons? And when I wanted to go fishing, did I not give you a holiday?'

Then, from one thing to another, Mr. Hamel went on(26) to talk of the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world —the clearest, the most logical that we must guard it among us and never forget it, because when a nation has become enslaved, as long as she holds fast to(27) her language, it is as if she had the key which shall unlock her prison.

Then he opened a grammar and read us our lessons. I was amazed to see how well I understood it. All he said seemed so easy, so easy. I think, too, that I had never listened so carefully, and that he had never explained everything with so much patience. It seemed almost as if the poor man wanted to give us all he knew before going away, and to put it all into our heads at one stroke.(28).

After the grammar, we had a lesson in writing. That day Mr. Hamel had new copies for us, written in a beautiful round hand: France, Alsace, France, Alsace. They looked like little flags floating everywhere in the school-room, hung from the rod at the top on our desks. You ought to have seen how everyone set to work, and how quiet it was! The only sound was the scratching of the pens over the paper. Once some beetles flew; but nobody paid any

attention to them, not even the little ones, who worked right in tracing straight strokes, as if these were written in French too. On the roof, the pigeons cooed very low, and I thought to myself:

"Will they make them sing in German, even the pigeons?"

Whenever I looked up from my writing, I saw Mr. Hamel sitting motionless in his chair and gazing first at one thing, then at another, as if he wanted to fix in his mind just how everything looked in that little room. Fancy! For forty years he had been there in the same place with his garden outside the window and his class in front of him, just like that. Only the desks and benches had been worn smooth; the walnut trees in the garden were taller, and the hop-vine that he had planted himself twined about the windows to the roof. How it must have broken his heart to leave it all, poor man; to hear his sister moving about in the room above, packing their trunks! For they must leave the country the next day.

But he had the courage to go through with our lessons to the very last. After the writing we had a lesson in history; and then the babies chanted their ba, be, bi, bo, bu (3) Down there in the back of the room old Hauser had put on his spectacles and holding his primer in both hands, spelled the letters with them,

You could see that he, too, was crying; his voice trembled with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him that we all wanted to laugh and cry. Ah, how well I remember it, that last lesson!

All at once the church clock struck twelve. Then the Angelus(31). At the same moment the trumpets of the Prussians, returning from drill, sounded under our window. Mr. Hamel rose, very pale, from his chair. I never saw him look so tall.

"My friends," said he "I—I—" But something choked him. He could not go on.

Then he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and, bearing on(32) it with all his might, he wrote as large as he could!

"Long Live(33) France!"

Then he stopped and leaned his head against the wall, and without a word, he made a gesture to us with his hands:

"School is dismissed(34)—you may go."

ROMANCE

Clifford Dyment

There were lots of exciting things in the shop windows. William wanted to stop a long time and look at them, but his mother dragged him along by the hand. Whenever something (1) particularly alluring and colourful caught his eye(2) he slackened his pace to gaze rapturously at it, but she had no mercy and jerked his arm, heedless of(3) his burning desire, pressing ahead like a big ship towing a little boat. And it was rather like being on the sea this evening. There were so many people about, crowds of them, so many that William wondered why the world didn't burst trying to hold them. This was one of those rare Christmases when snow was falling, and in the glare of light from the street lamps and the windows people's faces looked like painted, happy masks bobbing along in a smother of white feathers.

William did not start fixedly ahead like his mother. There was so much to see. Everywhere his eyes wandered they encountered colour and light and merriment. The thrill of it kept him glowing all over his body, although his overcoat was not very new. A faded purple muffler was wound several times

peak, a sprig(?) of holly fixed in the button on top. They passed through the happiest streets, and sorrowfully he realized that soon all the bright shops would be gone. He tried many times to check his mother's brisk pace, but she went on as though(5) she had forgotten about him. She was thinking. She was thinking about the house they had just left, her sister's house, where the daughter slowly dying of consumption,(6) where the husband was sick of the sea and would not try to get a ship, where the three of them were living on white bread and lard, with boiled potatoes on Sunday as a treat.(7) Her sister's life had been full of bitterness and grief, married to a foul-mouthed(8) drunkard who would not work. Her only shred of happiness had been when he was away at sea. Now he had come home to lounge about the house all day, unwashed and huge in the small house, cursing at everything she did. She wondered what she could do to help Lily. The more she thought of the poor girl lying there in the same room as they had the bedclothes filthy and all anyhow, with scarcely anything to eat and nothing to do all day but listen to her father cursing and carrying on, the more hopeless and wild and sad she became. There was nothing she could do except take what little food she could [illegible]

[illegible] was beauty and wonder for him. It was what having had and lost, he knew it, [illegible] had mine's dead. She remembered, [illegible] to pay to-morrow, the hymn she [illegible] Fight the good fight!" The words made her smile, grimly. Ursin quietly [illegible] her boy's hand in [illegible] He was a good boy. He was worth the fight [illegible]

William [illegible] an eight [illegible] his and wondered what it could mean. She was walking very quickly and the struggle to keep up with her made him out of breath, so he couldn't [illegible] They had left the town quite behind now and were walking along a silent, dark street that ran like an avenue between two walls of houses. Many of the windows were black with darkness, but some had heedlessly closed blinds, shining green, red, blue. The brightly-lit blinds reminded him for a moment of the gay shops in town which he had almost forgotten. He thought about these for a little while, but the street was so long that there wasn't enough memory to it, so he began thinking of his uncle. He had never seen his uncle for he had always been away at sea. He was a big man and his face was just like a pomegranate(10) and he said things that made people laugh. Every night he used to take his arm off

and hang it on a nail on the wall. When they first got to uncle's house he was cleaning his arm with a duster and William had stopped dead and said, "Oh!" They all laughed. He was a nice uncle and showed William all sorts of things besides the arm. He had funny coins from Persia, pictures of bull-fights (11) from Spain, a sword, and a tiny ship in a bottle. He only laughed when William asked him how he got the ship through the neck of the bottle. When it was time to come away he had given William a big shell from China. He could feel it now in his coat pocket, smooth as glass. It had black spots on it. His uncle had said that if you pressed it close to your ear and listened you could hear the sea. It was the most wonderful thing William had ever had and he knew that it must be very valuable

At last they reached home. The fire had been left to go out and it was very cold in the room. The boy shivered as he stood before the empty grate.

"I'll get some cocoa to warm you up, Willy" said his mother. While she was making the cocoa and cutting some bread and butter William sat on a chair examining his shell.

"Look, mother, what uncle gave me," he said. He was very proud of it.

"Yes, ain't it pretty," she said, not thinking about the shell.

He held it against his ear. "You can hear the sea," he said. He sat very still and listened. It was true. You could hear the sea as uncle had said. It must be wonderful to be a sailor and bring home such things.

"You can hear all sorts of things in this shell," he told his mother again. "It comes from foreign countries the same as uncle's been to."

She turned round with the knife in her hand, her eyes lit up with anger as the boy spoke of his uncle. "Your uncle told you all lies. It ain't nothing of the sort. A fine man he is, putting such ideas into a young lad's head!"

"I can hear summat,"(12) he said.

"Ah, you might hear summat, but it ain't no foreign countries, nor the sea, either. It's the noises going on in the room, that's all."

The boy gazed at the shell, not knowing what to believe. It was cold and polished and was magical to look at. You could hear a faint sound even if you didn't hold it close to your ear. Yes, it must be true. The shell was really magic.

"Uncle says it's the sea you can hear," he said slowly. "I reckon it's the sea as well."

"All right, all right. Believe your uncle. Now, have you finished your supper? It's time you were(13) in bed, not worrying about such rubbish."

He smoothed the remains of his meal. He polished the shell on his sleeve and placed it on the mantelpiece for the night.

"Good night, mother," he said.

"Good night and God bless you."

He awakened suddenly in the middle of the night. He had been dreaming of his uncle telling Clia in the shell, using the woollen arm as an ear. He lay perfectly still as he thought about it and lay still. Then he thought of the shell and felt unhappy. What if his mother was right? Suppose his uncle had told him a lie was just making fun of him? Just the noise in the room, his mother had said. That's all it is. Just the noises in the room picked up by the shell. No, he said desperately, no, she's not right. He tried to convince himself that the shell was really magic, but he could not, so he tried to go to sleep again. The bed was as cold as ice and gave him no comfort. He drew his legs close to his body to make them warm, but after a while they ached so much that the pain was intolerable. He lay on his back staring through the uncurtained window at the stars in the sky. But he could not forget the shell, nor could he sleep. The thought came back to him: the still night. He struggled to suppress the sudden excitement that tingled all over him. If everything was utterly silent, no noise any-

where and he listened to the shell. He could hear at once whether it was the sea you could hear or just noises in the room around you. He jumped out of bed and gently opened the door. He crept quietly past his mother's room; he didn't want her to know anything about it till the morning. The stairs creaked loudly at every step, although he went so slowly and he was sure she could hear. He felt a bit afraid of being awake in the awful blackness. There was a dim light in the kitchen when he got there as the snow outside reflected the starlight. He could see the shell on the mantelpiece. The familiar table and chairs looked pale and ghostly as though they were covered in white dust. His hand trembled as he picked up the shell or he felt like a scientist or an explorer on the verge of a great discovery. He muttered a short prayer to himself as he stood in the faint light: "Oh God, make me hear the sea. Make my mother be wrong, please God." He pressed the shell to his ear. At first there was no sound, but as he listened intently, he heard coming from far away the rolling of breakers upon a wild shore and the moaning of the wind in an enchanted land.

IN BERLIN

By Mary Boyle O'reilly

The train crawling out of Berlin (1) was filled with women and children, hardly an able-bodied man.(2) In one compartment(3) a gray-haired Landsturm(4) soldier sat beside an elderly woman who seemed weak and ill. Above the click-clack(5) of the car wheels passengers could hear her counting: "One, two, three," evidently absorbed in her own thoughts.(6) Sometimes she repeated the same words(7) at short intervals.(8) Two girls tittered,(9) thoughtlessly(10), exchanging vapid remarks(11) bout such extraordinary behaviour.(12) An elderly man scowled reproval.(13) Silence fell.(14)

"One, two, three," repeated the obviously unconscious(15) woman. Again the girls giggled(16) stupidly. The gray Landsturm leaned forward.(17)

"Fraulein,"(18) he said gravely, "you will perhaps cease laughing when I tell you that this poor lady is my wife. We have just lost our three sons in battle.(19) Before leaving for the front(20) myself I must take their mother to an insane asylum.(21)"

It became terribly(22) quiet in the carriage.

MRS. CAUDLE LECTURES HER HUSBAND

By Douglas Jerro'd

"That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why (1) let me go home in the rain, to be sure.(2) Take cold (3) indeed!(4) He doesn't look like one of the sort(5) to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say,(6) do you hear the rain? Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense, you don't impose upon me.(7) You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you do hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. He return the umbrella!(8) Anybody would think you were born yesterday.(9) There——do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs,(10) and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella!

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school tomorrow. They shan't(11) go through such weather, I'm determined. No: they shall stop at home and never learn anything sooner than(12) go and get wet. And when they grow up I wonder who

indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought not to be fathers.

"But, I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh yes! I knew it very well. You were going at ten at your mother's to-morrow, you took out that and you did it on purpose (!). Don't tell me, you had no to go there and take it for an advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it Candle Fo, sir? It comes down in buckets full (!) of will go all the more. (15) No; and I won't have it. Where do you think the money's to come from? You have got nice high notions at that club of yours! Ah, indeed! Cost me sixteen and a fast—sixteen pence—two-and-eightpence (16) for there is back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who is to pay for them! I can't pay for them; and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property, and beggaring your children—buying umbrellas!

"Do you hear the rain, Mr. Candle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to Sadler's tomorrow. I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman—it is you that's a foolish man. You know I can't wear (17) and with no umbrella, the wet is sure to

give the cold—it only does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up (18) for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and, a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrella again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes, and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

"Nice clothes I shall get, too, trapesing (19) through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt quite.

"Needn't I wear them again?

"Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear them. No, sir. I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold (20) indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr Caudle, I choose to go like a lady.

"Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't know an umbrella No; and you shan't buy one! Now, Mr. Caudle, only listen to this: if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

"Ha! and it was only last week I had a new ferrule (21) put to that umbrella. I'm sure, if I'd known

one for me. Paying for new ferrules for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you—you can go to sleep. You have no thought of your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas!

"Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of the creation; pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want—then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then, nicely my poor dear children will be used (22)—but then, sir, then you will be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you'd never have lent the umbrella!

"You have to go on Thursday about that summons: and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed, you don't go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care (23)—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes better lose it: people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

"And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I would go—that's nothing to do with it: nothing at all. She'll think that I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we shan't have at all—because we have no umbrella.

"The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sopping wet; for they shan't stop at home—they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave them, I am sure. But they shall go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't; you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They shall go to school; mark that. (24) And if they get their deaths of cold, it is not my fault—I didn't lend the umbrella."

THE NEVER—NEVER NEST

By Cedric Mount

CHARACTERS (1)

Jack.	Aunt Jane.
Jill, his wife.	Nurse.

Scene: (2) the lounge of Jack and Jill's villa at new Hampstead. The essential furniture consists of a table, on which are writing materials and two chairs. As the curtain rises the lounge is empty, but Jack and Jill come in immediately, followed by Aunt Jane.

Jill: And this is the lounge.

Aunt Jane: How charming! A marriage with a cosy little room! And such pretty furniture!

Jack (modestly): We like it, you know. Handy (2) place to sit in and listen to the radiogram. (3)

Aunt Jane: Oh, have you got a radiogram as well as a car and a piano?

Jack: Why, of course, Aunt Jane. You simply must have a radioset (4) nowadays.

Jill: And it's so nice for me when Jack is away on business. I even make him move it into the kitchen, so that I can listen to it while I cook.

Jack: Sit down, Aunt Jane. You must be tired and we have shown you everything now.

Jill: What do you think of our little nest, (5) Aunt Jane?

Aunt Jane: I think it's wonderful, my dears. The furniture and the car and the piano and the refrigerator (6) and the radio what's it (7) it's wonderful, really wonderful!

Jack: And we owe it all to you.

Aunt Jane: Yes, Jack, that's what's worrying me.

Jack: Worrying you, Aunt Jane?

Aunt Jane: Yes. That cheque I gave you for your wedding present (10)—it was only two hundred pounds, wasn't it? I I didn't put two thousand by mistake?

you think that?

Aunt Jane (relieved): Well, that's all right. But I still don't altogether understand. This house —it is very lovely—but doesn't it cost a great deal for rent?

Jack: Rent? Oh, no, we don't pay rent.

Aunt Jane: But, Jack, if you don't pay rent you will get turned out (12) into the street. And that would never do. You've Jill and the baby to think of now, you know.

Jack: No, no, Aunt Jane. You misunderstood me. We dont pay rent because the house is ours.

Aunt Jane: Yours?

Jill: Why, yes! You just pay ten pounds and it's yours.

Jack: You see, Aunt Jane, we realize how uneconomic it is to go on (13) paying rent year after year, when you can buy and enjoy a home of your own for ten pounds and a few quarterly payments, (14) of course. Why be Mr. Tenan (15) when you can be Mr. Owner? (16)

Aunt Jane; I see. Yes, there is something in that. Even so, you must be getting on very well to keep up a place like this.

Jill: Oh, he is, Aunt Jane. Why, only, last year he had a five-shilling rise (17) didn't you, Jack?

Jack (modestly): Of course that was nothing, really, I'm expecting ten (18) this Christmas.

Aunt Jane (suddenly): Jack! I've just thought of something, That car—is it yours?

Jill: Of course it's ours.

Aunt Jane: All yours?

Jack: Well, no. Not exactly all.

Aunt Jane: How much of it?

Jack: Oh, I should say the steering wheel(19)—and one of the tyres(20)—about two of the cylinders, (21) But, don't you see, that's the wonderful thing about it.

Aunt Jane: I don't see anything wonderful about it.

Jill: But there is, Aunt Jane. You see, although we could never buy a car outright, (22) we can enjoy all the pleasures of motoring(23) for a mere five pounds down.(24)

Aunt Jane: And the rest by easy instalments(25) I suppose.

Jill: Exactly.

Aunt Jane: Exactly. And what about the radiowhat's it?

Jack: Well, that's the—

Aunt Jane: And the piano?

Jill: Well, of course—

Aunt Jane: And the furniture?

Jack: I—I'm afraid so—

Aunt Jane: I suppose all you own is this leg: She points to one.

Jill: Well, no, as a matter of fact, it's that one. She points to another.)

Aunt Jane: And the rest belongs to Mr. Sage, I suppose?

Jill: Er(26)—yes.

Aunt Jane: Well, I'm not going to sit on Mr. Sage's pair for anyone. (She stands up.) Now, tell me, how much do all these instalments come to?(27)

Jack: Well, actually—(he takes out his pocketbook and consults it)—actually to seven pounds eight and eight once a week.

Aunt Jane: Good heavens!(28) And how much do you earn?

Jack: As a matter of fact, six pounds.

Aunt Jane: But that's absurd! How can you pay seven pounds eight and eightpence out of six pounds?

Jack: Oh, that's easy. You see, all you have to do is to borrow the rest of the money for the payments from the Thrift and Providence Trust Corporation.

Jill: They are only too glad to loan you any amount you like, on note of hand(29) alone.

Aunt Jane: And how do you propose to pay this back?

Jack: Oh, that's easy' too. You just pay it back in instalments.

Aunt Jane: Instalments! (She claps her hand to her forehead and sinks back weakly into the chair. Then realises that she is sitting on Mr. Sage's piece and leaps to her feet again with a little shriek.)

Jack: Aunt Jane! Is anything the matter?(30) Would you like to lie down?

Aunt Jane: Lie down? Do you suppose I'm going to trust myself in a bed that belongs to Mr. Sage? No, I'm going home.

Jill: oh, must you really go?

Aunt Jane: I think I'd better.

Jack: I'll drive you to the station.

Aunt Jane: What! Travel in a car that has only one tyre and two thingummies!(31) No thank you—I'll take the bus.(32)

Jack: Well, of course, if you feel like that about it.....

Aunt Jane (relenting a little): Now, I'm sorry if I sounded rude, but really I' hooked mto find the way you're living. I've never owed a penny in my life—cash down,(33) that's my motto—and I want you to do the same. (She opens her handbag. (Look, here's a little cheque I was meaning to give you anyway. (She hands it to Jill.) Suppose you take it and pay off just one of your bills(34)—so that you

can say one thing at least really belongs to you.

Jill (awkwardly): Er—thank you, Aunt Jane. It's very nice of you.

Aunt Jane (patting her arm): There! Now I must be going.

Jack: I'll see you to the bus anyway.

Jill: Good-bye, Aunt Jane—and thanks so much for the present.

Aunt Jane (kissing her): Good-bye, my dear.

(She and Jack go out. Jill looks at the cheque and exclaims "Ten pounds!" Then she hurries to the table, addresses an envelope, endorses the cheque and slips it inside with a bill which she takes from her bag, and seals the envelope. Then she rings the bell. In a moment the Nurse comes in with the baby in her arms)

Jill: Oh, nurse, I want you to run and post(35) this for me. I'll look after(36) baby while you're gone.

Nurse; Certainly, madam. (She hands the baby to Jill, takes the letter, and goes.)

(A second later Jack comes in again.)

Jack: Well, she's gone! What a tartar!(37) Still, she did leave us a bit on account—how much was it?

Jill: Ten pounds.

Jack (with a whistle(38)): Phew! That's great! We can pay off the next two months on the car with that.

Jill: I--I'm afraid we cannot—

Jack: Why ever not?

Jill: You see, I—I've already sent it off for something else. Nurse has just gone to ipost t.

Jack: Well, that's all right. Who have you sent it to?

Jill: Dr. Martin.

Jack: Dr. Martin! What on earth possessed you to do that?

Jill(nearly in tears): There! Now you're going to be angry with me.

Jack: I'm not angry! But why waste good money on the doctor? Doctors don't expect to get paid anyway.

Jill (sobbing a little): Bu—but you don't understand—

Jack: Understand what?

Jill: Why, just one more instalment and baby is really ours! (She is holding the infant, a little pathetically, as the curtain drops.)

SAINT ANTHONY KNEW HIS BUSINESS

By Major George Bruce

I was told this story not long ago by a friend in Dublin(1) as having actually happened. It is characteristic of (2) many tales that are told in Ireland (3).

A girl was head-over-heels(4) in love with(5) a young fellow who did not seem particularly taken with her. Very good friends (6) and all that, but he certainly had not lost his heart. So after working all her good looks and attractions for all they were(7) worth without bringing him to the scratch, she decided that something must be done about it. She knew that St. Anthony has a great reputation for straightening out the course of true love when it has got a bit twisted, so she bought a little image of the Saint and installed it on a shelf in her room. Every day she burned a candle before it, and every day she implored St. Anthony to bring the young man to a proper frame of mind (9). But the young man fell in love with her best friend, proposed (10), was accepted and they were married.

The disappointed damsel did not give up hope till the day of the wedding. Then she turned furious-

ly on the Saint who had failed her. Taking his image from the shelf, she shook it venomously and spoke her mind,(11), "Look at the way you have treated me!" she said. "After all I've done for you! Haven't I burned enough candles before you to stock a shop? And you've let him go and married Neilly! That's all you can do! I have no more use for you at all!"(12) she said. "Out of the window you go!" And out through the open window the little statue went.

The next thing she heard was a howl of wrath and amazement from below. Looking out she saw a man, his hat on the ground, rubbing the side of his head and swearing heartily. There was nothing for it but(13) to run downstairs, apologize and explain matters. But when she got into the street she realized that her victim was distinctly good-looking, and, moreover that the blood was trickling down from a small cut behind his ear. It would never do(14) to let it spoil his collar, so after mopping it with her handkerchief she brought him into the house to wash and dress his wound.(15) The acquaintance so made went ahead rapidly, and to cut a long story short,(5) in six months' time they were married, and happily married too. Whereas her friend's husband turned out a rotter,(17) and led poor Neilly the life of a dog. So it was clear to all concerned(18) that St. Anthony

knows his business and has his ways of getting it done.

WE MOURN MORE REASONABLY

By St. John Ervine

The War loosened our minds about many things that had formerly been regarded as almost sacred, and it is true to say that it acted to an extent that scarcely anyone yet realises as an active agent in the alteration of old habits and old ways of thinking.

The point I want to make is in connection with (1) our attitude towards the dead. Here we have changed our views t emendously(2) in a short time and for the better, I think. We no longer cover ourselves with crape,(4) nor do we make our lives mournful for long periods because our kindred have died. Yet it is plain to anyone with eyes in his head that our grief for the dead is no less than such grief ever was.

I lately attended a memorial service(3) for one of my friends. Every person present at the service, which was held in a small country town, wore his usual clothes. The chief male mourner, who escorted

the widow, wore a grey suit and a soft collar, and might have been going to a cricket match(6) instead of to a funeral. I think I am right in saying that this garb for a funeral would have been almost inconceivable twenty years ago. Had the principal male mourner at any memorial service arrived in the church and walked to the grave in an ordinary lounge suit and wearing a soft, coloured collar, he would, undoubtedly, have caused a great scandal. The place would have rung with his offence. Yet not one person in that congregation saw anything odd in his dress. A few very elderly people occasionally expess a sense of shock at the sight of ordinary clothes at a funeral, but they are few and their censure is not severe.

On the morning on which I began to write this article, I met a lady who told me that she and her mother and her other near relatives had gone to a cinema(7) to see a funny film less than a week after the funeral of her father. A friend, to whom I told this story, informed me that when she was a young girl and so distressed by her mother's death that she was in danger of a breakdown, her father, about four months after the funeral, took her to a pantomime, thinking that thus he might relieve her sorrow. Their relatives and neighbours were scandalised,(8) and as good as accused them both of being heartless. The convention(9) then was that a family

should mourn the loss of near relatives for not less than a year, and that this mourning should be expressed in crape and black clothes and by abstention from(10) all entertniamnet. A widow was thought to be something of a hussy(11) if she did not envelop herself in hideous dark draperies for several years after her husband's death, and was only accounted a good wife if she kept herself darkened for the rest of her life. I dare not write the things that would have been said of a widow who went to a theatre within a week of her husband's burial, lest I should not be believed.

In those days a family abstained from as many activities as possible for the period between death and burial. The whole family mourned together and did no work. The house was hushed, and all the blinds were drawn. Everybody sat about the house and talked in whispers. Many tears were shed. It was thought to be highly creditable to the bereaved women in a family if they had hysterics as the body was placed in the hearse. Funeral mutes(12) were hired for their lugubrious expression, and they eked out with artificial aids what nature had already done for them in the provision of gloomy features. The driver of the hearse and the mourning coaches added "weepers"(13) to their hats. A horrible gloom was deliberately created.

The War altered all that. Death became commoner than it had previously been in the experience of any one person, not for a single person in ten years, but for several persons in a few months. After the War, a new attitude to death was taken up. Grief was not less, but display was, and people became increasingly reluctant to parade their sorrow. It is not uncommon now to see notices of death(14) in the newspapers, ending with the request that there shall not be any mourning, and this custom was immensely accelerated by the funeral of Ellen Terry, who had left a request that there should be no blackness at her burial. Every person who was present at her funeral service in St. Paul's (15) Covent Garden, was dressed as if for a garden party.(10)

For my part,(17) I abominate the whole ghastly (18) custom of dressing in black for the dead, and I have informed my wife that if I die before her, she is to come to my funeral in her prettiest frock. I want her to buy a new hat for my burial.

SPICE IN MY LIFE

By Vernon Bartlett

For the last ten years or so I have worked hard and made some sort of name or position for myself. Now I've come to the conclusion(1) that it's all not worth while.(2) I've got to(3) worry less about what other people think of me than what I think of myself. My sense of values has altered

A very great friend gave me a long and well-deserved(4) lecture the other day(5) on not playing the fool. Here, at nearly forty-two,(6) I was still collecting and telling silly stories and generally behaving like a schoolboy who hadn't yet learned to take life seriously enough. I ought to be more dignified and have more sense of my responsibility. Well, I wonder whether it is that I'm not taking life so much more seriously that I've reached the belief that most ambitions are futile.

Just a year ago, I was on a boat going to the United States, an important and solemn-looking American lawyer showed me a ridiculous trick involving a hat and a mirror. I've wasted hours since then showing the trick to other people when I might have been hard at work. There is a small hotel in France

where everyone is shown this ludicrous trick which I passed on to the proprietor. And when I try—when I can't sleep at night—to collect my poor list of achievements, I'm tempted nowadays to rate that hat trick high, above all sorts of articles I've written or lectures I've given.

Where do I find the spice of life? Partly in solitude and partly in company. If I try to decide when, in the last ten years, I've been really happy, I find that about half the time I've been alone, and half the time with friends, making rather too much noise, planning how to put the world straight(7), arguing fairly well (at least, so I think) or singing decidedly, hardly. And nearly always the sea is mixed up with my happiness. I travel a great deal—I reckon I covered 20,000 miles last year—but more and more I want the English countryside. That isn't as illogical as it sounds in someone who claims to be an internationalist,(8) because the last thing a man wants to do who really loves the small area of country he calls home is to grab someone else's as well.

When I was a small boy we used to go year after year(9) for our holidays to a little village called Beer, in South Devon. The great meeting place of the fishermen was near the weather-glass(10), just beneath my windows I would go to sleep to(11) the sound of those slow pleasant Devonshire voices and

I'd awake next morning to the sound of Tom Woodgate throwing pebbles at my window to get me out of bed. Then there would be the thick chunk of bread-and-butter and the cup of tea to warm us up, and the crashing sound of the boat's keel as she went down the steep pebble slope to the sea.

Now I believe that more and more I am coming back to the simple things. I'm growing tired of very cultured and sophiscated(12) people, and would rather be standing at a bar in a country pub(13) listening to the older men talking about the crops, and watching the younger men playing darts, than attending the swaggerest(14) or the cleverest party(15) in London. In the same way, I get more spice out of life from physical work—digging or chopping up wood—than I ever did in the old days. It's partly, I suppose, that the life I lead is either sitting in an office or taking a taxi or a bus because I'm already late for an appointment.(16) But there is a lot more to it than that. Years ago I used to hurry, whenever I had the chance, to Victoria Station to see the continental express (17) off. In the train would be the ghost of myself leaving for some wonderful journey. That thrill has almost entirely disappeared. I'm getting tired of travelling and am finding that happiness or sorrow, boredom or romance depend much less upon surroundings than upon one's own state of mind. And one's

mind is most receptive when *one is least tired*. And one is least tired, I believe, when one *returns to the* simplest occupations.

I don't happen to be what is generally called religious. I've got certain standards and certain ideals that I try, and seldom manage, to live up to(18) it. But I dislike all dogma,(19) since it so often destroys that great human quality of tolerance. But if I were to "get religion(20)" it would be some form which involved a great deal of manual labour and living in the simplest possible conditions. I've done some very *stupid things* in the search for(21) happiness; but *I do believe that* I can only save myself from *becoming sleek(22) and self-contented* by *getting as close as I can to the more reflective occupations*—messing around in a garden, *fishing, walking*, watching the lives of birds and animals and insects. My friends tell me, with different degrees of frankness, what a fool I am and how essential it is to consolidate the position I've won, and so on. But I believe I am right.

There was a time when I had a keen perception of beauty—of scenery, poetry, art and music. I don't believe that perception can disappear, but it does, in most of us, become hedged(23) round by a wall of worldly cares and ambitions. I want to destroy that wall. Even if I fall, the effort ought

to give me more of the spice of life than anything I have known since I was a boy.

CONTROLING THE MIND

By Arnold Bennett

People say: "One can not help(1) one's thoughts," But one can. The control of the thinking machine(2) is perfectly possible. And since nothing whatever happens to us outside our own brain; since nothing hurts us or gives us pleasure except within the brain the supreme importance of being able to control what goes on(3) in that mysterious brain is patent. (4) The idea is one of the oldest platitudes(5) but it is a platitude whose profound truth and urgency most people live and die without realising. People complain of the lack of power to concentrate,(6) not witting(7) that they may acquire the power, if they choose.

And without the power to concentrate—that is to say without the power to dictate to the brain its task and to ensure obedience—true life is impossible. Mind control is the first element of a full existence.

Hence, it seems to me, the first business of the day should be to put the mind through its paces.(8) You look after your body, inside and out; you run grave danger in hacking hairs off your skin; you employ a whole army of individuals, from the milkman to the pig-killer to enable you to bribe your stomach into decent behaviour. Why not devote a little attention to the far more delicate machinery of the mind? *It is for this portion of the art and craft of living that I have reserved the time from the moment of quitting your door to the moment of arriving at your office.*

"What! I am to cultivate(9) my mind in the street, on the platform, in the train, and in the crowded street again?" Precisely. Nothing simpler! No tools required! Not even a book. Nevertheless, the affair is not easy.

When you leave your house, concentrate(10) your mind on a subject (no matter what, to begin with). You will not have gone ten yards before your mind has skipped away(11) under your very eyes, and is lurking round the corner with another subject.

Bring it back by the scruff(12) of the neck. Ere (13) you have reached the station you will have brought it back about forty times. Do not despair. Continue. Keep it up. You will succeed. You can not by any chance fail if you persevere(14). It is idle

to pretend that your mind is incapable of concentration. Do you not remember that morning when you received a disquieting(15) letter which demanded a very carefully-worded(16) answer? How you kept your mind steadily on the subject of the answer, without a second's intermission, until you reached your office; whereupon you instantly sat down and wrote the answer? That was a case in which you were roused by circumstances to such a degree of vitality that you were able to dominate your mind like a tyrant. You would have no trifling. You insisted that its work should be done, and its work was done.

By the regular practice of concentration (as to which there is no secret—save the secret of perseverance) you can tyrannise over your mind every hour of the day, and in no matter what place. The exercise is a very convenient one. If you got into your morning train with a pair of dumb-bell's(17) for your muscles or an encyclopaedia (18) in the volumes for your learning, you would probably excite remark. (19) But as you walk in the street, or sit in the corner of the compartment behind a pipe, who is to know that you are engaged in(20) the most important of daily acts? What asinine boor (21) can laugh at you?

I do not care what you concentrate on, so long as you concentrate. It is the mere disciplining of

the thinking machine that counts.(22) But still, you may as well kill two birds with one stone, (23) and concentrate on something useful. I suggest—it is only a suggestion—a little chapter of Marcus Aurelius (24) or Epictetus.(25)

Do not, I beg, shy at(26) their names. For myself, I know nothing more "actual," more bursting with plain common-sense, applicable to the daily life of plain persons like you and me (who hate airs(27) pose, and nonsense) than Marcus Aurelius or Epictetus Read a chapter—and so short they are, the chapters—in the evening and concentrate on it the next morning, You will see.

Yes, my friend, it is useless for you to try to disguise the fact. I can hear your brain like a telephone at my ear. You are saying to yourself. "This fellow was doing pretty well up to his seventh chapter. He had begun to interest me faintly. But what he says about thinking in brains, and concentration, and so on (28) is not for me. It may be well enough for some folks, but it isn't in my line."(29)

It is for you. I passionately repeat; it is for you. Indeed, you are the very man I am aiming at. Throw away the suggestion; and you throw away the most precious suggestion that was ever offered to you. It is not my suggestion; it is the suggestion of the most sensible, practical, hard-headed man that

have walked the earth. I only give it to you at second-hand. (30) Try it. Get your mind in hand. And see how the process cures half the evils of life —especially worry, that miserable, avoidable, shameful disease—worry!

BACK TO THE DESK

By Robert Lynd

There is something peculiarly restful in returning to work after a holiday. After the rigours of doing nothing for a month, how peaceful it seems to be sitting once more before a desk in an armchair! Work, I sometimes think, is the ultimate recreation of the really lazy man.

The first thing I do when I return to work after a holiday is to have breakfast sent up to me in bed. How different from all those miseries of early rising which are almost inseparable from a holiday! It may be retorted(1) that it is perfectly easy to arrange to have one's breakfast in bed in any seaside hotel in England; but the fact is, when I am on holiday,(2) my conscience will not permit this. If I lay late in bed at the seaside, I should feel that I was wasting

the best part of the day. In London, I am thankful to say, there is no such thing as a best part of the day.—or, if there is, it occurs at a much later hour than at the seaside.

Apart from this, the hotel breakfast is a much more formidable affair than breakfast at home. The menu(3) which the waiter hands you is an invitation to gluttony(4) before you are quite awake. If you are in full possession of your senses you would wave the thing away and ask for a kipper(5) or a boiled egg. As it is, your will is so weak as a result of the soporific(6) effects of early rising that you yield to temptation and go through a breakfast that would satisfy Carnera(7) after a week's fasting.(8)

From that point on your troubles multiply. After breakfast, since you are on holiday, you cannot sit down in a chair, like a rational being, and work or otherwise enjoy yourself. Some demon inside you drives you out into the open air. This usually involves walking—one of the most exhausting of exercises, if persisted in by the novice for long periods. The best view of the bay may be from a chair in a window of your hotel; but, when on a holiday, you can not help believing that it is round the corner, (9) and you set out for it, however steep the local hills may be. The bay was certainly extraordinarily beautiful, with white sails moving across its ruffled surface

under the sun, but, as I trudged along its coast road on foot (10) I could not help wishing at times that some less strenuous form of exercise than walking had been discovered. I reckon that during the first week of the holiday my pedestrian(11) hours were from 10 a.m. to 10 p. m. with intervals for meals and one ride on a merry-go-round.(12)

Professor Julian Huxley has been writing on the necessity of organising leisure, and, no doubt, when this is done, a local committee at every seaside town will take the sedentary(13) visitor in hand and show him how he can enjoy himself without tiring himself. I certainly do not know how. I cannot enjoy myself on a holiday without ending the day as a physical wreck. Golf is an innocent-looking game; but I must say that if I felt as exhausted after a day's work in the office as I did after a day's golf in Cornwall I should denounce my employers as tyrants. You may guess how strenuous the golf was from the fact that on the first morning my opponent and I took two hours and a half to get round nine holes. It was real hammer-and-tongs(14) stuff, with no quarter(15) given to the ball, the air, or anything else.

I think the most exhausting part of golf, perhaps, is the stooping required to take the balls out of the hole. This unnatural posture, when practised repeatedly, overworks a number of hitherto unsuspect-

ed sinews,(16) which protest at the end of the day by simulating a number of the symptoms of lumbago(17) and sciatica.(18) And the dreadful thing is that, when once one has begun, one cannot stop playing. There is no hope of relief except in a return to work.

I used to(19) be able to take a restful holiday when I was young, but, now that I am middle-aged and believe in the virtue of fresh air and exercise and all that sort of thing, I can no more take a restful holiday than I could fly the Atlantic.

Now that I am back at work, I am beginning to feel much better. Every muscle is already subsiding into a delicious inactivity. I am borne lazily from place to place on the top of a bus instead of working like a navvy(20) in pursuit of a small white ball. I can watch the pink clouds above the setting sun from the office window without regarding them as an invitation to take yet another unnecessary walk. I can do all my work sitting and even with my feet on the table. The only muscles that I need exercise are the muscles of my fingers and my wrist as I guide the pencil across the paper; and a great golfer or oarsman would think nothing of this. A lift(21) is provided to save me from the drudgery of climbing, so common on a holiday. I can go home in the evening and not budge (22) out of the house with a perfectly clear conscience.(23)

Who can deny that there is much to be said for the working life? To have escaped from the tyranny of fresh air and exercise—is not this, perhaps, to have gained something? Once more I am my own master—more or less. More, at least, than during any holiday I have had for years.

WAGING WAR ON WORRY

By Jack Bancock

When the other passengers had left the train, the calm-faced old gentleman in the corner leaned forward and tapped me on the knee. "You look the most worried young man I have ever seen!" he observed quietly.

For a moment I studied him, and then, in my misery, "I'm afraid I am going to lose my situation (1)," I explained.

"Have you thought what steps (2) you can take to get another?" he inquired.

"Have I thought?" I cried desperately. "Why, I've thought of nothing else for weeks—night and day!"

The old gentleman smiled and slowly shook his head. "That wouldn't have been possible," he remarked gently. No intellect could stand(3) such a strain. I would suggest very humbly, that you have not thought at all—you've merely had your difficulty on your mind!" And after an instant's reflection I reluctantly confessed that he was right. "I thought as much,(3)" he continued, "and your difficulty has worn sore spots on your mind, my boy. You can't hope for creative thought now. You must turn your attention to something else for a while, until the sore spots get better."

I couldn't follow his advice that evening, because my worry had taken too firm a hold, but next day, with all the concentration I could command, I considered my problem for just three specific separate half-hour periods, and banished it from my mind between times—and so with fair success I have tried to treat worries of all magnitudes ever since.

To a greater or lesser extent worry saps the moral and efficiency of every single member of modern society, and it is a tragic fact that the higher the intelligence of the individual, and the higher, therefore, his potential efficiency, so much the greater, as a rule,(4) is his tendency to worry. Considering its effect on the whole, worry is probably the biggest waster of valuable time and energy and the biggest

cause of unhappiness in the world today not even excepting ill-health, in which it so often results.(5)

For adequatelyc oping with(6) worry, three qualities are indispensable(7)... Firstly, there must be clarity of intellect, implying a mind which has not previously been fretted into dullness, to enable one to decide on the best course of action to be taken. Secondly, there must be courage and prompt itude(8) in acting on(9) the decision made. Thirdly, there must be fortitude(10) in face of disaster(11) which is unavoidable.....(12)

It is over the first point that most of us stumble. Our problems touch us so nearly that we can not bring ourselves to take a respite from them, and the consequences of this ceaseless freting(13) are only too apparent. Even the question as to whether or not to buy a new radio will wear part of the brain threadbare if it is thought about long enough and continuously enough. What, then, must be the effect of the incessant pressing of a really vital or painful problem?

Select for your worries definite, limited periods when you are usually tranquil. Half an hour at a time is enough for personal problems with no data to be sifted out. Devote the period allotted(14) entirely to finding the logical action called for.(15) Study your difficulty impersonally,(16) as if(17) it belonged

to someone else—use your brain and not your emotions. And afterwards, strive to keep your mind off your worry.

Once(18) you have reached a decision, don't let doubts steal the energy needed for action. Even the decision proves faulty you will be better of than if you continued to be gnawed by the canker of fear and doubt. Let the heat of your action evapora e(19) your fear.

Heavy is the toll of conscience and self-reproach; yet no mortal(20) since the world began has made a success of every little minute of his life. To grieve at our inability to do so is to wear a millstone round our necks. We can only rectify as far as possible the evil done or the mistake made, and take precautions (21)against its repetition. For the rest, we should be lenient with ourselves.

Something to aim at! Let us turn the pages of history. One dominant figure, we find, used to arrange things in his head 'as in a wardrobe!" "When I wish to put any matter out of my mind," he says, " close its drawer and open the drawer belonging to another. The contents of the drawers never get mixed, and they never worry me or weary me. Do I want to sleep? I close all the drawers, and then I am asleep."

(22) With crisis following crisis, campaign following campaign, beset by a grafting family, a not too faithful wife, disaffection and treachery among the men he had raised to power, Napoleon mastered a continent(23) close on(24) twenty years. You may not admire Napoleon, but you won't deny that he was up against it. You may not achieve his efficiency but if you try, at least, you won't be like the old lady who worried when she was coming out of the church because she couldn't remember what was worrying her when she went in.

YOU CAN'T KILL THEM

By Prof. H. Woldbold

Life is possible only under certain definite internal and external conditions. The limits within which the being(1) can exist may be shifted but they will always remain restricted.

This applies(2) in the first place to the higher creatures, because the lower organisms(3) possess an extraordinary faculty of assimilation(4) and easily adapt(5) themselves to anomalous conditions. They

can survive violent changes in temperature, terrible injuries, mutilations, even dismemberment. You simply can't kill them!

The resistance of primitive life is an everlasting source of wonderment to the searcher. Insects will live many days in gasoline,(6) alcohol,(7) even formalin .(8) Impaled butterflies live many weeks—a very unfortunate thing indeed. An entomologist(9) had an uncanny(10) experience in New Zealand. He put several locusts(11) into prussic acid(12) for forty hours. After that, sure of their being dead, he cut them open, removed the viscera,(13) stuffed them with cotton wool and impaled them on pins. Twenty four hours later he made the painful discovery that they were still alive!

Although organic evolution and the vital processes depend upon certain temperatures, not only one-celled organisms but many higher creatures stand(14) cold exceedingly well. As a rule, warm blooded animals are not resistant to cold, but rats whose normal blood temperature is about 100° will live even if this temperature is kept artificially low for a certain time.

Fish which were frozen hard revived when thawed up gradually, and the same happens with frogs. They can freeze without harm. Only an exceptionally low temperature might mean danger for them. Insects and their larvae(15) survive in temperatures much

below freezing point.(16) If the winter is very cold they will freeze hard but will awaken to new life under the warm spring sun. Bedbugs(17) larvae of the capricorn beetle etc., are practically cold-proof,(18) and so are slugs(19). The lower the creature more resistant it is. It is positively impossible to kill certain one-celled vegetable organisms. Bacteria and mould will live in liquid air at a temperature of 342°. Some bacteria will retain their vitality after 10 hours residence in liquid hydrogen at 453°.

Still more amazing is the creatures' resistance to pain and mutilations. I once saw a butterfly the head and chest of which were completely crushed. Only the posterior part of the body was intact and out of it came one egg after the other, as though nothing had happened to the creature. Moreover as they came out, the eggs were covered by the insect with a protective coat of its own hair clinging to the sticky involucre.(20)

A locust whose posterior part of the body had been bitten off by a bird continued to live for nine days as head and chest. A wasp(21) which had the same experience lived on lustily. Ichneumons(22) and common flies will clean their body and wings even when their heads are severed. Of course, such fragments of insects will die sooner or later, but the fragments of lower organisms not only survive

but often evolve into new creatures. Arms lost by the sea-star (23) will regenerate and develop into normal, though somewhat at smaller sea-stars, so-called comet sea-stars, whose one arm will be larger than the others. The holothurians(24) which are dried and used in soup in the Far East (trepangs)(25) disgorge their viscera when frightened but they grow anew right away.

The vitality of worms is unbelievable. A 20 millimeter long worm was cut into twelve parts and all but one regenerated and developed into new and complete worms. You may cut off a worm's head and it will not lose its intelligence, as was proved by the following experiment.

Rainworms(26) were trained to creep along a passage which bifurcated(27) at the end. Both sides were alike but on one side an electrode (28) was placed so that the worm got a slight shock. Gradually they remembered it and crept along the other end right away. They continued to do so when the anterior part of the body with the oesophagus ganglion, i.e.(29) the worm's brain, was cut off.

A few years ago the scientific world was stirred by the news that an entomologist had succeeded in grafting insects' heads from one species to another. The statement was put in doubt because all the scientists who tried to repeat the experiment were unsuccessful. In principle, however, there is nothing

impossible about it. For years experimental zoology has been concerning itself with the reconstruction of animal bodies, especially frogs and salamanders(30) Legs were cut off from embryos and grafted onto other embryos and specimens with three or five or six legs were obtained in this manner. They even succeeded in producing a freak salamander. The left side of its body was that of a common salamander of the moderate zones, while the right side had been taken from a specimen that was the product of a cross between such a common salamander and its tropical variety. All these monsters proved perfectly capable of living.

THE MONSOON BREAKS

By "Mauser"

From India comes the set(1) and regular cabled report of mid-June.(2) "The monsoon(3) has broken."

If you were to tell an Englishman that a land, a very large part of the earth's surface, exists where at the end of every September he could fold up umbrella and mackintosh(4) and put them away; with,

not merely the hope or conjecture, but the plain mathematical certainty that he would not want them again, even once, before the following mid-June; and that during that time his only bodily moisture would be that induced by the all-pervading heat — were you to tell him all this, he might believe you or he might not.

India is, in its way, a continent, with a continental climate(5); and an all-seeing Providence has ordained that it shall be hot, or at times hotter. Between midwinter with a blue and cloudless sky, and midsummer when the heavens have slowly turned to a heavy canopy of molten yellow brass, the heat increases unchecked. Every scrap of moisture is drawn up out of the soil, and the land where even the rare wind-gusts assail you with the breath and odor of a brick-kiln(6), lies parched and baked. By midsummer it is panting, all but(7) dead. Men and animals creep into what shade they can find. The birds perch listlessly with drooped feathers. Even the ubiquitous(8) crow stands with beak agape, too hoarse and thirsty to emit a single croak. The very snakes go underground. The cobra(9) lies half-buried in the dust, where you may all but tread on him before he will stir himself to protest and strike. All nature is beaten flat and fainting; and none but "mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun."

The torture cannot last for ever. Something must snap.

At about the summer solstice,(10) the tremendous lift of this super-heated air reaches its climax. The equilibrium of the higher atmosphere is upset. An immense void of thinning air is created over the surface of the many thousand miles of the land; and the whole vault of heaven bestirs itself to adjust the balance. The message is flashed out to sea, and right across the Indian Ocean to far-away Madagascar the cooler sea-borne air currents halt, face about,(11) and fall-in for the massed attack on India.

Up from the south-west they creep, across the leagues on leagues of ocean, accumulating in their stride the tremendous evaporation caused by air passing swiftly over heated water: till the cloud-masses gather in a dense phalanx(12) and, sweeping onward, burst with the rattle and clatter of massed artillery on the unprotected coasts. Inland they sweep; every chain of hills and mountains that breaks the flat surface of the land takes its toll. The mass of suspended water is incredible. It surges onward in storm after storm, deluging the earth; on and on(13) till its last expiring waves collide with (14) the impassable wall of the Himalaya,(15) beyond which lie the cold, stark deserts of Tibet(16) and Inner Asia.

And in the rear, fresh and ever fresh battalions

fall-in for the assault. Day after day, and night by night the cataract surges forward and never ceases.

Throughout India life springs up once more. Seeds germinate. Crops, and every growing thing, leap to answer the torrent of moisture. As you watch, you can almost see them grow. Men, beasts, birds, reptiles, stand in the down-pour, soaking in new life. Chilled? Nothing like it. Stand in the storm, hold out the palm of your hand and feel the rain beat down; it might be blood, so thick and warm is it. Dry river beds turn to torrents; streams, become impassable rivers. The baked dry earth turns to liquid mud, and every hollow is a lake. Far and wide, day and night, the air is vibrant with the croaking of frogs.

By mid-September the attack begins to abate, and as the pressures in the upper air are at last equalised, patches of clean-washed blue sky begin to peep through. By October the rain has dried away in a succession of sullen and reluctant grumbles. White men put away umbrella and mackintosh, to see them no more for another nine months. And all India turns once more to its steady toil of living.

If by any queer twist of meteorology, the monsoon does not break, then, in spite of the complete and workmanlike system of drought-relief(17) set up by the English, areas as big as Ireland, Wales, or Scotland would, quite literally, lie down and die; men,

cattle, wild animals and all that walks or crawls would perish on the face of what then is plain desert.

THE SHAPE OF THE EARTH

By L. Dudley Stamp

In the past men used to think that the earth was flat. Thousands of years ago the wise Greeks knew that it was not; hundreds of years ago men first sailed right round the earth in ships, almost proving that it was not. In the present century it is very common for people to travel round the earth. Nearly every week steamers arrive in England from New Zealand (1) having come across the Pacific(2) and Atlantic(3) Oceans, and every week other steamers leave Australia(4) and New Zealand via(5) the Indian Ocean. All these steamers go round the earth in an east and west direction, but it is also possible to go round in a north and south direction. That is much more difficult, because we have to pass through the very cold Arctic(6) and Antarctic(7) regions, and only a few brave men have been able to penetrate into the heart of those cold lands.

There are many ways of proving that the earth is a sphere. Here are some:

(a) As we have saidalready, it is quite easy to travel right round the earth. We can start from London, Liverpool,(8) Southampton,(9) or any other great port in Britain, and take a steamer across the Atlantic Ocean, through the Panama Canal(10) into the Pacific Ocean, then right across the ocean to the ports of New Zealand and Australia. From there we can return by the same or another steamer across the Indian Ocean, through the Suez Canal(11) and the Mediterranean Sea(12) to Britain. In whatever direction we travel round the earth we do not find sharp edges such as we should do if the earth were flat or were shaped like a coin.

(b) If we watch with a telescope a distant ship coming into view we see first of all the masts, then the funnel, and finally the hull. Similarly, if the ship is moving away it is the lower part which disappear first. If the surface of the water were perfectly flat the steamer would look small in the distance, but one part would not go out of sight before another.

Although the earth is shaped like a ball it is not quite a true sphere. It may be said, how can it be a sphere when there are high mountains and deep valleys which make the surface all rough and irregular? But even the highest mountain and the

deepest valley are very, very small when compared with the great size of the whole earth.

On a school globe 1 foot in diameter, the highest mountain would be represented by a tiny grain of sand only 1/50 part of an inch in diameter—that is, only a little thicker than the paper on which this is printed. Indeed, if you cut out a tiny piece of paper from this book and stuck it on the surface of the school globe, it would show the proper size of the highest mountains. On the school globe there are marked the oceans, which are usually nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ miles deep. Yet if you pour a little water on the surface of the school globe and let it run off, the film of water left behind would represent the true depth of the oceans compared with the size of the earth. So you see mountains and valleys do not prevent the earth from being very nearly a true sphere, but there is another reason why it is not a perfect ball. The earth is just a little flattened at the poles, and "bugles out" a little at the equator. You know that an orange is just a little flattened at each end, and the earth is just a little like that.

THE TWO BREATHS

By Charles Kingsley

I call this lesson "The Two Breaths," not merely "The Breath," and for this reason: every time you breathe, you breathe two different breaths; you take in(1) one, you give out(2) another. The composition of these two breaths is different. Their effects are different. The breath which has been breathed out must not be breathed in again.

That the breath breathed out is very different from the breath breathed in may be shown in many ways. For instance, if a child be allowed to get into the habit(3) of sleeping with its head under the bedclothes,(4) and thereby breathing its own breath over and over again,(5) the child will surely grow pale, weak, and ill. Medical men have cases(6) on record of serious disease appearing in children previously healthy, which could only be accounted for(7) from this habit, and which ceased when the habit stopped.

Take a second instance, which is only too common. If you are in a crowded room, with plenty of fires and lights, with doors and windows all shut tight, how often you feel faint—so faint that you may require smelling-salts(8) or some other stimulant(9)

The cause of your faintness is that you and your friends, and the fires and the candles, have been all breathing one another's breaths over and over again, till the air has become unfit to support life.

You are doing your best to enact(10) over again the Highland(11) tragedy, when at a Christmas meeting, thirty-six persons danced all night in a small room with a low ceiling, keeping the doors and windows shut. The atmosphere of the room was noxious beyond description;(12) and the effect was that seven of the party were soon after seized with typhus fever,(13) of which two died.(14)

You are inflicting on(15) yourself the torments of the poor dog who is kept at the Grotto del Cane, (16) near Naples,(17) to be stupefied (18) for the amusement of visitors, by the carbonic acid gas of the grotto,(19) and brought to life again by being dragged into the fresh air.

Nay, you are inflicting upon yourself the torments of the famous Black Hole of Calcutta;(20) and if there were no chimney in the room by which some fresh air could enter, the candles would soon burn blue, as they do, you know, when—according to the story-book—ghosts appear; your brains would become disturbed; and you yourself would run the risk of becoming ghosts, and the candles of actually going out.(21)

Of this last fact there is no doubt; for if you put

a lighted candle into a close box, and while you take in breath from the outer air, send out breath through a tube into the box, however gently, you will in a short time put the candle out.(22)

Now, what is the difference between the breath you take in and the breath you give out? The breath you take in is, or ought to be, pure air, composed, on the whole, of oxygen(23) and nitrogen,(24) with a minute portion of carbonic acid gas.

That this is a fact, you can prove for youself by a simple experiment. Get a little lime-water(25) at the druggist's,(26) and breathe into it through a glass tube:(27) your breath will at once make the lime-water milky. The carbonic acid gas of your breath had laid hold of the lime, and made it visible as white carbonate of lime—in plain English, as common chalk.

Now, I do not wish to load your memories with scientific terms;(28) but I beseech you to remember at least these two—oxygen gas and carbonic acid gas, and to remember that as surly as oxygen feeds the fire of life, so surely does carbonic acid put it out.

I say "the fire of life." Why does our breath produce a similar effect upon animal life and the lighted candle? Every one of us is, as it were, a living fire. Were we not, how could we be always warmer than the air outside us? There is a process

going on perpetually(29) in each of us, similar to(30) that by which coal is burnt in the fire, oil in a lamp, and wax in a candle. To keep each of these fires alight, oxygen is needed; and the product of combustion,(31) as they are called, are more or less the same in each case—carbonic acid gas and steam.

These facts justify the expression I just made use of; that the fire and the candles in the crowded room were breathing the same breath as you were. It is but too true. An average fire requires, to keep it burning, as much oxygen as several human beings do; each candle or lamp must have its share of oxygen likewise, and that a very considerable one; and an average gas-burner((32) consumes as much oxygen as several candles. All alike are making carbonic acid gas.

And now, what becomes of this breath which passes from your lips? Is it merely harmful? merely waste? No! The carbonic acid gas which passes from your lips at every breath is a precious boon(33) to thousands of things which we daily need. Indeed, there is a sort of hint at physical truth in the old fairy tale of the girl from whose lips, as she spoke, fell pearls and diamonds.

For, though you must not breathe your breath again, you may enjoy its fragrance and its colour in

the lily and the rose. When you walk in the sunlit garden, every word you speak, every breath you breathe, is feeding the plants and the flowers around. The delicate surface of the green leaves absorbs the carbonic acid gas, and parts it into its elements, retaining the carbon to make woody fibre, and courteously returning you the oxygen to mingle with the fresh air, and be inhaled by your lungs once more.

Thus you feed the plants and the plants feed you, while the great life-giving sun feeds both: and the geranium standing in the sick child's window not merely rejoices the eye and mind by its beauty and freshness, but honestly repays the trouble spent on it; absorbing the breath which the child needs not, and giving to him the breath which he needs.

THE BEAR

By Mikhail Prishvin

Many people think that as soon as you set foot in the forest the bears will pounce on(1) you and gobble you up(2). But that isn't true at all;

Bears, like all the other animals, walk the forest with the greatest caution, and if they scent a man they will run away from him so fast that you're lucky if you catch a glimpse of his tail, let alone(3) get a good look at him.

One time up north I was shown a place where bears lived in large numbers. It was on the upper reaches(4) of the Koda River, which flows into the Pinega. But I did not want to shoot bears. In any case, winter is the time for bear hunting, and when I came to Koda it was early spring, the time when the bears leave their dens.

What I wanted most was to observe a bear eating somewhere on the open field, or perhaps fishing on the shore of the river, or simply resting. Carrying a rifle for safety's sake, I prowled through the forest, trying to walk as cautiously as the beasts. I lay in wait near warm trails, and more than once thought I was about to succeed. But for all(5) my efforts I did not meet a single bear that time.

Finally my patience gave out. Besides, it was time for me to leave. So I went to the place where my boat and provisions were cached.(6) And as I approached the river, I noticed a large fir branch in front of me tremble and sway suddenly, although the air was still.

"An animal of some kind," I thought.

Collecting my belongings, I got into the boat and rowed off.

Now on the steep bank opposite lived a hunter in a little cottage. An hour or two after I had set out,(7) the hunter took his boat and rowed down the Koda. He caught up with(8) me at the little half-way house where travelers stop to rest.

And this is what he told me. From his cottage, he said, he had seen a bear come from the forest a few yards away from my boat. And then I remembered how the fir branch had trembled although there was no wind.

I could not forgive myself for having missed that bear. But imagine how I felt when the hunter said that besides having slipped from my view the bear had had the laugh on me. It seems he had darted behind a clump of bushes and standing on his hind legs, had watched me as I emerged from the forest, climbed into the boat and rowed off.

And after I had disappeared from view he had climbed onto a tree and stared after me as I sailed down the river.

"He kept it up for so long," said the hunter, "that I grew tired of watching him and went inside to have tea."

It annoyed me to think of that bear having had the laugh on me. But it annoys me much more when

stupid people frighten children by telling them that the beasts of the forest are always waiting to pounce upon anyone they see and gobble them up.

WORLD OF ACTION(1).

By Valentine Williams.(2) Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.(3) 1938. 430 pages.(4) $3.75.(5)

This latest addition to the abundant flow of journalists' memoirs(6) unquestionably ranks high among the more interesting products of its type. Yet it is difficult to become excited over it, for there is an undeniable rameness to the make-up(7) and contents of such works. As one reads more and more of them, one cannot help(8) but feel, with envy, that all good journalist-authors seem to be supermen,(9) having certain outstanding(10) characteristics in common.(11): they are endowed(12) with great intelligence, with an almost infallible prescience(13) and with a wisdom as mellow as it is tolerant. They have an amazing ability to remember what they or their acquaintances did or said two score(14) years and more ago, with or without benefit of notes or diaries,

They become much exercised over 'scoops'(15) which, to the layman, as often as not seem to cost much more in effort and money than they are worth. And they like to adopt an air of 'letting' their lucky readers in on the little secrets(16) which they know about the great or the near-great.

But now that I have had my say(17) on such reminiscences in general, I wish to repeat that World of Action, from the points of view of content and skill in presentation, is a leader in its field and deserving of wide circulation. The period covered(18) is from 1900 to 1935 and the area traversed includes Europe, North Africa and the United States. Coming of a 'Reuter(19) Family,' Mr. Williams began his newspaper work at eighteen, eventually becoming chief correspondent for Lord Northcliffe, owner of the Daily Mail (20). In this capacity the author was much irritated by the censorship(21) activites of the military staff. Eventually he resigned in disgust and enlisted in the Irish Guards. Shel shocked and wounded, he left the newspaper field but continued to travel extensively and soon also achieved distinction as a writer of mystery thrillers(22)—his star amateur sleuth being Mr. H. B. Treadgold, West End tailor. Mr. Williams' sketches of pre-War diplomacy and society, especially in Berlin, are excellently done and he records some keen observations on the attitudes

of Britishers and Germans toward each other.

The chapters entitled 'America: Miracle' and America: Close-Up(23) are exceptionally entertaining (24) and achieve an accuracy that is in sharp contrast to the quality of the contributions of some other Europeans, who crowned their trips to the United States with 'windy' essays on their misimpressions. It is gratifying, finally, to be able to report that Mr. Williams is satisfied to tell his story for the sake of the story, without, either obviously or subtly, trying to convert anyone to anything.

—Walter Consuelo Langsam

NOTES

Correct English P 1

(1)sanctioned 認可 (2)observed=said (3)mistress支配者，即是說習慣可以確定語言的用法 (4)vulgar庸俗的 (5)consent公認的事物 (6)the learned=learned people 在英語中The+adjective常用以代表一類事物或人，如: The false and the true, the rich and the poor. (7)in general—般的，與 in particular相對， (8)cultivated 受過教育的 (9)manner 禮貌，此字常用多數， (10)democratically民主地 (11)專橫的 (12)精選的， (13)in a sense 就某種意義而言 (14)=man (15)pass muster及格，過得去 (16)女店員 (17)=that指英語 (18)不分皂白的 (19)學衆 (20)識見的，考究的 (21)one class or another 指 the indiscriminating or the more fastidious (22)說明 (23)了解 (24) drop out of=disappear from (25)古體 (26)庸俗的 (27)全國通用 (28)不合習慣用法的辭句 (29)土語 (30)確定了的 (31)我們普通說 To go home 而不說 To go to home. (32)因某人而冒火通常說 angry with. 例: He was angry with his wife for telling him dirty lies. 至於因某事而冒火則說 angry at 例: Don't get angry at (or about) such trifles. (33)通常說 independent of. (34)literal translation (直譯) 與 free translation (意譯)相對 (35)洋涇濱英語，是中國各商埠中國商人與外國商人所用的

一種夾七雜八的英語，以英語爲主雜以華語，馬來語葡萄牙語，文句多不合文法，例如說『不能去』爲 no can go，說『對不起』爲 me sorry. (36)德國式的英文 (37)法國式的英文. (38)流行 (39) refrain from禁止，避免，(40)這是美國用法，美國語說 I guess(calculate or reckon) so.英國語則說 I expect(fancy) so.這些話等於 I think so. (41)斜下滑走(航空用語)，即關閉飛機的馬達，向地面斜飛而滑下， (42)一種Knock-up-and-catch 籃球用語，美國方言，猶言擲球於上方，翳其打出，而使迅人接. (43)甘蔗之渣粕 (44)=am not, are not, is not, has not, have not. (45)下流人所用的話，例如 Where at, them books, hisself, unbekn wrst. (46)誤解字的意義或誤認字的作用，例如誤解mad 爲angry或將 like,用作聯繫詞而說: He pitches ball like a professional does. (47)俗語:例如用 funny 表示 queer 或strange之意 (48)相對的 (49)極端 (50)嚴格遵守 (51)lead to走向: (52) too little regard for不大顧到

Speaking the Same Language P 5

(1)說英語的 (2)=means (3)注意 (4) of itself 自然，你知道 of itself, in itself, by itself的區別嗎? (5)德語意爲『有天才的』，『巧妙的』， (6)兜攬， (7)定貨單 (8)旅行商，在美國俗稱 drummer (9)律師 (10)此字在英國的意義是『噁的』，在美國則有時用以表示『無益』『不中用』之意. (11)法語意爲『意識』，『感

悟的. (12) to be on one's guared 警戒,提防 (13) agreeable flavour好的意味 (14)愜意 pleasant, natural 兩個形容詞放在 sort之前,我們能改爲 a sort of pleasant, natural girl who.....嗎? (15)good wife and mother 賢妻良母 (16)in regard to關於 (17) at any rate 無論如何 (18)deal with應付,來往 (19)in the former case指 dealing with the Germans 而言 (20) apt to 易於 (21) take for granted 認爲當然 (22)=for convenience's sake 爲了方便起見 (23) look into 研究 (24)仔細 (25)大概. (26) think over 仔細想想,考慮,

What Is a Theory P 9

(1) common saying諺語 (2)doesn't work out 行不通 (3)有關的 (4)是否 (5)無知 (6)=l ind (7) 宣佈 (8)輕視 (9) pride...on.....以自豪 (10) based on根據 (11) the hard school of life 生活的教訓 (12) common sense常識 (13)說明 (54) apart from除開 (15)演繹法 (16)推理 (17) correspond to...與.....相符合 (18)普遍地 (19)包括 (20)綜合 (21)refer to指定 (22)jigsaw puzzle—種遊戲.

If I Were Twenty-one P 11

(1)=if I were twenty-one years old. (2)匠匠 (3)

工場 (4)filling station 加油站 (5)電工程師 (6)裝置鉛管工人 (7)櫃台 (8)少年人 (9)稀有的東西 (10)pay roll發薪簿,意謂：自八歲時起,我就爲人作工,取得酬勞. (11)工廠 (12)=a college education (13) in erfere with 妨害 (14)大學四年級生 (15)manual labour手工,即體力勞動. (16)身分 (17)名聲 (18)=these youngsters (19) 指明, (20) There..... training 我們的訓練制度有毛病, (21) hundreds of t' ousands 幾十萬 (22) larger proportion 大部分 (23)叫人鈴 (24)最好 (25) put.....Solomon 自作聰明教訓人. (26)=give (27)年青的一代,即青年人 (28) ramble on拉雜地漫談一番 (29) 首領 (30) drop in 順便說到 (31)意見 (32)逸事 (33) with all= in spite of雖然 (34)失業 (35) top-rank...mechanic 頭等的熟練機匠. (36)追求 (37)因素 (38)productive enterprises 生產的企業. (39) 管理 (40) come up from the worker's bench 出身工人 (41)on an average 以平均數而論 (42) 柔弱 (43) 指美國的開創者而言. (44)外來的移民 (45)=therefore (49)尊敬 (47)書本上的知識 (48)respected (49)高雅 (50)=many good things came from this. (51)universal education 普及教育 (52)go too far過份 (53) just as=equally (54)經視 (55)合理的 (56)希求 (57)勢利 (58)旋鈕 (59) dictate.....stenographer 對速記者口授..... (60)指揮 (61)隊 (62)傳統精神 (63)美國開國元勳華盛頓 (1732—1799) (64)埋頭苦幹 (65)美國第三任總統哲斐孫 (1743—1826) (66)設計師 (67)器具 (68)

美國政治家佛蘭克林 (1706—1793) (69)美國第十六任總統 (1809—1865) (70) put emphasis on着重 (71)喇叭 (72)水管

Black Mountain College P 16

(1)北卡羅來納(美國地名) (2)正統派 (3)教育家 (4) attendance at classes 上課 (5) grant no degrees不授予學位 (6)大學校長 (7)課外的 (8) community living共同生活;團體生活 (9)校舍 (10)實驗室 (11)包括兩間房子的分屋 (12)有人自修室 (13)數人共住 (14)佛羅里達(美國的一州) (15)解聘,解職 (16) for all=in spite of (17)胡說 (18) Young Men's Christian Association 青年會 (19) drew no pay不領薪金 (20)經營 (21)包括一切的 (22)經濟能力 (23)教授會 (24) lay out 排定 (25)課程 (26)鬍,你知道這個字與 beard, 和 whisker 的區別嗎? (27)眼鏡,注意此個字用多數,一副眼鏡說 a pair of spectacles 而不能說 a spectacle. (28)伯拉圖(希臘哲學家) (29)指定 (30)嚴格徹底的方法,即問答法 (31)英國牛津大學 (32)英國劍橋大學 (33)vice versa 反過來亦然,即是男學生亦不能到女生宿舍 (34)第一等的

Graduate's Lament; Reunion Anywhere P 19

(1)哀歌.在中國我們曾經聽到"畢業即失業"的沉痛話.這種情形在美國亦然.這首短詩就是描寫美國大學畢業生的悲哀 (2)to have the world at one's feet成功 (3)=Bachelor of Arts文學士 (4)=Master of Art碩士 (5)=Dictor of Philosophy哲學博士 (6)放棄 (7)=job職業 (8)電逢 (9)沮喪的 (10)悲哀地 (11) on the make長大 (12)in one's wake跟在後面 (13)討厭 (14)=you'll doubtless feel the same as I feel.

Youth Song P 20

(1)飛奔. (2)the road of youth aglow with fire (3) pull together通力合作 (4)Our daring does forge a way to the very sun. (5)And the swiftest will be overtaken. (6)慧 (7) girl

Nehru P 23

(1)尼赫魯 (2)甘地 (3)請求的 (4)哈什米爾.印度西北部之一省. (5)婆羅門(印度國民四階級中之最高者,其除祭祀婚喪,吠舍,首陀三階級) (6) Mahatma's successor聖雄(指甘地)的繼承人 (7)nationalist movement民族運動 (8)三重的 (9)西方人(指歐洲人) (10)貴族 (11)社會主義者 (12)個人主義者 (1)

mass leader羣衆的領袖 (14)唯理主義者 (15)不可知論者 (16)中古之習俗 (17)中古 (18)地名 (19) blue blood名門;世家 (20 public service 爲公衆服務,指在政府機關服務而言 (21) 哈羅學校 (22) 劍橋大學 (23) r ad for the bar 學法律 (24) Indian National Congress 印度國民大會 (25) Muslim League 回敎聯盟 (26)地名 (27)全權代表 (28)來往 (29)專橫 (30)驅逐在外 (31)痛苦 (32)不合作 (3) serve terms 坐牢 (34)自省 (35)hammer home努力宣傳 (36)自治 (37)怪獸 (38)素食主義者 (39)影響 (40)互相讓步 (41)糾紛 (42)遵守 (43) run for 競選 (44)個人英雄主義 (45) 印度國民大會 (46)poles apart 南轅北轍 (47)副司令官

Charlie Chaplin P 30

(1)卓別麟(著名電影明星,有滑稽大王之稱) (2) 典型 (3)西班牙著名小說家西萬提斯(Cervantes)所著的名小說中的主人翁 (4)接近 (5) 平民大衆 (6) 象徵 (7)現實的反映 (8)氣味 (9) (10)此二人均是著名的電影明星 (11)喜劇 (12)電影 (13)演員 (14)正式 (15) with.....(f除開..... (16) in the role of 扮演.....角色 (7)福爾摩爾(有名的偵探小說) (18)歐亞 (19)so on等等 (20)禮子 (21)引起觀衆發笑 (22)流浪的 (23)雜戲(包括唱歌 跳舞,短劇,魔戲法.....等 (24)窮困. (25)誇張的 (26)不合理的 (27) 獨出心

裁. (28)噱 (29)致命的 (30)小丑 (31)忽然 (32)酒排間 (33)劇作者 (34)舞台監督 (35)看影戲的人 (36) all over the world 全世界 (37)struggle for existence生存競爭 (38)神 (39)資本主義 (40)no the verge of 接近 (41)a square..... hole 枘鑿不入; 不相容 (42) take into custody 拘留 (43)流浪漢 (44)粉飾 (45)現實 (46)adapt to適應 (47)寫實的 (48) true character眞面目

S dov—the Great Arctic Explorer P 36

(1)北冰洋探險家 (2)島名 (3)統率 (4)十八世紀俄國大科學家 (5)一直到死時 (6)雪車 (7)羅盤 (8) doom to failure註定失敗 (9)盧布 (10)亞速海沿岸地方 (11)捐款 (12)地名 (13)地名 (14)過冬 (15)生病 (16)壞血病 (17)恢復健康 (18)所獵之禽獸 (19)用完了. (20)中途 (21)波爾什維克黨人,卽蘇聯共產黨而言

The Strong Kwangsi Man P 40

(1)本地人 (2)廣西省 (3)戰鬥的 (4) believe 後面跟一in 字, 有信仰或信任之意, 注意 I don't believe him. (我不相信他所說的話) 與 I don't believe in him. (我不信任他)兩句話的意義是不相同的. (5) tit-for-tat

以牙還牙，即報復之意。 (6) would rather 甯願 (7) square up to，擺好姿勢，準備迎擊敵人。 (8) throw up the sponge，鬥拳用語，即投上拭汗海絨，表示服輸。(9) take...beating忍受打罵， (10) lying down不抵抗，(11) I assure you 我向你保證，此種句子乃用以加强前面一句話的語氣 (12) yes-sir man 唯唯諾諾的人， (13) hold...belief 具有這種意見。 (14) money makes the mare go 有錢使得鬼推磨，錢可通神。 (15)十分， (16) 在這兒 指廣西， (17)鉢錫之物 指洋錢角子。 (18) clink ...money 金錢的聲聲 (19) 到底的， (20) 易動感情 (21)在心的深處。 (22)感動 (23) 感情 (24) 理由是顯而易見的。 (25)struggle for existence生存競爭 (10) 在極端困難下 (27) look...face 正視現實。 (28) 達觀 (29)與...無相同之點 (30)盧張聲勢者 (31)barks..... bites 虛有其表，而少實際行動。 (32) 油舌滑嘴的人 (33)膜 (34) 能說而不能行， (35)此句是倒裝句法，照普通說法應當是：The people of Kwangsi have nothing but supreme contempt for the slick talker..... (36) 悟解力遲鈍。 (37) made.....mind下了決心 (38)一定 (39)堅持 (40)do.....halves.半途而廢。

A Lone Woman on Flight to Australia P 41

(1)popular belief流行的意見 (2)飛機員（此地指飛機師駕駛員） (3) conceive...idea=think。 (4) 長距離 (5) petrol tank油箱 (6) muster.....courage 鼓起勇氣

(7) take off 起飛 (8)冒險事業(指長途飛行) (9) =This is not so. (10)飛行 (11) with.....of 除開 (12) Fede ation Aeronautique航空協會 (13) 飛機降落 (14)路線 (15)天氣 (16) 飛機 (17) 加油的飛機場 (18)彼此相隔 (19)重複 (20)中途降落 (21)=plan (22) 關於 (23) 引擎的馬力 (24) 登記 (25) 飛機 (26)航空部 (27)向...接洽 (28) countries concerned 關係各國.指飛機飛經的國家 (29)經由外交途徑 (30) 行程表 (31) 準備，此字通用多數 (32) 飛機類型名 (33) h. p.=horse power (34) 牙刷 (35) 塊 (36) 幾件換洗用的內衣 . (37) 熱帶 (38) 飛行衣 (39) sum total全部 (40)糧食 (41)緊急時用的份糧 (42) 熱水瓶 (43)=thermos bottle (fla k) (44)一分 (45) 降落地 (46)control column 駕駛器 (47)set out出發 (48)工作程序 (49)飛機車 (50)四時卅分 (51)起水泡 (52) 漁船 (53) 巴達維亞 (54) 新加坡 (55) 鯛魚 (56)滑走 (57) come upon忽然接近 (58) 地名森門答臘 (59)=expanse (60)長距離飛行 (61) 挫折 (62) compensate for補償.

The Wardha Resolution P 46

華德哈決議案是印度民族解放運動史上的重要文獻。一九四二年四月英印談判失敗後，印度國民大會常務委員會於同年七月十四日在華德哈地方通過決議案（即有名的華德哈決議案）要求英國退出印度，並決定將此項議案提交八

月七日在孟買舉行之全印代表大會批准，嗣後全印代表大會以極大多數批准華德哈議決案，英政府遂於八月九日將國民大會領袖甘地，尼赫魯等逮捕下獄，引起流血慘案。(1)華德哈 (2)from day to day 每日 (3)印度國民大會（Indian National Congress）黨員 (4)統治 (5)屬國的 (6) in bondage 在奴役中 (7)納粹主義 (8)賭武主義 (9)帝國主義 (10)侵略 (11)印度國民大會 (12)不容難 (13)消極抵抗 (14)消極方面 (15)控制 (16)流產了的 (17)克利浦斯建議，英國掌璽大臣克利浦斯於一九四二年四月至印度提出解決英印關係的方案，主張在戰後承認印度的自治領地位。(18)控制 (19) consistent with...與...相適應 (20) to no avail 無效 (21)result in 結果造成 (22)惡感 (23)常務委員會 (24) lead to 走到 (25)墮落 (26)馬來 (27)新加坡 (28)緬甸 (29)苦難 (30) try one's utmost 竭其所能 (31) bring about 造成 (32)糾紛 (33)divide and rule 分而治之 (34)all groups and parties 各黨各派 (35)地主 (36)有產的 (37)Provisional Government 臨時政府 (38) Constituent Assembly 立憲會議 (39)調整 (40)同盟國 (41)Axis group 軸心集團 (42) ard off 擋開 (43)英國人 (44)take place 發生 (45) United Nations 聯合國 (46)the world over 全世界 (47)in...possible 在可能範圍內 (48)present...affairs 現勢 (49)惡化 (50)非暴力的 (51)無謹 (52)甘地 (53)問題 (54)refer to 提交 (55)全印代表大會 (56)=All-India Congress Committee. (57)孟買

For Unity and Resolution P 52

本文係新加坡失陷後，英首相邱吉爾於一九四二年二月十六日夜間八時對英國國民的廣播演說詞.

(1)廣播演說 (2)同胞 (3)look back over 回顧 (4)前途 (5)起草 (6)大西洋憲章 (7)焦頭爛額的 (8)善意的中立者 (9)tear to pieces 粉碎 (10)列寧格勒 (11)莫斯科 (12)羅斯托夫 (13)hold out 支持 (14)實現 (15)希特勒 (16)墨索里尼 (17)埃及 (18)尼羅河流域 (19)蘇彝士運河 (20)潛水艇 (21)飛艇 (22)英國海軍的主力艦『威爾斯親王』號 (23)東非洲英屬索謀利蘭 (24)down and out 一蹶不振 (25)敗退 (26)rough and smooth 甘苦 (27)put side by side 比較 (28)同志 (29)come to pass 實現 (30)烏拉爾山 (31)伏爾加河 (32)keep...water 脫離險境 (33)牙望角 (在非洲南端) (34)平射砲 (35)高射砲 (36)阿比西尼亞 (37)東北非洲意屬厄立特利亞 (38)敍利亞 (39)俄拉克 (40)波斯 (41)丹刻克，法國北部港口，一九四〇年六月英軍在此倉惶退返本國 (42)set ...example示範 (43)蔣介石將軍 (44)算清帳 (45)英國國會下議院 (46)信任投票 (47)bickering...themselves 內鬨 (48)吉斯林(Quisling)挪威人，一九四〇年四月德軍進攻挪威時，吉斯林幫助德軍，在此乃用以代表賣國賊之意 (49)第五縱隊 (50)港土重來 (51)美國國會上議院 (52)kith and kin 親戚朋友

The Spirit of France P. 65

(1) the terrible events of the last few days 指一九四〇年六月上旬德軍在色當 (Sedan)地方突破馬奇諾防線,深入法境而言. (2)危急的. (3)on the contrary 恰恰相反 (4)窘境 (5)羅曼蒐,法國北部的一省 (6)哈佛爾港,在法國北部 (7)沼澤地 (8)家系 (9) know by heart背誦 (10)法國大詩人封騰(1621—1695) (11)法國戲劇詩人柯奈耶(1606—1684) (12) 法國戲劇家莫利哀(1622—1673) (13)英國政治家 (14) 形而上學 (15)take pleasure in樂於 (16)法國散文家(1649—1696) (17) 法國哲學家兼數學家 (18) 法國小說家 (1783—1842) (19)法國小說家(187—1922) (20), (21), (22) 均係巴黎地名 (23)掌廚 (24) reconnaissance squadron 偵察隊 (25)瑪恩河,在第一次世界大戰中,英法聯軍於一九一八年七月在此大破德軍,使整個戰局爲之改觀 (26)法國印象派畫家(1832—1883) (27) 法國畫家 (1830—1906) (28) 法國畫家 (29)法國畫家(1834—1917) (30)法國東南部的一省 (31)法國著作家(1768—1848)

Introspection P. 70

(1)advice (2)Know Thyself 認識你自己;有自知之明 (3)深刻的 (4)自我檢討 (5)自省 (6)above all, 最

重要的是 (7)模型 (8)復興 (9)carve one's way to 殺出一條血路 (10)貪污 (11)女僕 (12)指甲午(清光緒二十年)中日之戰而言 (13)leave no stone unturned 用一切方法 (14)國庫 (15)隱蔽的 (16)無論如何 (17)entitle to 應有的,

The Dieppe Raid P 74

一九四二年九月同盟國奇襲法國第亞普 (Dieppe), 有人認爲這是同盟軍在歐陸開闢第二戰場的預演. 本文描寫當時的戰鬥情形.

(1)shock troops 衝鋒隊 (2)騎兵 (3)南非民軍 (4)大隊 (5)Royal Air Force 英國皇家空軍 (6)戰鬥機 (7)戰艦 (8)coastal batteries 海防要塞砲 (9 anti-aircraft gun 高射砲 (10)護航隊 (11)轟炸機 (12)air umbrella 飛機 (13)德國飛機 (14)英國飛機之一種, (15)英國海峽 (16)zero hour 行動開始時 (17)噴出 (18)驅逐艦 (19)飛機 (20)烟幕 (21)俱樂部

Inside News of the Sea War P 81

(1)潛艦 (2)空軍 (3)指第一次世界大戰 (4) (5)英國戰鬥機駕駛荷斯親王與抗拒狀. (6)戰鬥 (7)There is no disguising=it is impossible to disguise (8)

capital ships 主力艦 (9)theater of war 戰區 (10)日本軍艦金鋼 (11)砥柱 (12)core with 對付 (13)confront with 遭遇 (14)造艦計劃 (15)空軍 (16)air arm=air force (17)意大利軍港名 (18)out of action 失去戰鬥力 (19)account for 說明 (20)fighter 戰鬥機 (21)eye witness 目擊者

Kiev, You Shall Be Avenged P 85

(1)基輔俄蘇聯烏克蘭的首邑 (2)復仇 (3)愛倫堡蘇聯有名的著作家兼新聞記者. (4)不幸對於人心的影響正如燃料對於馬達一樣 (5)煽動 (6)外國人 (7)=Soviet Union(蘇聯) (8)希特勒黨徒 (9)wrapped in 密 (10)壯美的 (11)斯拉夫人的 (12)希臘,即文化發祥地之意 (13)暴發戶.指德國國社黨 (14)ride...over 蹂躪 (15)德國國社黨的保衛團 (16)納粹(即國社黨) (17)班長 (18)主張殘殺的人 (19)指基輔 (20)lay waste 破壞 (21)many a time 屢次 (22)此字通常用多數 (23)temporary conquerors 暫時征服者指暫時佔領基輔城的敵人而言 (24)烏克蘭 (25)結合在一起 (26)此字用多數指各族人民 (27)西伯利亞 (28)高加索 (29)reflect on 懷念 (30)近郊 (31)面貌 (32)集會時所用的曲頭煙囪派 (33)聶伯河 (34)People Volunteer Force 人民義勇軍 (35)手榴彈 (36)坦克車 (37)通路 (38)街名 (39)隊伍 (40)指德國人 (41)反抗者 (42)狼吞虎嚥 (43)get out 滾蛋 (44)wit

...sk'ns 保全性命 (45)牠們的兒子却不能逃走，卽是說這次侵入基輔的德軍超不能生還 (46)take...for 爲...報仇 (47)敖得薩 (48)英勇的 (49)列寧格勒 (50)bayonet char_es 衝鋒肉搏. (51)羅夫哥洛城 (52)新摩倫斯克城 (53)斯摩城 (54)thin out稀零 (55)集體農場的農民 (56)污濁了 (57)shudder.....Kiev 提起基輔的名字就會發抖 (58)=phenix長生鳥(埃及神話此鳥活五百年後焚化爲灰，由灰複生，再活五百年，如是循環不息) (59)close...ranks 團結我們的隊伍。

The War Came Like an Earthquake P 89

(1)豐裕 (2)炸藥 (3)坦克車 (4) blow up炸毀 (5) 成人 (6)樹樁 (7)强姦 (8) before one's eyes 當面 (9)發狂的 (10)瘋人 (11)騙子 (12)受難的 (13) occupied district 淪陷區

The Last Days of Warsaw P 91

(1)波爾首都華沙 (2)=stopped (3)出租的汽車 (4)徵用 (5)公用馬車 (6)非吉兆的 (7)一間附有浴室的大房間 (8)登登屑 (9) hotel bill 旅館賬 (10)知悉 (11)電影 (12)報紙 (13)攝影師 (14) come true實現；成爲事實. (15)遭遇者 (16)to have to oneself 獨有 (17) to apply to a person for one-thing 向某人請求某事 (18)落下 (19)被遭轟炸的

(20)廣播 (21)嚮導 (22)舌人 (23)地坑 (24)疾病 (25)外科手術室 (26)反射鏡 (27)斜向一邊 (28) operating table 手術台 (29) on the scene 在場 (30) direct hit 命中 (31)五層樓 (32)屍體 (33) will to survive 生存的意志 (34)產科醫院 (35) the pangs of labor 陣痛 (36)彈片 (37)不管 (38)看見 (39)納粹 (40)呆立着 (41) come upon 偶然遇見 (42)此字通常用多數 (43)殘餘 此字通用多數 (44) poke about 探索 (45)一把剪刀 (46)茫然若失 (47)兩輪車 (48)小兒車 (49)華語說:東南西北,或東西南北,但英語卻說 north, south, east and west. (50)轟炸機 (51) with...of 在砲彈射程內 (52)職事 (53) in the open (air)在露天中 (54) air-raid safety squads防護團 (55)air-raid alarm空襲警報 (56)無線電 (57)大使館 (58)高射砲 (59)照相機 (60)此字通用多數 (61)指 the crew of four (62)燃燒彈 (63) set fire to 縱火焚燒 (64)raze to the ground 全部燬滅 (65)無家可歸 (66)除 (67)turn the tide 挽回頹勢 (68)暴動 (69) so on等等 (70)妄想 (71)休戰 (72) too...credulity令人難於相信 (73)戰鬥,此字通用多數 (74)護照 (75)撤退 (76)傳單 (77)投降 (78)維琴杜拉河 (79)住宅區 (80)無人地帶(交戰雙方前綫戰壕間之地帶) (81)握手,注意hands 而不是 hand., (82)難民 (83)旅行用之手提皮包 (84)手提提包 (85)哥尼斯堡城,在東普魯士 (86) to be kept under guard 被監禁 (87)修正 (88)新聞片 (89)戰爭 (90)反戰宣傳

Riots in Paris P 99

本文敘述一九三四年二月六日，法國法西斯派利用史達維斯基案舉行大示威，攻擊當時的『腐敗的議會政治』，主張建立强有力的法西斯政權。示威者與警察衝突，引起流血事件。達拉第內閣終於去職。

(1) Place de la Concorde 協和廣場 (2) Champs d'Elysee巴黎街名，總統府所在地 (3) r. e de Rivoli巴黎街名 (4) Ministry of Marine 海軍部 (5) 縱火 (6)不活動，熟視無睹 (7) Garde Republicaine=Republican Guard. (8)保皇黨的 (9) M rras莫拉斯爲一有名之著作家曾主編十多種雜誌和報章。初努力於『法國組國同盟』後爲極右派『法國西行動同盟』的主幹，都德(Leon Daudet)爲法國大文豪阿爾芬斯都德(Alphonse Daudet)之子，與莫拉斯同爲『法兩西行動同盟』的主幹。(10)人名，有名的保皇黨領袖 (11)Camelots du Roi保皇黨的一種組織 (12)刀片 (13) 塞因河 (14) Quai d'Orsay巴黎街名，法國外交部所在地 (15) Chamber of Deputies 法國國會衆議院 (16) Down with 打倒 (17)法西斯獨裁的 (18) across the Rhine指德國 (19) beyond the Alps 指意大利 (21) 示威 (22) 法西斯 (22) 被用棒打 (23) National...M n 全國退伍軍人協會 (24)=Champs d'Elysee (25)=Place de la Concord (26)衆議院 (27)愛國青年團 (28)香水大王可的 (29) Solidarite Francais 法蘭西的合會，爲法國退伍軍官組織

(Jean Reynaud)所組織,屬右派,黨員穿藍衣,腰繫皮帶,行羅馬軍禮. (30)Croix de Feu火十字團,法國法西斯組織中最有力的一個團體 (31)拉洛哥(人名),法國法西斯派領袖 (32)巴黎地道車 (33)指法西斯黨,因爲法西斯黨黨員均着有色襯衫,例如意國爲黑色,德國爲褐色,愛爾蘭爲藍衫, (34)獨裁者 (35)=appearance (36)史達維斯基案.史達維斯基(Serge Stavisky)是一個大騙子,勾結親法西斯派的政界要人如泰迪歐(Tardieu).齊亞浦(Chiappe),在金融界大肆活動.一九三三年盜用公家名義發行債券,同年十二月,被人告發.當時旭丹內閣某閣員與本案有密切關係,故案發後,法西斯派即利用機會攻擊政府 (37)旭丹,法國政治家,急進社會黨領袖 (38)巴爾,法國政治家 (39)anti-Fascist Pcope Front反法西斯的人民陣線.

THE FALL OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA P 102

一九三八年九月英國首相張伯倫,法國內閣總理達拉第,意國首相墨索里尼與德國元首希特勒在德國慕尼黑城會商蘇台德區問題。英法兩國事先未徵求捷克的同意,擅自與德國簽訂協定(即有名的慕尼黑協定)强迫捷克將蘇台德區割讓予德國。本文敍述慕尼黑會議的經過情形。

(1)捷克 (2)捷克京城市拉洛 (3)慕尼黑 (4)四巨頭,指張伯倫,達拉第,墨索里尼,希特勒, (5)閉會討論 (6)behind closed doors秘密,閉門會議 (7)代表 (8)Prague Foreign Office捷克外交部 (9)Minister.....Reich 捷克駐德國的公使 (10)英德會

(英國代表之一) (11)威爾遜(張伯倫的外交顧問) (12)說明大要 (13) terms in preparation 擬議中的條件 (14)瓜分 (15)keep cut 置身事外 (16)人名，法國外交部秘書長 (17)即慕尼黑協定 (18)乏味 (19)爲難 (20)attorney for the defense 被告律師 (21)檢察官 (22)宣佈死刑 (23)當事人 (24)=except (25)同意 (26)片面的 (27)impose upon 强加於 (28)地名 (29)最後通諜；哀的美敦書 (30)指波蘭政府 (31)在這兒 give 爲什麼不加"s"呢？ (32)德申，地名 (33)解決方案 (34) 匈牙利（因匈國亦要求捷克割讓土地） (35) 慕尼黑協定中規定組織國際委員會，監視德軍接收蘇台德區事宜， (36) 捷克客籍軍，即在第一次世界大戰中幫助英美作戰的捷克軍 (37)勳章和獎章 (38)=consequence (39)推翻 (40)指德國在第一次世界大戰中的失敗而言。(41)第二帝國指威廉第二時代的德國而言，現時的德國稱第三帝國(Third Reich) (42)bid...hegemony 爭取世界霸權 (43)指凡爾賽和約 (44)戰敗者(指德國) (45)戰勝者 (46)德國之貴族 (47)軍閥 (48)地名，在柏林之西南，昔日皇宮所在地。(49)指希特勒，因爲希特勒是奧國人在第一次世界大戰時僅僅充當一個小小的 corporal (50)神化 (51)領袖 (52)八千萬條頓人，德國人口爲八千萬。

Daladier's Return from Munich P 105

(1)慕尼黑詳註見前一課， (2) a.m. (ante meridiem, 上

午或午前)此處言"時間是一九三八年九月三十日清晨一時廿八分." (3)宮殿式的 (4)領袖官邸(即希特勒的官邸).(4)這句話是倒裝語法，普通說： Four European statesmen walked out of the double doors..... (5)他們面孔上的表情 (6)德國元首希特勒 (7)得意洋洋 (8)興高彩烈 (9)捷克 (10)意國首相墨索里尼 (11)魔鬼似的 (12)沉悶 (13)墨索里尼事前幫忙希特勒，這次德國勝利了，故說他 bet on the winner. (14)泰然自若 (15)got out of 脫離 (16)賄賂 (17)喝下 (18)副官 (19)=恐懼 (20)法國的保衛團 (21)法語，等於 long live (萬歲) (22)法語，等於 peace. (23)臨時的 (24)call to session 召集開會 (25)批准 (26)fait accompli 法語，既成事實 (27)五百三十五票對七十五票 (28)不讓步的 (29)la bel France 法語，等於，The Beautiful France

Inflation: A Tragic Adventure P 107

(1)通貨膨脹 (2)深刻的痕跡 (3)領袖(指希特勒) (4)第三帝國(指現時的德國) (5)人名，德國前任經濟部長兼中央銀行總裁 (6)let loose 爆發 (7)投機者 (8)go on strike 實行罷工 (9)come about=happen (10)物價 (11)昂高 (12)有錢的 (13)激烈的 (14)有傳統性的 (15)keep in line with 適應；隨同潮落 (16)中產階級 (17)公務人員 (18)咖啡館 (19)娛樂 (20)牟利者 (21)職位 (22)爵士音樂 (23)貧民區 (24)確定

Why Industrial Cooperatives P 111

(1)工業合作社，簡稱工合 (2)confronted with 遭遇 (3)生死存亡的 (4)封建制度 (5)殖民地 (6)剝削 (7)天然資源 (8)勞力;人力 (9)turn over 讓給 (10)咬文嚼字的；修辭的， (11)=importance (12)=the fate of China hinge on their solution (13)安穩 (14)砲彈 (15)軍事抗戰 (16)經濟抗戰 (17)在前方 (18)在後方；我們能說 in the front, at the rear嗎? (19)全面戰爭 (20)全面抗戰 (21)更說不上 (22)據點；根據地 (23)殖民化 (24)重工業 (25)不安定(26)運輸工具 (27)專爲 (28抵制 (29) take the place of 代替 (30)原料 (31)未淪陷區，有時稱自由中國 (Free China) (32)封鎖 (33)工業家 (34) to date 直到目前爲止 (35)分散開 (36)thousand and one 多數 (37)現象 (38)帝國主義 (39)數字 (40)International Settlement上海公共租界 (41)purchasing power 購買力 (42)自相矛盾的現象 (43)津貼 (44)政府貸助的 (45)生產量 (46)主動性 (47)措置；辦法 (48)技術 (49)=government-supported (50)productive power 生產力 (51)in...time 在及短期內，

Letter's to Mrs. Bixby P 116

(1)猶太 (2)War Department 陸軍部 (3)通告

(4)參將 (5)馬薩諸塞(美國州名) (6)光榮的 (7) field of battle 戰場 (8)沒有結果 (9)消除 (10) 重大的 (11)I...from 我禁不住 (12)此字通用多數 (13)指美國 (14)Heavenly Father 天父 (15)寬慰 (16)痛苦 (17)喪亡(家庭中的人的喪亡) (18)cherished memory 珍貴的記憶 (19)the loved and lost 指她的五個兒子 (20)重大的 (21)祭壇

A Trip along t'e Mos o..-Vol a *Canal* P 117

(1)遊樂 (2)週末 (3)汽船 (4)Km=Kilometer (5)住在城市的人 (6)煩惱 (7)水閘 (8)人工造成的 (9)港口 (10)慢船 (11)boo . passage 定艙位;購票 (12)in advance 事前 (13)統艙 (14)船名 (15)make for 走向 (16)前奏曲 (17)擴聲器 (18)雜曲 (19)cast off 開船 (20)=noise (21)波羅的海 (22)白海 (23)裏海 (24)summer resort 避暑地 (25)船隊 (26)艙位 (27)住二人之艙位 (28)船頭 (29)fore and aft 從船頭到船尾 (30)唱歌 (31) =singing and dancing (32)nothing...it 無可如何 (33) 指 dancing and singing (34)逐漸 (35)船主 (36)蓄水池 (37)居留區 (38)former self=the Volga of the past

For the Love of Beauty P 121

(1)黃山 (2)石級 (3)海拔 (4)marvelous (5)信佛教的 (6)朝山拜佛的人；香客 (7)神聖

A Fire P 123

(1)broke out 爆發 (2)擁擠的 (3)evening performane 夜場 (4)the...advanced (第一幕上演不久) (5)附和 (6)general...door 大家爭先恐後地想奪門而出 (7)自制 (8)fight one's way thr ugh 打開一條路 (9)鎮定的 (10)=leave the thea re. (11) fire engine 救火車 (12)scene of action 出事地點，指起火的地方。 (13)注意 devote 後面之 to 是preposition 而不是 infinitive, 所以要用 extinguishing, 而不能用 extingu sh. (14)即a great flame leaped far up into the sky. (15)fell in 陷落 (16) 餘火(此字常用多數) (17)金錢的 (18)大 (19)疲倦

An Arctic Physician P.126

(1)出診 (2)about to 正要 (3)turn in=go to bed (4)雅典人 (5)主席 (6)蘇維埃 (7)位置；方

位 (8)every now and then 時時 (9) Kilometer (10)脈搏 (11)可以覺察的 (12) on the threshold of 臨近 (13) the...Union 蘇聯的新公民，指剛生下的嬰兒 (14)at...voice大聲 (15)輸血 (16)自我犧牲 (17)冰雪融解 (18)荒涼地方不生樹木之苔原 (19)治療 (20)無線電 (21)外科手術室 (22)百病醫院 (23)外科醫生 (24) general practitioner內外科醫生 (25)婦科醫生 (26) social worker社會福利事業工作者

The Bee P 129

(1) take...gloves除去手套 (2) that is to say 即是說 (3)look here 談話時，喚起對方注意所用的一種套語 (4) expect child 懷胎 (5) 診視 (6) 打字員 (7) 地名 (8)注射 (9)肺結核 (10)法語，產科醫生 (11)法語，等於Mis (12)單方 (13)Mademoiselle之縮寫 (14) drew near 臨近 (15) arrange with...向...接洽 (16) won't help沒有用處 (17)giving the breast喂奶 (18) 與上同 (19)腫瘡 (20)牛痘 (21)夢囈 (22)痙攣 (23)小孩子

The Last Class P 135

(1)in dread of 懼怕 (2)老師的名 (3)out of doors 戶外 (4)town hall市政廳 (5)billetin board公告

牌 (6)對小孩子的親愛稱呼 (7) make fun of...開玩笑 (8)out of breath 上氣不接下氣 (9)in union大家一齊讀 (10)尺 (11) count on=depend on (12) got over克服 (13)had on穿 (14)人名 (15)前任 (16)亞爾薩斯別與羅林兩州,原屬法國,一八七〇年普法戰爭後割讓給德國,第一次世界大戰後由法國收回 (17)霹靂 (18) 河名 (19) 討厭的東西 (20)in honour of 紀念 (21) put on穿 (22) my turn輪到我 (23) get mixed up=confused (24) 呸! (25)拖延 (26) go on繼續 (27) hold fast to 堅持 (28) at one stroke 一下, (29) go through 做完 (30)拚音 (31)通告新聞的雜誌 (32)bear on 重壓着 (33)long live 萬歲 (34)散學

Romance P 143

(1) something 一字倘附用形容詞時,則形容詞放在後面. (2)注意此字用單數.什麼理由? (3) heedless of 不顧 (4)小鼓形之障物 (5) as though=as if 彷彿. (6) 肺癆 (7) 好菜 (8)出言粗鄙的 (9)keep up with...趕及. (10)石榴 (11)鬥牛 (12)something (13) It is time 後面用,為什麼用 were 而不用 are?

In Berlin P 150

(1)德國首都柏林 . (2) able-bodied man 壯丁 (3)

車箱 (4)德國國民軍 (5)車輪聲聲 (6)沉溺在他自己的思想中，即是說他一個人自己在沉思，忘記了週圍的一切. absorbed一字後面，通常跟隨 in 字. 例如"他在聚精會神地讀書", He was absorbed in his studies. (7)指 'One, two, three" 而言 (8) at short intervals 頻頻. 注意 interval 一字通常多用複數 (9)嗜中笑 (10)無意識地 (11) vapid remarks 無味的話. (12)奇特的行為，指老婦人數"一，二，三"而言. (13)皺眉表示叱責 (14)一切歸於沉寂，就是說沒有一個人說話了. (15)不自覺的，這句話是一句倒裝句法，普通的句法是: The obviously unconscious woman repeated "One, two, three." (16)吃吃而笑 (17)前身體傾向前 (18)德語，小姐 (19)在戰爭中. (20) leave...front 上前線. leave 一字通常用 for 表示目的地，而不用 to. 例如"他將在星期日離開桂林去重慶." He is leaving Kweilin for Chungking on Sunday. (21)病人院 (22)十分，異常. 例如: 這事十分有趣, It is terribly funny.

Mrs. Caudle Lecture's Her Husband P. 151

(1)不消說 (2) to be sure 一定的. (3)驚訝 (4)表示懷疑之意 (5) sort of people. (6)談話時常用的套語，以引起對方的注意. (7)你不要欺騙我 (8)他會帶遮雨傘，此處用肯定語表示否定，即不相信他會帶遮雨傘. (9) to be born yesterday 易受人騙的小孩子. (10) to rain cats and dogs. 下大雨 (11)

shall not (12)=rather than (13) on purpose 故意. (14) it bucket—fulls 傾盆大雨 (15) all...more 更要. (16)=two shillings and eightpence. (去的車費是十六辦士, 回來的車費又是十六辦士, 共計三十二辦士, 十二辦士合一先令, 故三十二辦士合二先令八辦士.) (17)木屐 (18)臥病在牀 (19)=walking (20) step...threshold 出門 (21)金屬包頭 (22)此係一種反語, 意謂我死了去, 可憐的孩子們將被人虐待. (23) for what I care = I don't care. (24)mark that 記着.

The Never—Never Nest P 155

(1)人物 (2)佈景 (3)舒適的 (4)方便 (5)可以收聽無線電衆作留聲機用的無線電收音機. (6) radio set 無線電機 (7) =home (8)電氣冰箱 (9)what's it 說話時對於某一事或某一字不明, 而用之代詞. 此地乃用以代替 gram. (10)結婚禮物 (11) on earth 用以加强語勢之詞 (12)get ...out-被驅逐 (13) go on 繼續 (14)按季付款 (15)房客 (16)房主 (17)每星期加薪五先令 (18)=ten shillings (19)縫紉盒 (20)車胎 (21)汽筒 (22)立刻 (23)坐汽車 (24)現款 (25)by instalments 分期攤付 (26)表示遲疑之語詞 (27)come to= amounts to (28)嗯嗯, 表示驚異之意. (29)note of hand 期票 (30)is there anything the matter? 有什麼不對嗎? (31)忘其名的東西 (此地指 syllables) (32)公共汽車 (33) cash

dew 骨灰罈 (34)墳墓 (35)投寄 (36)照料 (37)悍婦 (8)吹口哨

Saint Anthony Knew His Business P 163

(1)愛爾蘭首邑都伯林城 (2)to be characteristic of足以代表；具有特徵 (3)愛爾蘭 (4)熱烈地 (5)to be in love with... 與某人戀愛 (6)=they were very good friends (7)for...worth 值量， (8)bring ...scratch 取得他的書約 (9)frame...mind心境 (10)求婚 (11) speak one's mind 說老實話． (12)I... all, 我一點兒也用不着你 (13)There was nothing for it but... 沒有辦法，只得... (14)It...do 絕不能 (15)包妥護口 (16) to... hurt 約言之． (17) 無用的人 (18) all concerned 一切有關係的人．

We Mourn More Reasonably P 165

(1) in connection with 關於 (2)大大的 (3)in a short time 短期內 (4)喪章用的縐紗帶 (5)memorial service追悼會 (6)cricket match 排球比賽 (7)電影 (8)起反感 (9) 習俗 (10) abstention from謝絕 (11)喪偶的女人 (12)出喪時扈從步行執綏的人 (13)黑布 (14)notice of death 訃文 (15)=St. Paul's Cathedral (16)國葬會 (17) for my part就我而言 (18)不合理的

Spice in My Life P 169

(1) come to the conclusion 獲得結論 (2)首等 (3) have got to = have to (4) 應得的 (5) the other day 日前 (6) =forty-two years of age (7) put straight=put in order (8) 國資主義者 (9) year after year 每年 (10)晴雨計 (11)此地的 to 字乃用以表示 accompaniment (伴奏，相和) 例如：to sing to the guitar; to dance to some music. (12)深厚世故的 (13)=public house 酒館 (14)最時髦的 (15) 宴會 (16) 約會 (17) 特別快車 (18) live up to 履行 (19)教條 (20) get religion 信奉宗教 (21) in search for 追求 (22)滑稽 (23)限制

Controlling the Mind P 172

(1) =control (2)thinking machine 指頭腦 (3) go on=happen (4)明白；顯然 (5)老生常談 (6) 集中 (7) 知道 (係古字現時不甚通用) (8) put something through its paces 使它發揮它的所能 (9) 特性 (10)此字後面常用 on (11)mind...away 忘不住 (12)頭骨 (13) before? (14) 聖詩 (15) 令人不安的 (16)指時間說的 (17)經文 (18) 百科全書 (19)批評人家的閒話 (20) engage in 從事於 (21) at nine year 最近的傢伙 (22) that counts= that is

of decisive importance (23)kill...stone 一箭雙雕；一舉兩得 (24)人名,羅馬哲學家 (25)人名,羅馬著名學者以主張克慾主義出名 (27)罷架子,(注意用多數) (28)等等 (29)not...line 非我所長。 (30)間接

Back to the Desk P 177

(1)反感 (2)to be on holiday 度假日 (3)菜單 (4)吃得太多 (5)鮭 (6)催眠的 (7)人名,有名的重拳擊手 (8)吃齋 (9)round the corner 近在咫尺 (10)on foot 步行 (11)=walking (12)輪迴 (13)慣於坐的 (14)認眞的;硬碰硬的 (15)=mercy (16)肌肉 (此字常用多數) (17)腰痛 (18)坐骨神經痛 (19)used to 慣用 (20)苦力 (21)電梯 (22)stir (23)with conscience, 問心無愧

Waging War on Worry P 181

(1)位置;職業 (2)步驟;辦法 (3)I thought as much 我早就這樣想 (4)as a rule 大概 (5)result in 結果,造成,卽是說 worry often results in ill health. (6)cope with 應付;對付, (7)必需的 (8)根據 (9)action 實行 (10)過危險不錯 (11)災難 (12)不可避免的 (13)煩燥焦慮 (14)指定 (15)called for=required (16)治病的 (17)衛生 (18)一旦

(19)消除　(20)入　(21)預防　(22)拿破崙　(23)指歐洲大陸　(23) close on 幾及將近。

You Can't Kill Them　P 185

(1)生物　(2) apply to... 適用於...　(3)下等生物　(4)同化　(5)adapt to 適應　(6)汽油　(7)酒精　(8)福馬林　(9)昆蟲學家　(10) 奇怪的　(11) 蝗虫　(12) prussic acid 氰酸　(13) 臟腑　(14)忍受　(15)蝎　(16)冰點　(17)臭虫　(18) 不怕冷　(19)海參　(21)總苞　(21)黃蜂　(22)猫鼬　(24)沙鼠綱之棘皮動物　(25)乾海參　(26) 蚯蚓　(27) 兩歧　(28)電極　(29)拉丁語 Id est之縮。"卽是"之意　(30)火蛇

The Monsoon Breaks　P 189

(1)照例的　(2)六月中旬　(3)季風(印度洋之時風自五月末至九月中吹自西南)　(4)雨衣　(5)continental climate 大陸氣候　(6) 磚窰　(7) all but=almost　(8)到處都有的　(9) 毒蝇蛇　(10) Summer solstice 夏至　(11)向後薄　(12 方陣　(13) on and on 不斷　(14) collide with...與...相撞　(15)喜瑪拉亞山　(16)西陲　(17)防旱災

The Shape of the Earth P 193

(1)新世界 (2)太平洋 (3)大西洋 (4)澳洲 (5)經由 (6)北冰洋 (7)南冰洋 (8)利物浦港 (9)蘇彝浦登港 (10)巴拿馬運河 (11)蘇彝士運河 (12)地中海

The Two Breaths P 196

(1) take in 吸入 (2) give out 呼出 (3) get..... habit 養成習慣 (4)被蓋 (5)一次又一次。 (6)病情 (7) account for 解釋 (8)嗅鹽，用以治昏厥病。 (9)奧爾斯 (10)演出 (11)蓋格開高原 (12) beyond description 非言語所能形容 (13) typhus fever 一種熱病 (14) 一個人因患某種病而死說 die of some sickness (15)impose on (16)Grotto del Cane (意大利語)= dog's cave (17)意大利那卡爾斯城 (18)使之昏迷 (19)=cave (20) Black Hole of Calcutta, 印度加爾各答這地方之一個地牢，地位甚小，一七五六年六月廿日，英國俘虜一百四十六人被拘于此，次晨生存者僅二十三人。 (21) =and the candles (would run the risk) of actually going out. (22) put out 熄滅 (23)養氣 (24)淺氣 (25)石灰水 (26)=druggist's store藥房 (27)玻璃管 (28)科學名詞 (29)經常 (30)

similar to……與……相同　(31)燃燒　(32)麻煩禮
(33)恩物

The Boy　P 200

(1) pounce on…向…撲　(2) gobble up 急吞　(3) let alone=not to mention　(4) upper reaches 上游　(5) for all=in spite of　(6)貯藏　(7) set out出發　(8) catch up with. 追上

World of Action　P 303

本文是一篇書評.　(1)所評的書名　(2)該書的作者　(3)該書的出版者　(4)該書共四百三十頁　(5)該書定價美金三元七角半　(6)回憶錄　(7)結構　(8) can not help 禁不住　(9)超人　(10)突出的　(11) have…in common 有共同之點　(12) endowed with天賦以　(13)先知　(14) scarcely…when 某事剛發或先發的新聞　(16) let in on the secrets, 告訴秘密　(17)意見　(18)包括　(19)路透通訊社　(20)倫敦每日郵報　(21)檢查　(22)偵人的小說　(23)特寫　(24)有興趣的

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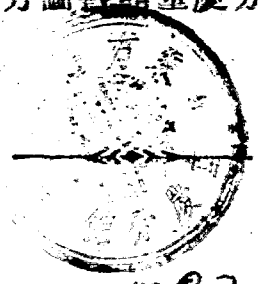

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