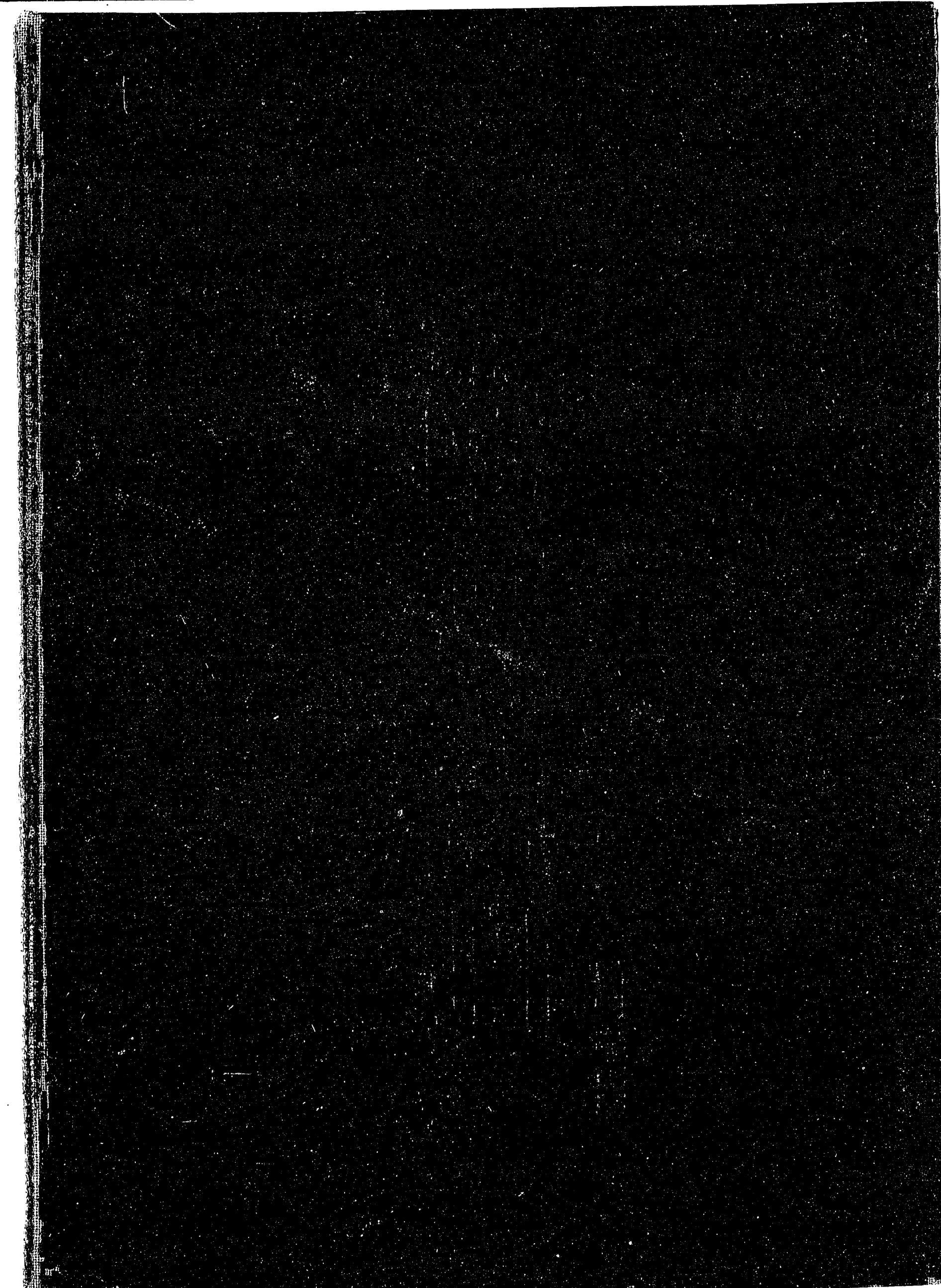


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Ginling Annual 1935, 1936



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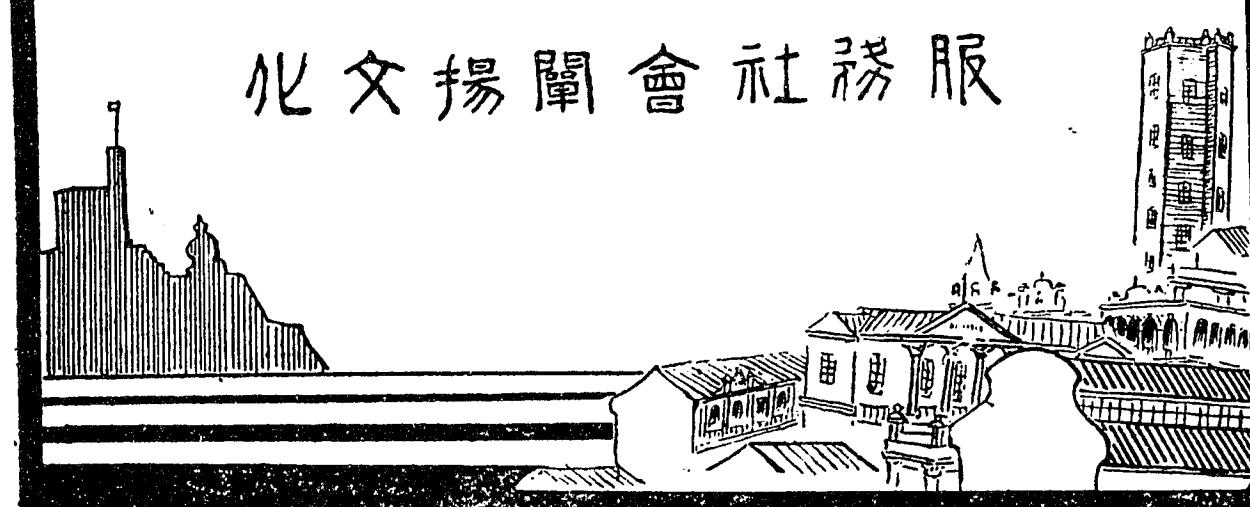
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二十四年

The Ginling College
Magazine

1935

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謹以此刊

獻給

金陵女大之創辦人

德本康師母

THIS MAGAZINE

is dedicated to

Mrs. LAWRENCE THURSTON

A FOUNDER OF OUR COLLEGE



德本康師母

Mrs. Lawrence Thurston



SCENE

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Lawrence Thurston

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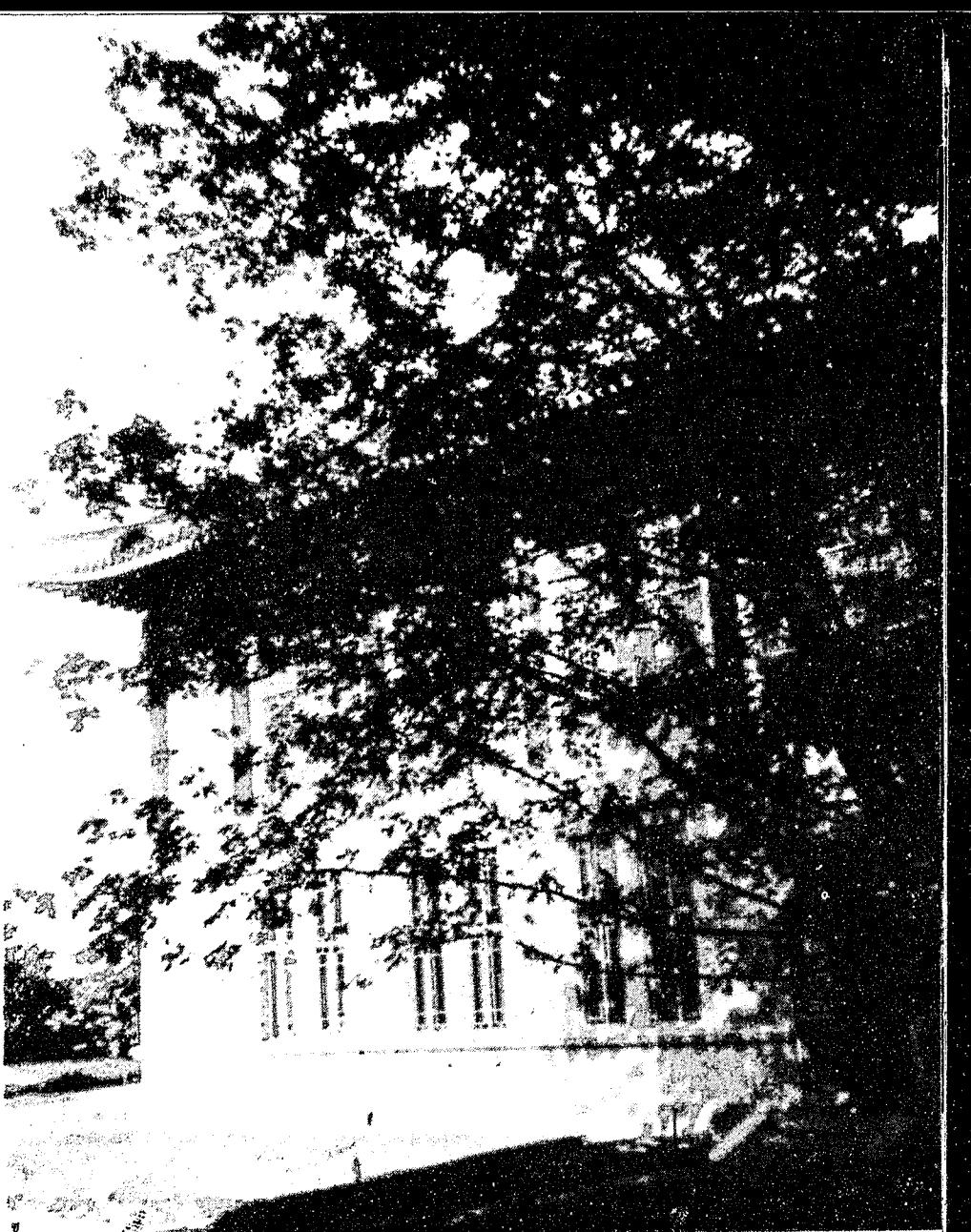
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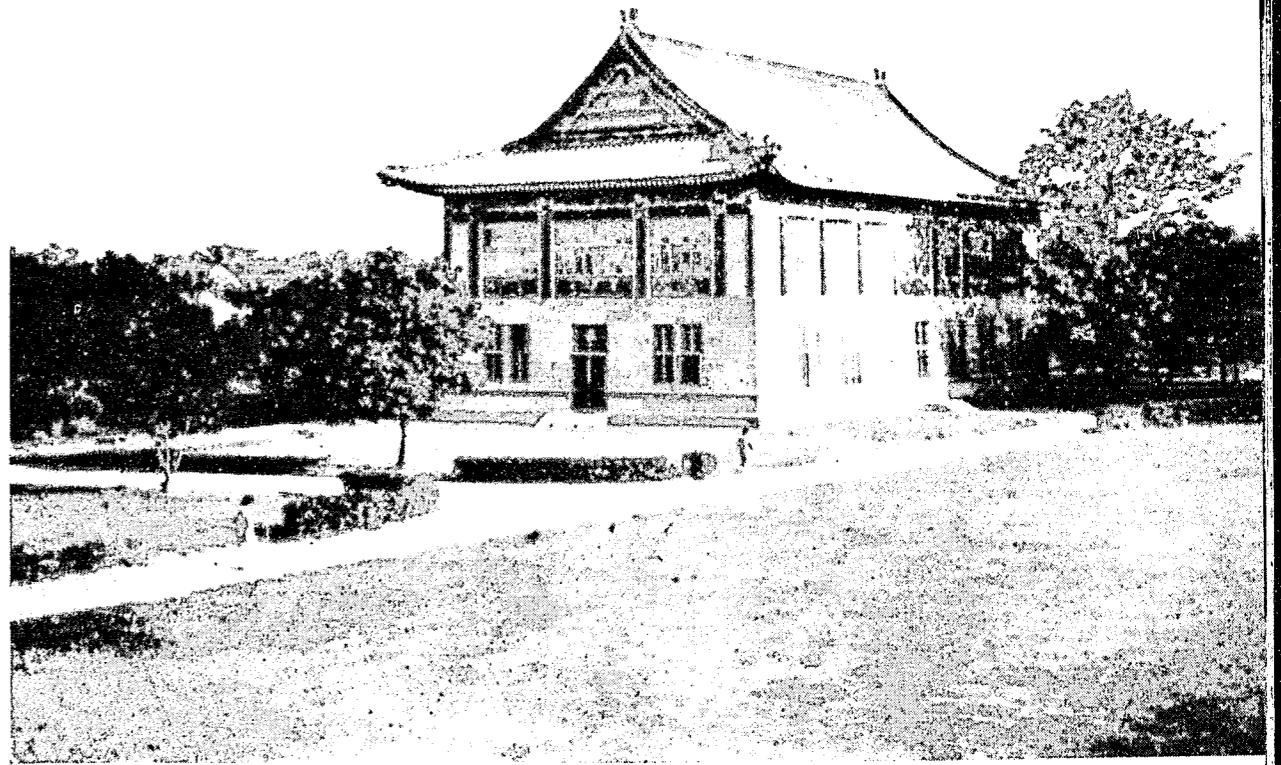
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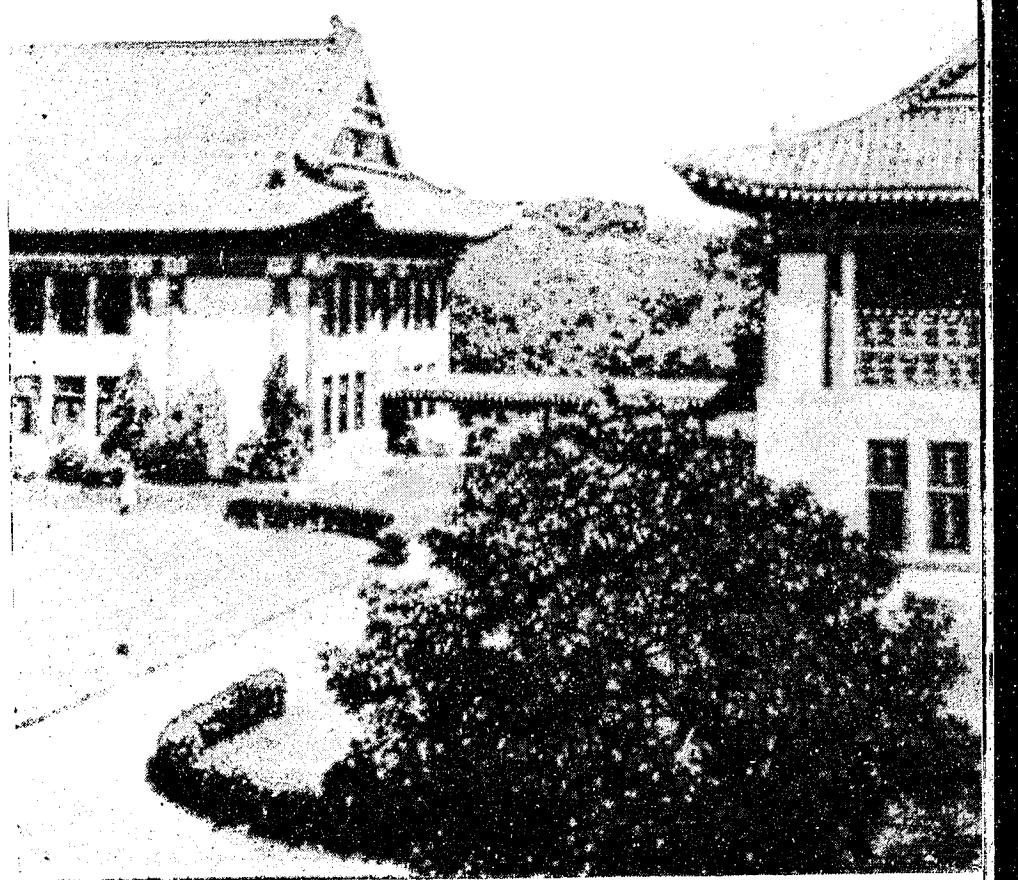
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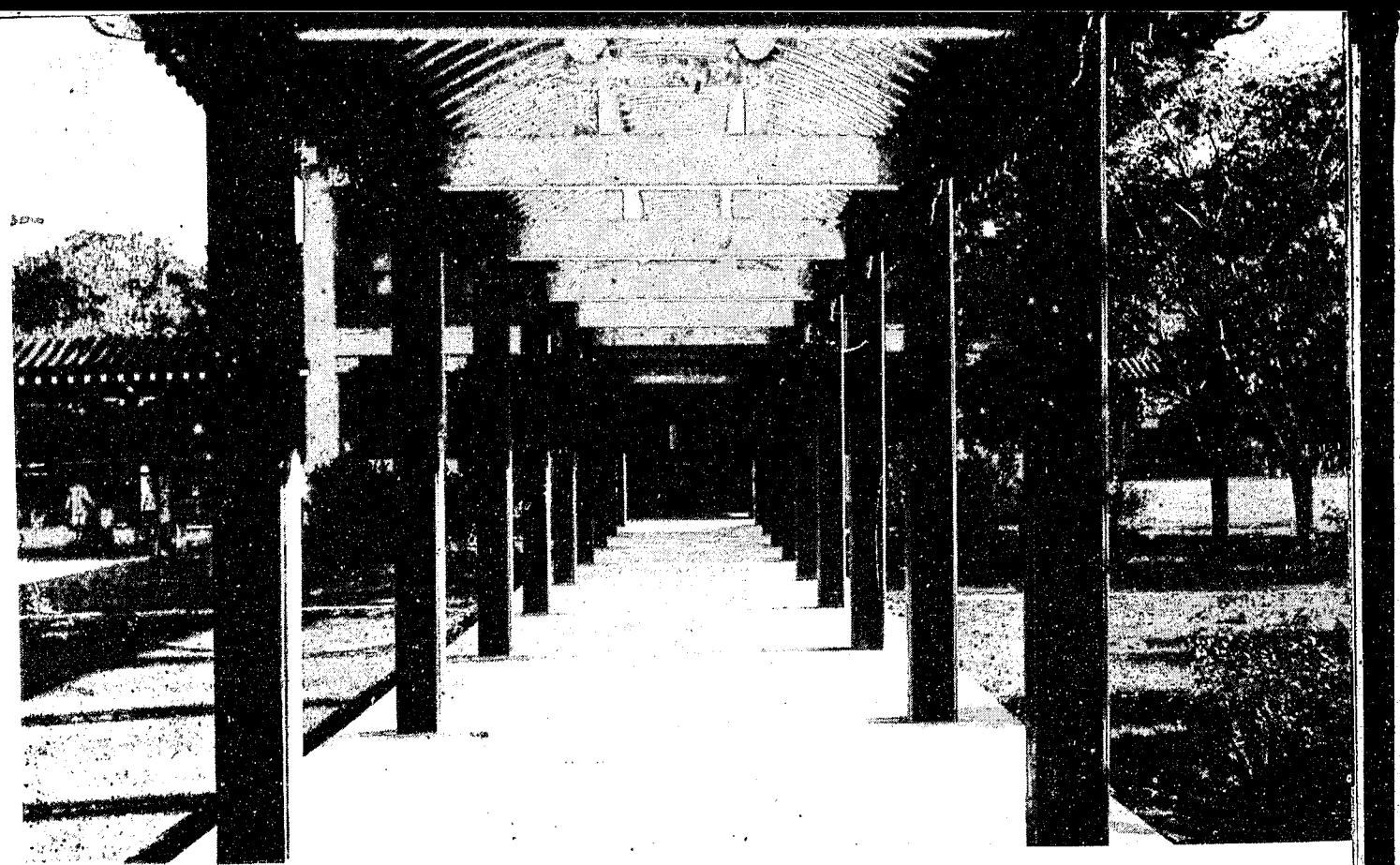
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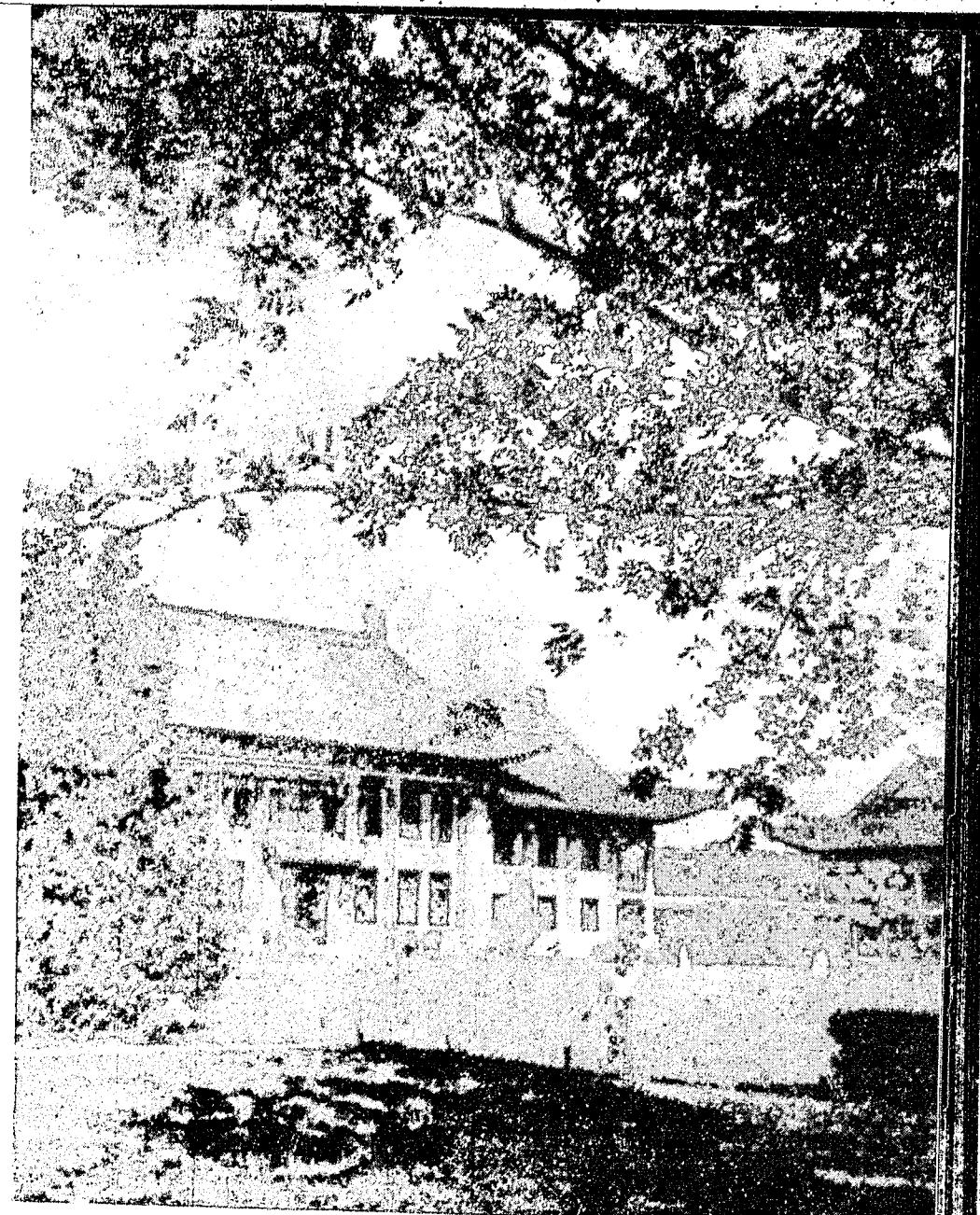


會客廳

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靈塔會

靈塔會



接 待 室

Guest Hall

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臥樓之一

A Dormitory



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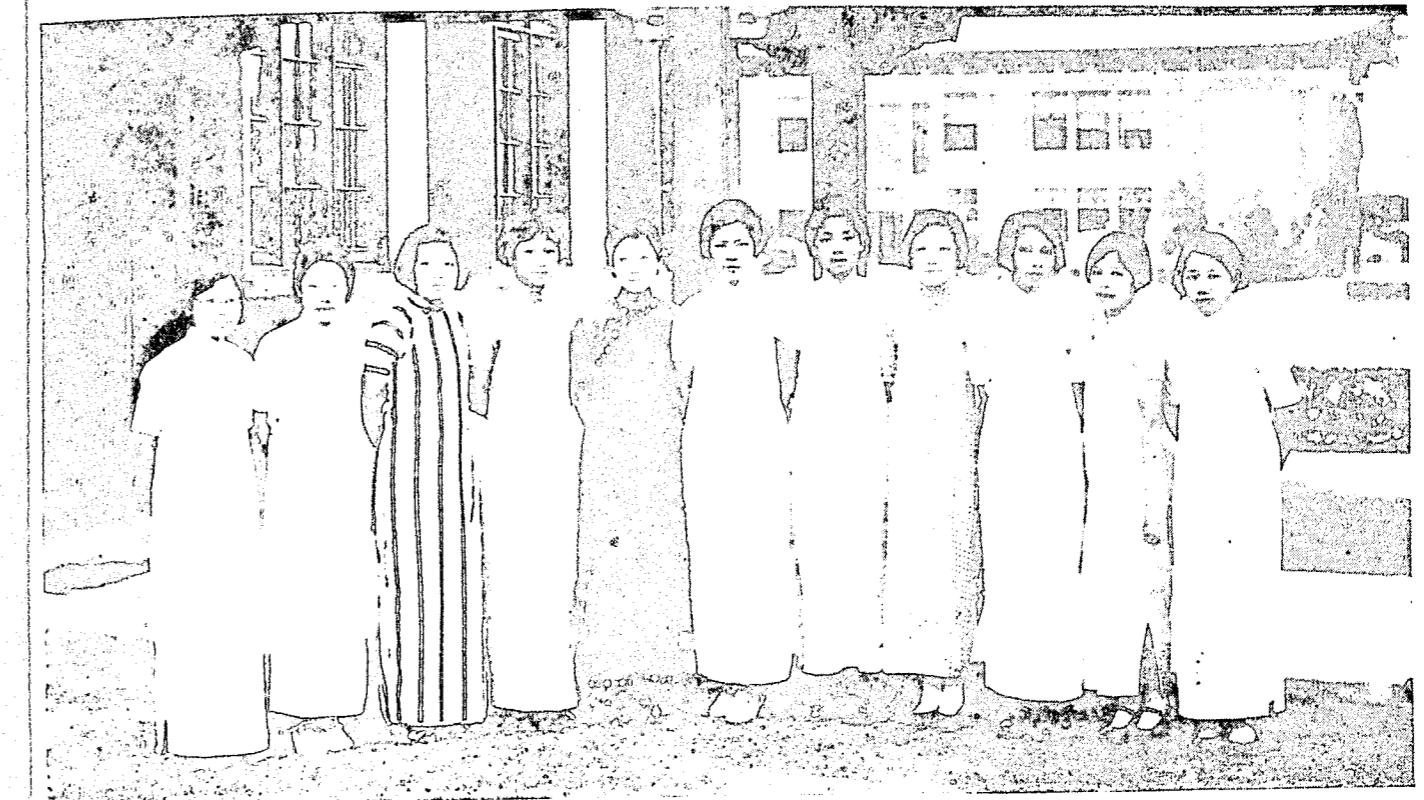
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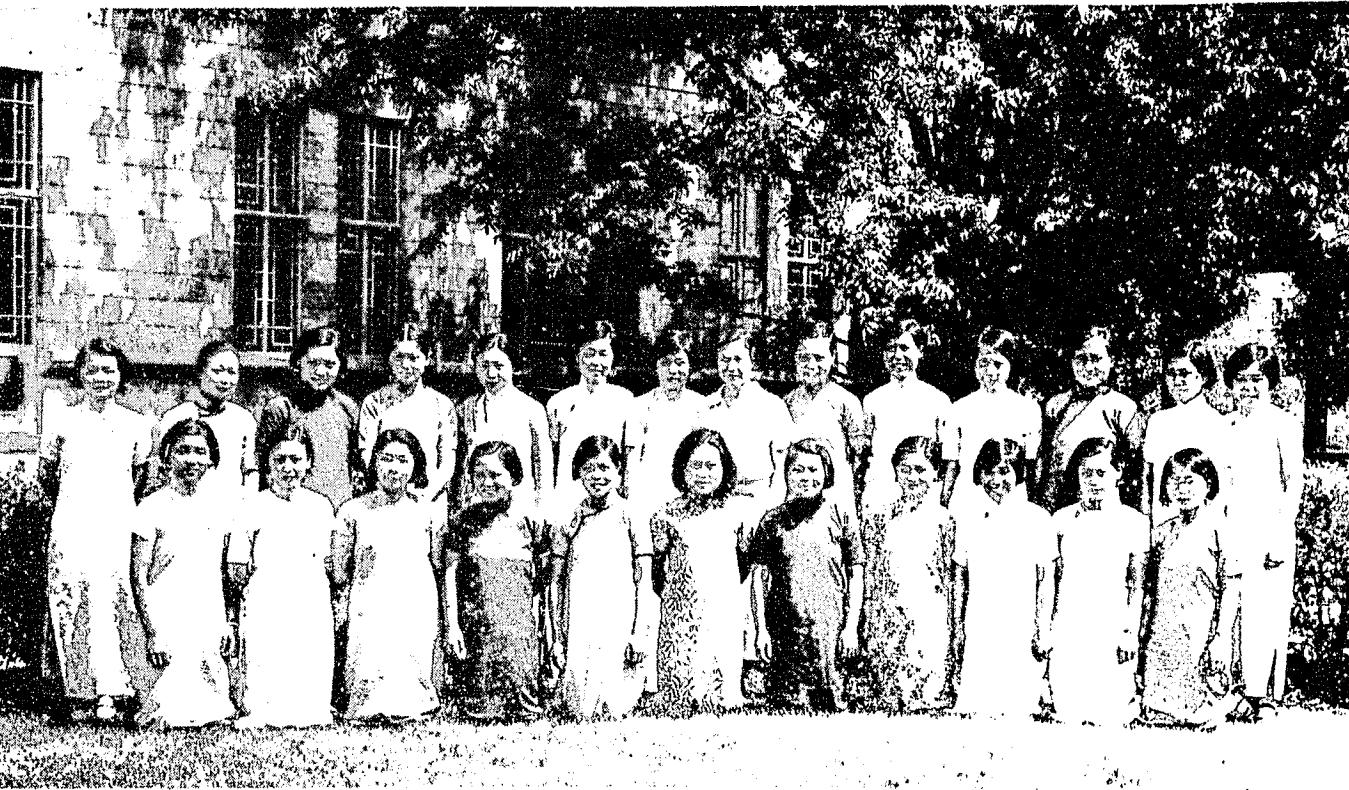
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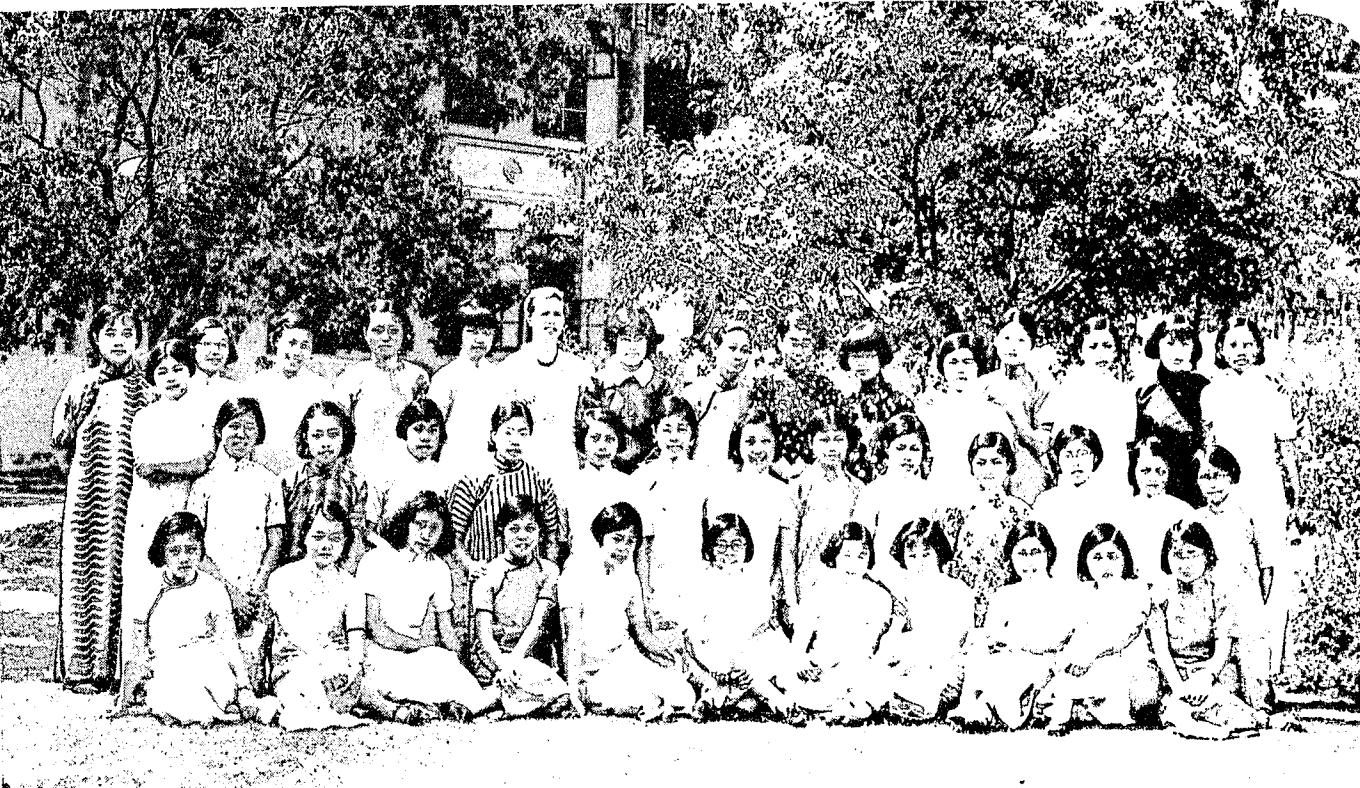
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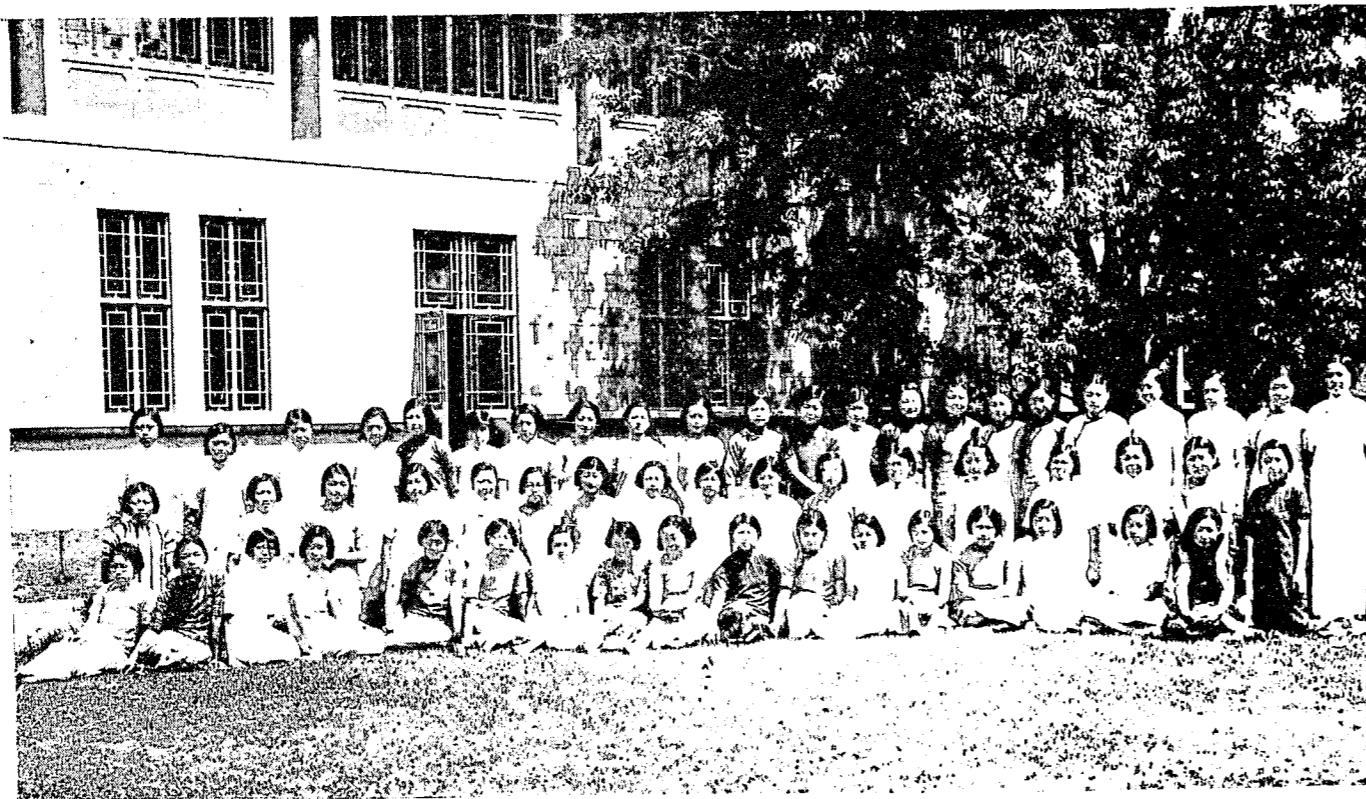
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本校籃球錦標隊

College Basket Ball Team



本校排球錦標隊

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英美日之海軍競爭

湯一雯

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(VIII) 結論

(I) 緒論：

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

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

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

三國利益既相干犯，則不得不增加軍備以維護之，然內困於財政，外鑒於戰爭之危險，則合縱連橫之舉甚多。首英日同盟以制帝俄；再則華府會議拋棄前嫌，代英日同盟而成四國公約，海軍成五：五：三之比率；三則日內瓦三強會議求輔助艦之限制；四則倫敦海會再求三強間之諒解；再次則為一九三二年至一九三三年之世界軍縮會議；以至一九三五年二月間之日本宣佈廢除海軍比率；最近三月十六日德國廢除凡爾塞和約之軍事條款求軍備之平等及收回太平洋之委任統治島。凡此種種，僅舉其大端，其他五花八門，朝秦暮楚之事，層出不窮。三國之外交家及軍事家，不惜絞盡腦汁揚彼抑此，實影響太平洋中之安全。時至今日，條約不能束縛；奔走不能調和；遊說不能動聽；威武不能屈伏，利誘不得如願。利之所在，彼此親善；害之所在，頓形深仇。所謂條約，公約，密約，換文等等，已失其已往之效力矣。

(2)

已往各種會議之不能阻止三強海軍競爭者，乃其捨本求末，不根本解決政治問題，使彼此諒解；而咬句嚼字斤斤於技術上之型式及噸數。如英已故內閣總理兼外相沙利斯伯利（Salisbury）嘗云『吾人在未獲得各關係國諒解之前，不應輕率參加任何國際會議』。英人抱此態度，美日又何獨不然？各國國策未妥協之前，焉能談軍備之裁減？華府會議五：五：三比率之成功而維繫十五年太平洋安全者豈非英，美，日，三強間有政治之妥協，而成此舉。反之，一九二七，一九三〇，一九三二年之諸會議失敗，固然國際情勢，變幻不同。實則為其枯梗者，乃事先不能得政治上之妥協。故欲防止海軍之競爭，必先使政治問題有以保障，則是本文敍述着重點及主旨，即以歷史眼光回溯過去之成敗；以客觀態度，闡明今日之情勢；而作將來解決此問題之借鏡。

（II）三國海軍發展之簡史：

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

英之海軍發展當追溯於十四世紀，當時因漁業而與英抗衡於東大西洋者即荷蘭。後凱穆威爾（Cromwell）為保護其漁業再頒行航行律（Navigation Act）。相持日久，繼之以英荷戰爭，當是時，國庫五分之三收入均用之建築軍艦之用。英海軍之初步雛型始於茲時。至十七世紀末葉，荷蘭海軍漸衰，繼之起者，厥為法國，於是競爭焦點不僅在東大西洋，且漫延至地中海及英倫海峽。自一六八八年至一八一五年，一百廿七年之久，英法戰爭竟有七次之多（註一）蓋法之柯柏梯（Colbert）雄心勃勃，欲賴海軍之力擴張殖民地。然英國素稱雄海上，致力於殖民地。二者相持，焉得不竭力競爭耶？即至拿翁一敗塗地，洋海之上無人可與英抗。十九世紀中葉維多利亞女王澄平時代，致力於內政之改革，唱『光榮孤立』；外持其海上霸王之尊號。英之國基實自此始。迨自十九世紀末葉，普法戰後，代法而起者為德。初威廉第一及俾士麥固不欲與英抗。即至老皇駕崩，俾氏去職，德之野心日熾一日，

(3)

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

美之海軍經營，雖僅五十餘年，然其民裕財富，可為所欲為。故數十年之間，一躍與英平等。新興之邦高唱『決不次於任何國』(Second to None)。美自一五八八年阿姆達(Armada)之役，卒建其功。於是匍匐英人之下者亦得揚眉吐氣，生其自信力矣。乃脫離祖國，另樹旗幟。然頻年內戰至一八八〇年始致力於內政，固無暇顧及海軍。迨一八八一至一八九〇年開始建艦。(註二)是為海軍初步之經營。自一八九〇年至一八九八年更努力於基本艦隊(註三)故一八九八年美西之戰，所向無敵。乘長勝之餘威，佔菲力濱羣島為太平洋之根據地；藉誇耀之心理，大興造艦。加之老羅斯福總統孜孜於海軍。執政七年，慘淡經營，不懈餘力。至一九一六年美準備加入大戰，議會通過海軍建築案，限期三年，完成百五十七艘，(註四)與列強競爭於大西洋。歐戰後，英，法，德元氣俱傷，獨美坐享漁人之利。大西洋勢力可暫告無虞，乃移其注意力於太平洋。一九一九第二，三，建艦案通過(註五)。同年開掘巴拿馬運河。勾通大西洋與太平洋。平時有利交通；戰時便於運輸。至一九二一年但尼耳(Josephus Daniels)當海軍要職，乃大興改革，人才之造就，艦之增加均空前未有。美既移其視線於太平洋，則珠港關島等地，更視為生命線。加之對岸日本雄心勃勃，日處於明爭暗鬥之中，美為自衛計，亦不得不致力於太平洋與日英馳騁。

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

(4)

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

(III) 三國海軍之根據地：

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

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

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

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

(5)

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

美在太平洋中之海軍根據地，北有阿拉斯加(Alaska)乃帝俄時代以七十萬盧布賣給美國者，非但有荷蘭港(Dutch Harbour)阿魯辛羣島(Aleutian Isles)及錫克(Sitka)等港，可作北太平洋之海軍根據地，且發現有豐富白金等礦，更以其接亞美二洲，常與日漁船衝突，故美政府對之亦不敢忽視。沿美之西岸臨太平洋有舊金山之梅爾島(Mare Isle)及勃萊梅頓(Bremerton)港；東行至夏威夷之珍珠港，乃太平洋中最深之港，可容無畏艦，自舊金山至該港距離二千一百哩；距莎姆亞(Samoa)有二千三百哩，距阿魯辛羣島(Aleutian Isles)二千零八七哩，故夏島實爲太平洋航線之中心，其重要當可知矣。夏島之東北一一二六哩有中途島(Midway Isle)西南行二〇一〇哩有威克島；再西有關島(Guam)。關島乃馬爾薩羣島(Mariara Isles)中最大之島，外有十六小島包圍，內有可停潛艇及驅逐艦之軍港，距馬尼刺只一千五百一〇哩，實爲菲律賓存亡之關鍵。在太平洋中最使美人積心處慮者即菲律賓羣島，該島非但在經濟方面爲原料出產所及市場，且軍事上亦爲不可少者。該羣島乃一加九八年美西之戰時西班牙割讓於美者。自北至南以台灣，婆羅洲，西里伯，摩鹿加羣島(Borneo, Celebes, Moluccas)爲界，全島包括三千一百小島，面積有十一萬五千方哩，有三座軍根據地，馬尼拉，奧倫加坡(Olongapo)及波羅克(Polloc)，但因條約之束縛(註九)自一九二一年以來均未得經營。然日本一日雄心未死，美決不放棄菲島。最近三月二十四日雖允菲島獨立，但在菲島立法中，仍允美有建築軍港權(註十)。蓋菲島非但爲太平洋中之關鍵，亦且爲遠東貿易之咽喉。

日本之本島位於西太平洋。馬海峽(Tsushima)及朝鮮海峽扼日本南北兩端之門戶。日本本島僅有三出路，即韃靼海峽，宗谷海峽及津輕海峽(Tartar LaP ero-

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

(IV) 三國之海軍政策：

溯諸三國海軍發達簡史及現在太平洋之海軍根據地，則其傳統海軍政策，當可洞悉。

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

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

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

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

日本之地勢亦爲海洋國，島嶼遙迤於西太平洋之上，北接蘇俄；東望菲島，關島；南臨英屬澳洲等地。四圍目光炯炯，欲圖生存，必有強大海軍。且以本島有限不足以稱霸，故執政者均抱田中故旨。(註十一)則中國實爲其侵略之對象，其原料及食料之來源，多賴我國。欲保全其既得之利益，必維持其在華之特殊勢力。九一八事件以來，野心畢露，四一七之『天羽宣言』，高唱東亞門羅主義。關於軍備方面主張廢除現行比例制，實現海軍軍備之平等。主張採用總噸數之限制，俾各國根據其環境之需求，得自由建造任何等級之艦隻。並主張將各種艦類分爲侵略及防禦二種，如航空母艦及戰鬥艦均爲侵略艦類，而潛艇及小型艦爲防禦器。

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

(Ⅳ)三國在各會議中競爭之情況：

三國之外交家及軍事家，非不慮及。自歐戰以降，三國中之當政者，奔走不懈餘力。停止競爭之呼聲，盈盈在耳，三國海軍會議屢開。欲洞悉其成敗之咎，衝突之點，願依年代一一敍之：

(A) 華府會議：一九二一年

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

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

三國態度如此，其結果尙差強人意：

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

得增大設備，並規定其範圍如次。

- (a) 美：阿拉斯加及接近於巴拿馬運河地帶諸島嶼。
- (b) 英：東經一百十度以東之太平洋中所有之領土。
- (c) 日：干島，羣島，小笠原羣島，硫球羣島等。

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

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

(B) 日內瓦會議：一九二七年

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

國別	巡洋艦	噸數
英	六三艘	三八〇，六七〇
美	四〇艘	三三四，五六〇
日	四三艘	二八九，七〇一

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

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

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

美之建議書（註十七）大意：凡一切驅逐艦，巡洋艦及潛水艇均須引用華盛頓會議之主力艦比例數，一也；分輔助艦為四類，前三類為驅逐艦，巡洋艦，潛水艇須受限制，尤其對潛艇主張廢除，二也。

英之建議書（註十八）之大意：主張主力艦之年齡由二十年展至二十六年，一也；接受巡洋艦之比例率為五：五：三，但駁徑不得起過六寸，二也；關於潛水艇雖亦主張廢止，然亦承認為主力艦，缺少之國家唯一禦敵工具，故在可能之內，亦有相當商確，三也。

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

綜合以上觀之，會場中之爭論結底，當推英美，美謂五：五：三之比率須引用至各種輔助艦類，然英則以為五：五：三之比率僅引用至巡洋艦，此其衝突一也。對於潛艇美主張廢止，而英則在可能範圍之內，取妥協態度，此其衝突二也。美對萬噸巡艦可備八吋徑之砲，而英則主授巡艦最大者不得逾七千五百噸，備砲口徑不得逾六吋，此其衝突三也。立場如此不同，故會議終成流產矣。

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

(C) 倫敦海軍會議：一九三〇年

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

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

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

綜合以上所述，意見如此紛沓，一般人以為又難免踏入一九二七年之故轍。後由英美各拋棄私見，作相當之讓步。且首集於倫敦。嗣後有衆望所歸之李德及松平之討論(Reed-Matsudaira Conversation)得一中庸之意見，經日本天皇之批評於是三國協定始成。其中主要者即關於輔助艦之決定如下：(註二十一)

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

協定既成，則英美之間得一新諒解。實與一九三二年世界軍縮會議召集之便利。

(VI) 九一八事變後海軍競爭之激烈化：

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

處此風雲緊急之中，日人不自收旗鼓，反左敲右擊，復與英人作商務上之衝突

。蓋九一八事件發生，華人排斥日貨甚烈，不得已，乃輸其貨品於印度，澳州新西蘭及菲洲等地。根據一九三二年八月之報告，日輸入印度之棉織品有一，三九二，〇〇〇，〇〇〇方碼，而英為一，三八六，〇〇〇，〇〇〇。如此則英之輸入反較日為少。此實與英人一重大之打擊。加之日因商務及其他關係取緝於英之殖民地。去歲十二月南非著名政治家斯末資將軍在倫敦薩伊旅館皇家國際學會(Royal International Institute) 席上演說即主張英美聯合，以對抗雄心無已之日本。

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

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

(Ⅲ) 阻止三國海軍競爭之先決問題：

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

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

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

(B) 訂立太平洋各國不侵犯或保障安全條約，勵行維持現狀(Status Quo)：太平洋居於亞美澳之間，佔全球水面之五分之三，為世界最大之洋。其沿岸東有加拿大，美國，中美諸國；西有蘇俄，日本，中國；西南有安南及東印度羣島及澳大利亞聯邦。其中島嶼，星羅棋布，名義上雖分隸於美，英，日，荷，葡，法。然實則法，葡，荷，之勢力不足與英日對抗。操縱太平洋風雲者，實此三國。自華盛頓會議五國公約訂定以來，太平洋中之和平因第十九條之維持現狀得以安繫其狀。然自一九三一年以來，日本首先破壞太平洋之現狀，蓋欲鞏固其在華之獨立勢力，則不得不摧殘英美在太平洋之地位。欲鉗制美在東太平洋及英在南太平洋之根據地，則必須經營戰後所得之委任統治島。在一九三四年度日本關於委任統治地之報告，有三項，鉅大之建築費用，即以一五〇，〇〇〇圓(日金)在賽班島(Saipan)建一新破浪堤以二一五，〇〇〇圓在帛琉島(Palau)之港口築一碼頭；及以一一五，〇〇〇圓在洛太島(Rota)築一碼頭。日人雖言此項建築純係便利商業，然無論如何不能

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

(Ⅲ) 結論

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

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

民國二十四年春五月完稿

從斯密租稅原則說到我國租稅問題

林蔚

引言

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

斯密時英法繁重的捐稅

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

斯密租稅四大原則

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

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

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

（三）方便原則 納稅的時間和手續應求其最便利於納稅者。

（四）經濟原則 人民租稅擔負與國庫收入相差之數愈小愈好，即征收費愈省愈好。

我國租稅有背斯密租稅原則

我們在簡述斯密租稅原則之後，應該看看我國現行租稅，是否適合斯密租稅原則。

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

民國二十三年度國家普通歲入總預算各款百分比率表

科 目	本年度預算數	百分比率
第一款 鹽稅	190,353,851	20.73
第二款 關稅	382,814,241	41.70
第三款 菸酒稅	23,104,873	2.52
第四款 印花稅	12,884,286	1.40
第五款 統稅	116,959,679	12.74
第六款 鑄稅	2,724,979	.30
第七款 交易所稅	100,000	.01
第八款 銀行稅	1,600,000	.17
第九款 國有財產收入	5,544,878	.60
第十款 國有事業收入	21,304,060	2.32
第十一款 國家行政收入	12,517,086	1.36
第十二款 國有營業純利	8,349,567	.91
第十三款 協款收入	6,588,000	.72
第十四款 借款收入	50,000,000	5.45
第十五款 其他收入	83,265,534	9.07
合 計	918,111,034	100.00

第一次為二十一年七月的整理產區及各省邊區的稅率案；第二次為二十二年十月的全國普通改訂稅率案；第三次為二十三年正月實施新衡制市秤及各地正附鹽稅率每百斤不過十元的通令。火柴統稅二十三年正月稅率亦有增加。地方政府向來依

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

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

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

(20)

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

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

結 論

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

UNTO A FULL GROWN WOMAN

by Ling Bao-heng

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

形聲例釋

林 尹

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

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

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

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

今釋形聲共得五例：

一、聲韻畢同者、

二、四聲之異者、

三、聲同韻異者、

四、韻同聲異者、

五、聲韻畢異者、

一、聲韻畢同者

禮从豐聲	禮豐皆靈啓切
禎从真聲	禎真皆側鄰切
穀从禹聲	穀禹皆王矩切
昔从甘聲	昔甘皆古三切
革从中聲	革中皆陟宮切
惄从四聲	惄四皆息利切
牲从生聲	牲生皆所庚切
物从勿聲	物勿皆文弗切
捷从疐聲	捷疐皆疾葉切
蝓从俞聲	蝓俞皆羊朱切

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

二、四聲之異者

禧从喜聲 喜虛里切禧許其切

董从里聲 里良止切董良止切

此平上異而得通轉者

艮从艮聲 艮古恨切艮古痕切

蒔从時聲 時市之切蒔時吏切

唱从昌聲 昌尺良切唱尺亮切

此平去異而得通轉者

疑从疑聲 疑語其切疑魚力切

樵从焦聲 樵卽消切樵側角切

訐从干聲 干古寒切訐居謁切

稽从皆聲 皆古諧切稽古黠切

此平入異而得通轉者

梗从更聲 更古孟切梗古杏切

宥从有聲 有云久切宥於救切

猛从孟聲 孟莫更切猛莫杏切

此去上異而得通轉者

挽从兌聲 挽他搘切兌大外切

怛从旦聲 旦得案切怛當割切

背从北聲 北博望切背補妹切

此去入異而得通轉者

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

三、聲同韻異者

犀从辛聲	犀先稽切辛息隣切
員从口聲	員王權切口羽非切
允从目聲	允余準切目羊止切
臼从乙聲	臼王伐切乙於筆切
哿从冉聲	哿諾何切冉而琰切
冂从口聲	冂烏緣切口羽非切
奐从而聲	奐而汎切而如之切
思从匚聲	思息茲切匚息進切
匿从若聲	匿女力切若而灼切

以上諸例，皆聲同韻異者，即所謂雙聲也，古音雙聲皆可通轉。

四、韻同聲異者

祥从羊聲	羊與章切祥似羊切
翁从公聲	公古紅切翁烏公切
胡从古聲	古公戶切胡戶吳切
蒿从高聲	高古牢切蒿呼毛切
許从午聲	午疑古切許虛呂切
瑕从叚聲	瑕古雅切瑕乎加切
鼈从圭聲	圭古畦切鼈烏媯切
羨从久聲	久舉有切羨與久切
覓从見聲	見古甸切覓候澗切
歟从區聲	區豈俱切歟烏俟切

以上諸例皆韻同而聲異者，即所謂疊韻也，古音疊韻皆可通轉。

五、聲韻畢異者

必从弋聲	必卑吉切弋與職切
妃从己聲	妃芳菲切己居擬切

賁从蟲聲	賁彼義切合許偉切
蓋从盍聲	蓋古太切盍胡獵切
兌从合聲	兌大外切合以轉切
哿从一聲	哿呂戌切一於悉切
需从而聲	需相愈切而如之切
牡从士聲	牡莫厚切土他魯切
斯从其聲	斯息移切其居之切
迹从亦聲	迹資昔切亦羊益切

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

整理我國菸酒稅時應注意之稅收原則

陳國瑜

吾國菸酒稅制，紊亂不堪，稅率既不一致，征收又各地而異，致國課日絀，積

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

關於原則方面

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

關於整理方面

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

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

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

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

併呈上政府，俾可檢驗，以達到最完善之目的。

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

粵中小學讀經的諍言

繆 鎭 蕭

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

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

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

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

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

一 文 字 艱 深

就該書第二十課標目「愛友之模範」者，抄其內容一部如下：
章曰，父母使舜完廩，捐階，瞽瞍焚廩；使浚井，出，從而掩之。象曰，謨蓋

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

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

二 含義玄奧

就第五課標目「九思」者內容而觀：

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

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

右引二點，係阮雁鳴先生所主張，亦為我個人所極端主張的。

三 側重孝的問題

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

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傷的主張做去，一定要做到「壹舉足而不敢忘父母，壹出言而不敢忘父母。」遇事「戰戰兢兢，如臨深淵，如履薄冰。」養成一種畏葸的態度，使人銷磨一切勇往冒險的膽氣。所以北極探險還得讓俄國的老教授斯密德去幹。最近中央擬建一新疆至中部的公路，還得請斯文赫定去實測了。總之，「慈」和「孝」這兩種倫理上的行為，很自然的存在着父子的關係裏，決不因為我們提倡，能夠風行，也決不因為我們「非孝」，便會消失的。

四 標目抽象

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

五 不合教育法

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

六 不能適應現代社會的需要

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

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界潮流的激蕩，社會漸漸工業化，要注重一切自然科學了。讀經這件事祇得讓大學裏的國學系和哲學系的學生去擔任，其他的都要埋頭在實驗室顯微鏡底下去做工夫，所以經學早不爲一般大學生所需，那末，小學生讀經更有什麼用處呢？況且有的小學生畢業後便要投身到農村，和工商界去謀生活，結果把經訓讀本束之高閣，可以一輩子不去理牠的。這樣讀經有什麼用處呢？

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

本文載在商務印書館教育雜誌社讀經問題專號

一三九五，三，二九日於陶谷

EYES

by Li Ming-dju

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

論李廣程不識之治軍

徵

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

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

ISN'T THAT INTERESTING?

by Hsiung Ai-hwa

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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強本節用說

沈汝佳

立國於地球之上，不患國家不富，特患上者不儉；不患倉廩不足，特患人民過奢。何以故？奢者敗國之本，儉者養國之原也。管子曰：『倉廩實而知禮節；衣食足而知榮辱。』上下儉則倉廩之實無憂，禮節之興可期，榮辱之辨可至。國無窮困，民無遠慮，是以節用爲強本之大道也。不觀乎秦始皇作阿房，窮極瑰麗，不二世而亡。隋煬帝造龍舟，軸轂千里，不旋踵而見殺！此上者不儉之害也。衛文公大布之衣，大帛之冠。漢文帝後宮衣不曳地，飲食不用玉器。國之元氣，得以栽培：此儉之利也。此皆上之節用與否，關係於國家存亡之明證也。更觀今之伺候於公卿之門，奔走於形勢之途，俯首屏息，伈伈僥僥，處污穢而不羞者，汲汲焉惟利是求。深居大廈，高坐堂皇，笙歌訛其耳，美色耀其目。於是小人之陰賊險狠者，或利其資而陷之，或嫉其富而誣之，故石家金谷，鄧氏銅山，門富爭奇，不免有殺身之禍，是皆民貪財而不節用之證也。荀子曰：『足國之道，節用裕民，而善藏其餘。』大哉言乎！夫節用以禮，則上無幸位，下無幸生，貴賤有等，長幼有序。上無幸位，則功不當名，德不當祿者鮮矣。下無幸生，則人皆自食其力，而無游惰之民矣。貴賤有等，則盜賊之事不生矣。是以國貧則宜處之以儉，民貧則宜戒之以奢。昔曲肱疏食，陋巷簞瓢，孔顏之憂樂與人殊，誠以富貴浮雲，節用爲強本之道也。甚矣，今之爲國者，徒知民生彫敝，財源日竭，而不知奢靡，尤爲財源涸竭之一大原因。嗟夫！四海茫茫，哀鴻遍地。上節用而下法之，端賴此時。否則在上者不知儉，在下者而不知所從。賊民興，喪無日矣。秉國鈞者，曷三致意乎！

ORGANIZATION OF THE SOUP KITCHEN

by Ellen Fei

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MY DEPARTURE

by Li Lien-ming

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

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

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

ON GETTING UP EARLY AT GINLING

By Ellen Fei

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"One.....two.....threeupl!"

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

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

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

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

I agree and I do the same.

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

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

A DISCOVERY

by Li Ming-dju

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

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

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

THOMAS HARDY'S HEROES AND HEROINES

by Ma Dzün

PART I—HIS HEROES

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

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

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

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

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

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

1 Thomas Hardy, a Study of Wessex Novels, P. 199

2 Thomas Hardy, a Critical Study, P. 68

3 Thomas Hardy, a Critical Study, p. 67

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PART II—HIS HEROINES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

5. *Far From the Madding Crowd*, p. 4

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

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

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

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

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

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1. *Far From the Madding Crowd*, p. 25
 2. *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, p. 89

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ONE YEAR'S RETROSPECT

By Hu Siu-mei

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

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

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

歸燕序

淑元

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

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

某日晨起，隨先父灌水花畦，老僕侍旁，忻然手指曰：「時又暖矣，汝不觀梁間？予已歸來乎！」余昂頭而視，見飛燕二三，往來呢喃，啞泥築巢，若不勝其忙者，余謂老僕曰：「林間嚶嚶好鳥，固多且衆，汝何獨重此燕乎？」僕曰：「余居此已十數稔矣，每近春暖，燕即歸來，秋深，復飛去，來時，噪聲不絕，似報余以其歸者，去時，則寂然無聲，蓋彼等知余老邁，恐不勝離別之悲也。」余父笑曰：「彼等慰汝至殷，則誠可娛汝暮景矣。」僕曰：「十餘年來，燕子孫相傳，已歷數世，老燕死，余輒瘞之，新燕生，余亦愛護備切。」余曰：「汝既瘞燕，則必有塚，汝能引余一憑吊否，僕連應曰：「可，可」，余隨僕行，至後山，僕指一大樹曰：「是樹下，即其塚也。」余俯視之，見黃土一抔，儼如一塚，余取木板一，書曰燕塚，老僕見余書竟，大喜，以木板懸于樹端，致謝余者再三，翌年，先父棄養，老僕尋亦辭世，余客京都，又已三載，時值春日，遙想墅中風物，悽誦蓼莪舊章，不知二三春燕，尙歸來否焉！百感交集，特爲序以舒余懷。

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短篇小說 SHORT STORIES

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我的朋友林鳳

一九三五年校內短篇小說競賽第一獎

李葆貞

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

『你幹嗎笑，大半夜還不睡？』

『我睡不着。』

『睡不着也能，幹嗎怪聲怪氣的笑，吵得人家睡不着？』

『我心裏樂呀，想到那兒，不由得你就笑哪！我難道管得了？才怪哩！』

『既然樂到笑都管不了的程度，想必是件大喜事，可能公開嗎？』

『你不是說我吵嗎？你請睡得啦。』

『哦唷，得啦，講罷，講罷。』

『待會你又笑得喘不及氣，我才不受你那窮氣哩。』

『我賭咒不笑你，如果我忍得住的話。是不是密司張的事，吼？』

『哼，密司張的事，怎麼不是？我明天就去求婚哪。』

『求婚還是明天的事，幹嗎今天就不睡覺，真傻瓜！』

『你個笨東西，還說人家傻瓜，你一點羅曼蒂克的意味都沒有！』

『我沒有就沒有，不在乎，請問你又是怎麼一個羅曼蒂克法？羅曼到睡不滿覺？』

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

『她不是早就知道你愛她了嗎？儘重複不怕她討厭嗎？』

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

你的唯一奴僕」，好不好？哦，筱山，你允許我……』

『我相信她立刻會允許你的，起來罷，跪着怪不好受的。』

『笨東西，愛之筵席還未喫就起來了嗎？不通！』

『我祇知道喫喜酒，幾曾又鑽出個愛之筵席來？倒要請教。』

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

『哦，就是接吻可不是嗎？』

『對啦，求婚不接吻，還叫求婚嗎，你也有明白的一天了。不易不易。』

『接過吻之後就怎麼樣呢？』

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

『不要命地！』

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

『以後呢？快點，我要睡覺了！』

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

『可請我喫東西嗎？』

『那還用說，明天看我凱旋而歸時，咱們倆到館子裏喫一頓。』

『密司張也來嗎？』

『她當然不來，她們六點鐘以前一定得回學校的。』

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

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

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

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

在路上，我問張先，『你有戀愛的故事嗎？』

『我嗎？我的戀愛已經埋葬了。』

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

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

『哦！』我一跳，『你，你是說你已經有了兒子或女兒嗎？』

『正是，我有個小女兒叫麗君，今年三歲。』

『喂，我不懂，你還沒畢業，………我意思說你還不會獨立就娶妻生孩子了嗎？』

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

『你今年幾歲？』

我想定是他憶起死了的戀愛，感覺不快了，便連忙恭敬地答道：

『我今年十七歲了，去年夏天考進來的。』

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

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

『現在正是紅霞晚照的時候，風景好極啦，不多看一回兒嗎？』張先問。

『風景固然好，可是我要回去，有人請我喫晚飯呀！』

『誰？』

『林鳳，我的朋友，同我一房間的，你知道。』

『有什麼事兒嗎？』

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

『哦，這位女的是誰？你知道嗎？』

『怎麼，就是張筱山啊，美得像個安琪兒似的，你不知道嗎？』

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

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

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

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

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

『還有一對酒渦』我連忙添上。

『是的，因為她可愛，所以愛她的人太多了。』

『但是沒有我的朋友林鳳愛的那麼深。』

『可是，你相信張女士也愛你的朋友，超過其他的人嗎？』

『那個，那個，我不頂知道。』

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

『你的话未免太不科學化了，我不信，難道你說我的館子喫不成了嗎？』

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

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

『一百元！甚麼希奇，再加兩個圈看！』他閉着眼說。

『再加兩個圈，那不是一萬了嗎？一萬元的訂婚戒指！你說笑話，又不是做買賣！』

『信不信由你，所謂摩登女子都是拜金主義的信徒。』

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

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

『你說他會自殺嗎？』我顫抖着問。

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

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

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

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

我們按住心頭的怦怦，坐在一處看信。信上是：

『有德弟：

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

我現在明瞭了，女人是女人，她有她的思想，她的算盤，她的人生觀，愛

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

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

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

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

『說來可笑，我那日並不是求婚失敗，根本與張筱山並未見面。你知道我們約的三點鐘會面的，但我性急不過，中飯亦不想喫便跑了。走出大門，方想「到何處去呢？」結果一個人走到××飯店了，坐下便聽見隔壁有人語聲，從壁縫裏一張，你知是誰？原來是我素瞧不起的徐國隆，那一身銅臭氣，見了也頭疼的。不但他還有密司張，兩人正在低飲淺酌。當時我想朋友酬酢，也沒有關係。但有幾句話却如響雷，如急電似地打上我的全身，我巴望忘記就好了，然而如何也忘記不了。你要我告訴你嗎？先是張提起她的同學錢梅秀訂婚的事。

徐一訂給誰？

張一也是個大學生罷。

徐一甚麼儀式？

張一甚麼儀？甚麼也沒有！就是那個男的送她一隻一百塊錢的戒指。

徐一多少錢戒指？

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

徐一哼，這種人經濟不能獨立，訂甚麼婚？活丟醜！你看我這兒的一隻戒

指如何？

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

『哦！國隆，你打那兒弄來的？花多少錢？恕我無禮？』

『不多，不多，比一百元多了兩個圈，你歡喜嗎？』

『哦，國隆！你——』

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

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

張先處乞問候！

林鳳

又及—我很感激你予我的友誼，我將房裏所有一切，都轉贈你作爲紀念。』

★ ★ ★ ★

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

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

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提起林鳳的事，言下不勝唏噓，父親也扼腕非常，嚴肅地說道：

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

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

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

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『到底你們要我做甚麼呢？』我真奇怪他們姊弟兩個腦子裏不知裝的甚麼奇怪思想。

『你看，就是這個，我們想去看一次××舞場！』

『我們一輩子沒看見過！』弟弟也插嘴。

『我也沒呀！』我不由大叫着。

『所以我們一塊兒去見識一次呀！』他們全聲道。

『父親一』：

『不要緊，瞞着他，而且祇看看，我們又不跳。進去罷，就這兒！』

兀自迷迷糊糊地，竟發現我們已經進了那喬皇偉大的舞廳了。我，同安娜，有一樣，都是第一次進舞場，所以不免有點像劉姥姥進大觀園似的那付傻勁兒。也不去管他。我們自找了坐位坐下。沒有人來理我們，我們也不理任何人，各不相干。一會兒，爵士音樂從天外響起，漸漸瀰漫了整個舞場。而一對一對的黑禮服男士和妖豔俏媚的女士也都捉着對兒跳起來了。

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

『真是盛名之下，其實難副。』妹妹也感慨着。

『誰叫你們高興來着？』

『我聽人家跳過的人講好玩嗎！』妹妹辯着。

『我們等他們停止就走好嗎？』弟弟提議。

『何不就走？』

『走就走！』

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

不再打，打開手裏的黑東西，向下巴下一擗就拉起來了。原來是個凡啞林！

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

一碧海，你的邊在哪兒？

蒼天，你的巔在哪兒！

哦，我的愛，我的美，

讓碧海蒼天宣示我的心！

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

呸！深潭，來狂吞我的厭惡！

女人，毒蛇，滾開一邊去！

夢醒，夢醒，原來只是銅臭的賤東西！

他同時還用手指着在場的女人，狂舞着凡啞林，似乎他全身都浸在狂怒的潮水裏。

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

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

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

又是半夜裏；林鳳睡在對面床上。

『你還未入夢嗎？』

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

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

『與其抑鬱的生，何如浪漫的死？』他擰着床緣。

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

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

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

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

★ ★ ★ ★

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

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

果然，經了幾次波折，我們在加利福尼亞見面了。是在一所大公園裏，却是出於偶然。真告訴你也不會信那是我二年前憔悴欲絕的朋友呀！你看，那是九月裏，——我是七月到美國的一——正好涼秋天氣，他那麼高的個兒，穿了一身白帆布輕快

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

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

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

『我們嗎？』林鳳向他的未婚妻暎了一暎眼睛，向我笑道：『我們想回國去哪。乘此將未到各地遊一遊。』

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

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

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

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

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

『她教書嗎？公使的女兒！』我驚呼着。

『怎麼，她是大學畢業生呀，怎麼不教書？不教書，唸了書又做甚麼？』

『她能喫那苦嗎？』我看他認真的神氣更加驚異。

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

『那你們結婚，我喫不到喜酒了。三年前你允許的一頓還未補償呢？』

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

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

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

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

『舉頭望明月，低頭思故鄉！』

忽然那邊也傳出一聲長嘆：

『月白風清如此良夜何？』

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

『對不起，你老不是到中國去的嗎？尊姓？』

老者見我問方坐直了，憂鬱地答道，『我姓林，是回去的，你也是嗎？』

『哦，林老先生，您在美國做生意的嗎？』我坐下了。

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

『您府上是那兒？現在打算回到甚麼地方去呢？

他一聽好似觸着愁腸似的，半日方小聲道：

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

我又問：『您為甚麼不早點回來呢？』

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

我斗然靈機一動，衝口問道：『你的兒子叫甚麼名字？』

『林鳳』。他低語着。

『林鳳』！我叫起來，『那你是廣東人嗎？廣東台山人嗎？』

『是呀，你怎麼知道？』

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

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

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

我寫了封信給林鳳。信上說：

鳳兄：

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

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

同時報上又有這麼一段啓事：

茲訂於本月五日在××酒店爲小兒鳳完姻，恭請閣第光臨。
小女竹青

林伯鏞 啓
蔣從公

到了那一天，××酒店的禮堂完全裝紗一新，從裏到外都是鮮豔的花朵和綠葉襯映着。蔣公使是外交界上的名人，林伯鏞是海外擁有巨資的僑公，可了不得頓時哄動全市，認識的人固不必說，不識一面的也都來瞧熱鬧，所以那天足有一二千客人在××酒店等着觀禮。

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

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

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

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

林老先生又一次喜得掉眼淚，抱着林鳳的頭頂道：『真是我的兒子。我還有一百五十萬要給你哩！你既如此有大志，不想到自己，我交給你也放心了』。林鳳見父親說還有一百五十萬，真喜很了，也忘記是在結婚竟轉過身來向着那千萬的觀衆用他朗朗的清亮聲調說道：『既然家父已經有一百五十萬願意讓兄弟自由用作改造農村的款費，但還欠五十萬，我很喜歡看事情馬上就能起始—因爲中國的大病就是病在拖延一話說得好，衆志成城，我胆敢向諸位同志救國的是親戚是朋友，有願意捐助的請現在說出來，看可否湊成二百萬之數？……』

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

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

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

by Dju Yueh-shan

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHY DO I THINK HE IS A LEADER?

By Bessie Chen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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A FACT OR A DREAM?

By Marian Hwang

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

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

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

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

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

混亂

邵森棟

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

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

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

這沉睡者——黛安——翻了一個身，攏一攏她壓綻了的頭，睜眼惺忪地拉開帳子，不自覺地嘆了一聲「無聊！」接着就倚着枕沉思起來。

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

真的！她的確有點矛盾！當春假未到時，她老是渴望着故鄉，慈親，哥哥和可愛的四濱，恨不得立刻跳出樊籠，插翼飛歸家去，現在，她已經在她的母親的懷裏了，已經飽飲了天倫的甘露，又覺得平淡無聊，一個學校環境的願望，又在她的心中蠕動。

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

了王媽以外，什麼人也沒有，啊！無聊！世界上唯有無聊像撒但那樣可怕！」

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

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

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

「掃去吧！破了只算破了！」黛安命令式地說。

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

粗厲響亮的一聲關門聲，又把黛安從發怔的狀態裏推進了思想之門。

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

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

坐在寫字檯前的圈椅裏，她左手支着頤，右手托着那隻綠色磁杯，也不呷，只

呆呆地以唇貼着那熱氣蒸騰的杯口。

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

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

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

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

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

「為什麼！」她問這句話時，聲音似乎有點和往常不同，

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

「侮辱女性，你才是卑鄙哩！」她說時聲音極高，似乎還帶一點嗚咽的音節。

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

匹濱一跳一跳跑到她跟前，搖搖尾巴親暱地挨着她的腿，想竭力獻媚于在困惱

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

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

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

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

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

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

她頭低得更下一點，幾乎要與碗口相合了！她哥哥老是從桌角上偷偷地看她。

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

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

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

一九三四年十一月改作於金陵

BA BA SHUENG

by Tsen Li-ming

I

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

II

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

III

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

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

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

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

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

IV

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

V

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

VI

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ONE STORMY NIGHT

By Stella Dju

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ah Mai made no answer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Come, let us leave here."

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

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

"No, no, I won't."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GOING TO THE CITY

by Tsù Djì-siu

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

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

"Shall I work in the field again?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

jinrikishas to the house which Ling Bin had prepared.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the city. She hated the city.

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

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

STRUGGLE

by Lü Nai-yiug

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

send money to me any more."

Six years stole away.

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

MY TIME HAS COME

by Wang Yin-Ying

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

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

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

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

"Mama, I couldn't sleep."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE OASIS OF THE DESERT

By Pan Hsiao-ming

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

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

"Go, go forward my companions."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Colonel Tien Chung I Lung."

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

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

"If it were my chance.....".

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

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

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

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

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

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

They sat opposite to each other.

Silence and uneasiness between them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yin-yin,

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

Tien Chung."

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

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

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

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

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

They sat down side by side.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes."

"And go back to-night."

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

There was no answer.

"Nothing?"

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

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

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

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

MY YOUNGER BROTHER

by Hsu Siu-djen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This is my younger brother, Benjamin.

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

詩詞及戲劇 POEMS AND PLAYS

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(A One-Act Play)

湖居雜詠（辛未舊作）

嚴恩紋

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

珞珈冬日（壬申舊作）

前人

蒼烟低大野。雪意凜孤村。皓天失白日。幽澗漾彤雲。孤松獨擢秀。虬枝挾凍雲。
可憐南隄草。零翠萎青叢。黃梅金泊澹。香遠舒靈芬。物情有濃淡。人亦別蕭薰。
飲此歲寒意。幸毋隨斷芝。
白日晦紅城。曜靈去飄忽。凝霜悴豐草。水寒愁石骨。湖天雪意多。點染蒼蕪沒。
狐館來悲風。荻絮虛涼發。遊子深夜吟。銀燭微烟拂。凍月淡金盆。幽輝掠華髮。
悄吹玉參差。落梅香亂辭。歸思洞庭波。臥聽山泉滑。

讀清人詩戲集四絕

前人

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

松

清

古木參天神武姿，千年綠傲歲寒時。
劇憐秦屋阿房火，空此榮名寄隴阪！

菊

前人

寒霜忍傲發奇葩，
獨立西風恨轉賒。
一自淵明化鶴去，
籬邊愁倚夕陽斜！

雪後尋梅

前人

月映雪溪天倒開，
波光花氣撲舟來。
寒梅夾岸渾無數，
疑是浩然手自栽。

春

麗嬌

柳絮迎風舞，
桃花逐水流，
春心無着處，
湖畔獨遨遊。

秋

前人

傲骨黃花瘦，
秋來百恨新，
小樓遙望處，
紅葉苦撩人。

苦雨

前人

淅瀝簷前雨，
淒淒客夢驚，
如何遣此夕，
愁坐到天明。

無題

前人

醉臥花陰下，
花香骨亦香，
流鶯不解事，
啼斷旅人腸。

三臺令 別情

前人

煩惱，煩惱，
總是臨岐歎少；
從今兩地淒涼，
鎖日相思斷腸。
腸斷，腸斷，
寂寞朝朝誰伴？

如夢令 春夜

前人

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

訴衷情 春愁

前人

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

相見歡 春情

前人

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

窗影

沈汝佳

窗影搖葦木，
悽風動凋年。
思鄉愁不寐，
月色滿牀前！

偶 感

前 人

涼風動故林，
嗟彼失路者，
落日滿荒山。
雙袖淚痕斑！

課 後

前 人

讀罷歸來斗室中，
爭如小鳥林間樂，
却拋卷帙欲書空。
自在飛鳴弄好風。

清涼山曉笳

前 人

極目清涼一徑斜，
白山黑水嗟難復！
營旗飄拂傍田家。
空聽淒清咽曉笳。

武昌秋望

林 尹

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

孤 憤

前 人

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

蝶 戀 花

前 人

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

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菩薩蠻

前 人

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

重 陽 寄 友

七絕二首

徐 治 方

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

遊 采 石 磯

前 人

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

憶 江 南

前 人

西湖好，碧水漾輕舟，弱柳從風柔影亂，落花無語逐波流，倚棹思悠悠。

菩薩蠻

前 人

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

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校中即事十則

淑元

數載追隨仰道隆，及時化雨啓愚蒙，從今難字向誰問，且莫開帆待好風。

穆師孟教授掌社會學系，歷有年所，今忽以歸國聞，賦此以代餞意。

× × × × × ×

聽秋精舍遠塵喧，樹影婆娑拂翠軒，數載藏修欣有托，怡然誇說是桃園。

余居聽秋室三載餘，深愛其幽邃恬靜，故特記之。

× × × × × ×

百丈山頭眺晚秋，大江流水自悠悠，寒波倒影千山亂，數點歸帆出石頭。

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

× × × × × ×

江南草長百花開，柳絮紛飛點碧苔，春日風光誰管領，黃鸝千百入山來。

校園景物殊幽，每至春日，翠葉成蔭，花開如錦，枝頭黃鸝鳴聲不絕，殊可樂也。

× × × × × ×

春來春去了無情，憔悴芳菲負舊盟，餞酒平添無限意，黃蜂白蝶舞淒清。

校園桃李盛開，數日全萎，有感賦此。

× × × × × ×

綠窗人靜夜悠悠，水底笙歌沸入樓，忙煞愁人眠不得，挑燈覓句到更頭。

校中有塘，水至澄清，值茲春日，蛙聲如沸，更闌人靜，響徹雲霄。

× × × × × ×

西來天女鬢毛斑，廿載傳經起懦頑，築就蠟廬堪小隱，安排生計付溪山。

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

× × × × × ×

(118)

祁祁女士一堂來，習禮參神雅抱開，莫道風流衰歇甚，江南終古育英才。

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

× × × × × ×

山外笙歌響入雲，豈期仙樂此間聞，餘音裊裊飄芳苑，桂殿霓裳未可分。

余校音樂科，素馳名海內，近築音樂室，每日琴聲悠揚，使聞之者可不知肉味也。

巍峨樓閣馥芸香，典籍圖書盡祕藏，陶鑄清才堪詠絮，揮毫倚馬盡文章。

新建圖書館，堂皇古壯，羅列國內外書籍甚富，同學亦皆勤讀。

× × × × × ×

LITTLE MAY

by Sie Wen-sih

On December 27th, 1934

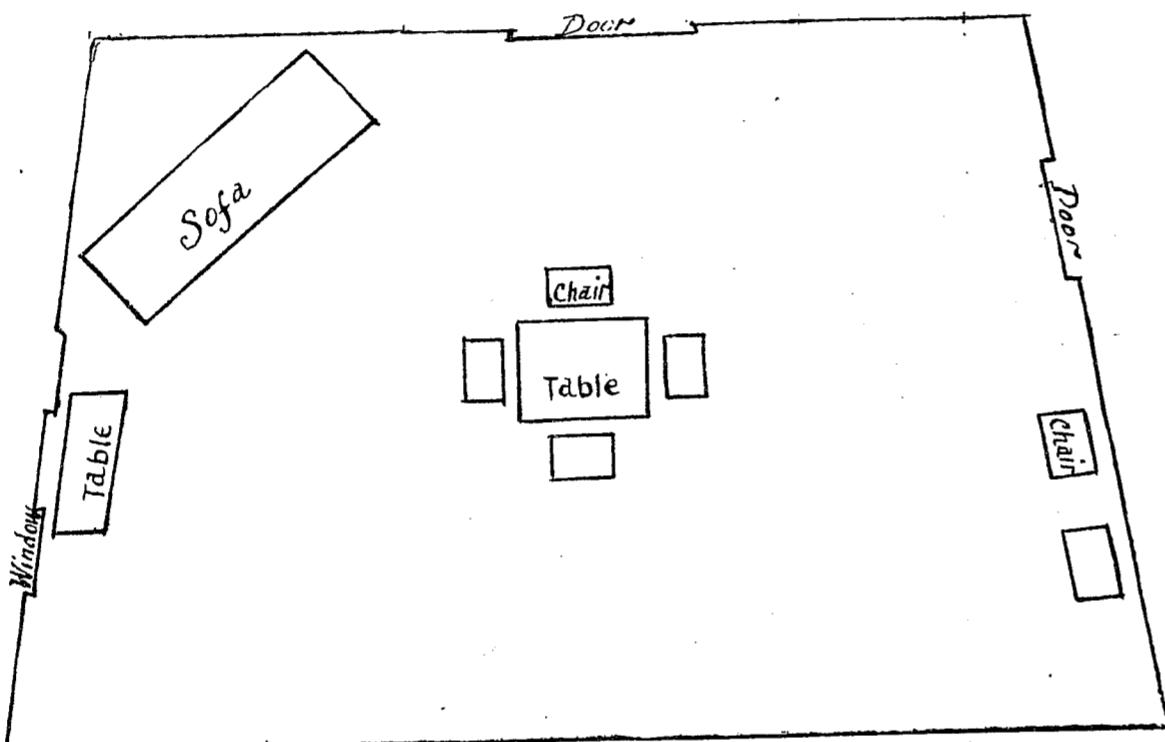
Dear old Santa is gone. How soon—

Hear! His sleigh-bells are tinkling in the Arctic Zone
May is sleepy to-day,
'Cause she had stayed up two nights;
May's throat gives no sound to-day,
'Cause she had strained it for carols under the candle lights;
May's stomach is aching to-day,
From all the candy and nuts which are her 'delights;
May's spirit is very low to-day,
For off is it with dear Santa doth fly,
But, disregarding all these,
May is still at ease;
Looking for the Christmas of '35,
And hearing Santa's sleigh-bells which never cease.

(119)

FOR WHOM?
A ONE-ACT PLAY
by Lü Nai-ying

STAGE



Characters:

Dju Kwa..... a youth of twenty-three

Mrs. Dju..... Kwa's mother

Maidservant

Two men

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The maid: Did he? (eagerly)

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

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

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

Mrs. Dju: How many days has he gone?

The maid: Young master?

Mrs. Dju: Yes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

guns! Serve them right (laughing.)

Mrs. Dju: Kwa! Kwa!

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

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

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

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

Dju Kwa: Mother!

Mrs. Dju: Yes?

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

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

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

Mrs. Dju: My poor child!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Dju:

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

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

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

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

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

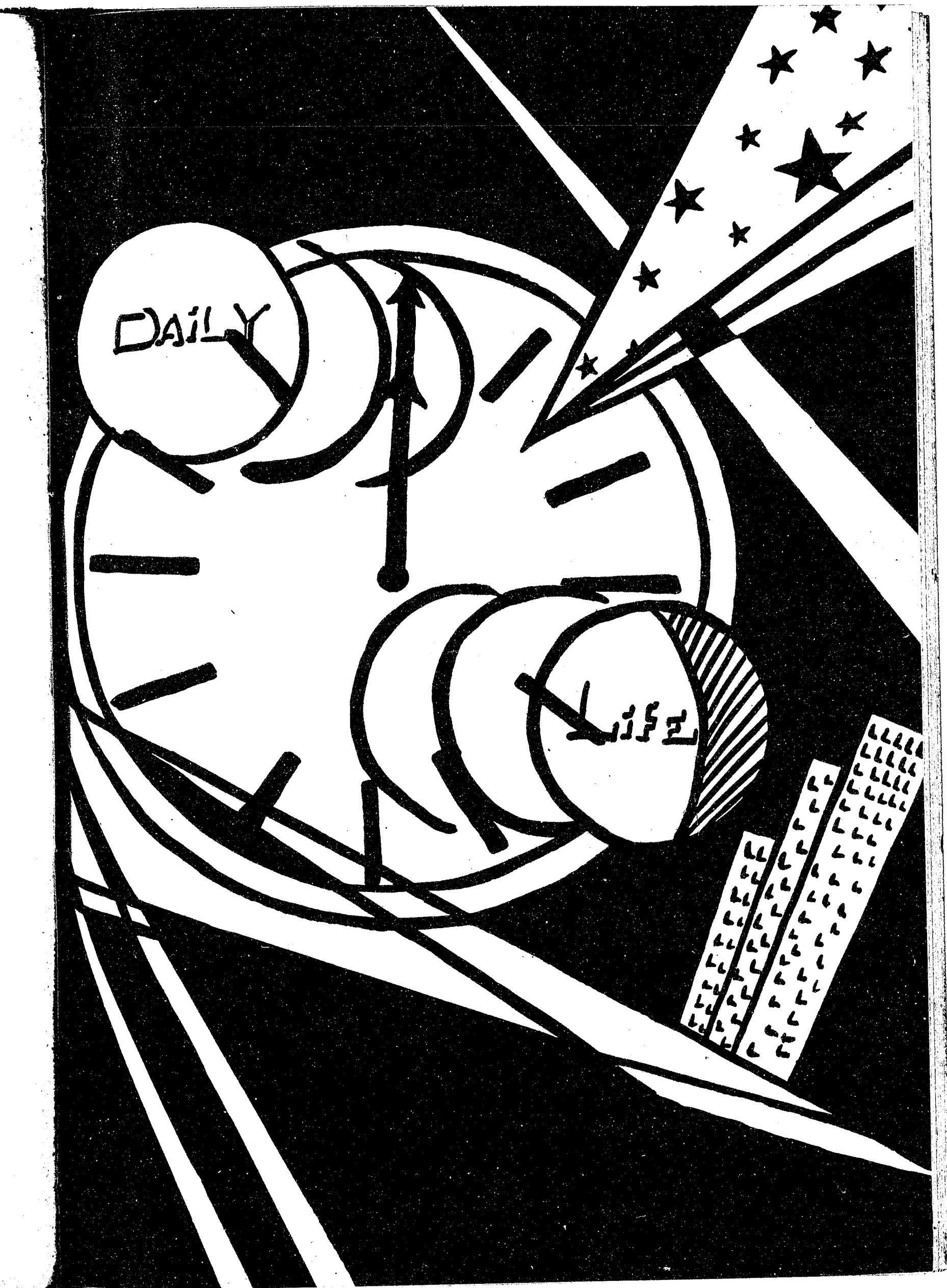
Mrs. Dju: (Crying desperately.) You can't, Kwa! Stay with me, always, dear! My, dear child!

Dju Kwa: (With difficulty.) Mother, don'(With a sudden jerk he is still.)

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

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

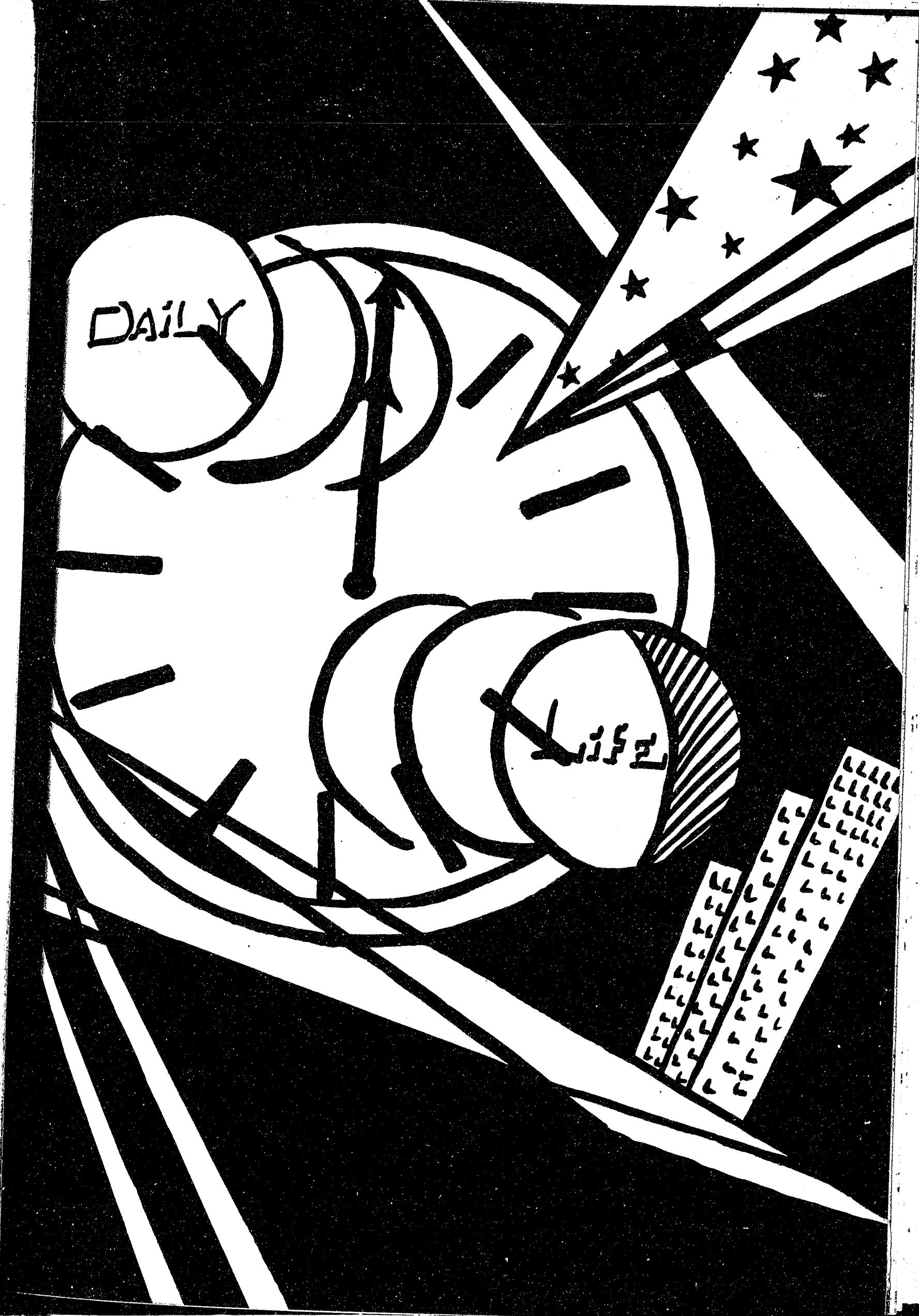
Curtain

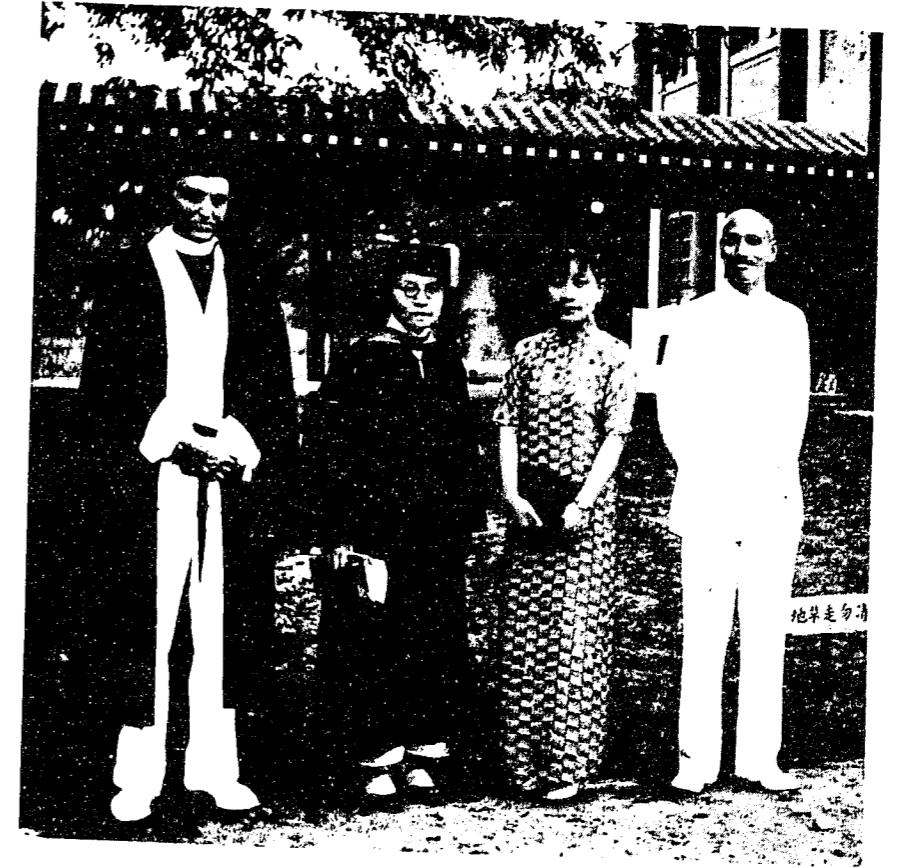


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Curtain





**THREE DAY CELEBRATION AT GINLING COLLEGE
NEW LIBRARY AND CHAPEL DEDICATED AND OPENED
AT NINETEENTH ANNUAL FOUNDERS' DAY**

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

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

FORMAL OPENING EXERCISES

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

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

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

Dr. Kung's Address.

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

The Minister of Education's Address

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

The Address of Dr. Hu Shih

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

THE CONFESSION OF A GINLING GIRL

by Dju Yueh-shan

6 A.M.

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

7 A.M.

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

7:45 A.M.

I missed the Jap hero,
In History got zero.

8:45 A.M.

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

9:45 A.M.

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

10:45 A.M.

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

11:40 A.M.

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

12:15 P.M.

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

12:45 P.M.

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

THOUGHTS

by Hu Siu-mei

1:15 P.M.

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

2:15 P.M.

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

3:15 P.M.

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

4:15 P.M.

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

6:00 P.M.

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

7-9 P.M.

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

10:30 P.M.

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

On Religion and God,

Why we want them.

For protection.

For inspiration.

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

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

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

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

Putting God first will

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

Keeping God at the helm will

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

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

Communion with God will

Help us have patience with humdrum necessary tasks.

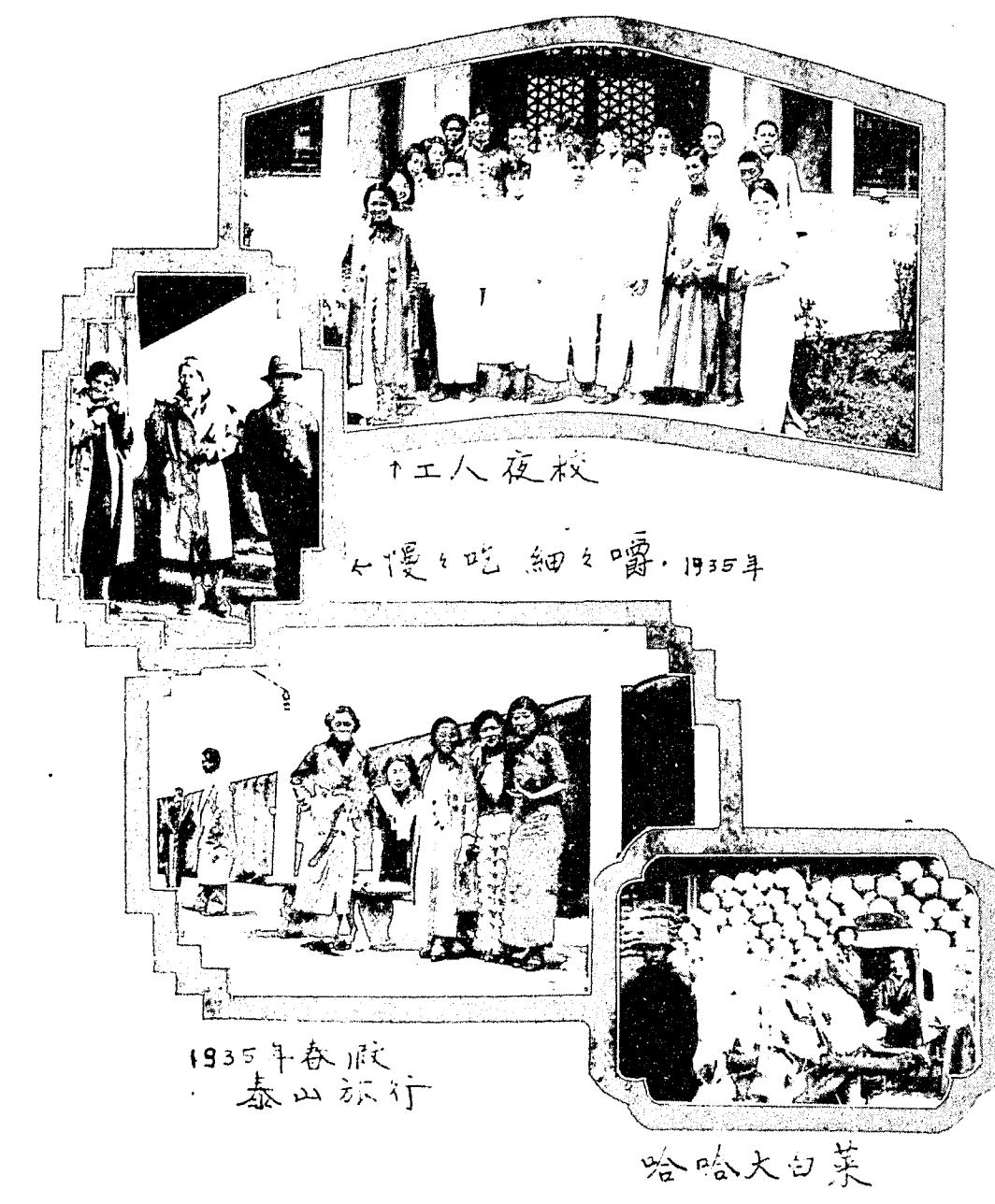
Help us hold steady when winds of doubt assail us and we are far from port,
Enable our lives to come to fullest fruition.

Fellowship with Christ will

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

Make us more understanding, loving and helpful.

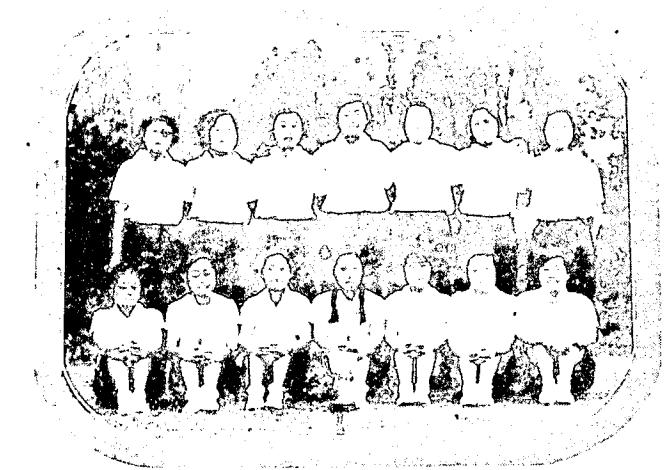
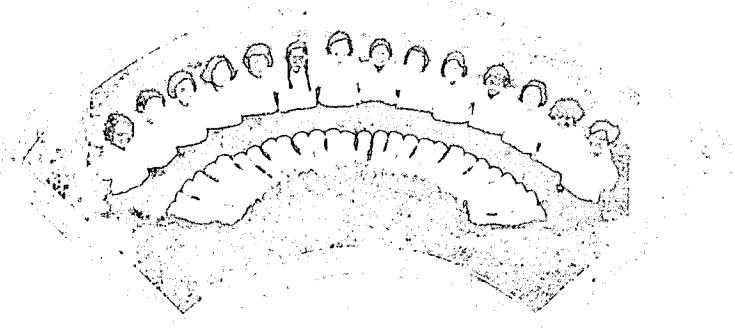
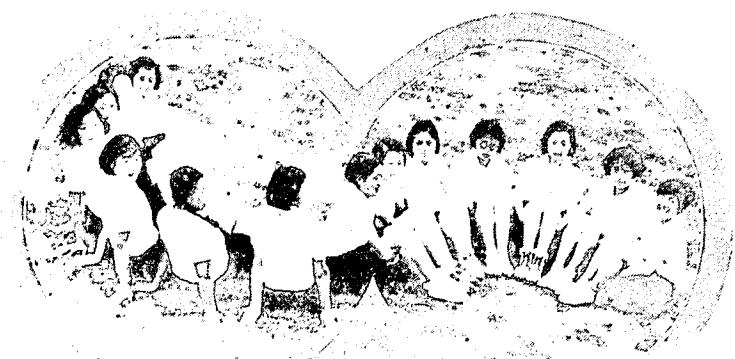
Enable us to be true to the best that is in us.



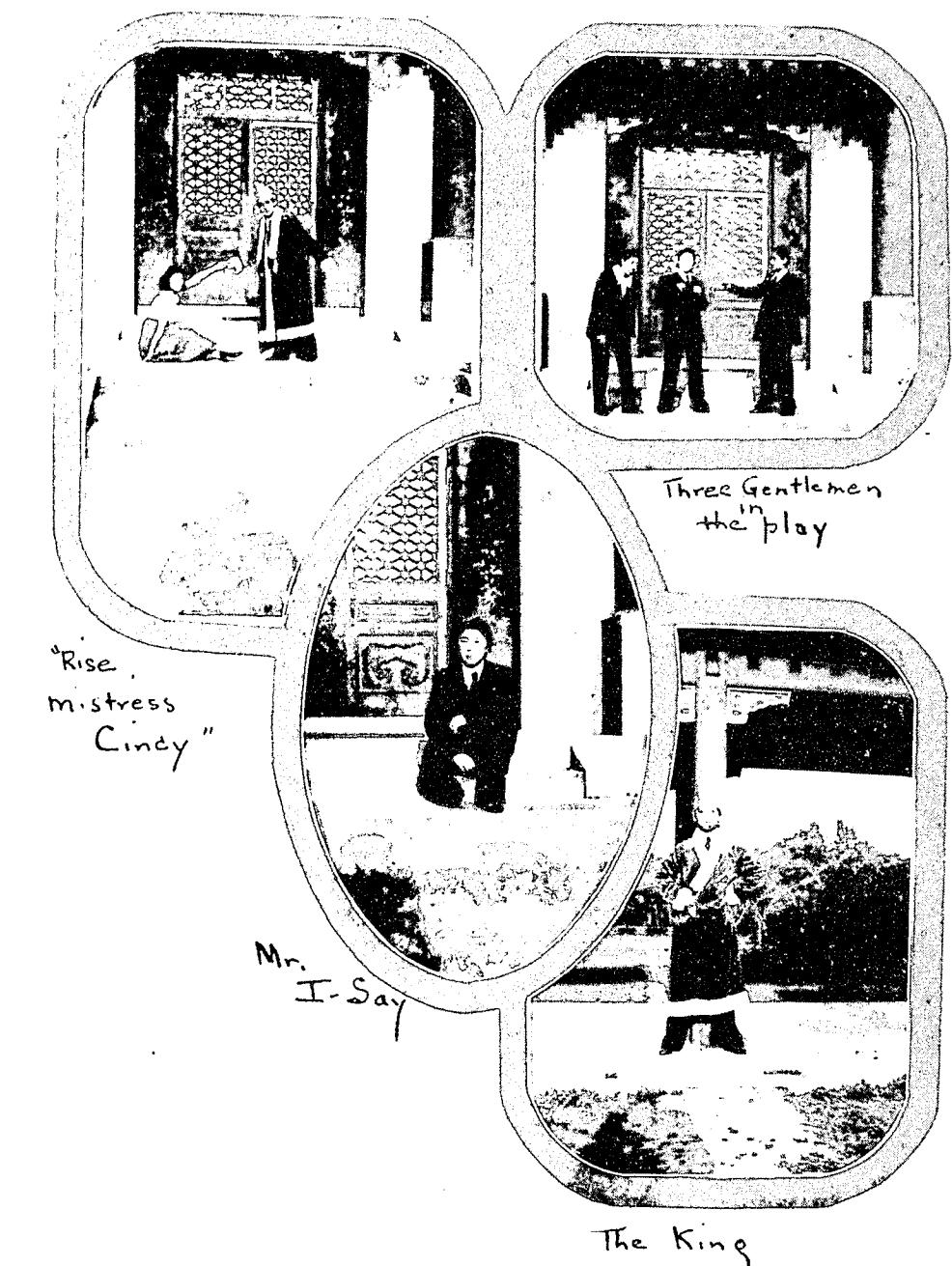
這是什麼字？

誰刻在印上
六書官道於墨之印

應獲本破空項球額
田徑賽之冠軍隊



"The Vanishing Princess"



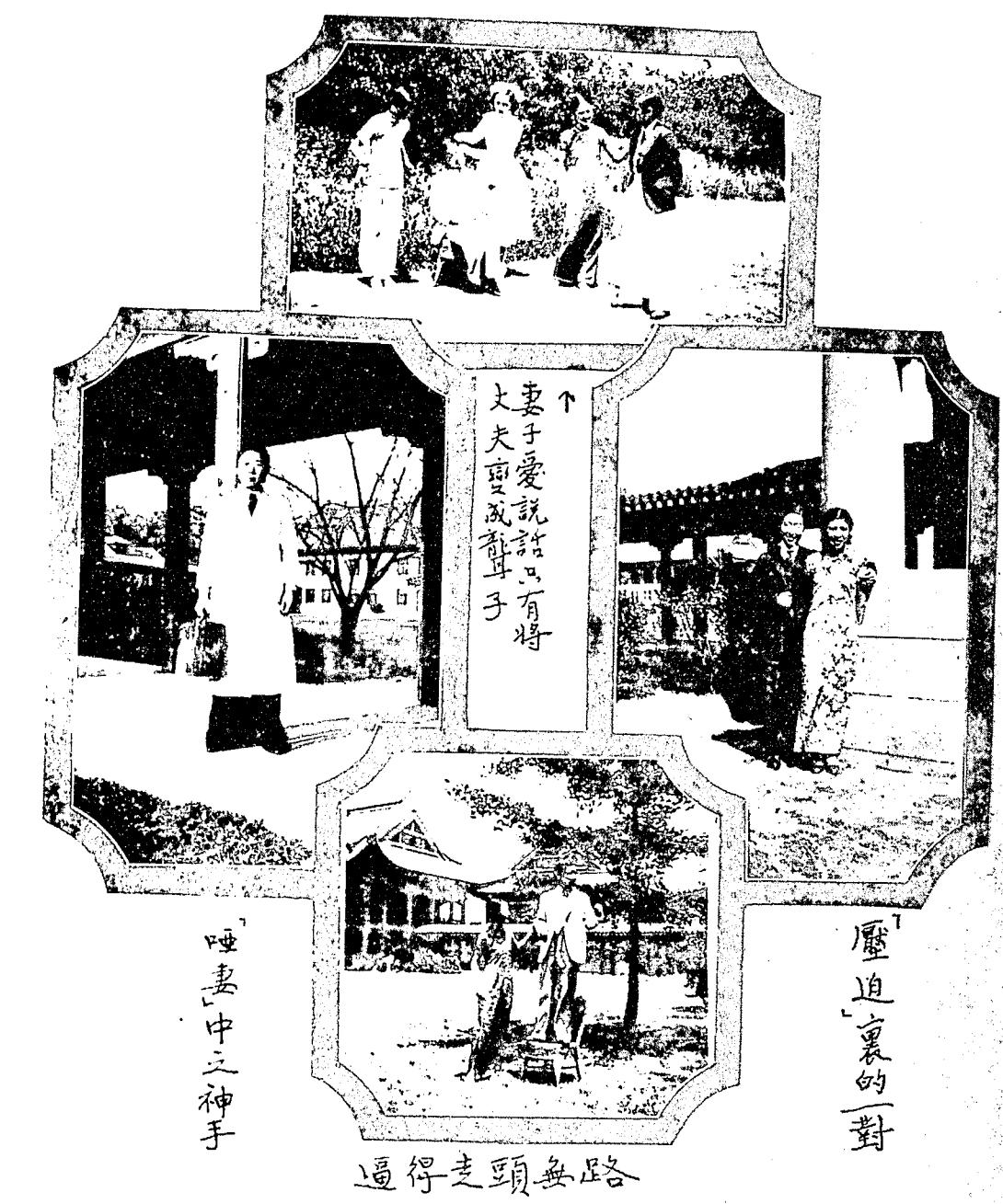
"Rise,
Mistress
Cindy"

Mr.
I-Say

The King

Three Gentlemen
in the play

“啞妻” — 兩幕劇



逼得走頭無路

啞妻中三神手

壓迫裏的一對

1. Trip to Tai Shan



2' Eve eating apple in
the forbidden territory

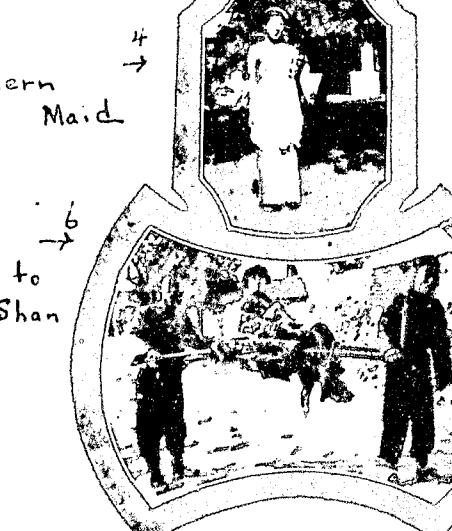


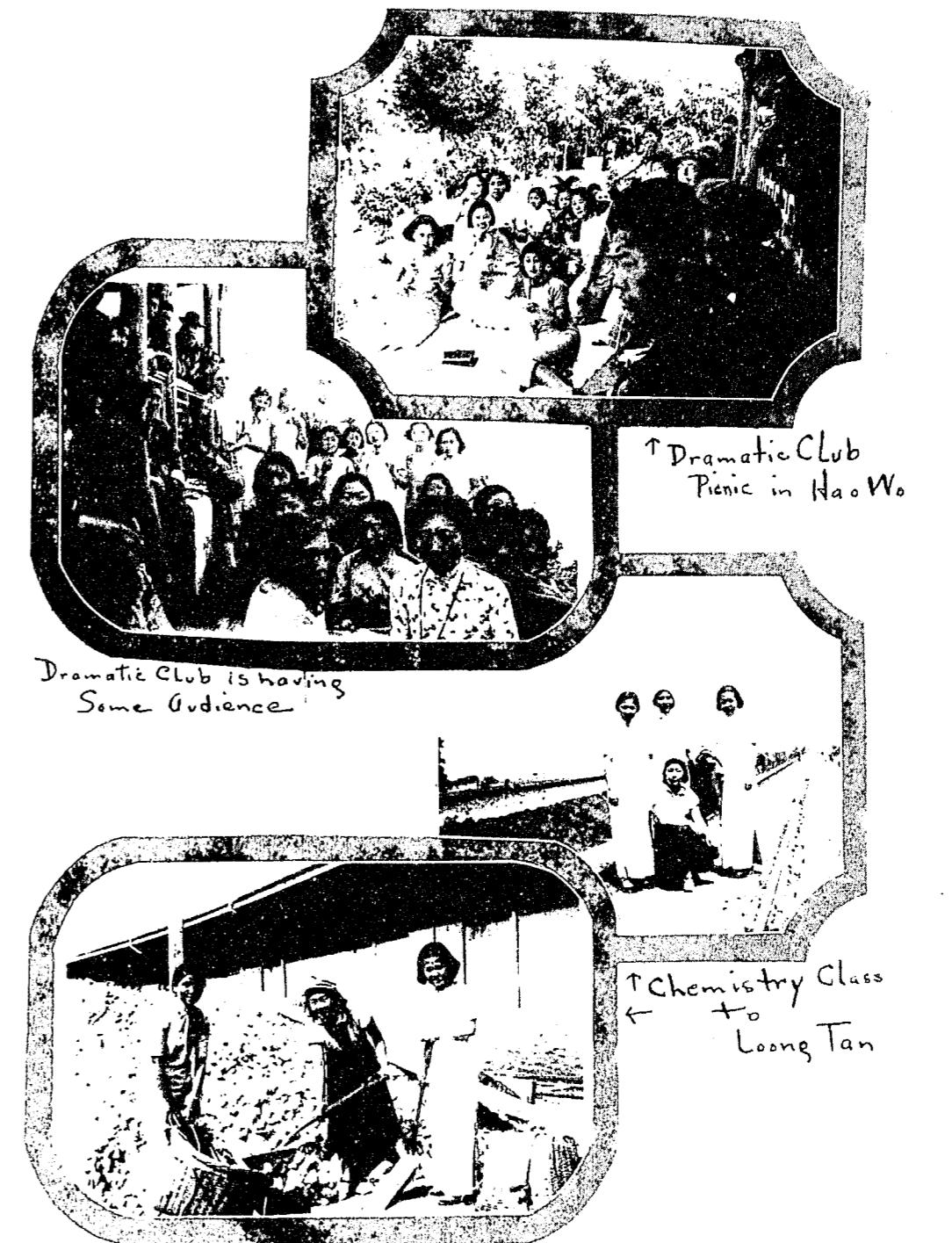
3' Come out director!
(Trip to Tsar Sa Gee)
5 Famous musical band
(Trip to Tsar Sa Gee)



Modern
Maid

6
Trip to
Tai Shan





↑ Dramatic Club
Picnic in Hao Wo

Dramatic Club is having
Some Audience

↑ Chemistry Class
← to
Loong Tan

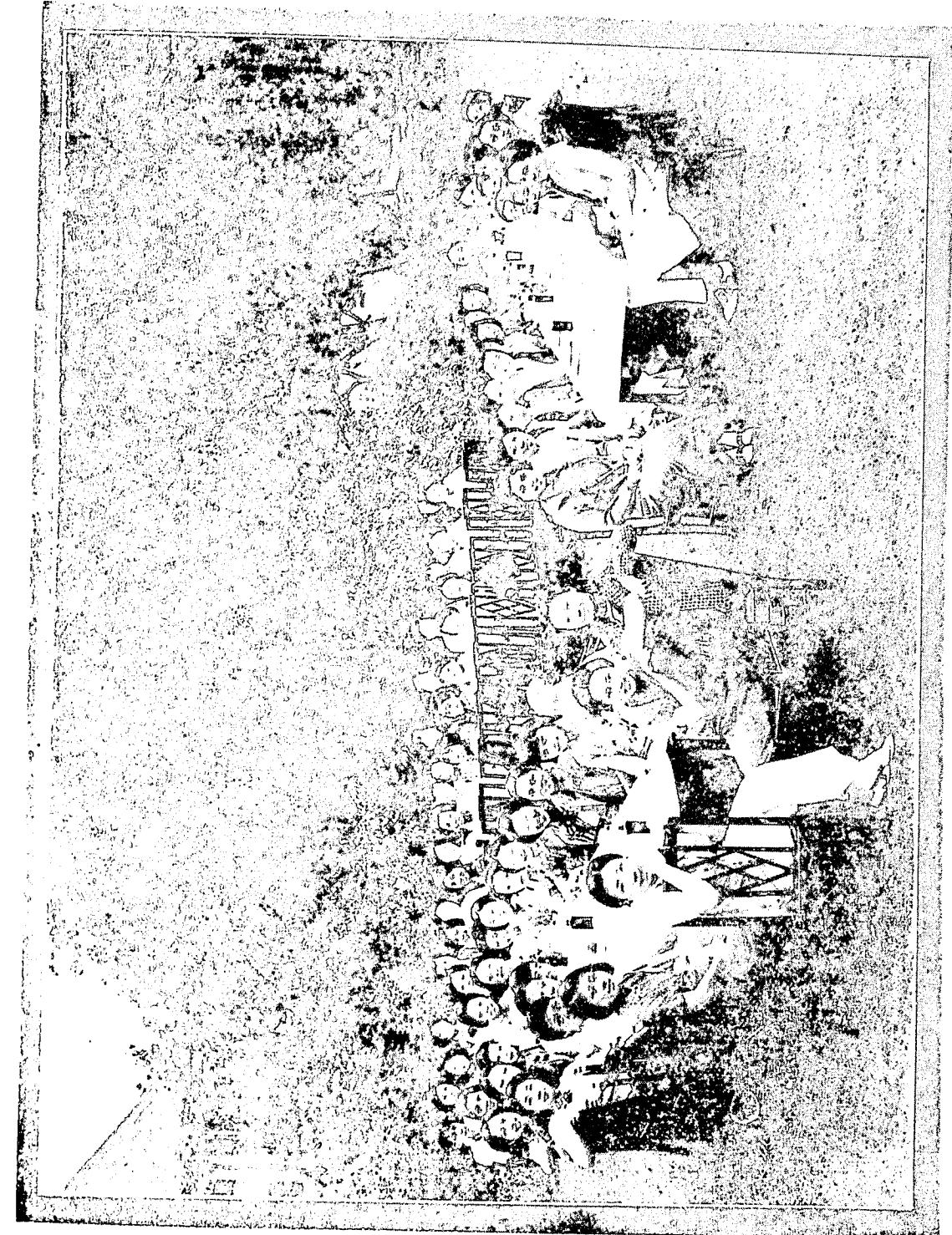
重 珍 一 樓 的 時 別 離 附 班 姊

THE FAREWELL PARTY

Class of 1935 and Class of 1937



“勸君更進一杯酒”
Drink to your Health



Scream

Nois

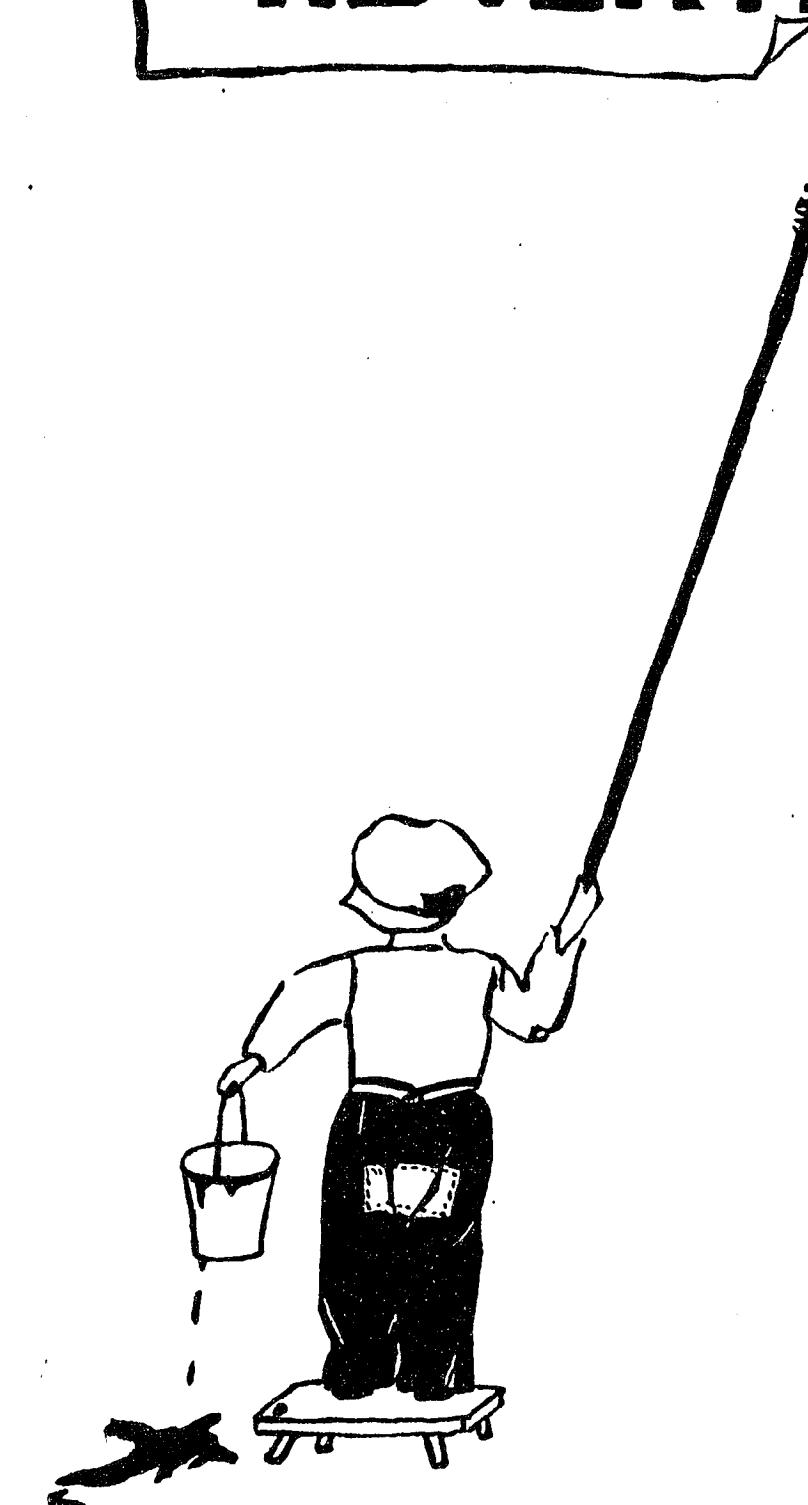


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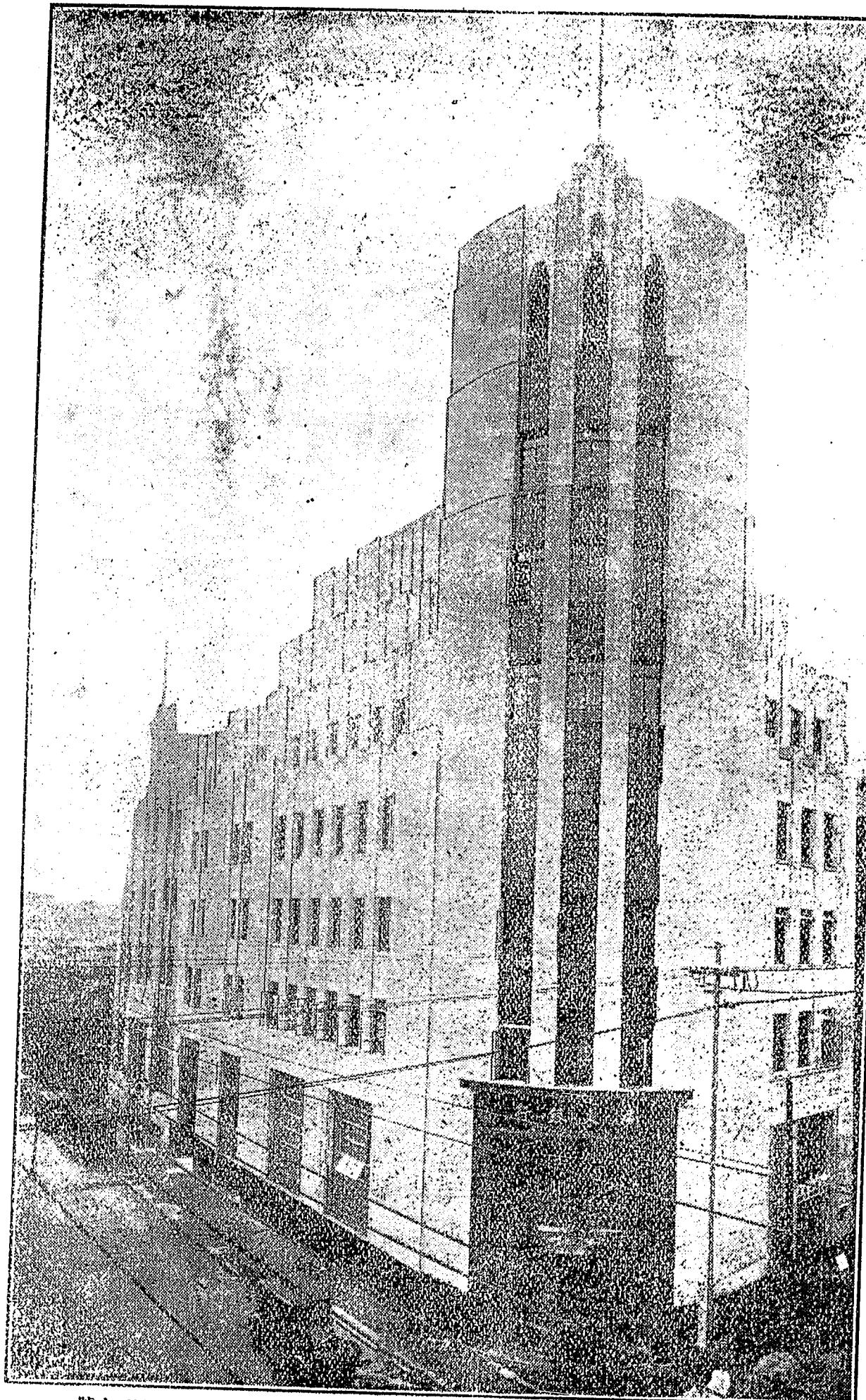
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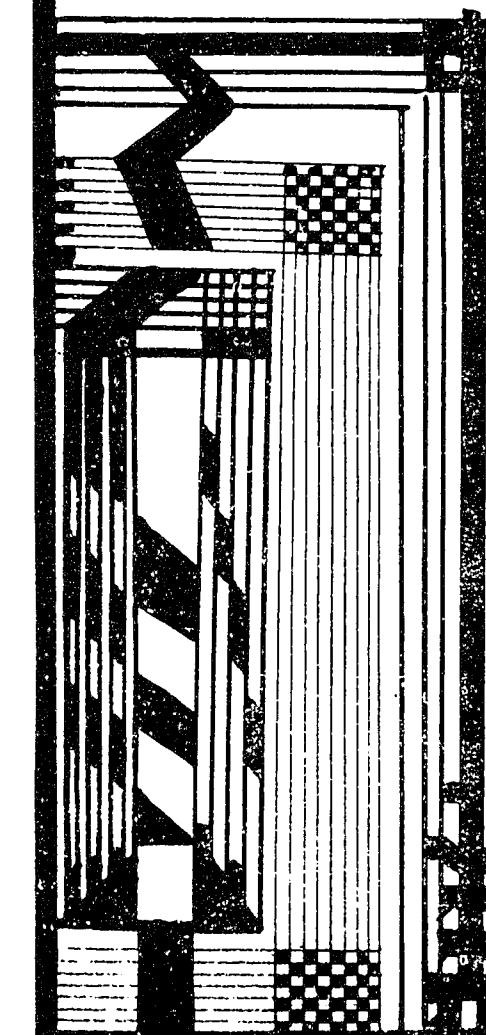
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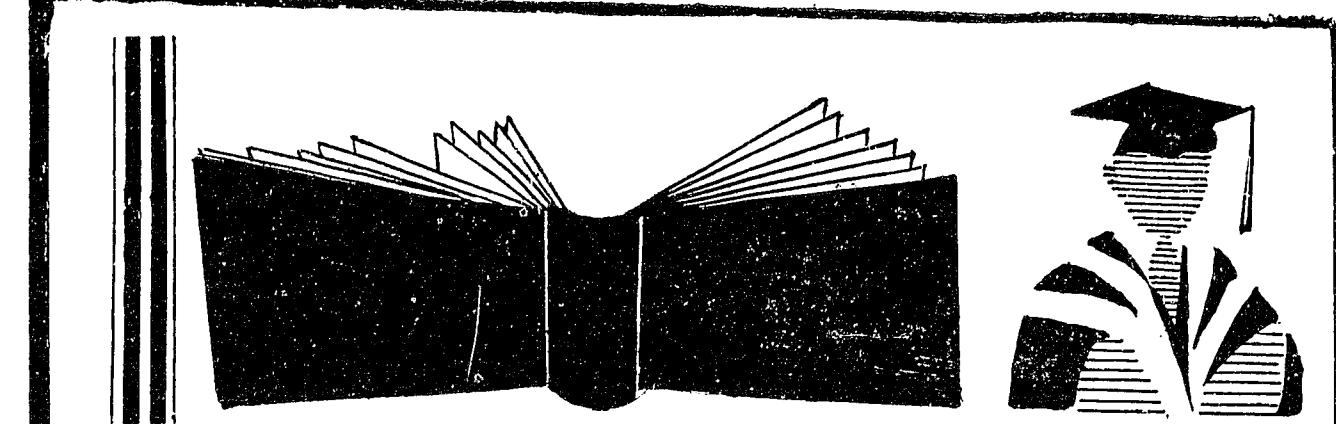
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搭博士原著。首述土地改革之原因，次述各國土地法之施行及其結果，次述土地改革在社會上經濟上及政治上之觀點，次述土地改革與其有關之學說，未爲結論。條理明晰，敘述簡要。原著者曾有精密之論述。
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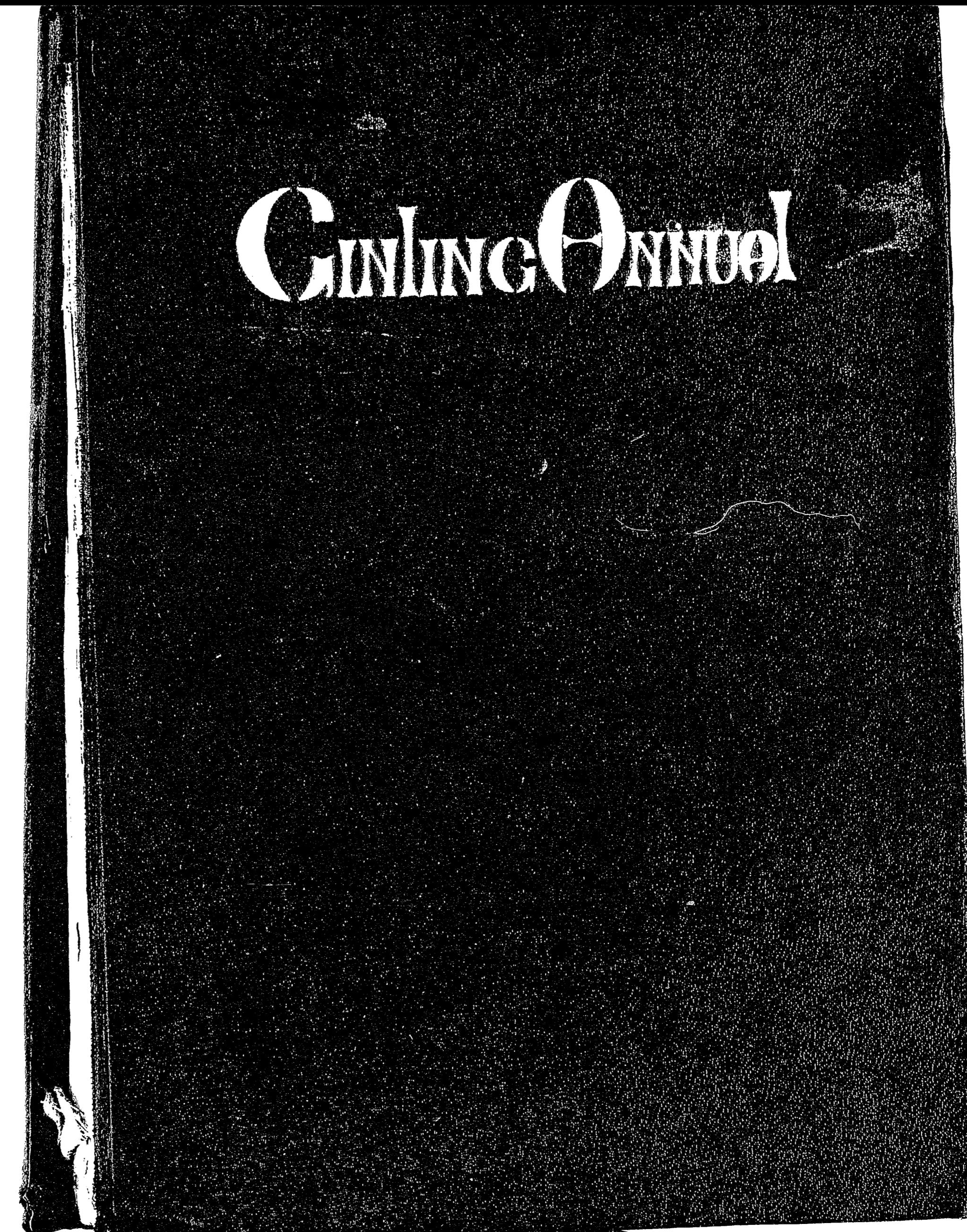
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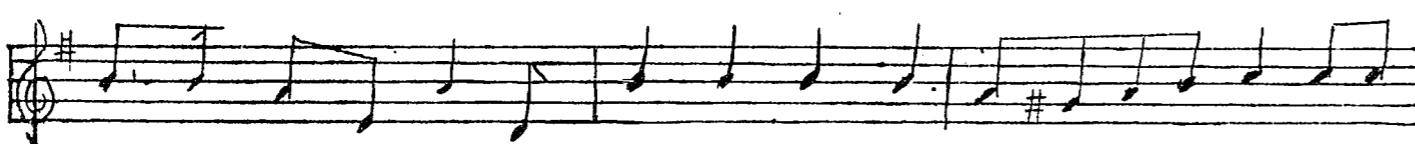
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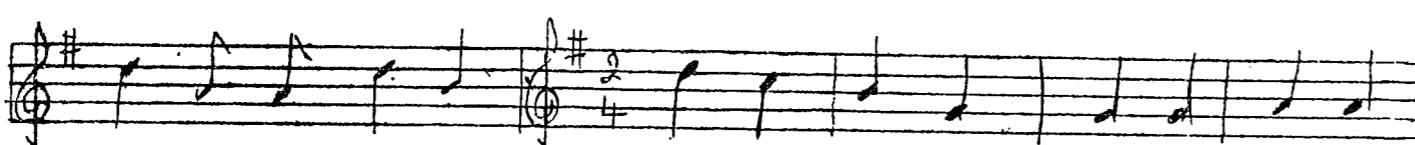
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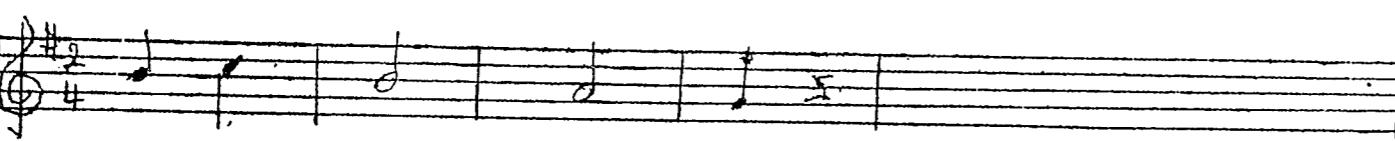
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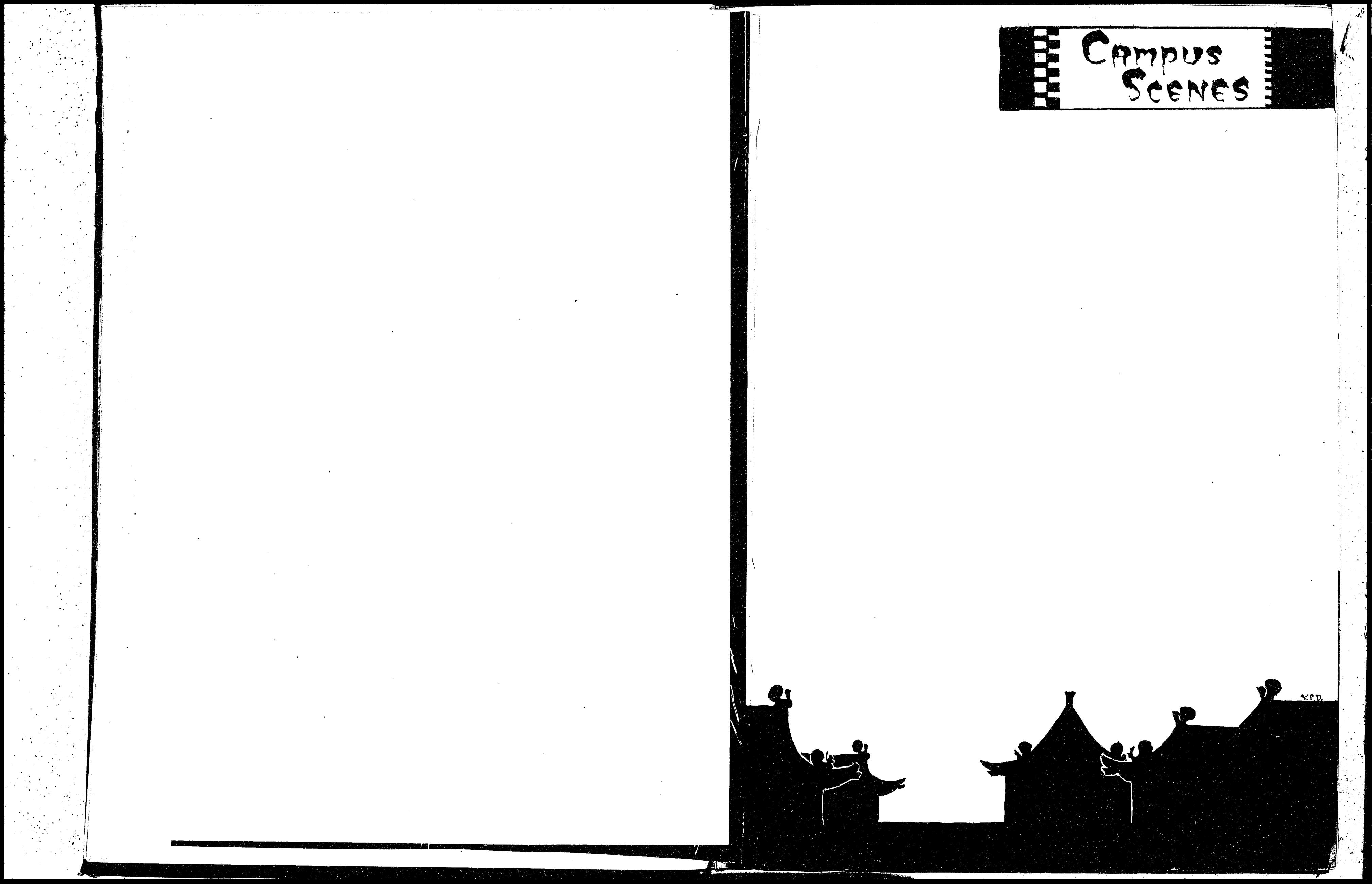
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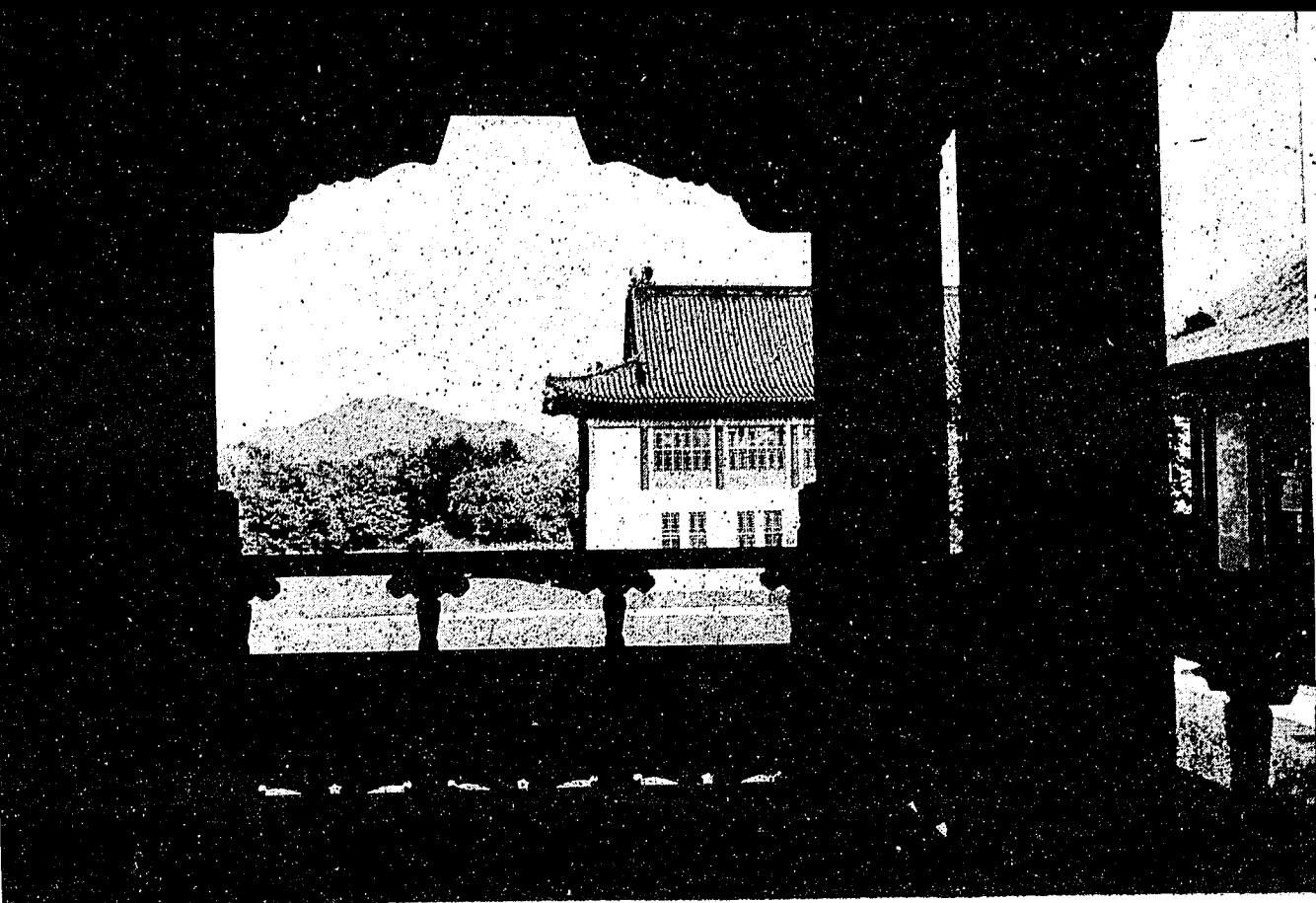


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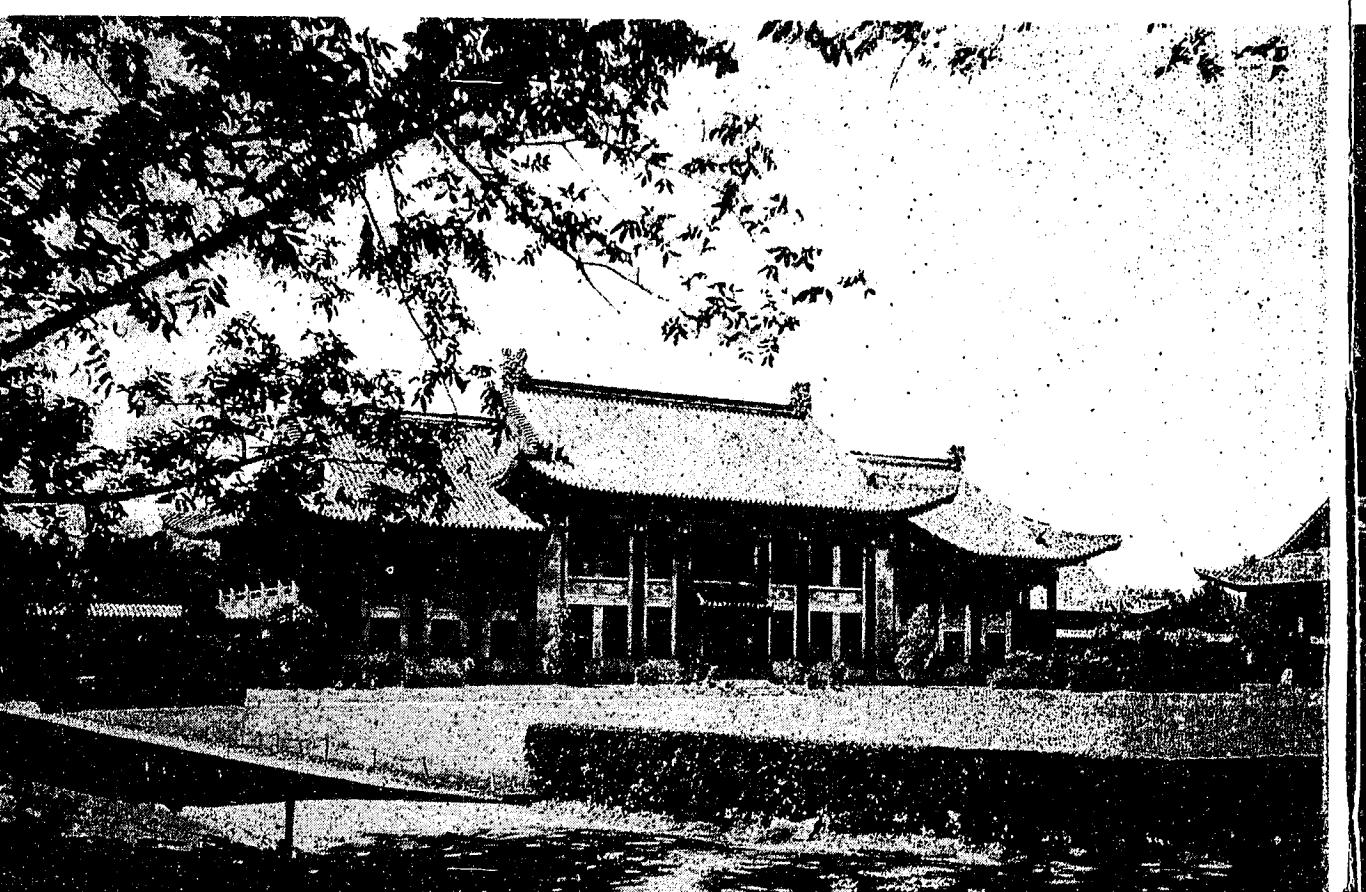




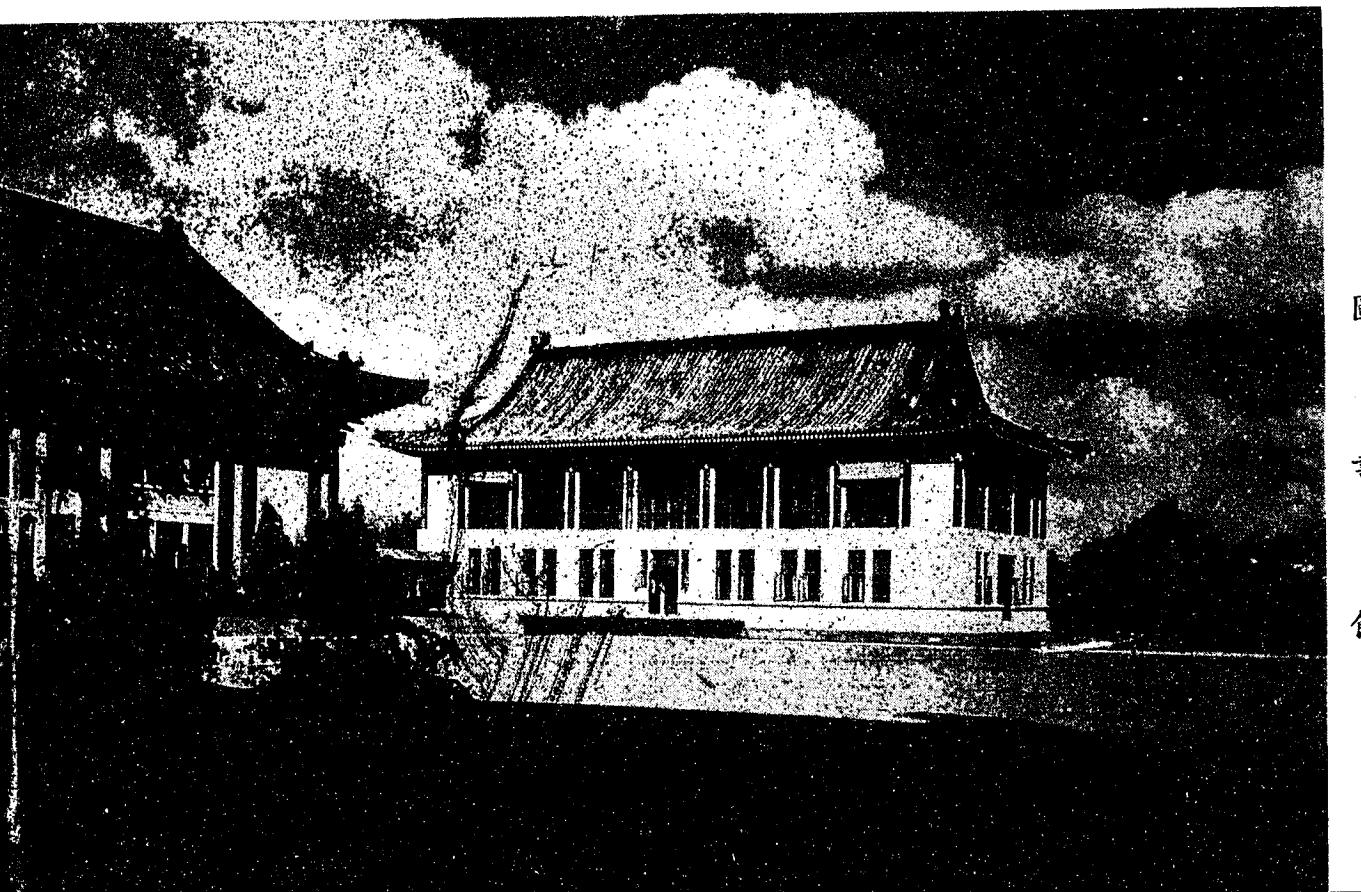
美的設計



遙望紫金山



會客室



圖書館



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**FACULTY
AND
CLASSES**

JY'VSKY

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王仁慈	地理學系助教	WANG REN-TSI	<i>Asst. in Geography and Geology</i>
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郭星麗	音樂	STELLA MARIE GRAVES	<i>Music</i>
邵秀林	附中主任	SHAO SIU-LIN	<i>Dean of Practice School</i>
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張瑜英	附中教員	CHANG YU-YING	
宋競雄	附中教員	SUNG GING-HSIUNG	

一九三六級生活剪影

淞滬戰爭後的秋季，我們一同踏進了金陵的園地。雖然是來自不同的環境和地域，具着不同的習慣和性情，但是共同求智求真理之慾主宰了我們的一切，融合了一切相異的因素，樂融融的始創了吾級級史光榮的第一頁，在每個人絕對的合作和振作的精神下，我們來校三個月後便獲得了全校運動會的總錦標。以後繼續獲得戶內運動及各項球類的冠軍。一年後，少數同學轉學他去，五十餘人的團體，由錦瓊繼自錚為級長，顧問吳懋儀先生辭職，級友公舉克馥蘭先生繼任，相處既久，情感愈融洽。本年學校復新創概括考試的制度，於是我們便第一次嘗着二年級中英文概括考試的滋味，因為平日尚有準備，二年級便頂輕快的過去了。第三年上季，寶愛為級長，為了有妹妹班待領，我們的精神更是興奮，本年下季，寶愛因病謝職，景福繼任，精神更為振作。每個人不但時以一級的光榮和幸福為念，即一舉一動無不思求學校的精進，一九三五年夏，克小姐返國，在歡送歡迎百感交集的情緒中，蘇愛蘭小姐便被請繼任本級顧問。兩年來，級友相繼離去的有訓芳益宇等十餘人，一九三五年秋季，競奇繼任四年級級長，四年級退修會中我們曾一同的回顧三年來的歷史，坦白的，真摯的加以自我的檢討和批評。並且決定了最後一年中應有的努力和改進。這一年中最可注意和回味的是靈性的進修，學校特請了劉恩蘭先生作我們的領導。一年來我們處處的兢兢自惕，期作全校的楷範，計最後一年中吾級僅有三十四人，後文玲因病休學，但靜和自北平協和醫學院回來。三十四人來自九省：江蘇，浙江，安徽，江西，湖南，湖北，福建，廣東，山西。主修科目共有生物，化學，物理，算學，歷史，地理，社會學，中文，英文，經濟，體育，音樂，哲學，看護學十四科。

回顧四年的生活是甜美的，溫柔的，令人留戀的，可是時間已不允許我們再繼續這種生活了。此後我們要像勞燕般的東分西散，願本着我們級色白與紅的象徵——純潔，赤心，勞記着我們的級訓——誠，我們再一同走進社會求人羣的幸福，我們踏進金陵時是一二八戰爭剛停的秋季，我們離開金陵時國難更殷，讓我們繼續高唱着我們的班歌：「努力奮鬥，興我中華，莫使男兒獨當先，前！前！前！」



四年級顧問

ADVISER OF THE SENIORS

Miss CATHARINE E. SUTHERLAND



陳世棕

理學士

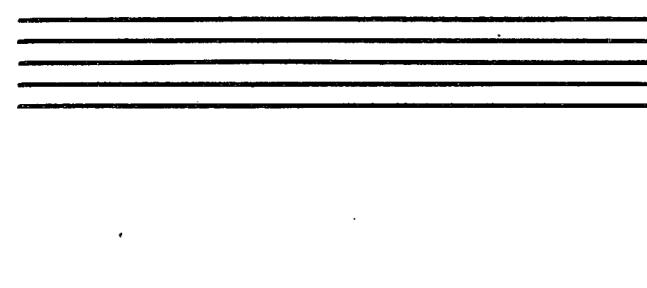
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朱漱梅

文學士

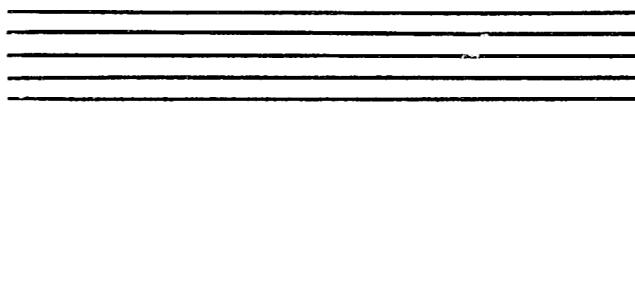
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趙式羣

文學士

主修：英文



左景福

理學士

主修：生物學





左 猶 麟

文學士

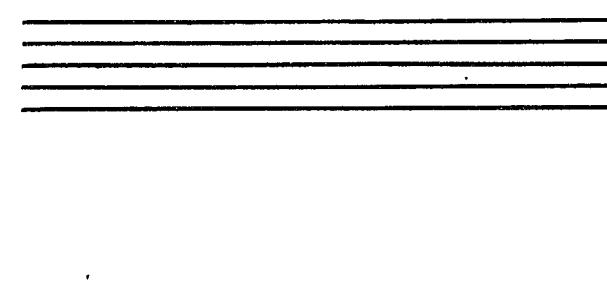
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富 順 壽

文學士

主修：社會學



傅 華 卿

理學士

主修：數學



姜 秀 芳

理學士

主修：生物學





韓效成

理學士

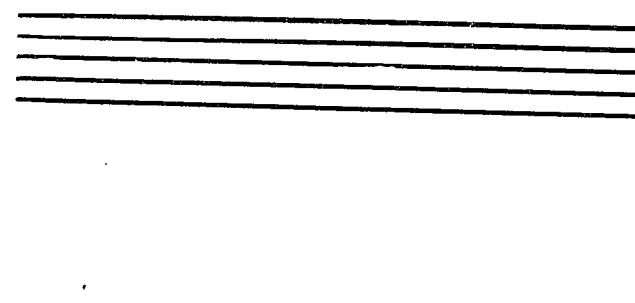
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李蓀貞

文學士

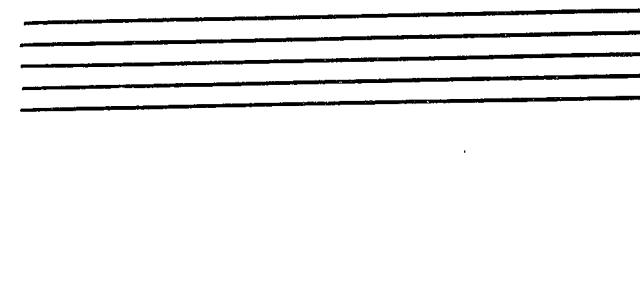
主修：國文



黃秀清

文學士

主修：地理



李惠廉

理學士

主修：物理學





劉廷儀

文學士

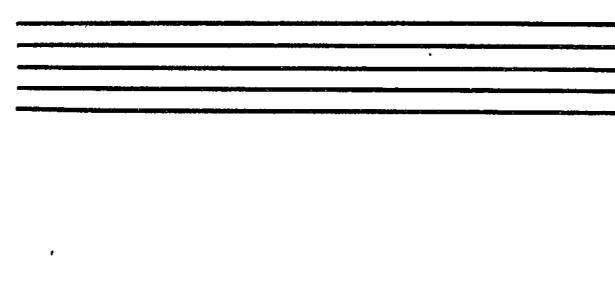
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駱美芝

文學士

主修：社會學



劉靜和

理學士

主修：護士



劉自錚

理學士

主修：生物學





宋競奇

理學士

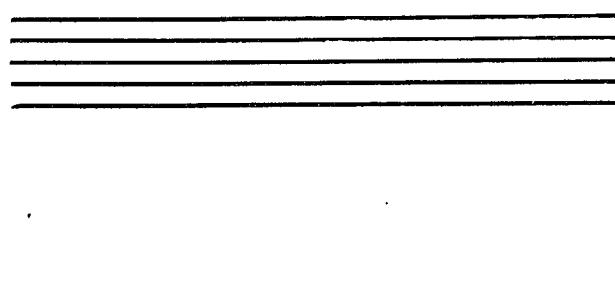
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王鏡清

文學士

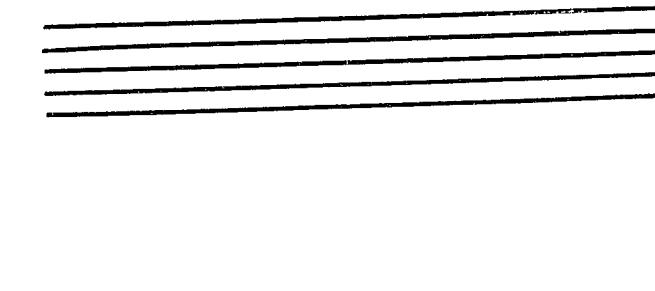
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岑禮明

文學士

主修：英文



王瀛因

理學士

主修：生物學





吳秉文

文學士

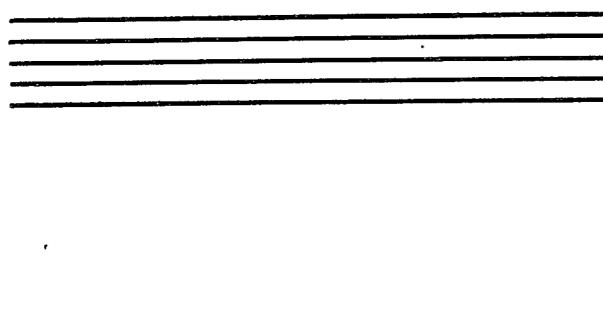
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吳敏卿

文學士

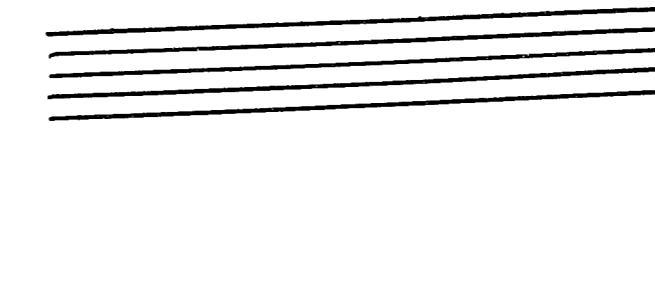
主修：歷史



吳蕙英

文學士

主修：國文



吳璇儀

文學士

主修：社會學





呂錦璇

理學士

主修：化學



宋寶璇

文學士

主修：社會學



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主修：國文



高 校

文學士

主修：體育

朱 巧 貞

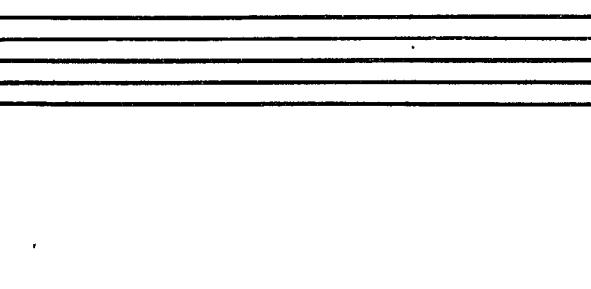
理學士

主修：生物學

林 彌 勵

文學士

主修：社會學



楊 艾 薇

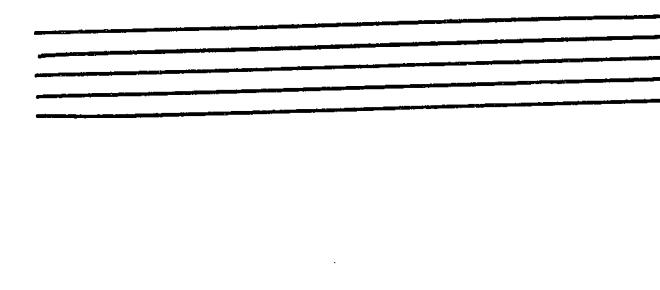
文學士

主修：經濟學

胡 亞 蘭

文學士

主修：國文



慕 淑 勤

文學士

主修：音樂

主修：音樂

閒話「三七」

晚

在一九三三的那年，正是池荷殘褪，蟬曳餘聲的時光，小倉山麓的金陵世家又增多了六十五個小女兒，老祖母開心得什麼似的，笑得眼睛險些沒有了縫兒，臉上的縞紋却堆得更加深密，小人兒初進新境，什麼都顯得生疏，像沒了頭的蒼蠅似的亂鑽，連自己住的地方也分不清，這是綠柱子，紅欄杆，那邊又何嘗有半點分別？這一來可弄得頭昏了，虧得老姊姊們心腸好，忙着看顧小妹妹，告訴這個，告訴那個，真怪親熱的，不到幾天的一個晚上，這些小人兒給姊姊們帶着去行見面禮，把這大家庭裏的人物介紹給牠們認識認識，雖然這個年頭兒女孩子並不像綉房裏的小姐老躲着不見人，但在這許多長輩跟前總有點心怯，明亮的燈光，照耀着廣大的體育館，一張張歡悅的笑臉，華美的露着胸臂，而長得曳地的夜服，在牠們眼前晃動，許多生疏的名字在牠們耳邊響着，牠們是太忙了，她們得笑着去接待每一個人，那些名字何嘗在她們底記憶中留下些兒痕跡？這一切還得留着讓她們後來慢慢的自己去探尋哩。

誰說這不是絕大的奇蹟？小女兒誕生了，母親却遠隔重洋的在美洲，不過，這個時代奇異的事情正多着，我們也不必驚奇得張大了眼睛，這樣，正顯得你沒有見過世面，話又說回來，落地就見不着媽，真怪可憐的，幸而這家庭比別的不同，人人都愛惜小妹妹，不見得爲了媽不在就被欺負，因而她們也就很快活地過着恬靜的生活，好幾個月的時光，就這樣輕輕地消逝了，忽而平靜的空氣起了騷動，「校長快回來了！」誰都熱烈地在期待着，尤其是她們，在一個晴冷的清晨，牠們果然見着久已渴念的人，她是巡視她久別的故園，唇邊嘴角掛着絲絲的笑意，從黑邊的眼鏡兒望過去，是一雙明亮而有威嚴的眼兒，「這就是我們的吳博士」在七百號道中的一對正要到課室去的人交換一個會意的微笑，遠人歸來，家中又添了不少熱鬧，忙着開歡迎會，合家來樂一下子，年紀最小的女兒們當然更高興，趕着想個新鮮的花樣兒，好教媽看了開心開心，牠們做好了歡迎歌，就用了Oh I Wish I Had Someone To Love Me……那個調子，功課已經夠煩人，還要背這歌辭，這可不是玩的，萬一背不出，教姊姊們笑話那才糟，於是起勁的哼，這一哼可惹起長輩的疑心來了，溫拿牯牯暗暗的問人：「幹嗎她們天天唱那歌兒？」要是以爲她們小小人兒就思春，那真冤枉然，歡迎會的那個晚上，中大樓不斷的歌聲與掌聲，據說吳博士的嘴巴沒有合攏過，單唱歌兒沒有什麼希奇，只是吳儂軟語，閩廣蠻音都有，那才教你嘆耳福不淺哩。



一九三七級

THE CLASS OF 1937

級長：謝文息

書記：劉宗芳

司庫：黃杼

顧問：Adviser 史以法 Miss EVA DYKES SPICER

小孩子需要成人的提攜，這是一定的，這金陵家中的一羣孩子怎能例外？於是蔡小姐就擔起這個責任，她是個沉默寡言笑的學者，雖然她常是仁慈地向她們微笑，願意她們帶了絨線活計到她房裏談談，可是她們愛跳愛笑，那能文縕縕地坐在那裏？在第二年的秋天，師以法小姐就接過這個責任來，說也奇怪，這也許就是世俗所謂宿緣吧？這羣小女兒沒有看見她以前，就喜歡她，寫信去歡迎她，這樣又半年過去，這很融和的一羣開始感到離別的辛酸，為的是她們的級長魚丸小姐離京而就讀滬濱，她好像老不會生氣似的，白胖的臉蛋上總是那個迎人的微笑，沒有了她，大家都覺得失落了什麼似的不好過，儘管你不願意分離，然而命運的支配不由你反抗，況且浮萍般的人生，聚散不常，不見得去了便永不再回，抱了這個心理，在歡送會中仍是笑語聲喧，玩得起勁，那小小的戲劇真教人笑得透不過氣來，姍姐兒扮未來的魚丸小姐，在公園的林蔭下給她的愛人求婚，她偏會裝那怪樣兒，一會嘴手帕，一會兒嬌羞不勝的低垂粉頸，或秋波橫掠，或瓠犀輕露，好一幕逼真的求婚活劇，不知魚丸小姐看了作何感想，這時誰都在笑得捧着肚子，只有小矮子暗暗的悽傷，當然，她們大家都有交情，但趕不上小矮子的深，你們縱不相信人言，總會相信你們的眼睛吧？無論跑到那裏，那一雙儂影總是亭亭地出現在你眼前。

級長之職不便久懸，她們很快的又選出新的級長來了，這位級長是最愛吃甜東西的，她的小名就叫 Suyar，她愛甜，偏生她就生在以甜零食著名的姑蘇古城，這能不教人怨天：獨厚斯人嗎？在她任上要辦的事情可不少，姊妹聯歡當然免不了，初夏的時光更有歡送北上的同學和慶祝師以法小姐生辰的會，她忙個不亦樂乎，三座宿舍的門檻低了多少，牠該負全責呢？這一次的歡送會真充滿着別離的滋味了，兩載同遊，驍歌遠賦，情深戀別的早就吊下淚來，大家都不免黯然；接着便是祝壽，這是歡樂的事情，這才把大家傷別的心情轉過來，琳小姐扮着麻姑來獻壽，這一羣女孩子又嘻嘻哈哈的樂起來了。

時光之輪不斷的轉，不多幾時，這陶谷中一年一度的婚姻大典又將舉行了，雖說前一個夏天也有一羣姊姊出閣，但那時她們還是年稚無知，只曉得看熱鬧，況且又不是親姊姊，也就不很關心，而這次可大不相同了，三五和三七姊妹倆本就要好得不由你不又羨不嫌，鎮日價呼姊喚妹，碰着就挽起臂兒，吱吱喳喳的說一大堆話，旁人只有眼紅的份兒，但究竟歡樂的時光不長，轉眼間就過了兩年，姊姊們都說了婆家看看就要出嫁，她們心裏老大不舒服，遠嫁的姊姊們何日又得重逢呢？可是，儘管你姊妹情深，事情是定了的，只好收拾起戀別的心情，張羅着開個歡送會，這次的會誰都有事情做，就是平日老躲在角落裏不做聲的也得畫眉塗臉，登台表演，一列列醬缸似的頭，無數烏亮的眼珠子，險些魂兒也給嚇跑。

寂寞的時光過得不久，姊姊剛去，一羣活潑潑的妹妹又誕生了，雖說自己還是一樣愛玩愛笑，但總算是姊姊啦，得收拾起淘氣的老性子，裝裝大人腔，別教人家笑話，容姑娘真能幹，你莫看她胖得身子圓圓的，以為胖子不濟事，其實你才沒有她跑得快呢！一會兒帶這位妹妹看房子，一會兒張羅大司務搬行李，偏生程師母那兩天特別愛走動，為着房間的號頭又非找她不可，容姑娘和她，就像捉迷藏，害得容姑娘香汗淋漓，喘息未定，拔腿又跑，要不瘦了兩三磅才怪呢？淘氣的姐兒們終不甘心安靜，又跟妹妹們鬧什麼知名朋友不知名朋友的把戲，奇怪名字的信兒真教你看了一莫明其妙，常常有人在三百號的事務處，帶了探察的眼光找她所希冀的信，倘若發現了，敏捷攫在手裏就跑，活像個偷鷄的小竊，這樣地鬧了好一回，漸漸的沒有勁了，誰也懒得再寫信，可是牠們姊妹間的感情却更融洽了，這玩意兒也夠有意思。

說了好一回，究竟三七的姐兒們是怎麼個樣兒還曉未得，當然囉，幾千人當中興趣嗜好那能都相同？有些是不輕言笑，規行矩步，終日咿唔，有着十足的學者風度，和這些相反的是那活潑愛玩的小姐們，姍姐兒不單會裝怪模樣，教你笑得肚皮痛，她還有一身好本領，球場角逐總有她的份兒，琳小姐呢，戲劇表演少了她真不成，少奶奶的一角非得她演來才有聲有色，楠姑娘和杼姑娘老教人分不清，誰都以為胖的是楠姑娘，理由是楠字應該和胖子有點關係，梅先那小娘子居然據坐高位，好一口流利的國語能說善道，看牠擺動腰兒，急忽忽的鑽來鑽去，不知在忙什麼，這一羣裏面還有個古怪的家族，媽咪算是一家之長，小兒女們整天趕着她叫，她總是慈愛的笑着，牠的福氣真不淺哩！魚丸 Sugar，和泡泡都是牠的兒子，還有個瘦得像竹竿子的女兒泡泡和瘦子自出娘胎，就未曾看見過雪，到了這裏，第一次看見六出紛飛，只喜得拋下書便往外跑，瞪着飄絮般的雪癡笑，池塘裏結了冰，這也是她們的新發見，拿了薄薄的一片儘管打量，結果弄溼了手套，她們和魚丸也常在一塊，一個初夏的黃昏，牠們手挽手的在散步，走到金陵鏡的旁邊，戴小姐和她的朋友正在那輕搖蘭槳，垂楊下小船兒輕輕款款的慢移。「喝！多 Romantic！讓我們也來一個！」暗地約好，連晚飯也沒有心情去吃，三個小鬼頭像精靈般溜出宿舍，直奔池邊，跳上破舊的小船，魚丸站在船首，拿着竹竿，只管亂划，牠們笑得身子搖晃不定，不知怎的一個不留神，魚丸骨碌碌的掉在水裏，船兒一側，泡泡和瘦子連叫也來不及，翻身便向水裏鑽，三個水人兒站定池塘中央，光着眼睛不做聲，哭也不是，笑也不是，瘦子掉轉頭就走，齊腰的水給牠們弄得像泥漿，好容易到了她邊，衣服溼得裹緊身子，脚下都是黑泥，瘦子看着穿了不久的新鞋子傷心，但看看她同伴的鬼樣兒又樂得笑了，牠們坐在木板上正笑得高興，却不料笑聲帶來了許多飯後散步的伴兒那個傻樣子真教人又氣又笑，連聲催迫，這才把牠們趕回宿舍去泡浴，後來人家總愛笑她們泥小鴨，

問牠們吃了多少蟲兒，她們羞得笑着就跑，洋囡囡是 Sugar，的兒子，常常轉着兩隻長睫毛的大眼睛，和氣迎人地笑，怪不得她們甘心樂意的要她當級長呢，慧哥兒夠運氣，有這麼一個老子，你看，媽咪兒孫繞膝，三代同堂，不是很足以自傲嗎？

東拉西扯的胡說一頓，看看真不像樣，幸虧我沒有應承過寫什麼文章，笨頭笨腦的也想不出什麼靈機兒來叫人看了舒服，也就馬虎了事。



一九三八級

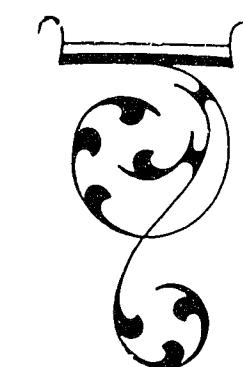
THE CLASS OF 1938

級長：許秀珍

書記：沈汝佳

會計：陳洪濟

顧問：劉恩蘭女士



一九三八級級史

沈汝佳

登高峯者，不能一跨而登其極，旅長途者，不能一蹴而至其地，蓋行遠自邇，登高自卑，理之常也。我級同學，初來斯校，望遙遙之學程，巍巍之學級，亦猶登高旅遠也，然各持勿畏其難之志，勇敢毅力之決心，不至其地不休焉，不造其極不已焉，自來校於茲，同堂共硏，攜手而并肩者凡五十八人，其中研究文科者二十一人，理科者三十七人。

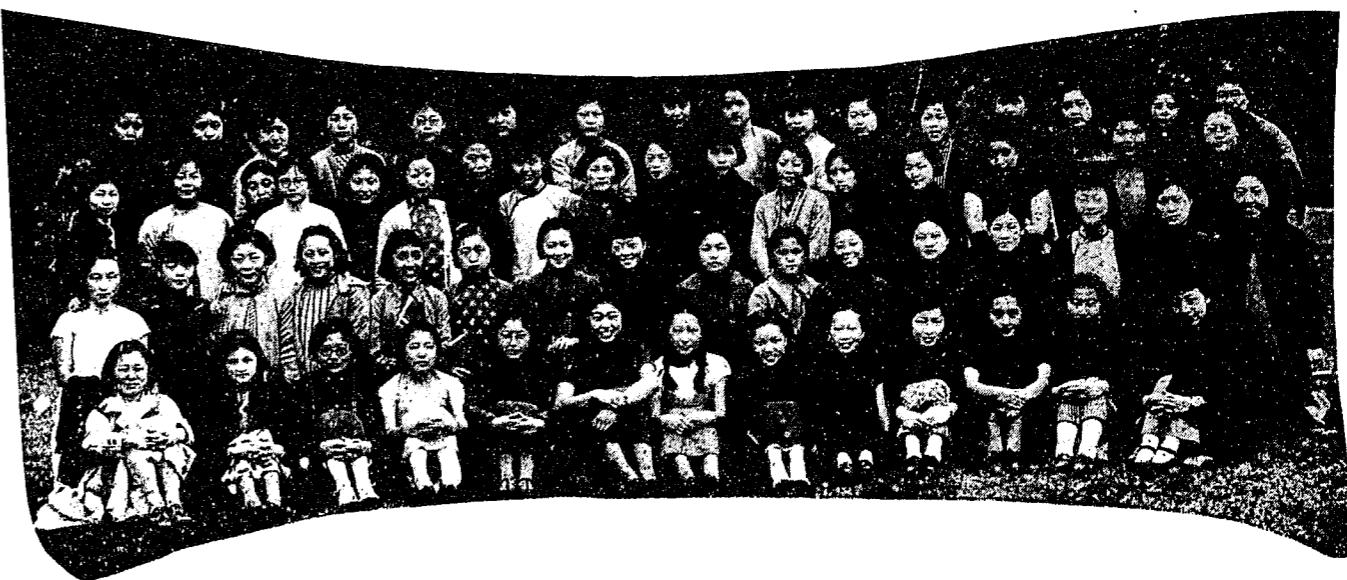
本級去歲，恭聘劉恩蘭先生為本級顧問，級中事務之進行，悉賴先生之熱心指導，解疑釋難，獲益良多。我級同學，深感先生指導之熱忱，而竊愧魯鈍，不足以報先生所期望者之萬一耳。

本級取委員會制，計共設三委員會及總務一人，總務為許君秀珍，許君賦有辦事之材，實為級中同學所欽佩。三委員會中，一曰交際委員會，司對外一切之事務，委員長為陸君時勤。每屆開會，陸君無不熱心處置。二曰事務委員會，司級中一切事務之進行，委員長為吳君美臨。吳君辦事頗負責，級中遇有應即購備之各物，雖嚴寒盛暑，無不立辦，從無怨詞。三曰經濟委員會，司一級之財政，統計級中金錢之出納，委員長為陳君洪濟。陳君天賦聰穎，精於計算，每學期之用款，君必作預算一紙，佈諸同學，井井有條，誠不愧為委員長也。

我級人數雖不多，然而所學之課程各異，且各為功課所迫，殊少互相聚首，尤以文理兩科同學為甚。本級指導員劉先生有鑒於此，故於上學期，特發起組織交誼會，以每星期三晚九時為會期。其宗旨為聯絡一級同學之感情，（到會與否，自由參加，不施以強迫）開會之時，每人可自由工作，或作遊戲，或討論各問題。總之，各樂其樂，適其所適，本學期經同學議決，仍繼續進行。

本校向設有獎學金一事，凡一年級時成績優良者膺獎，以資鼓勵而勉來者。去歲我級許君秀珍及夏君芝容，同獲斯獎，許君工於物理學，夏君專於醫預科，同為科學界之人材，此不特為兩君之幸，亦我級之幸也。

級中同學，以個性言，諸同學之學行，亦各有夙賦。呂君桐英，長於國學，詞藻雅麗，文思暢達，去歲得免讀一年級國文之特別權利，誠不愧為我級之文壇健將。薩羣容長於英文，去歲亦獲得如呂君之權利，且善表演，數為英文劇之主角。他如金君曼，王君鎮英等，咸善於表演，均為我校戲劇團之服務人員，精於藝術者也。雷君愛嬉，蔡君子固及郭君霞等，咸舉動敏捷，精於球術。其他各同學，均各有所長，不勝枚舉。佳也不才，秉資魯鈍，文質無所底，幸得諸同學切磋箴規，他山之助，益我良多，此予足以自慰者也，爰為之誌。



一九三九級

THE CLASS OF 1939

級長：王承禮

書記：徐鳳雲

會計：李果珍

顧問：崔亞蘭女士



體 育 專 修 科

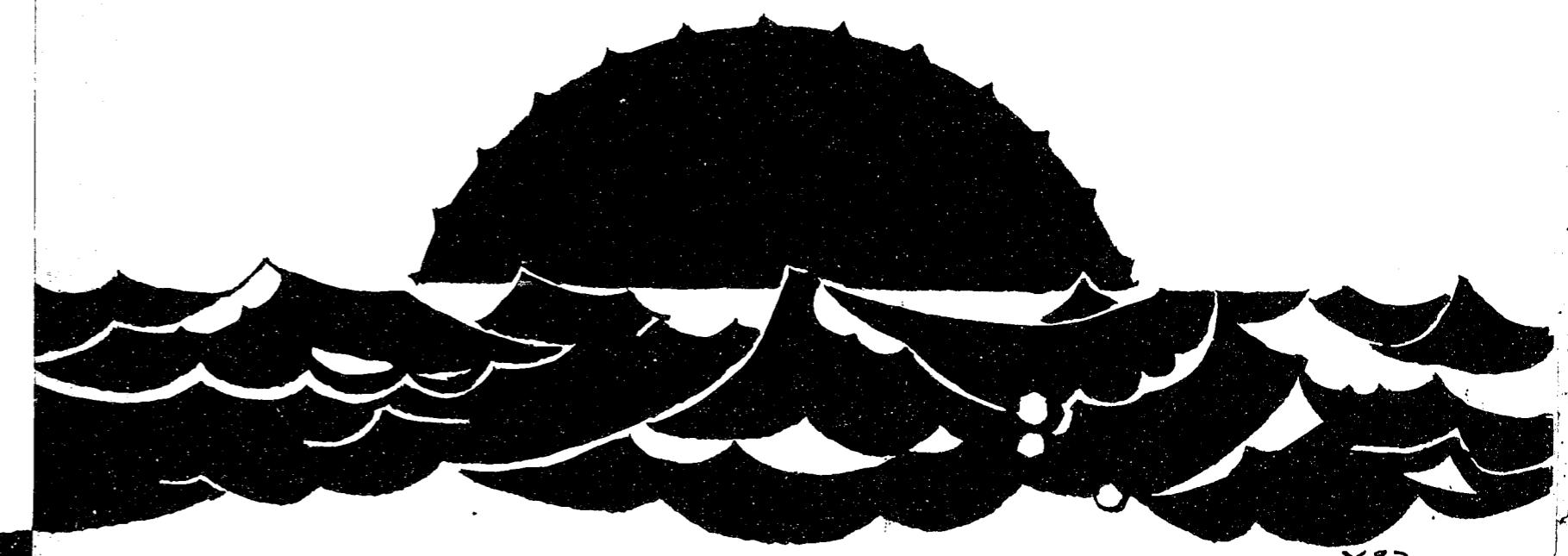
級 長： 朱 寶 華

書 記： 何 文 靜

司 庫： 朱 寶 華

顧 問： 黃 立 明 女 士

ORGANIZATIONS





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青年會會長：劉寶華

顧問：劉恩蘭女士



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左景福 李明珠 夏芝蓉

◀ 顧問 ▶

魯淑音女士



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副 衛 生 部 部 長：	衛 駱	生 駱	駱 吳	美 啟	俊 啟			
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顧 問：	Miss EVA DYKES SPICER							



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書 記：	朱 月 珊
顧 問：	MISS KATHLEEN L. BOND

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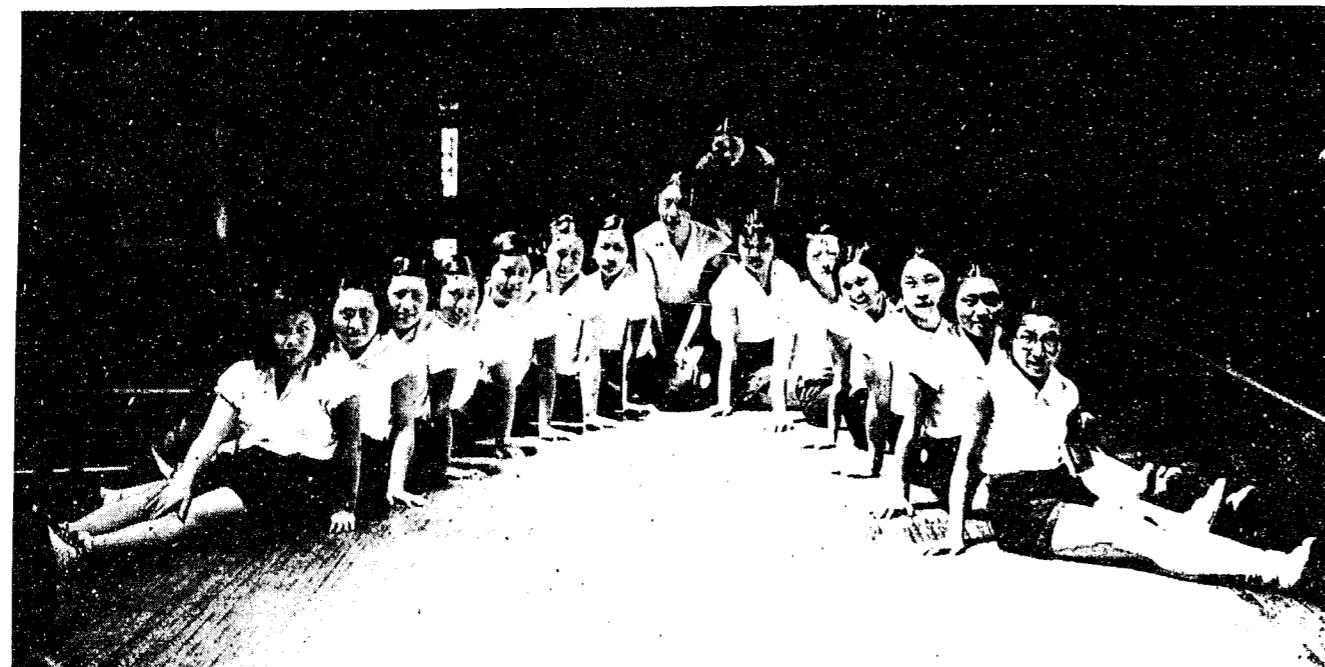


本校工人及同學
部長：遲尚德

體 育 部

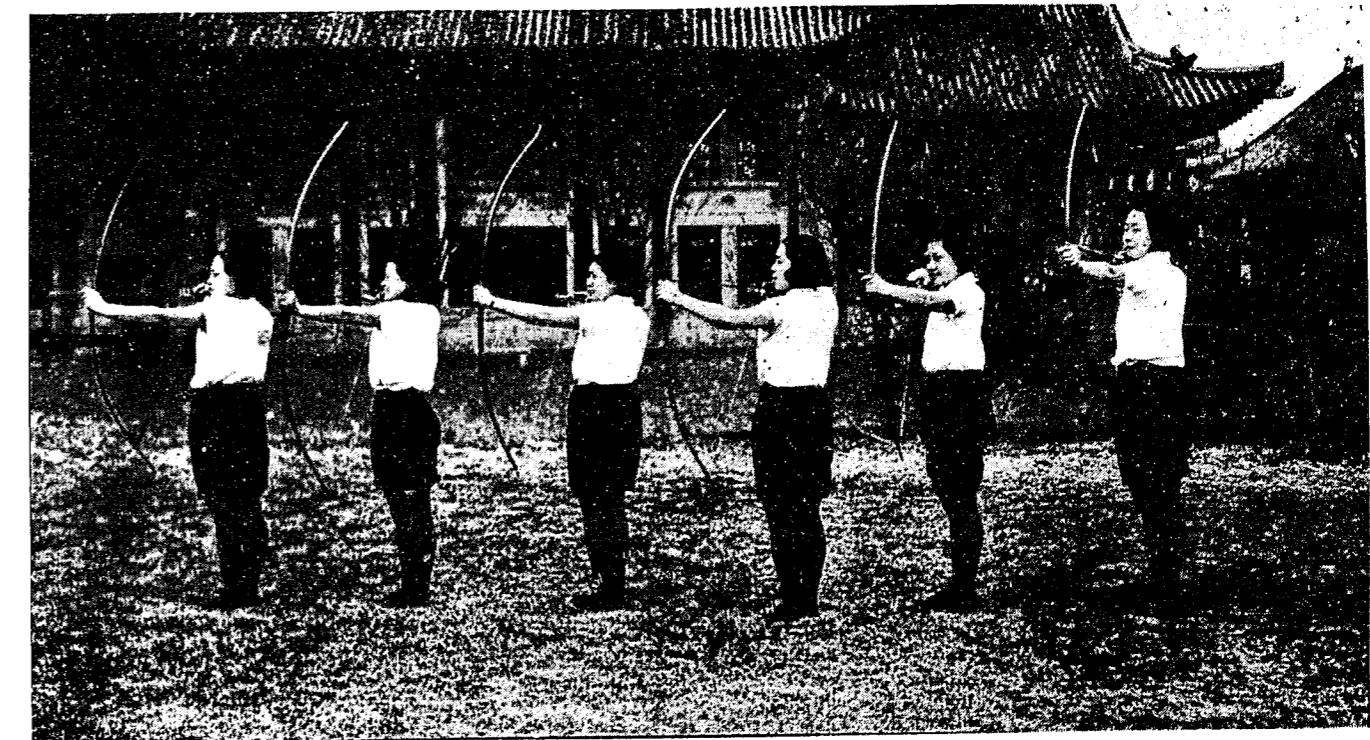


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顧問：Miss EDITH HAIGHT



排 球 隊

隊 長： 謝 文 息



射 箭 隊



壘 球 隊

隊 長： 王 鏡 清



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顧問：Miss HAIGHT
攝影團團長：高季容
顧問：熊子璣先生
總顧問：Miss EDITH HAIGHT



"A Wife to Order"



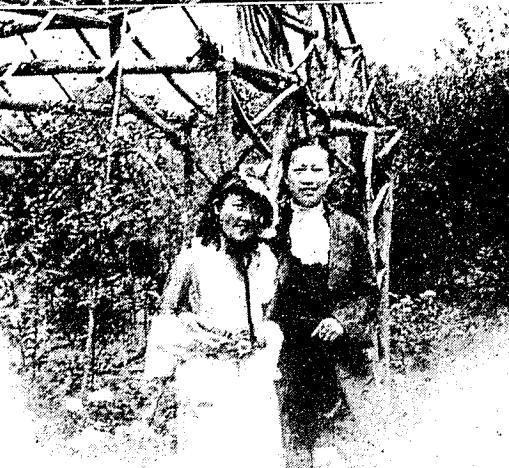
Joanna



Peggy and Lovell



Misses Posture



Embry and Peggy

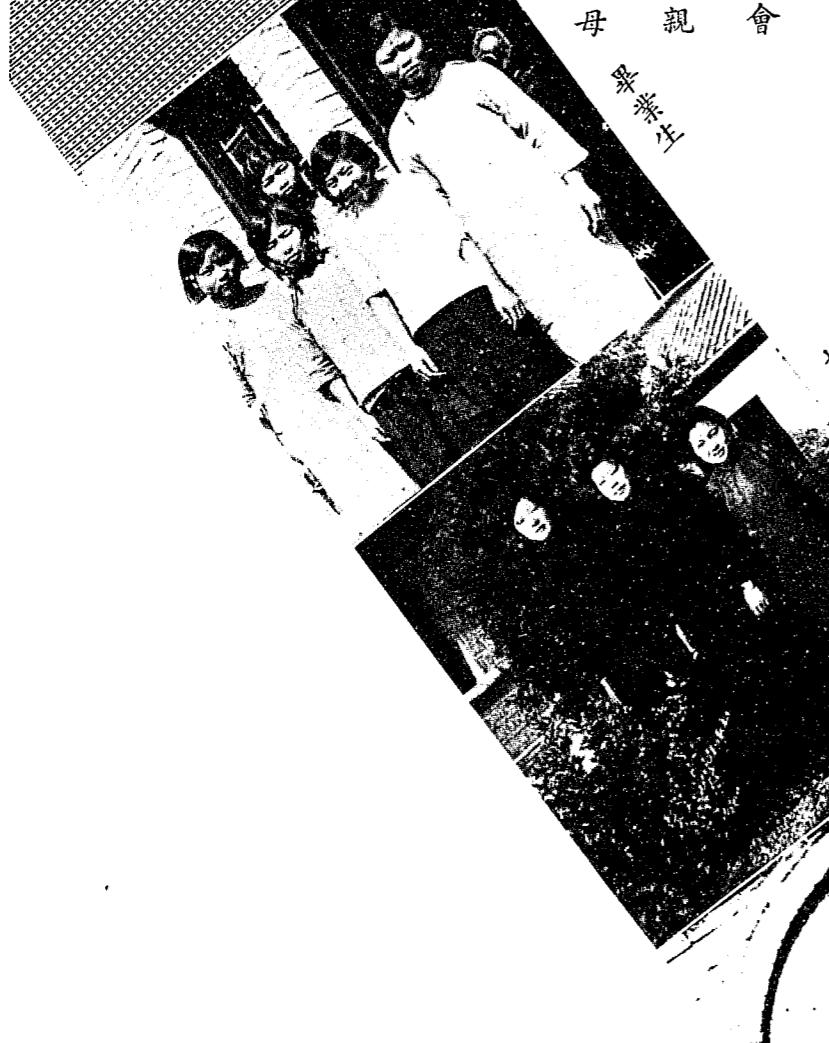


Peggy, Our Director and Joanna



主日學（一）

主日學（二）



青年會實際工作
懿範家政小學

主日學部及小學

青 年 會 工 作

全體職員歡迎衛生部長



宗 教 委 員 會



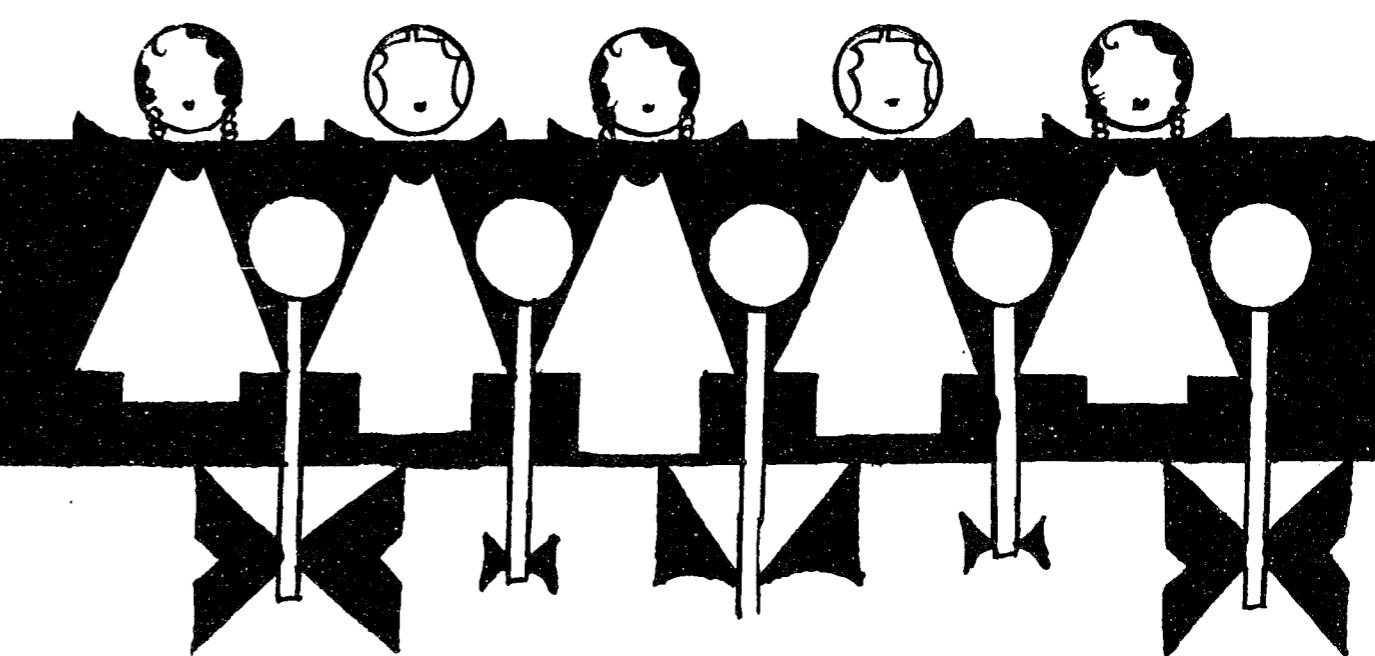
參 加 大 學 女 生 聯 合 會

華 東 大 學 夏 令 會



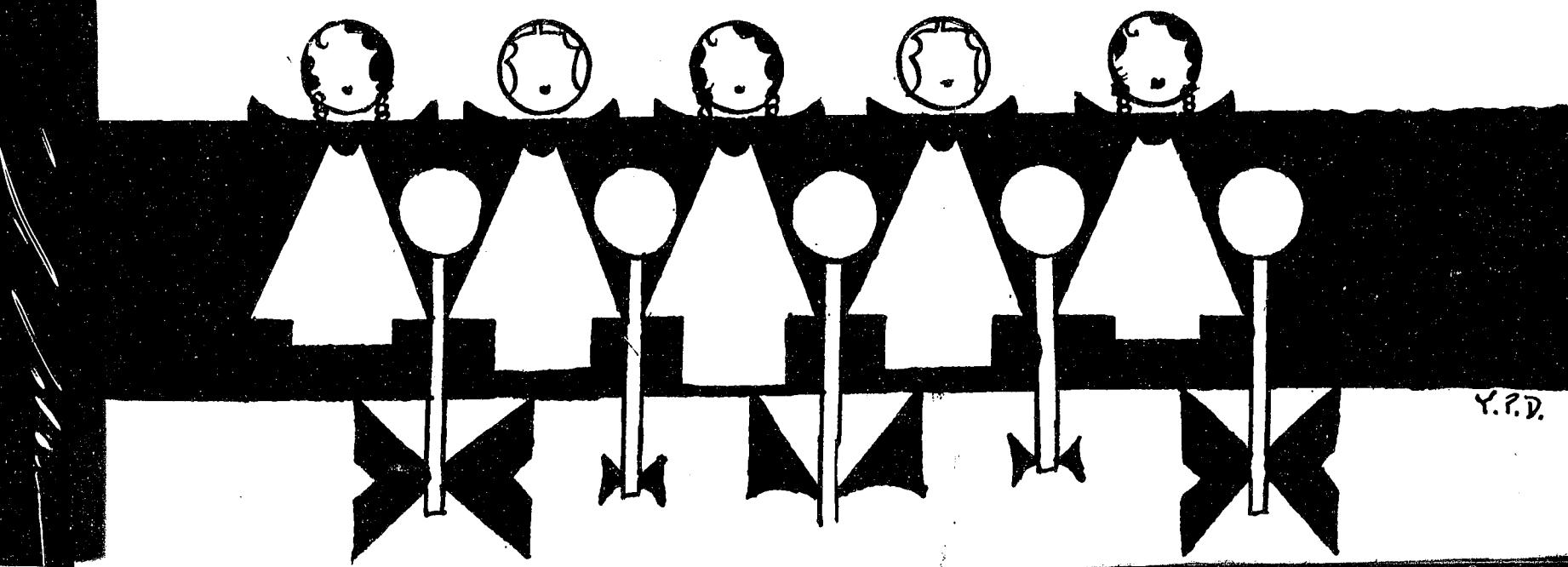
青 年 會 職 員 退 修 會

School
Lives



Y.P.D.

School
Lives



Y.P.D.

南京附近

無錫渚畔

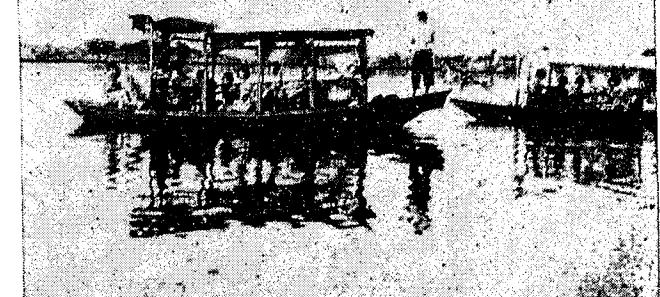


中園陵

譚墓前



後湖中



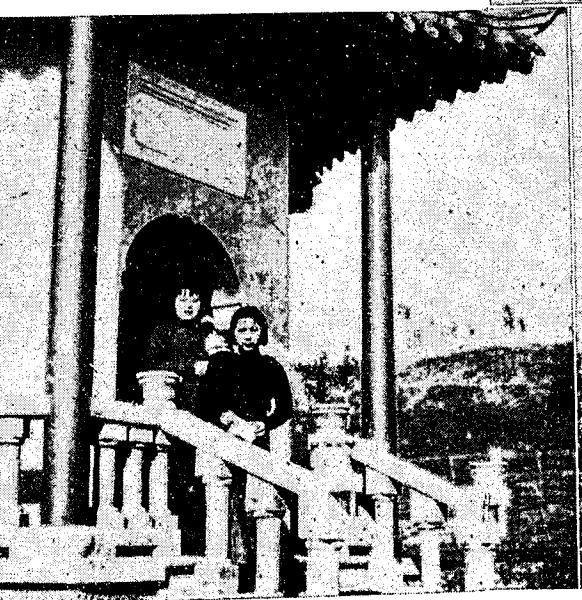
中山



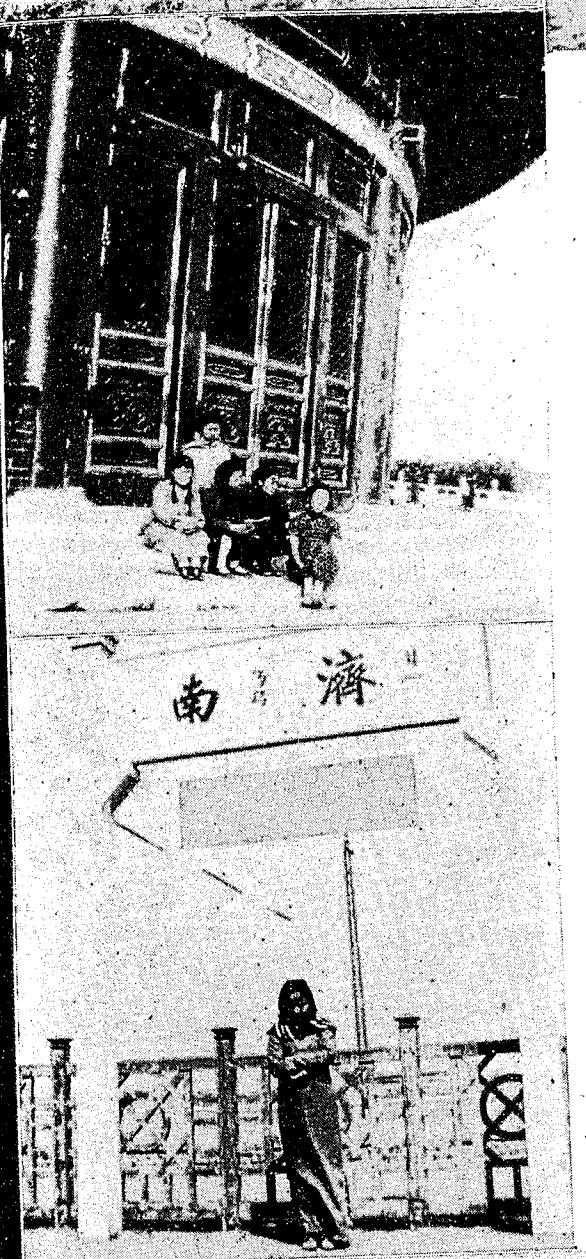
中山陵上

清涼山邊

營火
春分



春假北平之遊

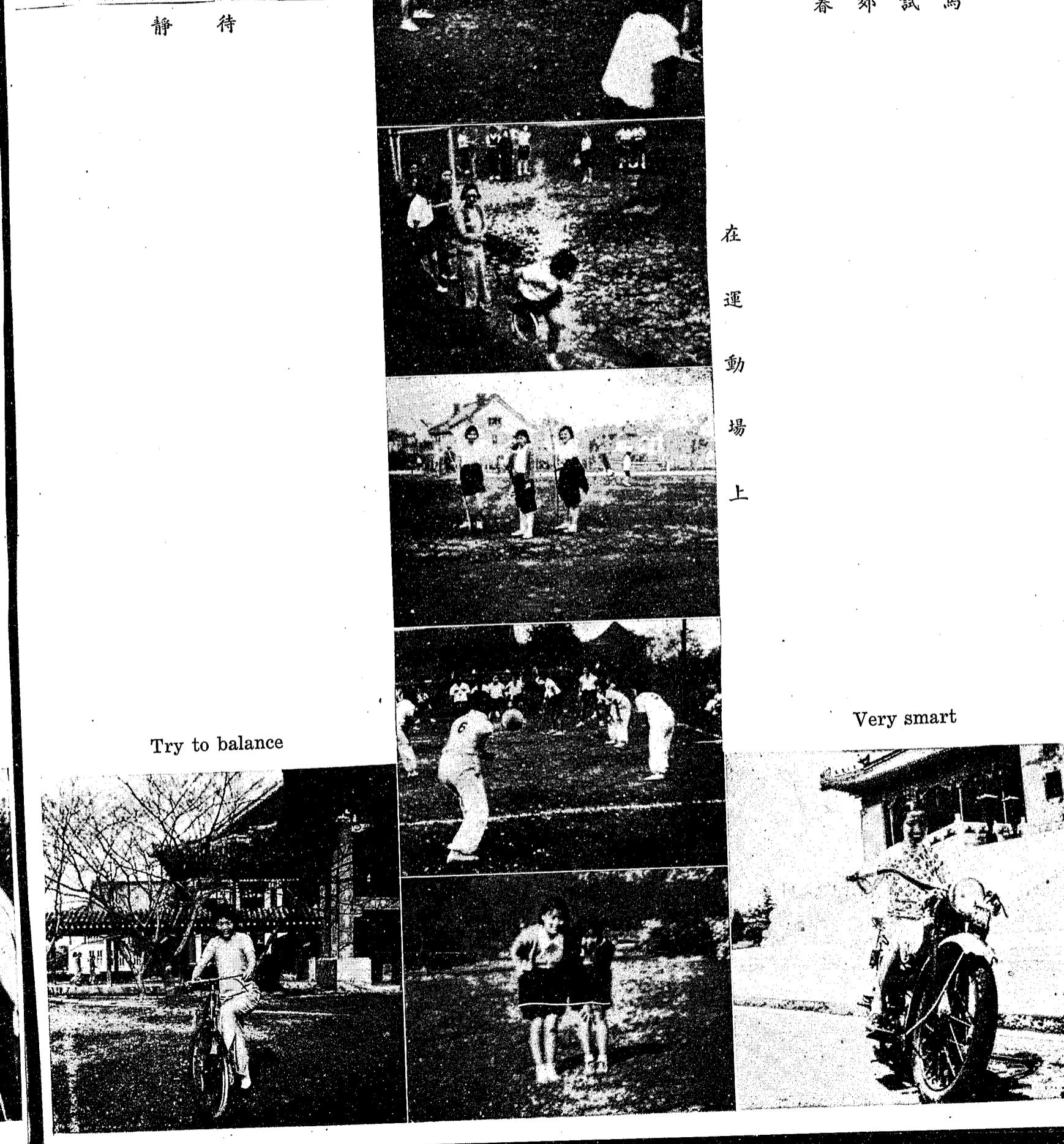
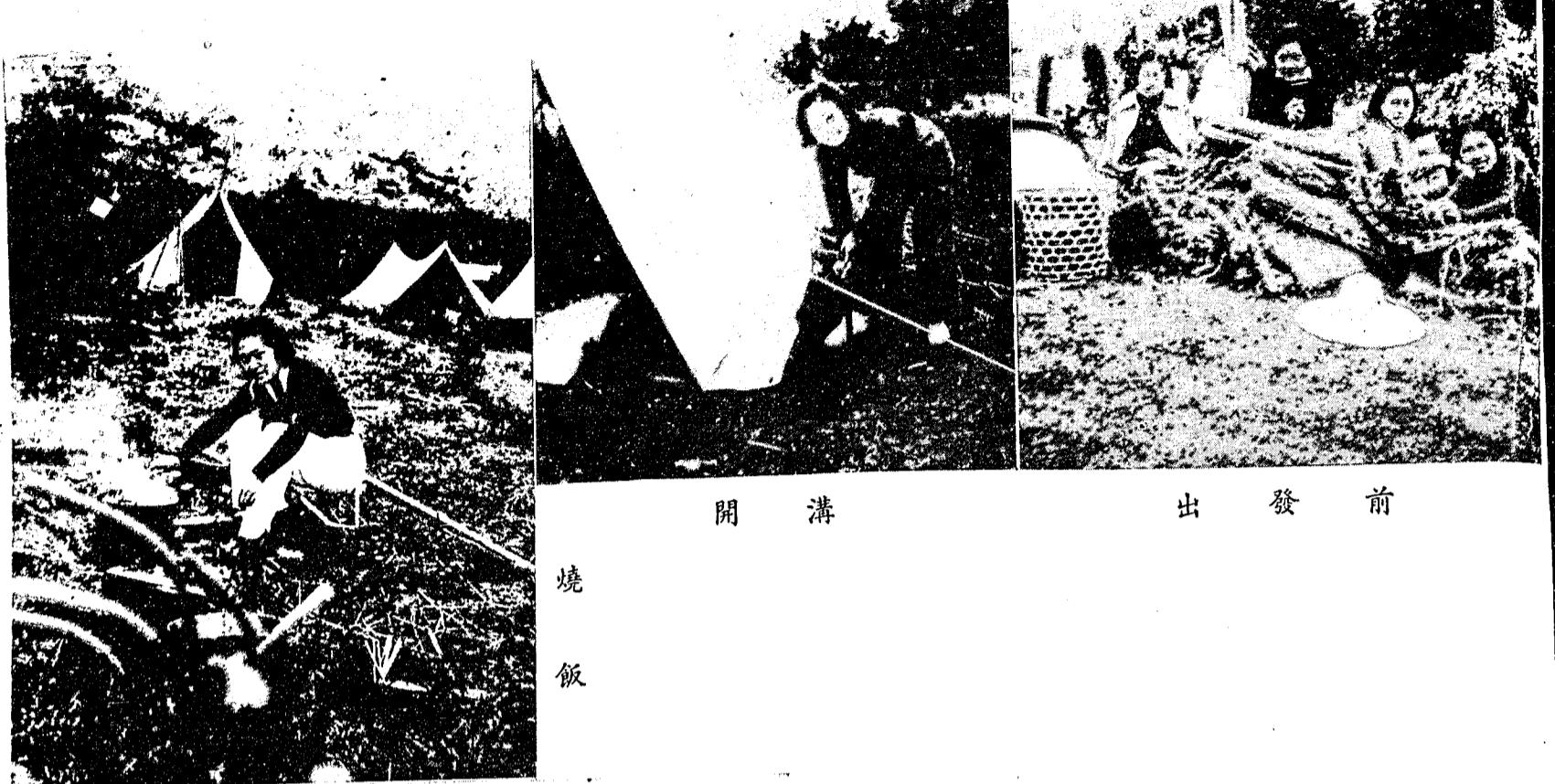


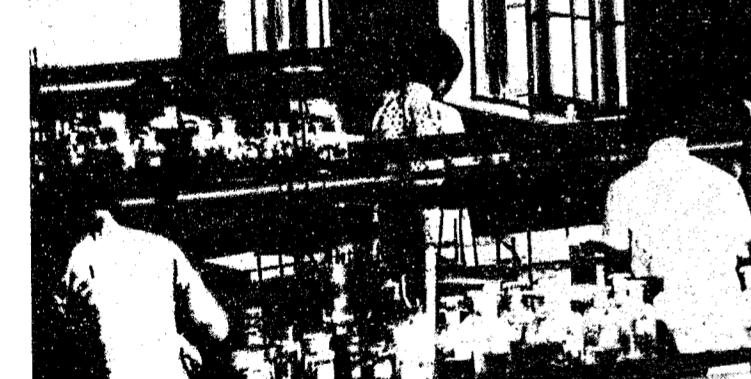
春假滁州之遊





紫金山下露營





READ COUNTER CLOCKWISE

Social investigation

在實驗室中

社會學系出發參觀前

顯微鏡下

Are you ready to adopt all of them?

化學實驗

貧民住宅區

社會學系之實地考察



READ CLOCKWISE



Busy for exhibition

中國地勢模型

Geology Trip

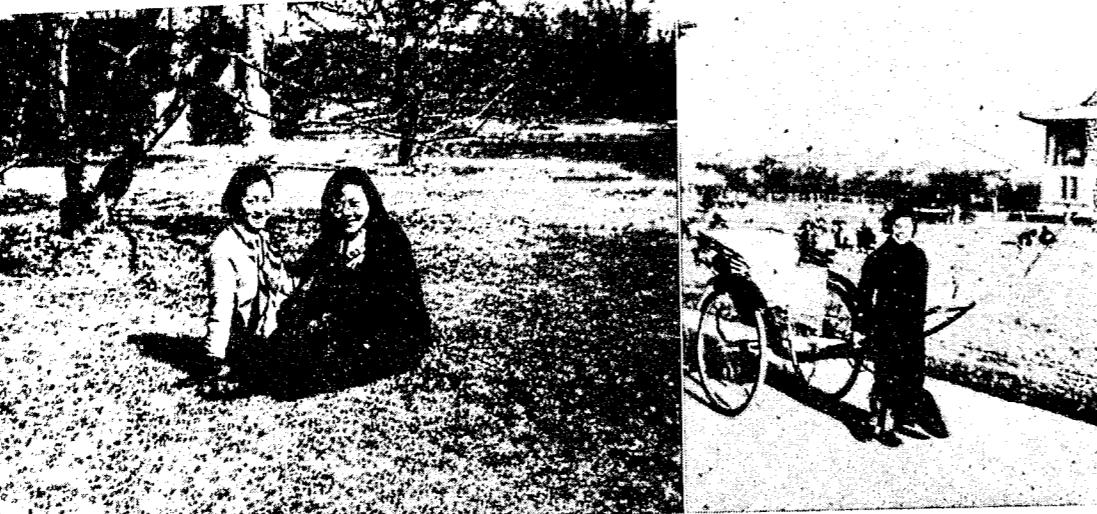
Great excursion

Collection of stones

"Read map carefully before going further"

Five minutes rest.





READ COUNTER CLOCKWISE

『上那兒，夫子廟？』

閒坐

參觀回來

浣紗女郎

四大金剛

Cute Maids

哀哉！胡君展堂。

雪地乘涼 不亦樂乎

亭亭玉立

自然像框

上吊？





READ CLOCKWISE

"Do you recognize the Chinese "six"?

Very dramatic action!

Take life easy

Juniors at play

笑迷迷一團糟

Diligent workers

Picture taken at ten minutes rest





READ CLOCKWISE

"Do you recognize the Chinese "six"?

Very dramatic action!

Take life easy

Juniors at play

笑迷迷一團糟

Diligent workers

Picture taken at ten minutes rest



LITERATURE

T.P.D.

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二十年來我國之國故整理

陳中凡——覺元

今金陵女子文理學院創辦於民國五年，今年適為二十週年紀念，校中擬刊行紀念特刊，垂示來學。主編諸君囑為述「二十年來國故之整理」一文，以饋讀者。適以移居，篋行狼籍；不克翻尋羣籍，博綜探討，僅就記憶所及，參之目前見聞，舉其華華大者，與海內外學人一商榷焉。

(一) 引言

整理國故之說，近二十年來，始宣騰於人口；溯其原流，實始於清代。有清三百年，其學派雖至紛歧，要以古典考證為一代學術之中心。蓋自顧炎武倡「經學即理學」後，一時學者多以治經為事，乾、嘉之世，爰標「漢學」之名，考證之風，斯時特著；舉凡羣經、傳記、諸子著書，下逮漢、唐各家箋注，莫不疏通證明，而得古學復興之結果。斯固晚近整理國故之先聲，猶之西紀元後一四五三年，東羅馬學者奔避意大利，從事希臘古典研究，為西方文藝復興 (Renaissance) 之前驅也。道咸而後，今文經學運動起，漢學別為兩支。言今文者務引古匡今，歸於經世致用。光、宣之間，康有為、梁啟超乃昌言變法，學術之途，至是丕變，西方科學及其工藝、技術，遂為國人所注重。直至民國肇造，章炳麟刊行其所著國故論衡，一時學風，為之轉變。民元八年，五四運動起於北平，一般學子津津於東西文化之比較，乃認新文化整理與國故運動為不可偏廢之兩大工作。茲言後者！先問國故一辭，涵義至廣，其內容究分幾目？昔章學誠言「六經皆史」，天下歎然宗之。夫尚書紀言，春秋紀事，兩者同為古史，固無待言；三禮所述典章制度，亦當與史同科。若夫易學，雖分象數、義理，圖書三派，孔門十翼，及晚周、西漢各家之言易者並言大義，則當屬之哲學。詩經所載，多里巷歌謡，當屬之藝文。故近人每嫌國學一名之混濁，爰析為哲學、文學、史學三者言之。

(二) 哲學

清人考證學，由文字、聲音、義訓，推求古代典制，原與哲學無涉；惟宋元人以來言理學者，每以六經為注腳，傅會釋氏之玄談；清人欲推翻其說，不得不援據經訓以相質證，戴震因著原善及孟子字義疏證兩書，主「惟情主義」以代「惟理主義」，實近代哲學上一大創獲，惜當時學者未知重也。

晚周諸子本以說理為宗，而清人治諸子亦從考證入手，猶之其治經學也。其學

約分數派：一曰：校勘。如汪中，畢沅之校墨子，謝墉之校荀子，孫星衍之校孫子，吳子，顧廣圻之校韓非，畢沅，梁玉繩之校呂覽，及王念孫之讀書雜誌，俞樾之諸子平議，孫貽讓之札是也。二曰：輯佚。如嚴可均之輯慎子，商子，章宗源之輯尸子，燕丹子，及馬國翰玉函山房輯佚書，黃奭漢學堂遺書考之輯先秦漢魏諸子是也。三曰：訂偽。如姚際恆古今偽書考之疑齋子，閻尹子，子華子，亢倉子，晏子，鬼谷子等書是也。四曰：疏證。如洪頤煊之管子義證，王先謙之莊子集解，荀子集解，孫貽讓之墨子間詁是也。

上舉四者，並與哲學無涉。其近於哲學者則為「通論」一派。如汪中述學有荀子通論，墨子序，墨子後序，孫星衍平津館叢書有墨子序，皆條舉一家學說，考其原委，評其中失，成一有體系之學說，實近人言諸子者之所本。清末，章炳麟著檢論，有訂孔，原墨，原法，通程，議王諸篇，持論宏通。後更著國故論衡，其明見，辨性等篇，亦多精到之論。又有莊子齊物論釋，以佛學唯識宗理論印證莊子，雖未免傳會，亦不失爲哲學上有名之著述。他於荀子微言自序其學養曰：「少時博觀諸子，略識微言，……獨於荀卿，韓非，謂不可易。……繼閱佛藏，涉獵華嚴，法華，涅槃諸經，義解漸深。」蓋得力於印度哲學者深也。其時嚴復所譯赫胥黎之天演論，風行一世，西洋哲學亦為一般人士所注目，「物競天擇」，「優勝劣敗」之說，播於人口，後更譯斯賓塞羣學，甄克思社會通誼，斯密亞丹原富，孟德斯鳩法意諸書，學者讀之，乃知西方社會科學之立說精闢，不在其自然科學之下。因多援引西說，以發明晚周諸子之意，如梁啟超之論中國古代思潮，及其春秋界說，孟子界說，墨學微等編，並見飲冰室叢書中。時嚴氏譯穆勒名學，刊行未竟，又譯耶芳斯名字淺說，識者又知立言軌則，必遵邏輯（Logic）。民元以後，章士釗倡之尤力，文見甲寅雜誌存藁，嚴氏實導其先路。此皆西方思想輸入後之影響中國哲學者也。

上述二十年前各家關於中國哲學之論著，多屬單篇，散見羣書中，絕少專門鉅製。其足稱爲專門著述者，則自胡適中國哲學史大綱始。胡氏此書，刊行於民國八年，誠近世哲學中一部開山之著。惜其書僅及先秦而止，訖未見續，以竟全功。且其所解未免狹隘。他排列先秦學術體系，從道家之老子起，至法家之韓非止，謂孔子學說「老子，少正卯，鄧析等說之反對。考老子之書，條理密察，未必出於孔子之前。又說：「孔子學說的一切根本，都在易經。」不知易除卦辭，爻辭而外。其彖，象，文言，繫辭及繫辭傳，並七十子以後之著作；謂孔子學說淵源於此，尤爲前後倒置。民十，梁啟及繫辭傳，並七十子以後之著作；謂孔子學說淵源於此，尤爲前後倒置。民十，梁啟批評其書，說：「這書第一個缺點，把思想來源抹殺得太過；第二個缺點，寫時代的背景太不對；第三，老子著作年代在戰國之末。」——梁任公學術演講集第一輯。由

今言之：胡氏非「把思想來源抹殺得太過」，實「傳會得太過」也。十九年後，李季又著專書評胡，由神州國光社印行，更覺精密。但李氏專以惟物史觀之見地，誤正胡說，持論公未免偏見。近辛望書店所出葉青之書，名爲胡適批判，實則葉氏自抒己見，於異同處略加辨析，更非完全批判胡氏之書。總之：胡書爲近代開山之著，昔人有言：「凡創始者難爲功，繼起者易爲力。」胡書之評價於此可見，所冀繼述者之努力耳。

梁啟超於清末及民元之初，曾著中國法理學發達史論，發表於新民叢報，國風報中。至民十一年，講學於南京東南大學，乃改編爲先秦政治思想史，凡三十四章：前三章爲序論，次八章爲前論，後爲本論，本論中前十六章分述儒家，道家，墨家，法家思想；後六章分論教育，生計，鄉治，民權諸問題。其範圍限於政治，法律，經濟三者，故敍述較爲詳盡。且於思想之史的序述外，贅以概論，實能以綜合的研究，予諸家以相當之評價。特其最後結論。提出「如何應用先哲最優美之人生觀使實現於今日」之一問題，而其斷案乃說：「一，精神生活與物質生活之調和；二，個性與社會性之調和。」不免仍陷於調停派之老論調耳。近陶希聖著中國政治思想史，乃將此調和折衷之二元論見解，改爲惟物的一元論見解，彼此觀點因大殊異，此則成書有先後，斯立場各不同也。

梁氏又著墨子學案，分述墨子兼愛主義，實利主義，經濟學說，宗教思想，社會組織，實踐主義，論理學及其他科學，並附論墨者及墨學派別，墨子年代考兩篇，概論墨學之全體大用，結論則深致慨於秦漢以後墨學之中絕。惜於墨學之所以發生，與夫中絕之原因，未能剖析，蓋墨學之社會背景，胡氏尚未真切認識也。

胡氏哲學史於別墨一章，論「墨辨與知識」，最爲精審。胡氏又取墨子經上下，經說上下，大取，小取六篇，詳加考釋，成墨辨新詁。梁氏讀而贊之，乃依晉魯勝墨辨序「引說就經」之言，欲將經說逐條分析，繫於經文之下。但經文間錯，句讀尚易；經說字句較繁，且互相連屬，每條起訖，動生疑問，引說就經，其事非易。又用張惠言，孫貽讓「牒經」之例，說：「凡經說每條之首一字，必牒舉所說經文此條之首一字以爲標題。此字在經中可與下文連讀成句；在經說中，決不許與下文連讀。」循此以讀，足以誤正舊注，成墨經校釋四卷。其後專解墨經之書，伍非百有墨辨解詁，鄧高鏡有墨經新釋，譚戒甫有墨經易解，范耕研有墨辨疏證，各有所見，譚書最爲可觀。其引西方名家之說以釋墨經者，章士釗亦多論述，散見甲寅雜誌中。

墨子全書，清代畢沅，顧廣圻，孫星衍，王念孫，張惠言校勘補訂，稍具解理。孫貽讓網羅諸家，折衷一是，成墨子間詁十五卷，闡義仍不能免。張純一著墨子間詁箋，間詁箋補校二書，李笠著墨子間詁校補，多所補苴。陳柱墨子間詁補正尤稱鉅製。

解釋老莊者，其人愈衆，文亦滋繁。如羅澤根編古史辨第四冊下篇所收關於老子各文，考證老子時代及其著書者也。王重民老子考所錄，關於老子著述者也。楊樹達老子古義，輯錄秦漢人解老之言也。劉師培老子韻表，考證古韻者也。其疏證文義者，以馬敘倫之考子叢詁最為詳贍。馬氏又著莊子義證三十三卷，薈萃章炳麟莊子解故，劉師培莊子校補，陶鴻慶莊子札記諸說。又取各本異文，更以北堂書鈔，藝文解故，劉師培莊子校補，陶鴻慶莊子札記諸說。又取各本異文，更以北堂書鈔，藝文解故，初學記，白孔六帖，太平御覽，文選注，後漢書注叢元，更求之聲音訓詁，考其類聚，初學記，白孔六帖，太平御覽，文選注，後漢書注叢元，更求之聲音訓詁，考其文字本義，乃能釐然理解。比之王先謙莊子集解，郭慶藩莊子集釋，精叢遠過之矣。

其通論諸子之書，始於江瑔之讀子卮言，陳中凡繼著諸子通誼，高維昌本之，擴充為周秦諸子通論。陳柱著諸子概論外，又為子二十六論，於九流十家，楊榷得失，終歸於實踐，符契「諸子務治」之言。劉汝霖周秦諸子考則說易諸子生平事蹟及其思想之淵源與影響，並考其書籍之真偽與源流。錢穆諸子繫年考辨考證先秦諸子生卒及其行事，用力至勤。劉汝霖東晉南北朝學術編年，蒐羅亦富，皆非前人所能及也。

前述胡氏中國哲學史僅及古代，兩漢以下尚付缺如。其後，常乃德著中國思想小史，楊東萼著中國學術史講話，並嫌簡略。日人宇野哲人著中國哲學史研究，中國哲學史講話，三浦藤作著中國倫理學史，渡邊秀方著中國哲學史概論，亦未能盡愜人意。近馮友蘭著中國哲學史，上冊述周秦哲學，持論精當；下冊述漢至清代哲學，限於正統派人物，取材未免太窄。他若李石岑之人生哲學，及其遺著中國哲學概論，呂思勉之先秦學術概論，姚舜欽之秦漢哲學史，容肇祖之魏晉之自然主義，雖斷代研究，亦時有善言。其他關於中國哲學著述尚多，未及詳加徵引，姑俟他日，再為補述。倉卒述此，媿未能詳也。

(三) 文 學

文學本以創作為能事，二十年來，新文學之小說、詩歌及戲劇層出不窮。茲言國故整理，當就其理解舊文學方面而言之，摹擬與創作皆非所及也。

中國文學界說，前人每廣泛言之，及於一切學術。為章炳麟國故論衡文學論略謂：「凡以文字著於竹帛謂之文」是也。劉師培循阮元之說，謂「必偶語用韻，始得稱文。」亦僅限於形式，而忽視內涵。近人取西方之說，知必以藝術技巧表現想像，感情、思想之文字，乃為文學。持是以衡量前人述造，如詩經、楚辭、漢魏樂府、唐詩、宋詞、金元雜劇、明清傳奇、小說，乃為純粹文學，其餘各體，則皆雜文學也。

清代毛詩學多致力於聲音訓詁，至魏源詩古微始論及作者及時代等問題。王國維乃斷定商頌出於春秋宋襄公之世，周頌為舞詩。——見觀堂集林說商頌，說周頌等篇。近人純以文學眼光言詩，特表章崔述讀風偶識及方玉潤詩經原始兩書，因是等篇。

關於採詩，刪詩，作詩，及詩樂，詩序，詩旨諸問題，並為言辨者所究心。如顧頡剛古史辨第三冊下所收，蔣善國三百篇演論所述，皆是類也。其能以民俗學解詩者，如胡適之說野有死麕，謂為「初民社會，男子獵取野獸，獻於女子以求婚。」最為允洽。其以文法學解詩者，如楊樹達之論三百篇「言」字、「之」字諸篇，並屬歸納的研究。郭沫若以今語譯詩，為卷耳集，學子踵效之，難符原意。謝无量之詩經研究，等諸自儕矣。

自廖平著楚辭講義，說「楚辭為秦始皇諸博士所為之仙真人詩，非屈子一人之作。」開疑楚辭之先聲。胡適遂於其讀書雜誌中發表讀楚辭一文，說「九歌為湘江民族的祭歌，與屈原傳說絕無關係。」又以史記屈原列傳文多錯迕，說「屈原實無其人」。嗣是，陸侃如，唐景升，錢穆，陳中凡等於此多所商榷。後陸侃如著屈原評傳，宋玉平傳，游國恩著楚辭概論，於楚辭之淵源，屈原，宋玉之事蹟，楚辭各篇之作者，詳加論定，猶未能解眾說之糾紛也。

關於樂府詩之論著較少，以古樂不存，探討自非易事。孔德著漢短簫饒歌十八曲考，所考限於饒歌。王易樂府通論則撮拾郭茂倩樂府詩集及各史樂志，通典樂典，通考樂考之說。惟羅根澤樂府文學史，陸侃如樂府古辭考於樂府源流派別及各篇考釋徵引較詳。朱謙之音樂文學史於此亦有論列。又關於古詩問題，如五言詩發生於何時？十九首是否西漢之作？及孔雀東南飛、木蘭辭等篇之作者與其時地背景，徐中舒，陸侃如，張為騏，張文昌，姚大榮等各有專文，散見各報，未易鑑述也。

批評唐宋詩之論文，較為繁富。許文雨之唐詩綜論，於唐詩之統緒，體製，材料及押韻等，各有申釋。胡雲翼唐詩研究依高棟唐詩品彙說，分初唐、盛唐、中唐、晚唐四期序述，蘇雪林唐詩概論則分派研究。胡雲翼又著宋詩研究，並有可觀。黃節詩學，於唐宋兩代詩式論列較詳。

平詞之作，以王國維人間詞話最稱精闢。言詞律者，則有鄭文焯詞原斠律。近任訥有增訂詞律之商榷一文——見東方雜誌，夏承焘有白石道人歌曲考證及白石道人歌曲旁譜辨——見燕京學報。胡適，鄭振鐸，姜亮天及日人鈴木虎雄，並於詞之起源，各有探究；以龍沐助詞原於曲之說，允為創見。蓋隋唐兩代，西方大曲傳布中國，文人僅取其一支填之，斯為令詞；取其長調填之，則為慢詞。後人昧其經過，漫謂曲源於詞，實為倒見。詳龍編詞學季刊中。劉毓盤詞史於詞之源流派別，縷述甚明。劉氏尚有唐五代宋遼金元詞譜若干卷，未見刊行；近趙萬里校輯宋金元人詞，唐圭璋擬編全宋詞，蒐羅尤備。

論曲之作，王國維戲曲考原，宋大曲考，唐宋大曲考，並洞見本源。更綜述為宋元戲曲史，實近代文學上一大創作。日人青木正兒之中國近代戲曲史繼王書而作，除歷述南北曲之廢興外，於清初「雅部」，「花部」之嬗變，言之尤詳。徐嘉瑞近著中國

音樂文學史，於大曲亦深明原委。專言散曲者則有任訥，既彙刊元人關，白，馬，鄭四家散曲，附以喬夢符，張小山二家之作，爲元人散曲三種。後更擴充，自明清人之散曲專集，選本，總集，至於各家論說，成散曲叢刊十五種，而以自撰之散曲概論及曲譜殿其末焉。梁乙真之元明散曲小史雖是刊行。吳梅收藏明清兩代之雜劇，傳奇甚富，曾彙刊爲奢靡他室曲叢二集，後燬於「一二八」之難，未竟全功。近人校刊曲本者踵起，與整理無多關係，故不備列。

自新文藝流行，舊小說遂爲世人推許，躋於文學之列。考證山海經者，有陸侃如，蔣徑三，何觀洲，鄭德坤等；考證穆天子傳者，有劉盼遂，衛聚賢等；考證水滸傳者，有胡適，鄭振鐸，俞平伯，李玄伯等；考證紅樓夢者，有蔡元培，胡適，劉大杰，李玄伯，蔡錦遠，王夢阮等。其他關於包公案，岳傳乃至民間故事及童話等研究，未易更僕數。周樹人之中國小說史及小說舊聞鈔爲有體系之述作。劉復編中國俗曲總錄藁，孫楷第編中國通俗小說書目，及日本東京大連間所見中國小說書目提要，載此類書目至備，足供參稽。

自敦煌石室發見「俗文」，「變文」後，知中古時代民間小說及俗曲外，尚有詩歌與散文混合之一體，爲佛曲之變相，彈詞與戲劇之前驅，鄭振鐸中國文學史中冊卷於此序述獨詳。鄭編有敦煌俗文學三集，劉復編敦煌掇瑣，羅振玉編敦煌零拾，所載皆此類材料也。

十五年來，坊間出版之文學史何祇三四十種，胡適之白話文學史較有見地。惜其所述，自漢魏訖於中唐，首尾未完。錢基博著現代中國文學史，起王闡運，下訖胡適，凡二十五家，附錄三十二人，於文章外，兼著行事，以俟後人論定，非僅傳其文也。馬沅君，陸侃如合編中國詩史，由三百篇，辭賦，下及散曲，實文學史中最重要一大部門。陳中凡著中國文學評論，以文學批平史弁其簡端；中華書局因分印爲中國文學批評史及中國韻文通論兩部。後羅根澤著中國文學批評史，詳盡倍之，郭紹虞著中國文學批評史，益遠過之矣。

(四) 史 學

中國近代史學界，自清末德人夏德 (F. Hirth) 著中國古代史，根據科學方法駁正古來無稽之談。國人讀之，始一變其治史之態度，知數千年相傳之神話及傳說不可盡信。西紀一九〇二年，國際漢學家開東方學會於德國之漢堡 (Hamburg,) 由俄人拉德綠夫 (Radloff) 計畫，組織國際中亞探險隊，至中國新疆一帶探險，英法德俄日本競派學者參加。英國由斯坦因 (M. A. Stein) 領導，法國則由伯希和 (Pelliot) 領導，俄由考斯拉夫 (Kozlof) 鄭登保 (Ol Denburg)，日本由大光谷陽，橘端超等領導，先

後在新疆考查發掘，獲得佛教經典，摩尼教經典，火祆教經典外，又發見許多漢籍及魏晉木簡。其時適河南安陽甲骨文字出土，所載多殷代君臣名號，斷爲殷墟遺物，蓋震動我國史學界，咸思依據實物及地下材料，建設可信的古史。一般竺古者流輩起嫉妒，誠爲贗品。終不敵懷疑論者之據批判精神，科學方法，其思想自由奔放，橫決而不可阻遏也。因分近二十年來史學爲信古，疑古及考古三派述之。

(甲) 古信派 此派竺信傳統的古代經傳史籍及諸子之傳說，下逮西漢以後之緯書，如春秋命歷序所述三皇十紀之說。謂：「天皇，地皇，人皇，兄弟各若干頭，人各萬數千歲。」又謂：「自開闢至於獲麟，分爲十紀：一曰，九頭紀；二曰，五龍紀；三曰，攝提紀；四曰，合雒紀；五曰，連通紀；六曰，序命紀；七曰，循蜚紀；八曰，因提紀；九曰，禪通紀；十曰，疏訖紀。」其他諸書所載：有巢，燧人，庖羲，神農諸氏，各有發明，以利民用。其後則有黃帝，顓頊，帝嚳，帝堯，帝舜，斯爲五常；嗣是乃有夏商周三代。夫夏殷禮制，孔子已歎無徵；五帝之「文不雅馴」，司馬遷亦謂「縉紳先生難言」。而近代史家有不待審思明辨，竟深信不疑者，如陳漢章中國上古史講義——北大印本，其最著者。柳詒徵之中國文化史，雖認三皇十紀爲神話，至燧人以下之五帝，則謂爲洪水以前之制作，悉出其手。蓋據世本作篇，並參之傳記諸子，以爲不可易也。更有略識近世科學，遂以之附會古史者，如以有巢氏爲巢居時期，燧人氏爲火食時期，庖羲氏爲畜牧時期，神農氏爲農業時期，黃帝爲封建時期，不求實物根據，任意比附，即以諸氏代表社會進化諸階段，尤屬可笑。

(乙) 疑古派 清代學者，繼漢王充，唐劉知幾而後，對於傳統學說力加攻擊者，始有姚際恆之古今偽書考，繼有崔述之考信錄，於古代偽書，偽事，考其來原，準之事理，詳加辨正。五四以後，疑古之風益熾，顧頡剛，錢玄同等專摘取古書中之破綻，窮究其造成之時代，及其所以偽造之原因；乃知古史率由歷世累積而成。其斷案謂：「層累地造成的古史，有兩個原則：一，時代愈後，傳說的古史期愈長；二，時代愈後，傳說的中心人物愈放愈大。」以上述兩原則可將古史總括成四種方式：「一，把每一件史事的種種傳說，依先後出現的次序排列起來。二，研究這件史事在每一個時代，有什麼樣子的傳說。三，研究這件史事的漸漸演進，由簡單變爲複雜，由陋野變爲雅馴，由地方的變爲全國的，由神變爲人，由神話變爲史事，由寓言變爲事實。四，遇可能時，解釋每一次演變的原因。」他根據上列方式，以研究堯舜禹的演變，及歷史問題，如井田制度的傳說，一一爲之推翻，斷古代無堯舜禹其人，及井田之事。不知禹見於金文秦公敦，猥謂「禹蕩蕩在字義上爲蟲獸之名」，遂假定禹爲動物，未免過當。且其說屬於破壞方面者多，於古史真象，未能建設，未盡治史之能事也。

(丙) 考古派 此派於書本，甲骨文，金文外，更從地質學，古生物學，人類學，

古器物學，社會學，民俗學上搜集古史材料，說明古代社會結構，民族遷徙，及文化發達情形。近代研究古史，既不能墨守成見，又不便一切推翻，惟有取地下發掘之材料，及各低級民族生活狀況，建設科學的古史，方有信今傳後之價值；否則抱殘守缺，徒自誤誤人而已。試觀王國維所著之殷周制度論，殷卜辭中所見先王先公考，鬼方昆夷獮狁考，明堂廟寢考，及古史新證，莫不根據甲骨卜辭及青銅器中文字，以考訂殷周兩代文物制度，為古史開一新生面。此特從古器物刻辭中蒐集一部分之史料耳，考古學者更推廣及於地下各項材料。首先研究地層，以決定其距今之年代；次考該層中所有遺物之種類及其性質，以推測其時人類生活之狀況，及其文化程度之淺深。如西紀一九二〇年，北平地質調查所於北平周口店發見原人之臼齒及矩形，核形，刀形，尖形石器，其地質屬於新生代第三紀之更新世。因知更新世之中期，中國北部發見人類，其時為始石器時期。又法人李桑（F. Licent）德日進（T. Chardia）於寧夏之水東溝，鄂爾多斯之薩拉烏蘇，陝西榆林之油坊頭，及甘肅慶陽等地，發見穿孔之尖銳石器，刮磨石器，及狩獵形武器，而其他層則相當於更新世之上部。故知更新世之末期，中國西北部榆林以西，寧夏以東，甘肅慶陽以北一帶為舊石器時期。又新世之末期，中國西北部榆林以西，寧夏以東，甘肅慶陽以北一帶為舊石器時期。又瑞典人安特生（C. G. Anderson）等於河南甘肅等地尋到古文化遺址三十七處。計河南七處，甘肅二十七處，山西，陝西，遼寧各一處。李濟等又於山西夏縣之西陰村發見此類遺跡，其遺物有陶器，骨器及各種精工石器，其他層相當於第四紀之洪積世。因知西起甘肅，東到遼寧，南至河南，北至山西，此一帶為新石器分布區域。甘肅之辛店，寺窪，沙井三地兼有銅器，為石銅區域。即當洪積世時，中國西北部為新石器及石銅並用時期。以上所述始石器，舊石器，新石器三期，其遺物上並無文字，故稱先史時期，其歷史即為史前史（Pre-History），其遺跡為史前文物。古書中所傳三皇，十紀之神話雖起於後人想像，其所假設之年代即相當於此時也。

繼石銅時期而起者為沖積世之銅器時期，其區域散布於黃河流域上下游一帶。今就發掘成績最著之安陽殷墟言之，其龜甲獸骨上所刻卜辭，孫貽讓，羅振玉，王國維並加考證，以卜辭中所載人名，地名，悉與殷代符合，因即據之考證文字異同及殷商禮俗，知為最寶貴之唯一史料。近中央研究院更於十七年後，作大規模之發掘，於殷代建築，彫刻，文字，器皿，發見尤多。董作賓等據是推定當時帝王世系，方國位置，巫史人名，及天文歷法，宗教禮制，莫不洞見本原——見甲骨文斷代研究例。郭沫若卜辭通纂考釋，朱芳圃甲骨學商史篇，並為綜合的研究，於殷代文化制度，能窺見大凡。然則孔子所歎為「不足徵」，與夫舊史中傳疑之文獻，今皆得彌縫補苴，略見端倪。考古學之譯益於書冊，其價值之宏偉，自不待言。特古物發見，必須就發掘時詳細觀察其地水面之升降，地形之變遷，地層之厚度及其次序，方能推定各文化期

之相對年代。此固非國家組織之機關豐富之經費，及專門技術人材，不能從事。奈我國近日所設此類研究機關，僅中央研究院，北平研究院，北京大學西北考古團，河南古蹟會數處。其成績以中央研究院歷史語言研究所考古組為多——比之地質調查所尚覺不及，而該組歷年所得即歸各組員保管研究，秘不示人；其他有志無力之學者，乃隨地俯拾石塊陶片之類似遺物者，參之該地歷史，即任意附會，譁衆取寵。無怪少數頑固墨守者流，借口嘲諷，以考古學為僅憑一磚片瓦即高談古史也。總之：今後言整理古史者，從書冊中所見之各文化期情況，必證之該期實物，使果互相接近，兩無違忤，方有十分可信之價值；否則一味盲從，或任情駁斥，皆毫無根據，無徵不信也。

自美人莫爾甘（L. H. Moagan）長期考察美洲北部及中部印第安人之結果，於一八七七年發表古代社會一書，據人類技術上之進步，區分人類社會之發達為野蠻時代，未開化時代，及文明時代三大階段。各階段之血族組織，社會制度，生活狀況，及其文化程度，莫不隨各民族所採用之新工具，或技術上之新發明以為進步。為說明社會進化之最初巨著。恩格爾（F. Engels）據之，著家族私有財產及國家之起源，將人類生活之歷史，由物觀的見地，作綜合的論述，亦為近世民族學上有名之巨著。郭沫若更據上列兩書之論斷，從甲骨文，金文，及詩書文獻上考察我國古代社會之來源，成中國古代社會史研究一書，又為文學界開一新研究之途徑。因是各雜誌中關於中國社會史之論文，層出不窮；對於中國社會史分期之研究，尤各持一說，王禮錫主編之讀書雜誌特刊行中國社會史論戰專集四冊，訖未得正確之結論也。其專著則有陶希聖之中國社會的分析，中國封建社會史，周各城之中國社會結構，熊得山之中國社會史研究等書，內容皆不充實，大抵皆偏於物觀的傾向；由是各家乃致意於經濟史之研究，則有朱新繁之中國資本主義之發展，郭真之中國資本主義史，陳嘯江之兩漢經濟史，任曙之中國經濟研究，馬乘風之中國經濟史，劉霄鳴之中國歷代耕地問題，劉道元之中國中古時期的田賦制度，兩宋田賦制度，鞠清遠之唐宋官私工業，全漢昇之中國行會制度史，及賀揚靈等譯述之元代奴隸考，著述蓋趨於專門化矣。近陶希聖主編之食貨半月刊，所載多研究此類論文，並附有中國經濟社會史重要論文分類索引，可供參攷。

地理學本屬自然科學之一部門，而沿革地理則與史學有密切關係。近年以來，研究甲骨文及金文中之地名與其地方制度者，有董作賓，于省吾，吳其昌，唐蘭，劉節，孫海波等；研究古籍中之地名及民族演進史者，有傅斯年，徐炳昶，錢穆，蒙文通，黃文弼，徐中舒等；研究地方志者，有張國淦，瞿宣穎，傅振倫，李泰棻等；研究中西交通史者，有陳垣，陳寅恪，馮承鈞，張星烺，向達，賀昌羣等；研究地圖史者，有翁文

瀨，王庸等。各有考辨之文，揭載於各定期刊物中。鄭德坤則專攻水經注，重繪水經注圖；朱士嘉專攻地方志，編中國地方志綜錄；馮家昇專攻遼金史，作契丹名義考釋等論文；張維華專攻明史，注釋明史佛郎機，呂宋，和蘭，意大利亞四傳；張星烺特輯中西交通史料外，又譯注馬哥孛羅遊記。顧頡剛近亦轉向於此途，與譚其驥發起組織禹貢學會，合編禹貢半月外，並擬編纂中國民族史，中國地理沿革史，中國地理沿革圖，考訂校補歷代正史地理志，中國地理書目，中國地名辭典，中國地方文化史料集，中華民國一統志等書。會集專家通力合作，其將來成就必有可觀者矣。

(五) 附 論

前述清代國學限於經籍，至近人擴充爲哲學，文學，史學三部門；其借以研究此三部門之工具，則文字，音訓是也。清人言文字學者必尊許慎，以說文解字爲古文字學惟一之專著。自吳大澂著字說及說文古籀補，每據周代鐘鼎彝器文字，駁正許書；羅振玉著殷商貞卜文字考，更謂：「甲骨文與金文相發明，足以糾正許書之韋失。」自羅王兩氏考釋刊布後，商承祚，柯昌濟，葉玉森，陳邦懷，陳邦福，余永梁，郭沫若，丁山，周宥，唐蘭，董作賓，吳其昌，孫海波等各有考訂之文，載諸各種期刊，葉玉森匯萃爲殷虛書契前編集釋。其彙集甲骨文可識之字，依說文部次排列成書者，王襄有簠室殷契類纂，商承祚有殷虛文字類篇，朱芳圃有甲骨字文字編，孫海波有甲骨文編。王書所錄八百七十三字。商錄七百八十九字，朱錄八百四十六字，孫錄增至一千零六字。且摹寫其文，一仍舊觀，重文異體，兼收博採，於商代用古之例，最便檢尋。彙集金文依許例成骨書者，容庚有金文編及金文續編。至丁佛言之說文古籀補，強運開之三補，兼及鉢印陶木文字。兩氏並補吳書，丁書較蕪。徐文鏡更割裂吳，丁，商，容等書，成古籀彙編，益無足觀。唐蘭擬編古文字學七書，由甲骨，金文，六國文字，及於秦篆，分篇研究；綜爲名始，用以箋正說文。先成導論，印行問世，指示研究方法，最便初學也。

言音韻者約分四類：一曰，古音學；二曰，廣韻學；三曰，等韻學；四曰，國音學。古音學從詩騷各古韻文，說文中之形聲字，及廣韻所保存之古音中，以求周秦兩漢之音。自清代顧炎武，戴震，段玉裁，錢大昕，陳澧後，章炳麟分古韻爲二十三部，黃侃分爲二十八部，分古聲爲十九類，至是告一結束。瑞典高本漢(B. Karlgren)著中國音韻研究(Etudes Sur La Phonologie Chinoise)及中國解析字典(Analytic Dictionary Of Chinese)兩書，用三十三種重要方音——其中包括日本，朝鮮，安南等國借用之中國古音，以考定我國昔時之讀音。蓋以西方科學爲基礎，將中國固有之學問，重新改革，以建設一種新的科學。吾人讀之，乃知不論研究任何一種語系之古音，首當根

據多處可靠之方音；其次乃爲韻書及其譯音，或其他材料，以之確定其古音音值，方不至於大誤。較國內學者僅根據古韻文，諧聲字，及韻書以言古音者，其取材範圍之廣狹懸殊矣。趙元任，王靜如各節譯若干章，載諸清華研究院國學叢刊，及中央研究院歷史語言研究所集刊中。其後，俄人A. Dragunov又著對於中國古音重訂的貢獻一文，於高氏所訂咍(灰)：泰，皆：佳，覃：談，咸：銜，山：刪，耕：庚等雙韻問題，加以討論。羅常培著切韻魚虞之音值及其所據方音攷一文，從六朝時之方音分布情形，於高氏之切韻音讀加以商榷。並見中央研究院歷史語言研究所集刊中。

江永四聲切韻表及戴震聲類表並以等韻方法研究廣韻，偏於審音；陳澧認爲不滿，別以反切方法研究廣韻，偏於考古；黃侃折衷兩派，一面從廣韻上切語之研究，以建立古音之體系；一面以古今音變解釋廣韻之分部，而不免仍多缺憾，因其對於語音歷史之觀念不明，不知語音演變，由逐漸推移，其過程至繁，非直接由古音即變爲今音也。故黃氏所謂由某韻變某音者，多與歷史上語音嬗變之程序不符。又以明清人等韻方法及近代音讀，類定廣韻等呼，歸納成二十三攝，亦與隋唐時實際音讀不合。較之高本漢據隋唐時音譯之外國語，外國傳述之隋唐語，宋元等韻表上所保存之隋唐音，及現代各地紛歧之方音，參互比較；又從陰陽入各部之通轉，及語音變化之趨勢上，以推測廣韻各部之音讀者，其精疏相越，自不可同日語矣。近張世祿作廣韻研究，即應用高氏方法，說明研究廣韻之新途徑者也。

等韻學一方綜合廣韻二百六韻，歸納爲韻攝；一方又於各韻中辨析其等呼。以韻目等呼爲經，以三十六字母爲緯，列爲各表，以統括百韻。勞乃宣等韻一得最爲簡明，近教育部規定之注音字母中之三介母，即用其說。國音學以三十九個注音字母爲注音之用，其音值雖以元明以來之北音爲準，其方法依據西方拼音文字及其發音學理而來，今後言音韻者自以國音爲主，而整理國故則注重古音及廣韻之研究，後二者特附帶言之耳。

本文以倉卒寫定，掛漏之譏，知所難免。憶北平圖書館有國學論文索引兩編，備載各刊物中關於國學單篇論著，至爲詳盡，學者可以取閱。本文祇能數及成書，勢難偏及單篇文字；其關係較重者亦僅提作者姓氏而已。又所引各家著述，或憑記憶，未能徧檢原書，注明卷數葉數，諸希諒鑒，文以客觀序述，於平生敬愛諸師友，概直稱姓名，尤抱歉忱。

二十五年春四月十日，寫於南京清暉山館。

宋高宗與女真議和論

繆鳳林

歷史上與敵國和議之事。有表面觀之。似不失為一種策略。而按其實。論其心。則萬萬不可恕者。如宋高宗紹興十一年與女真之和議是也。宋自高宗南渡。以屢敗積弱之餘。兵將驕惰。盜賊滿野。其勢固不足與女真敵。將欲長驅北指。復仇雪恥。雖三尺童子。殆皆知其不可。自秦檜一意主和。高宗亦專用之。以定和議。遂成淮南偏安之局。時既不能以戰爭圖進取。則以和保邦。事固未可厚非。論史者如宋之葉適。明之邱濬。清之趙翼輩。亦皆為秦檜作種種解釋矣。然苟一察當時和議之原因。過及宋室最後屈辱之條款。則其事與一般所想像者蓋大異。

女真阿骨打之叛遼。始於宋徽宗政和四年。時女真衆始滿萬。遼已不能敵。自政和四年至宣和七年。纔十一歲而滅遼。內收遼渾之降卒。外藉部落之健士。粘沒喝斡離不等分道南侵。徽宗傳位於子桓。是為欽宗。明年。改元靖康。十月。汴京淪陷。至二年四月。徽欽二帝北狩。上距宣和七年十月女真入寇。為時僅一年有六月耳。高宗初即位於南京。(今河南商丘縣。)改元建炎。繼逃揚州。金兀朮等復分道破河南州郡。長趨入淮泗。建炎三年。高宗渡江南奔。金人尾追之。入建康。破臨安。陷越州。(今浙江紹興)四年。金人陷明州。(今鄞縣)高宗走溫州。宋室至此。幾不國矣。幸女真之興也。驟得地而不欲守。飽掠北歸。不復南牧。宋室韓岳張劉諸將。因得以勤撫寇賊。措設軍府。紹興之初。(建炎五年改元紹興)江淮以南。遂粗可自立。金則謀以中國制中國。初於山東立劉豫為齊帝。繼復以陝西地賜之。宋雖號豫為大齊。禮之若敵國。不知愧恥。然豫與金人連兵入寇。固常敗之於襄陽。敗之於淮上。敗之於渦口。敗之於淮陰。較之往時蹈海之危。固已萬萬。而與敵講和稱臣納幣之議。即盛於是時。夫建炎之際。高宗間關海道。危如累卵。尚不忍北面臣虜。今國勢稍張。將士思奮。反欲稽願稱臣。其故何哉。

說者或以宋之稱臣。以女真許歸梓宮母后。及以河南陝西地予宋也。紹興七年。徽宗及鄭后凶問至。高宗遣王倫使金。奉迎梓宮。因及和議。會金廢劉豫。因許宋稱臣。而以陝西河南地歸宋。并歸梓宮及高宗生母韋太后。歲幣等徐議。八年。復遣使偕倫還報。論史者每謂時女真宗室捷懶宗盤等當國。思結宋以為外援。故許割河南地與宋。然史載當時虜謀臣楊克弼、楊憑獻書論和議三策。已以還宋梓宮歸親族以全宋之地責其歲貢而封之。為上策。守兩河(河東河北)還梓宮為中策。以議和款兵。繳歲幣。出其不意。舉兵攻之。僥倖一旦之勝。為下策。宋王庶亦言「金人自破大

遼及長驅中原。幾十三年。所得土地。數倍漢唐。所得子女玉帛。莫知紀極。地廣而無法以經理。財豐而持勢以相圖。又老師宿將。死亡殆盡。幼主權分。有患失之慮。……所用之人。非若昔日之勇銳。所簽之軍。非若昔日之強悍。又淮上虛荒。地無所掠。大江浩渺。未可易渡。諸將兵勢。不同曩時。」「以目今金人利害言之。講和為上。用兵為下。」又言「若以河為界。則東西四千里兵火之餘。白骨未斂。幾無人迹。財賦既無所從出。所責歲賂。無慮數百萬。若欲重斂諸路。困弊已極。安可取以充溪壑之欲。彼之為計可謂盡善。」(續資治通鑑卷一二〇、一二一)蓋河南之地。本非女真所欲得。故初以賜劉豫。豫既暴斂無復人理。從而廢之。則棄以予宋。而責稱臣納幣之實利。於計亦未為失也。特就宋言之。以不戰而收陝西河南之地。又得梓宮母后。雖稱臣納幣。亦可誣為委曲求全也。故當虜使張通古偕王倫南來。以詔諭江南為名。高宗一屈已受之。俾成和議。吾儕亦不忍苛責。然此非所言於紹興十一年之和議也。

高宗與女真之初定和議。在紹興八年。九年。宋大赦河南新復州軍。(赦文略曰。上穹開悔禍之期。大金報許和之約。割河南之境土。歸我興國。戢宇內之干戈。用全民命云云。)遣王倫往金受地。金主亦下詔河南。以陝西河南故地歸宋。而金兀朮以割地非計。捷懶宗盤適以謀叛誅。兀朮遂毀成約。執宋使。復分道南侵。十年。金人再取河南陝西州郡。宋亦出兵與爭。劉錡有順昌之捷。岳飛有郾城之捷。韓世忠有淮陽之捷。張浚有永城亳州之捷。宋史岳飛傳且言「飛遣王貴等分布經略西京汝鄭潁昌陳曹光蔡諸郡。又命梁興渡河。糾合忠義社。取河東北洲縣。自以其軍長驅。以闖中原。未幾。所遼諸將相續奏捷。飛自以輕騎駐郾城。兀朮合軍進逼。飛大敗之。梁興會太行忠義及兩河豪傑等。累戰皆捷。中原大震。飛進軍朱仙鎮。距汴京四十五里。與兀朮對壘而陣。奮擊大破之。兀朮遁還汴京。飛檄陵臺令行視諸陵葺治之。指日渡河。」雖宋史所載。多本諸飛孫珂之金陀粹編。孝子慈孫之稱述祖德。或非盡合事實。進軍朱仙鎮云云。李心傳建炎以來繫年要錄徐夢莘三朝北盟會編皆無紀緣。史家尤以為疑。然郾城之捷。二書皆備載之。其為實事。了無可疑。即金史宗弼(即兀朮)傳亦言是時宋將岳飛韓世忠等分據河南州郡。復出兵涉河東嵐石保德之境。以相牽制。又阿魯頤傳言宋將岳飛等襲取許陳三州。旁郡皆響應云云。則宋史稱飛克復京西州郡。并遣梁興會太行忠義及兩河豪傑。累戰皆捷者。必非虛語。而秦檜以屈辱為安。急於求和。遽令諸將班師。新復河南州郡復陷。十一年。虜使來議。以淮水為界。命宋割唐鄧二州及陝西餘地。納歲幣銀絹各二十五萬。餘仍前議。高宗悉從其命。定議和盟誓。命何鏞奉誓表往。虜亦遣劉筭來致冊命。此表文與冊命。同為吾民族有史以來最屈辱之外交文書。雖五季沙陀石敬塘重貴父子之於契丹。蓋未嘗有是也。

「紹興十二年二月。簽書樞密院何鑄知閩門事曹勛進誓表於金。表曰。臣構言。今來畫疆。合以淮水中流爲界。西有唐鄧州。割屬上國。自鄧州西四十里。併南四十里爲界。屬鄧州。其四十里外。並西南。盡屬光化軍。爲敝邑沿邊州城。既蒙恩造。許備藩方。世世子孫。謹守臣節。每年皇帝生辰並正旦。遣使稱賀不絕。歲貢銀絹二十五萬匹。自壬戌年（紹興十二年）爲始。每春季差人搬送至泗州交納。有渝此盟。明神是殛。墮命亡氏。陪其國家。臣今既進誓表。伏望上國蚤降誓詔。庶使敝邑永有憑焉。」

三月。金遣左宣徽使劉筭以袞冕圭寶佩璫玉冊來致冊命。其冊曰。皇帝若曰。咨爾宋康王趙構不弔。天降喪於爾邦。亟瀆齊盟。自貽顛覆。俾爾越在江表。用勤我師旅。蓋十八年於茲。朕用震悼。斯民其何罪。今天其悔禍。誕誘爾衷。封奏押至。願身列於藩輔。今遣光祿大夫左宣徽使劉筭持節冊命爾爲帝。國號宋。世服臣職。永爲屏翰。嗚呼欽哉。其恭聽朕命。」（續資治通鑑卷一二五）

夫以當日之形勢言之。宋苟乘屢勝之機。策勵諸將進兵。河以北雖不可知。而陝西南河南地未必不可得。（此亦趙翼語）即捨戰而守。淮以南。敵固不能深入。亦可無稱臣貢幣之恥也。今棄戰守而言和議矣。最低限度。亦必力持紹興八年之成約。乃前之金歸陝西南河南地與宋者。今則宋且割唐鄧二州及陝西餘地矣。前之歸地時猶未議及歲幣者。今則歲貢銀絹二十五萬兩匹矣。其誓表冊命之爲凡有血氣者所不能容忍。更不待論也。雖曰和議之成。秦檜實主之。然高宗非閭主。其所以不辨是非。不計利害。甘從賊檜之言。而忍辱羞蒙一至於此者。是必有故焉。

靖康二年女真之北歸也。宋帝室宗族及妃嬪被擄北去者數千人。就高宗最有關係者言之。徽宗與鄭后。則高宗父母也。韋賢妃。（高宗即位遙尊爲宣和皇后、及徽宗鄭后崩問至、遙尊爲皇太后。）則生母也。欽宗與朱后。則兄嫂也。邢夫人。（高宗即位遙冊爲皇后）則又高宗妻也。朱后以道殂。徽宗與鄭后則以紹興五年崩。邢后亦以九年崩。存者惟欽宗韋太后二人。母子之愛。天性也。高宗有天下而養不及親。每語及太后。輒無淚可揮。欽宗雖於高宗爲兄。然高宗之立。緣欽宗之北狩。欽宗復返。繼不圖復辟。高宗亦將難安於位。故韋太后者。高宗渴望其還。而惟恐其不歸。欽宗者。高宗不欲其歸。而又唯恐其或返者也。史稱紹興八年王倫與金之定和約也。「時劉豫既廢。傳言金人欲立淵聖（高宗即位、遙尊欽宗爲孝慈淵聖皇帝）於南京。以和定而止。」是金人本有以欽宗叔制宋人之計。秦檜知其然也。益造爲不和則太后不歸。而金且擁立欽宗之說。始則歛帝以愛親之名。而使之不忍不和。終乃教帝以拒兄之實。而使之不得不和。觀和議再定。金人許歸徽宗及鄭后邢后之喪。與帝母韋氏。而朱后之喪及欽宗。獨留而不遣。「韋后將南旋。淵聖臥車前泣曰。歸語九哥（按高宗爲懲宗）與丞相（指秦檜）我得太乙宮使足矣。（按宋制設祠祿之官、食祿而不事事、以優禮大臣之老而罷職者、太乙宮使即此類官也）他不敢望也。」後許之。且與誓而別。及歸。帝至臨平奉迎。見后。喜極而泣。后至臨安。入居慈寧宮。始知朝議。（指不許欽宗南歸）遂不敢述淵聖車前之語。（皆見陳邦瞻宋史紀事本末卷七十二）其後「金人來取趙彬輩三十人家屬。洪皓請俟淵聖皇帝及皇族歸乃遣。秦檜大怒。」（見續資治通鑑卷一二六）「張邵亦坐於檜言金人有歸欽宗意。斥爲外祠。」（宋史卷四七三）則秦檜主持對金和議。以女真羈留欽宗。爲宋室一切讓步主要之代價。其事蓋彰彰甚。高宗既以是遂固位之私願。「檜亦因是藉外權以專寵利。竊主柄以遂姦謀。」（朱子戊午謙議序語）此其所以定和約於郾城勝後。宋猶稱臣割地而貢幣。而以岳武穆之盡忠報國。爲女真所僅畏。高宗本賜札「設施之方一以委卿」者。亦不惜因和議故。特令班師。且恐其梗和議而誣殺之也。和議既定。檜以功加太師。封魏國公。檜又使其黨程克俊爲敕文曰。

第九子）與丞相（指秦檜）我得太乙宮使足矣。（按宋制設祠祿之官、食祿而不事事、以優禮大臣之老而罷職者、太乙宮使即此類官也）他不敢望也。」後許之。且與誓而別。及歸。帝至臨平奉迎。見后。喜極而泣。后至臨安。入居慈寧宮。始知朝議。（指不許欽宗南歸）遂不敢述淵聖車前之語。（皆見陳邦瞻宋史紀事本末卷七十二）其後「金人來取趙彬輩三十人家屬。洪皓請俟淵聖皇帝及皇族歸乃遣。秦檜大怒。」（見續資治通鑑卷一二六）「張邵亦坐於檜言金人有歸欽宗意。斥爲外祠。」（宋史卷四七三）則秦檜主持對金和議。以女真羈留欽宗。爲宋室一切讓步主要之代價。其事蓋彰彰甚。高宗既以是遂固位之私願。「檜亦因是藉外權以專寵利。竊主柄以遂姦謀。」（朱子戊午謙議序語）此其所以定和約於郾城勝後。宋猶稱臣割地而貢幣。而以岳武穆之盡忠報國。爲女真所僅畏。高宗本賜札「設施之方一以委卿」者。亦不惜因和議故。特令班師。且恐其梗和議而誣殺之也。和議既定。檜以功加太師。封魏國公。檜又使其黨程克俊爲敕文曰。

「上穹悔禍。副生靈願治之心。大國行仁。遂子道事親之孝。可謂非常之盛事。敢忘莫報之深恩。而況申遣使輶。許敦盟好。來存沒者萬餘里。慰契闊者十六年。禮備送終。天啓固陵之吉壤。志伸就養。日承長樂之慈顏。」（宋史紀事本末卷七十二）

其所以媚虜者。無所不用其極。而竊據相位。收攬威柄。誅賞予奪惟所欲。「察事之卒。滿布京城。小涉譏議。即捕治中以深文。」（宋史秦檜傳）嗚呼。倡邪謀以誤君父。假虜勢以制中夏。若檜者。非所謂萬死而不足以贖其罪者歟。高宗初亦有志興復。徒以不勝其苟且固位之私。偷安忍恥。覲顏事仇。卒亦受制於姦檜。至置刀靴中以自防。而又不免於千載之誚。嗟乎。後之人其亦知所鑒戒哉。

上新河區考察記

張鈺堂

（一）緒言：

中國是個貧弱的國家，誰都不能否認，就把目前的情形約略一想，也可得到一個結論：貧不止破產；弱不僅失地。究其原因，不外無合作的精神，乏進取的毅力，缺實地觀察而加以研究的工作，舉最近的事實爲例：山西河北等省的土地和氣候是最適合於種棉花的，可是很少去盡量利用，更說不到改進，眼看那愚笨的農人們用着十八世紀的方法，去播種，去收穫，結果是中國所需的細紗棉料，大部從外國輸入，然而今日的世界，決不是就這樣可以度日的。自己不注意，旁人却日夜睜着眼，用着

心，在計劃，在攷慮，就說棉花問題罷，二月前不是日本已向我們提出要求麼？內容是：『華北諸省，如河北山西等，一律換種棉花』哈！這不是人家在替我們中國開發棉業麼？可憐的！我們太遲了。真的太遲了麼？不，我們有血的青年，決沒有這樣的思想，趕快去考察，努力去研究；這是我們應有的目標，是我們該抱的精神。本着這樣的心理，我們地理學班很想積極去實行；並且我們也感到活的地理學，實在可以解決一大半經濟破產的問題，因為地理環境雖能形成人類生活的一切，但是同時環境亦以人類的智慧而轉移，因此我可說，人的使命，是去明瞭環境，適應環境，和改造環境，所以在三星期前，我們一班，曾出外去觀察上新河區一帶的地位，地勢，及其居民的生活狀況，現在我就把它今昔的變遷，至要的現象，和我所有的心得，分段的紀錄如下：

(二) 上新河區的今昔：

上新河區位於南京市的最南部，在歷史上有相當重要的價值，於元明二代，商業繁盛的上關，適在它西邊的中部，也可說在大勝關的上部，考它商業興隆的原因：(1)有龐大的碼頭。(2)適為長江下游的要口。(3)有便於航行的上新河及北河，(4)有直達城內的秦淮河，真可說，天賜的自然商埠了，然而近三四十年來，這可讚美的市面，大大的衰落，研究它至要的原因，有天然的變遷，也有人力的不足。關於天然的變遷，因歷年河沙的淤積，江水的深度減淺，同時江灘的伸長，如新河口一帶，使江面縮小，以致較大的汽輪不能通過夾江；從人力的不足方面看，河道的壅塞，即可證明人為的疏忽，把雜物亂拋，而且是懶於疏通的結果，再探索一下，還有一個使他衰落的原因，就是陸路交通的發達，如馬車等的應用後，使下關如雨後的春筍般興起來，但是今日的上新河區，還有它相當的功用，就是仍有一部分的進口貨，如木材，鷄鴨，水菓等，還是沒有放棄這古代聞名的商埠。

從行政方面看，也有很大的改變，在民國廿三年以前，上新河一帶是屬於江蘇省西南的江甯縣；江心洲是屬於江北的江浦縣，在去年九月，南京市劃界時，就把這二處合為南京市十二區之一，共分，北浜，南浜，上新河，北圩，南圩，鳳台，善德，和江勝八鄉，近來在市政府的計劃下，已有自來水廠的建設，及無線電台的佈置，照中山先生的計劃，將來通到浦口的火車，要從江心洲底下作隧道而經過，倘使真的能實現，那將來的上新河區，決非我們所想像的了。

(三) 自然環境：

(甲) 地形：全區面積約七萬多畝，略如三角形，北廣南狹，大部為平原，只有東北的鳳台鄉及善德鄉為山地，江邊一帶是較低的沖積地，除此以外，有錯縱的河流，池沼的點綴，可謂山水俱全的一塊豐裕的大平原，八鄉的分界，大半以天然的地理

形勢，像上新河鄉和北圩鄉是以河流做界限，善德鄉和南圩鄉是以山脈盡頭處做界限，及北圩和南圩以土堤為界等。

(乙) 氣候：氣候的調查，決非一二日的工作，所以就應用南京已有的氣候統計，要來得正確些，此區位於北緯三十二度，北溫帶內，季風影響所及的地方，氣壓冬高夏低，所以雨量夏多冬少，溫度平均在夏季攝氏二十七度強，冬季則在零度以上，全年雨量約在四十吋左右，至於霜期，那早霜在十一月中旬，晚霜則在三月中旬，所以生長的時期，可有八月，極適合農作物的種植。

(丙) 土地。土地對於人民生計，很有密密切的關係，一切的收穫，都以土壤的性質而定（當然還有其他要素，如氣候等）該地的土壤，在上面已說過，大部是沖積平原，東部略有山地，西部有較低的江灘，所以大部的土質，是沖積泥土層，內含多量埴土（Humus），所以在南圩和北圩大半是耕地，南圩竟達一萬畝之數，出產以稻為大宗，麥豆菜類等次之；鳳台，善德雖都是山地，但也有少數的耕地；北浜和南浜是工商農並重，因為北浜有北河口為其出入貨物市集之所，南浜正靠近工商繁盛的上新河鄉，上新河鄉大多數人雖經營工商，但也有一部分之耕地，不過出產大宗以麥為最主；因該鄉為現代沖積層，地下蘆葦的腐根，容易漏水，故不適合水稻，十多年後，蘆根爛盡，也許能有種稻的希望，江勝鄉因地瘠而多沙地，只能沿江邊耕種麥荳，中部是蘆葦叢生之地。

(四) 生活與環境的互應：

(甲) 人口密度：人口的分佈，很不均勻，其中以北浜鄉為最多，約占全區百分之二十二。一；上新河區次之，約占百分之二十一。三；因這兩地是工商區，各地人民易於會集，中部人口較少，因大部分是耕地，東北山地人口亦少，而以江勝鄉的人口為最少，只佔百分之六。八，因它是新近沉積的沙洲。

(1) 本籍與外籍人口的對照：由全區數目看來，本籍的人口，約占總人口的百於分之四十八，其他百分之五十二，則來自安徽湖南湖北江西等省，由性質上看來，那工商區的外籍人口較多於本籍，且大半為流動性的人口，農業區適相反，本籍多外籍，因他們的職業，需要固定的地方。

(2) 有職業與無職業的對照：全區有職業者，約占全人口百分之五十九，農業區有職業者較多於工商區，因農田區大半是耕稼的農夫，極少游蕩的浪民；工商區，雖有工人和商人的擁擠，失業而閒散的人也多。

(乙) 經濟狀況（以上新河鄉為主）

(1) 農業狀況：上新河鄉的總面積，據當地財政局調查統計，約有四千餘畝，土地利用的方法，約分三種，分述如左：

(A) 耕種地：近江東門外一帶之蔬菜圩及沿江邊一帶約一千四百多畝，在民國十八年為徽甯塑業公司所收買；冬季作物有冬麥，秋季則有珍珠米和黃豆等，因地處蘆葦根蔓佈，易於漏水，不能種稻。

(B) 池塘：池塘總面積約二百餘畝，屬徽甯塑業公司管理，大宗出品，為藕菱，但產量很少，亟需改良，以增廣其產量。

(C) 其他：則為蔬菜地及農民住宅。

(2) 商業狀況：商業的繁盛，要算新河鎮及新河口一帶為最，各有南北二大街，為買賣的中心，商店大約有四百多家，木行最多，木器店、飯店、雜貨店等次之。

輸出品有米麥豆等；輸入以木料為最多，大部由江西、湖南等省輸入；以前運輸日期，約需六七星期，在汽船通後，十天可達，運輸時把木料編成木筏，每木筏約值二十萬元，其次有由六合江浦輸入的鷄鴨，及下水載來的各種菜實，鷄鴨水菜都在北河口上岸，然後由小河載入城內，因水路的運費較陸路的便宜。

(3) 工業狀況：工業不發達，種類也不多，只新河口南街以編竹繩為生的約有一百餘家，工人大都是揚州人，每日工資由一角至二角不等，這種竹繩為捆木材之用，故非獨立的工業，假使木材銷路不廣，供過於求，他們就有失業之慮。此外有碼頭挑夫很多，以搬運鷄鴨水果等為生。

(4) 運輸狀況：水陸兩方都很便利；水路有長江，上新河，和秦淮河；陸路則大道小路都有，各式車馬都可直達，並有按時的公共汽車，可載城鎮居民往返，交通尚稱便利。

(丙) 社會事業：

(1) 農村合作社：中國農民銀行為謀本區農民的福利，發起信用合作社，農村合作社即由此演進而成，農民合作社聯合辦事處有三所，設在中華門、江心洲，和上新河鎮，三處，每處由六個信用合作社組織而成，上新河鎮的信用合作社，社員共有三百多戶，每年秋季收買各社員的農產品，然後分銷各地，在青黃不接之際，社員可向信用合作社借貸。

(2) 商會：只有木業公會的組織，因其他商業尚未發達。

(3) 衛生事業：這鎮雖沒有衛生局一所，但缺憾很多，飲水都取於江中，街道狹隘又不整潔，醫生極少，約二三家。

(4) 教育：全區識字者很少，約占全數百分之十四，工商業區較多，農業區很少，新河鎮有鄉村小學二所，市立小學一所，學生約五百人左右，外有貧民夜校，以教成人識字，但是効率不大。

(5) 宗教：有福音堂一所，廟宇很多，可知人民以信仰佛教者居多。

(6) 娛樂：有茶館、大戲院、賭博，及街頭唱戲等，所以正當娛樂的提倡，實在是急需的。

(五) 結論：

總上所述，雖不詳確，但可得一概念，倘使把它的天然環境和居民的反應方面仔細一想，就可知這美好的天賜產業，還沒有充分利用，還沒有加以有思想建設的計劃；雖近來有自來水廠和無線電台等的設置，但惠及不及於全民，故需要其他的改良，我們這次考察的結果，當然不能即刻實地去工作，但有一二對於將來改進的建議，很願把它寫出，或許可供一部份人的參考：

利用荒地：在大路的兩旁，有許多野草叢生的荒地和墳地，不能充分的利用，考其原因：一由於居民迷信的觀念太深，大家都以為在墳地前後，不可耕種；一由於農民缺乏開墾土地的智識，所以啟發農民的智識，實在是一個很重要的問題，如那些較高的荒地，不宜於種稻麥，則可種植樹木，不但可增加美觀，而且還可調節氣溫和溼度，真所謂一舉兩得的事，或可以把一部分的荒地，改做牧場，來發展小規模的畜牧業，同時可以救濟一般失業的人，這是值得我們去注意改良的一點。

利用池塘：出江東門外，沿上新河兩岸，散佈着很多的池塘，雖有一部分作為養魚種藕之用；但是大部尚棄而不用，最顯著的原因，是居民沒有資本，同時也因在收穫的時候，容易給人偷去，所以最好有公共機關，如合作社等等的組織，是很可幫助水產事業的發展，對於農業發生興趣的人，實在是一個很好的機會。

疏通河道：在天然的形勢下，已有便於航行的河道，但現在大都壅塞，不能暢達，這是很可惜的事，因良好的水道的運輸，比較陸路的運輸便宜得多，所以疏通河道，也是建設事業之一。

教育及娛樂：不識字的人數約佔全區百分之八十六，因此就影響到種種迷信的固執，卑鄙娛樂的沉醉，絕無朝氣勃的景象，所以學校的添設，正當娛樂的提倡，實是社會改良者所應注意的要點。

總之，我們因時間短促，考察不詳，因此所有的建議，也不能澈體的起衰救弊，希望以後更有精細的研究，真切的利用地理智識來解決一部困難的民生問題。

——完——一九三六.一.六

陶谷寓居自遣

鎮藩

谷外軒來少。

山居坐寂寥。

雲閒掃葉近。

板閣琴書靜。

金尊意氣豪。

何當雲漢上。

樓峙小倉高。

六翮展霜毛。

秋曉登掃葉樓

塞上風雲緊。 樓闌朝日憑。
葉落誰將掃。 時危我獨登。

前人

天秋牛首瘦。
興亡無限意。

吟贈九威

瑪賽梯航返。 翩然過上京。
筆陣千軍敵。 英風四座傾。

前人

開尊慰遠役。
潛龍當一奮。

壽安徽懷遠蓬萊仙館主人孫濟川先生

前人

百歲喜齊眉。
瓊液駐顏少。

況逢煙景賒。
琪花插鬢斜。

芝蘭何秀發。
淮西樵唱路。

桃李豔朝霞。
相挽鹿門車。

如此天堂

紀倩

蘇州本是個著名的安樂鄉，生活，無形中充滿了閒適和恬靜的情調；一座衰老的灰色古城，依然不失它底本來面目；雖則近年來，沾染了上海的都會之氣，狹窄得貓兒可以從左家的屋面跳到對門的街道，竟也放寬了許多；但外鄉人因慕蘇州之名而來此的，依然不免要失望，覺得它不如理想中的美麗，全城竟沒有一條平整的柏油路！隨處都還是石子砌成的街面。出門時，除了人力車以外，汽車就如六月裏的冰雹，簡直找不到影蹤。偶而遠方來的要人閑客之流，電掣風馳似把汽車直駛進了城，說不定會遭遇十五六世紀時，僑民被美洲土人圍困的類似情形，尤其當龐大的車身，爲了通不過羊腸似的街道而祇能退出時。想罷：商店裏的夥計，街頭的野孩子，弄堂中的閒得沒事做的女眷，立刻會如飛蝗般擁過來，如果有人站在高處遠望的話，或者以爲成羣的蟻蟻，正在抬一只蒼蠅罷？聲浪是嘈雜的，秩序又異常紊亂，而且有人還得罵：「瞎眼睛的，把汽車開進了城，動彈不得，活該！」旁邊或者插一句：「生了根也罷！」至於手中捧了水煙袋的布莊老板，却不由不把他的一個光而且大的禿腦袋，

像暴風雨中帆船似的搖幌不定，帶了嘆息聲調說：「變了！蘇州的日子，一天比一天不安靜，將來不知怎樣過得了！綁票匪有了汽車，可了得嗎？」他們是想到了蘇州擁有百萬家私的富翁，將如何被一羣殺人不眨眼的暴徒，用屠夫絞豬的動作，拖進了變相的肉店；在不能滿足他們的慾望時，又怎樣被支解得如實驗室的青蛙，隨意地呈露在空氣中。於是乎有錢人都嚇得不敢出門了！太太小姐也不會像目前那樣跑店堂跑得出勁，老板用盡心計，去迎合他們愛好而進的一批批洋貨，說不定買不起貴的價錢來，日子可就難過了！一方面，公安局，保衛團，偵緝隊，又須爲捕捉盜匪，滿街亂撞，還有，通了汽車，他們這輩戴老花眼的垂死人，怕不容再在街道之中踱方步罷，多麻煩！

停在街中心的汽車，的確爲難到了極點，進既不能，退又不得，真如陷入了淤泥。昂坐車廂中的大老爺，閑太太，小姐，少爺之流，最先的悠然自得之態，逐漸萎靡下來，終於是只剩了羞怒與煩躁；而其時，他們這輩平日爲人羨慕着的兜風，無異成了犯人臨刑前的遊街示衆，再被人唾罵没有了！非至站岡的警察，看不過，並且覺得不得不走來干涉時，這一幕滑稽趣劇是不會立刻演完的，除非每個觀望的人，都失了興味。

走在街上時，風中常傳來一陣陣奇臭的氣味，原來蘇州那樣一個號稱水明山秀的靈氣所鍾的天堂，尿池廁所之多，誰也無法想像。說得不過火，至少在每一條巷口，或數條交界的通衢旁，十之八九能發見這普遍的建築。縱然是所謂上流社會的男子們，似乎並不以爲在大衆之前，當街把褲子一拉就便溺是一件失之雅觀的事。比較老資格的，又往往口中啣了雪茄，滿不在乎地回頭探望着過往的行人。一輩下流的東西，更故意做出卑鄙不堪的形狀，尤其當他們看見年輕的女子走過時。夏季裏，這些地方格外變得有趣了，灰白色的水泥上，塗滿了一層層黃而且厚，厚而且膩的尿垢。乾了的澆濕了，濕了的又吹乾了，好比一張潔白的畫稿，經拙手的多次塗改，水痕和顏色，已到了永不能和諧的地步。就在這幅稿子上，無數白色的蛆蠕動着，於日光的照耀下，反射出微弱的閃光，如雲夜的星一樣，閃爍的，同時又慢慢地在天空中爬。要是有人光顧了，白而軟的小東西，便立刻被沖得四散；然不久，他們又均勻地分佈着了！聽他們的祖宗——紅頭將軍在旁邊唱出奮鬥生存的歌，嗡，嗡的聲調，又見他們老人家到處亂飛，坐在附近的食上，自在地向行人示威，慷慨者承情還得留下幾個子孫：可是蘇州人不比旁的，寬宏大量慣了，化幾注錢代吃些苦，不算什麼，只須別得罪人就行。從前有少數者主張澈底來講衛生，預備結果這細菌培植的地方；只是朋友們的警告，無非都是：「取締？人家世傳的產業，大清時就有的，三代了！」言下頗多感慨；或者自以爲識時務者的話：「傻瓜，旁的事不管，想到了這椿事了！」

來，干你甚的？難道你不明白縣政府的窮況嗎？」真是，天曉得，糞缸似的安樂鄉！

愛說笑話的以為蘇州人皮膚之白而嫩，原因是吃了還魂食的緣故。蜿蜒的河流，幾於觸目皆是石級的河灘上，阿媽之類和小家碧玉時常提了一籃衣裳，站直了和她們的同伴談天，尤其在早晨，這近水邊更熱鬧了，往往張家阿嫂在洗馬桶，李家阿嬌却蹲在旁邊淘米。牛乳似的米水和洗馬桶傾倒出來的黃液汁，逐漸起了滲透作用，她們也偶把目光掠過一下，但依舊一聲不響地埋頭繼續自己的工作，後來，比較少忍耐的一個，打破了彼此間的沉默，她們談起來了！漸漸的上了勁，兩雙手的動作，遲緩了，終於停止了！洗馬桶的握了洗帚，不再發生「豁拉豁拉」的怪聲；淘米的籮中的米在水裏漂着，也不再擦了，誰都忘了自己是來做什麼的。她們或者會談著：

「喂，嫂嫂，橫馬路的蓬萊世界又開了，文明戲做白蛇傳，門票祇賣一角小洋呢？」
「真的嗎？」另一個驚喜地問。

「誰騙你？昨天我女兒還去看過的，她說好極了！」提到女兒，李阿嬌腦中即浮現了一張白白圓圓的臉，畫了眉，雙頰又塗了二個小圓形的胭脂，加上一頭烏黑而有電波的柔髮，如蘇州一般女人愛嬌的模樣；她又想到了鄰居鐵匠店裏的寶媛，還不及她女兒美呢，淞滬之戰時，被一位什麼師長手下的參謀看中了，討去做姨太太，初起時，還不曾說明有過妻室，所以也發過新式人物結婚的請柬，他們的句子是：楊邁周寶媛爲戰事緊急，以便共赴國難，故特於廢歷二月二十二日於蘇州花園飯店，舉行婚禮，恭請光臨，寶媛前兩天還家，居然豐腴得多了，僕人傭婦又帶了一大批，臂上的金鐲，少說也有二三兩，寶媛的母親，不是趕着來請她李嬌子去嗎？她還明明白白，清清楚楚的聽見下人們喊寶媛的母親做周太太呢，自己什麼時候也有這樣一天便好了！在半夢幻中，猛覺得有人在推她的左膀，一回頭，忽又發現了旁邊的紅漆馬桶，才知道自己的身子，還是在河灘上，並不曾離開過半步，接著張嫂問：

「白蛇傳今天還有嗎？幾點鐘起始？」張嫂暗想自己的錢，雖然掙來不容易，都是揀西瓜子，做雜差所得的；丈夫又在玄妙觀裏排測字攤；但爲了尋快樂，似乎化幾個錢看看戲，並不算浪費，否則人也太活得不值得了，所以有了想去的心思，確定地問了李嬌，李嬌，在同一環境，同一氣氛中長大的，結果，時常爲了使自己快樂，由衷的和應着，於是兩人才匆匆回家。

阿媽之類的談話，都離不了主人家的短長，以及切身的關係。這個說她家的老爺，再好也沒有了，從來不管家裏的什麼事，祇是聽聽無線電，玩玩紙牌，抽鴉片往往一整夜，每日非下午四點鐘不起身，這另外開飯是麻煩的；但以後却清靜了，待他洗臉吃飯完畢後，手中便捧了雪亮的水烟袋，坐上自己的包車，直向吳苑喝茶去了。另一個又講她家的太太，如何愛打牌，輸了錢怎樣把下人出氣，應慢了就得吃一頓

痛罵，小姐呢，高興就上學，在家便玩着貓和狗，太太要打牌，人數不足時，也來湊興或者打扮得花枝招展，和同學看影戲去了。實在牌也不打，朋友也不來時，就上觀前街兜一回風，采芝齋的橄欖，悅采芳的脆松糖，葉受和的麻糕，馬詠齋的野味，以及五芳齋的豬排，堆堆疊疊地裝滿了一車，帶家來亂吃。還有的人在訴說自己底命不好，少爺娶親了，本可以賺一筆錢，不巧生病，祇能回家，發財的機會失掉了一次。諸如此類的話題，她們永遠反覆著，不覺得厭煩。

森林中拂著的微風，不絕在嘆息：「如此天堂」！「如此天堂」！

她占定了一棺土地

徐芝秀

在一輩同村的姊妹們中，誰不說月勤是最幸福的一個，誰不羨慕她平穩安靜的生活呢。不像文英的命運這樣酸苦，在後母的手下，受盡了折磨虐待。也不像琴心的生世這樣孤伶，嫁後一年丈夫就死了，拖着那可憐的遺腹子，在翁姑的明譏暗諷中過活。更不像瑞仙的生活這樣艱辛，一天到晚勤勞的工作着，還得不到溫飽的衣食。而月勤是不愛吃，不愁穿，翁姑待她不惡，丈夫又是一個有爲的青年，

從月勤生下來後，算命先生就說：她的命好得很，將來夫榮子貴，福星高照，金玉滿堂。雖然六歲時她父親死了，但是有母親的寵愛，她的童年生活更顯得快樂而自由。當她大伯父二伯父家的兄弟姊妹都進私塾去讀書時，她母親也就把她和她哥哥達甫送了去。對於讀書她簡直一點興趣都沒有，見先生好像見閻王一樣害怕。天資既低，背不出書，受了先生的責罰，哭着回家，母親又終是姑息着，安慰她，讓她在她家裏停一二天，再送去上學。所以雖則也讀了四五年書，竟認不得多少字，好在她們本以爲女孩子是不必讀什麼書的，況且她又有這樣好的未來的命運。

十三歲上她母親把月勤許配給了離她家不到三里路的吳鄉紳家第二個兒子做媳婦。不懂爲什麼，她便慣會害羞；偶然間她們談起了她的事，月勤便紅着臉輕輕的走開了；不過却喜歡去躲在門縫旁偷聽母親的說話：

「吳罕仁這孩子確不差，現在省立中學讀書，功課聽說很好的。」

「他家有三四百畝田吧？二個兒子，很不差了，月勤到底命好。」二伯母說。

「你也得像樣些兒，多給些她。女兒長大起來很快的，早早替她預備吧。」大伯母接着說。

月勤在爲出嫁預備着了。有什麼便宜的珠寶，她催着要母親買；看見什麼東西

可以將來帶到婆家去的，她都收藏了起來。平時在人前她不大多說話，獨自一個在窗下繡花做枕套時，却常會停了針呆呆的出神了。

十八歲那年春天她出嫁了。望着那來迎娶的花轎，母親有些悲傷。看着那將被搬走的豐盛的裝奩，哥嫂有些不滿和嫉妒。她自己倒不覺得什麼；雖然稍有些心慌，不過她是明瞭的，本來的家原不是自己的，現在纔是到自己家裏去，那邊正有許多榮華富貴等着她呢。

亲戚們都稱贊她的裝奩；翁姑都待她很好；罕仁也很溫和，根本他今年纔十九歲，青春之火正旺的時候，對於年輕的妻子，當然會得到一部份的滿足的。暑假裏他高中畢業了，升了大學，不時常回家，月勤也不怪他；希望將來做官，是先要用功的讀書的。

這樣一年年的過去，人家都說月勤幸福，她也自己覺得是幸福的。忠心的勤勞的幫着料理家務，很少有事打動她無愁慮的心弦；就是自己母親的死，她也不十分悲傷。她是不覺得的，有時稍微任性一點，會叫婆婆不快樂；有時又會和大嫂發生小爭執；不過她們都沒有明亮的說過她什麼話，也就從不曾使她起過感觸。

她嫁後已經六年了。罕仁已在大學畢了業，到銀行服務去了。聽說有一百元左右一月薪俸，雖然他從沒有給過她幾十元，或是買過一件漂亮的衣料給她，她是很心滿意足的；只要丈夫能夠賺錢，倒不在乎給她用。想起算命的話，她是多麼得意呀，不過同時却引起了她另外一件心事，夫是已經榮貴了，但是兒子在那裏呢？像一球火在她胸中旋轉，她焦躁得不安，渴望着那個可以解她焦躁的東西。

她的希望老是不見實現，而大嫂的肚子倒又漸漸的大了起來，好像特別在她面前耀武揚威，她說不出的不舒服，含了滿眼的怒火狠狠的瞪了牠一眼，就把頭轉向了別處。

大嫂分娩了，又是一個男孩子。這已是第二個男孩子了，除了二個女的。婆婆高興的送着紅蛋，她也幫着料理。當她的眼睛望着那紅潤光滑的蛋時，一個又白又胖的男孩子，輕輕的從蛋下爬了出來，她用手去抱了，孩子忽然不見，還是一籃紅蛋。她咬咬嘴唇，正在獨自個兒氣悶，外面又傳來了一陣笑話聲：

「伯婆，你真好福氣呀，又添了一個孫子。」

「別的倒沒有什麼，多幾個孩子熱鬧些。」是婆婆的聲音。

「二嫂要也生幾個，還要好呢，她怎的倒一直沒有？」

「不知道呀……也許是福命吧？」接着長長的一聲嘆氣。

比尖刀還厲害，一聲聲的刺進她的心裏。她按按自己的肚子，低着頭去倒在牀上哭了。

月勤那向來很滿足安樂的心，開始為這件事憂慮了。她覺得婆婆向來對她的和善的態度，近來都變了。對大嫂還有說有笑，對她却漸漸的嚴冷起來。大嫂呢，常常有意的在她面前逗着小孩子買弄，還有一二句傷人的話飛來。就是罕仁，也漸漸的變了，對她已一天天的冷淡，說是行裏事情忙，半年裏難得回家一二次，回來了也從不跟她親親熱熱的說幾句話。她關心的問他在外面飲食起居可舒適？他現在是不是位子很高了？每月有多少錢？可以積下多少？又問他可不可以帶她出去玩玩。高興時他隨便的回答一二句，不高興時就討厭似的說：「問我做什麼，你管你的事，我管我的事。」再要說時，他那冰冷的臉，早把她的話拒絕了。她想不出丈夫為什麼對她這樣無情，是自己做差了事嗎？並沒有呀，凡事她終是絕對的服從的。最後她想到了，大概是為了兒子的事；這一件妻子的職務她沒有做到，難怪他要不滿意。她焦心苦慮的想法：去燒香拜佛，求上天垂憐賜她一子；去找女科醫生，想靠那回天妙藥，能使珠胎早結；但終是沒有效果。日夜她為這件事憂慮着，渴望着，默禱着，她許下了許多心願，只要能夠早得一子，來挽回一家人對她的好感。

這一次罕仁回家時在路上受了寒，到家裏就病了起來，月勤小心翼翼的替他侍奉湯藥，又在病榻旁給他作伴。但是他終不願意她在面前，說他喜歡一個人靜靜的睡覺。她怎敢違拗，心裏却又難過，丈夫究竟為甚麼討厭她呢？

罕仁病了五天了；就是討厭她，月勤却終是十二分的關心着他，祝望着他的病早日痊愈。她想行裏已經有信來催過他了；當她早晨把郵差送來的信遞給他時，他不是把那封信看了好幾遍，嘆了幾回氣嗎？也許是他在着急多缺了職吧？她又想起他剛纔喝了藥，不知現在睡着了沒有，就輕輕的走房去。微微的鼾聲從細紗帳裏透出，好像比昨天勻和了些；她寬心了許多，緣起帳門，把視線從他那幾天來稍瘦了一些的微黑的臉上，移到那短短的頭髮上，再移到一些別的地方；忽然她看見了半張照片，半面壓在枕底下，就那露在外面的半面看去，似乎是一個年輕的女人。她的心突突的跳了起來，剛想伸手拿起來看時，罕仁的頭輕輕的動了一下，她忙把手縮了回來，放下帳門。

從來沒有起過的疑心，今天給引起了。一張女人的照片，是一個女人，難道他外面另外有了女人嗎？她眼裏充滿了嫉妒的火，「原來是這樣，他冷淡我，討厭我，倒要問他去，我有什麼差處，他可以這樣待我，去鈎搭別的女人。」漸漸的兩眶眼淚代替了一腔怒火，那向來她所憂的事，又輕輕的鑽進了她的心胸。「都怪自己肚子不爭氣，要是早生個兒子，就可以正正當當的反駁他了，現在自己先有了這大缺點……唉！其實我又不是一定不肯的，要納一個偏房，也好跟我商量一下呀。」她想去同他理論，又轉念要是觸怒了他，夫婦間的感情會更惡的。告訴翁姑吧，怕弄得不好，事

情會更糟糕，又怕大嫂會笑話，還是勉強忍耐着，等以後事情進一步的起變化時再作評議。

罕仁的病已好全了，明天就要出去。月勤替他整理着衣服等一些要帶出去的東西。她忽然想到還有一件短衫晒在前庭竹竿上，把手裏的東西放下了，就一直向前庭走去。天色已漸漸的黑暗下來，在蒼茫中前面的屋簷快看不清楚了。中間婆婆的房間裏沉靜的空氣佔領了一切，只有東側公公的起居室裏已點上了燈，柔和的光線從毛玻璃窗裏透出，還有輕輕的談話聲，一上一下的在空氣中振動。

「爸爸，我實在不能夠再忍耐下去了，我不能夠和她在一塊兒過活，掛著這空的夫婦的名義做什麼呢？」堅決的是罕仁的聲音。

隔了二三分鐘，又是微微的一聲嘆氣。「但事情是很困難的，她沒有什麼差處，第一她娘家要起來反對；並且這裏鄉間從沒有過離婚的事，會引起人家的議論的。」

她呆住了；知道是在講她的事，全身的筋肉都抖了起來，無力的靠在庭柱上，着急的，害怕的，讓針一般的語聲鑽進她的心去。

「現在不比從前了；離婚並不能算是一件大事，二人興趣不合，離婚是很合法的。」又是罕仁的聲音。

「也要她同意纔行呀。她是決不肯答應的，一個舊式的女子，要她離婚不是要她的命嗎？還是讓她住在家裏，你外面暗自再去結婚，暫時不給她知道，將來有了孩子，再給她知道也不要緊了。」

「這樣是犯重婚罪了。非但我不可能這樣做，人家肯的嗎？叫她做妻呢？妾呢？」

「但是要她離婚也不能夠。她不會答應，我和她伯父們都是世交，也說不出這句話。」

孩子的腳聲來了，跑向那間屋子去。

「爺爺，叔叔，吃飯了。」天真的大嫂的大兒子的聲音。

「好，來了。」停了一會，「這事不能就這樣辦，再得從長計議一下。」

聽他們站起來走了，她纔覺悟到自己是站在黑暗的庭中，怕她們會找尋，趕忙拿了衣服進去，身子還在微微的顫抖。

這一晚她終夜沒有睡着。次日清早，罕仁起身預備出門了，她也仍舊躺着，聽他一聲不響的出去後，纔鬱鬱的起牀，抱着一顆焦愁的心去做那日常的工作。她的鬱悶，憂傷，焦慮，惶恐是沒有人知道，沒有人能夠瞭解的。嚴冷的婆婆，陰冷的大嫂，只有諷譏的言語，那來安慰的微笑；她感激公公還有點公正的心，時常抬起懇求的眼光望着他花白的鬚髮，而他終是漠然的寡言鮮笑；娘家又沒有一個知心着意的人，肯盡力為她想法；她只有每夜在枕頭上流着眼淚，神思想得昏亂了，終究沒

有一個主意。

二個月以後，這一天罕仁又回家了。從來沒有過的這一次對她特別的和藹親熱，還買了好些東西給她。她的憂傷都飛去了，她快樂了起來，她想罕仁是回心轉意了；本來她對他這樣忠心，他是應當本良心想想也好好的待遇她的呀。

晚飯後二人對坐在臥房的燈下時，罕仁柔和的微笑着，吸幾口煙，一面無心似的說：

「大哥結婚了十年，已經有四個孩子了。要是我們也像他們一樣，也可以有三個了。」

正觸着月勤的心事，她呆了一下，勉強笑着說：

「你也這樣着急要孩子嗎？」

「並不着急，只是每次看見大哥或是朋友們給孩子拖住了衣服喚爸爸的時候，會使我想起假使我也有個孩子多好呢。」

她輕輕的嘆了一口氣。

「唉！為什麼我們還沒有孩子呢？」

「現在不要急呀，年紀還輕，有起來還不遲。」頓了一下，又說，「不過老來沒有兒子，確是很淒涼的。雖說大哥將來可以給我們一個，姪兒終沒有兒子親熱，心又終是向着生身的父母，怕不被她們佔了勢力去，吃了苦又好怨誰？」

月勤的心更搖動了，她想到東村李大媽沒有兒子多麼可憐，一個姪兒，算是嗣子的，從不把她老人家放在眼裏，不管她有力無力，終是撥派着她做事，一個不是，還要慢罵。她氣得頭髮都脫盡了，見着鄰居們終是嘆氣。這種種思潮把月勤的心激得寒了，自己的將來要是也像李大媽呢？現在年紀還輕，要是終不生了呢？好像一塊大石壓着，地有那沈下不可測的深淵去的趨勢，但是她掙扎着，對丈夫說：

「我不願受他們的氣呀，你快想個法子吧。」

罕仁微笑着，看看他妻子焦急的面容。

「辦法也未始沒有，只是怕對不住你這位賢淑的夫人。我知道你是最賢惠的，不會像張家表嫂那樣氣量狹窄；只是假使有什麼使你不快的呢，我又說不過去。」

「我準備讓步，你去娶小老婆好了。」月勤絕不猶豫的說。

「小老婆實在是不好安排的；什麼多不知道，就是好挑撥是非，把家庭弄得天翻地覆，就是她得意的成功。不要說你要吃虧，我也要受她的氣呢，這種下賤人真是沒有辦法的；有智識的人呢，又不肯做小老婆。」

「那麼依你怎麼樣呢？」

「就是這樣為難呀，肯做小老婆的，我不要；我要的，又不肯做小老婆。」

「隨便吧，就兩面都算正式的妻子。」

「這我可不能，犯重婚罪還了得？」罕仁搖着頭說。

「唉，我是不懂得這些的。就沒有一個妥當的辦法了嗎？」

「有是有一個的，只怕你不肯。其實要是你肯答應，於你真有很大的利益的。」

「你說吧。」

躊躇了一會，他說了。

「現在有一位賢惠的好心腸的小姐願意嫁給我，只要我和你離婚。」看了一下她微白的臉，「你別急，我決不真的和你離婚的。不過終得想一個方法去騙她一下。我想還是我們寫下一張紙，說你和我離婚了；但是你仍舊可以住在我的家裏，因為你是我媽的寄女。這只是一張假的離婚證，騙她一下吧了，實則我們還是夫婦，將來有了兒子可以給你一個；我的兒子終比大哥的兒子親些吧？我還可特別給你些錢，你想怎樣？你並不會吃虧的；住在家裏，一切都還是和從前一樣，她在外面，不會和你吵鬧，我也還是可以常常回家的。」

「你不騙我的吧？只要不真的離婚，你不騙我，隨你怎樣辦吧。」

月勤很信任她的丈夫，並且很感激他，她向來所憂慮的事已經給解決了。並且丈夫也從此可以不嫌憎她，可以和善的待遇她了。

在這柔和的燈光下，她伏在桌子上，提起十多年來沒有握過的筆管，依着丈夫的指點，印在他寫就的那張紙上，歪歪斜斜的寫成了二張她認為假的離婚證，每人收藏一張。

第二天罕仁去了，她想想隔夜的事，快樂中帶些恍惚。她不想就把這件事告訴翁姑或大嫂，但是想去給娘家人看看這張離婚證。

回到娘家；高興的把這件事告訴哥哥，達甫有些懷疑，却又說不出是什麼一回事；想還是去和大伯父商量一下，大伯父是很有學識的，經驗也多，一看這張紙就驚訝起來。

「月勤，你受了他的騙了，是你親筆寫的字。唉！你識不得多少字，不懂裏面的意思，為什麼就依他寫呢？是你的意思嗎？紙上說你自願和他離婚，他答應給你一千塊錢，已經付過二百。」

「給過我錢嗎？誰說的，我何嘗拿過他的錢，」月勤叫了起來，

「你沒有拿過錢嗎？怎麼寫上的？」

等不得達甫說完，月勤又急促的說。

「我又不知道，我以為他叫我寫的是他對我說的話呀。他騙我，他騙我。」忿恨，懊悔，悲怨，都從她的心胸中迸了出來。

「他可以這樣欺騙妻子嗎？硬逼她離婚，還假說給了她錢。這還了得，我們到縣裏告他去。」大伯母也忿怒起來了。

「本來是可以控告他的；現在紙是她自己寫的，他有這張紙做證據，我們有口也無處辯白了，誰叫你寫這張紙的呀！」大伯父帶着責備的口氣。

「月勤姊真是太慚了，太信任他了。這樣奸詐的男人，看他多麼巧妙，一步步的把他忠實的妻子騙入彀中。以一個有智識的人去愚弄一個無罪的妻子，還可以算是一個有人格的人嗎？這種人你再愛他做什麼？依我說還是離了婚的好。」月勤的在中學裏讀書的堂妹表示她的忿激和發表她的意見。

「妹妹，嫁了他，我終是他家的人呀，就是死了也是他們吳家的鬼，也要他們把我的棺材放在他的一起，就是他再娶，我終是要在左首的。我不願離婚呀，我又沒有什麼差處，我一定不肯的，離了婚叫我怎麼辦呀！」

「他們都這樣奸詐的冷酷的待你，你再留戀些什麼？鬼？什麼鬼？死後你還知道什麼？假使死而有知，叫我是一定要報復的，還要同他在一塊？離婚怕什麼，你能夠做一些手工，難道就不能夠一個人生活了嗎？」

「妹妹，我決不能讓人家說李家的女兒是離了婚的，我也得為你們妹妹們設想呀。」月勤還有她的理由。

「月勤姊，這你完全差了，離婚並不是你想像中那麼不名譽的事，更連累不了別人什麼。決不會因為姊妹中的一個是離了婚的，所以別個都給人家瞧不起，唉！你怎麼會這樣想的呀。」看着月勤的腦筋這樣的固執，堂妹憫憐的無可奈何的嘆了一口氣。

各人依自己的意見紛紛發表議論，半天還是得不到一個結果，想不出一個妥當的辦法，最後還是大伯父說：

「你公公是有面子有道理的人，我讓他決不能讓兒子這樣胡鬧的。回去跟他商量去吧，看他怎麼說，我們再出頭替你說話。」

月勤坐在窗前的一隻椅子上，眼看着地板，嘴唇微微的抖動，幾滴眼淚從頰邊淌下。她怨恨罕仁，怨恨命運，甜蜜的希望給打破了，她信任的丈夫竟欺騙了她，她不知道怎樣好，無意中竟到了這個黑暗的境地。大伯父的話提醒了她，前面還有一盞小小的明燈，還有她公正的公公可以指引她替她作主呢，她預備第二天就回去。

一夜月勤沒有睡着，天將亮時纔朦朧睡去。好像她已經和罕仁離婚了，住在一間小屋裏，推窗就可以望見他們的屋子。她伏在窗盤上凝望着，希望罕仁走到窗前時可以看見她憔悴的面龐和模糊的淚容，但是一聲聲傳來的只是他們的歡笑聲，她暈了過去。等到漸漸的醒來時，覺得有許多人圍着她喚她，還夾雜着輕輕的談話聲，

『妹妹，快起來，你家張媽來了，說老爺起了急病，要你即刻回去呢。』是嫂嫂在喚她。她疑惑起來，睜開眼睛一看，原來剛纔是在夢中，現在却回到了真的境地，嫂嫂張媽都在牀前。

『什麼！公公有急病？』她嚇了一跳，前面的一盞明燈，又閃閃的搖動了，她急忙起身回去。

公公是患的霍亂，一家人都慌極了，紛紛請醫生，寄快信召兒子回來。她們都在牀前侍奉着，三天沒有睡覺，提心吊膽的刻刻留心着病人；可是到第四天的早晨，這位一家人依爲柱石的家長，終於在衆人的渴望悲愁的眼光中和這世界告別了。

一家人都哀傷的哭泣着，尤其是月勤，比誰都傷心的哭個不停。她的明燈是熄滅了，還有誰能爲她作主，替她辦理這件事呢。她回想到過去的一切：婆婆嚴冷的臉色，大嫂陰暗的譏諷，丈夫冷淡的態度和欺詐的手段……現在這一個公正的家長去世了，他們是一定會更虐待她壓迫她的。她心頭的積蓄着的悲痛，她目前的未來的惶恐，像千鈞的壓力，把她湧泉似的眼淚榨了出來。直到她浮腫得像胡桃的眼睛乾了，她淚水的泉源竭了，地呼號的喉嚨啞了，還是喘不過氣來的無聲的號慟着。她似乎已失了知覺，人家的舉動言語都已在她的意識之外。親戚鄰居們看她哭得可憐，都稱讚這位媳婦孝順，誰又能瞭解她仍悲哀呢？罕仁的心動了一下，回頭到她坐着的那個壁角裏，憫情似的看她一眼，又把視線移開了，還是那副冷淡的神情。

混亂的秩序漸漸的恢復了。罕仁已去銀行裏辦事；婆婆大嫂沒有要緊的事務時大家不多說話；月勤除了每天在公公靈前哭二回，就是低了頭折錫箔，她的心麻木了，沒有思想，沒有精神，她削的身子格外憔悴了，她灰白的臉上已找不出一絲血色，她無神的雙目呆呆的幾乎已失却了活動的作用。

在公公的五七後一天，罕仁又和她談起離婚的事了。

『本來我是答應了你的，離了婚你算是我媽的寄女，仍舊住在這裏。但是事實上很不方便，所以最好請你搬出去，我準給你一千塊錢和二十畝田，你也能夠生活了，並且將來仍舊可以搬進來的。』

『是的，我是不識字的，可以任人家播弄。我信任了我的丈夫，聽信了你的話，不會寫字的也寫成了這張紙。我問你，紙上寫的是什麼？是我自願離婚的嗎？你已給過我二百塊錢嗎？』月勤冷酷的說。

『紙上不能不這樣寫呀；對你說的話我決定會實行的，錢也自然要給你的。』從皮夾內拿出二疊鈔票，放在桌上，『這裏是二百塊，你拿去先做搬家的費用，隨後我再給你，這房裏的東西，你都可以搬去，只要你服從我的話，決不會叫你吃虧的。好吧，我限你月底以前搬出去。』

『我不要，我不要你的錢，我也不願搬出去，活着我是吳家的人，死了我也要做吳家的鬼。』

『不聽我的話，你不要怪我心狠。我正式去請律師來辦理時，以前答應你的種種都不給你了。隨你去選擇，願意走那一條路。願意搬出去的，答應過你的會給你的，我去了，你仔細的想一下吧。』

月勤的心原已快破碎，神經也早快麻木，再受不了多大的刺激了，她冷冷的對桌上的鈔票看了一眼，呆了一會，站起來把錢放在抽屜裏，走出房去了。

她把這件事告訴了婆婆和大嫂，她們也沒有主意，又不很關心。

『前次爲什麼你不就說呢，我們女人家又不懂得什麼，你公公又死了，作主的人全沒有。叫我有什麼法子呢，去問問你娘家的人吧。』

她立刻回娘家去，只二個月的間隔，她二次回家時的心情狀況是絕對不同了。接二連三的刺激已使她變成了另外一個人，她已沒有了前回的虛幻的希望，她已沒有了前回的微笑的臉容；她只帶着一個伶仃的弱影。寂寞的在那田野中的冷靜的小路上移動。

娘家人都勸她不必再留戀那沒良心的丈夫了，不離婚是辦不到的了，並且於她也沒有好處。只是離婚一定得要求豐厚的贍養費，離了婚搬到娘家來住，也有人照料。

月勤也知道是違拗不過罕仁的，她想還是聽了他的話搬出來，可以不算是正式離婚，不過她卻不肯搬到娘家來，她要住在家那邊村子附近，好讓看見她的人想着她還是吳家人，活着她雖出了吳家的門，死後却仍舊要在吳家的墳地裏，在將來罕仁的左面占一棺土地。她這樣決定了，問達甫要了一個孩子，預備搬家後帶去和她一塊兒居住。

她回去了，一路上低頭想着這些事。在快到家的時候，忽然一條瘋狗從旁邊一個村子裏竄了出來，她忙想避開，那狗已跳到她面前，在她腳上咬了一口。她痛得幾乎要倒下來，看看路旁無人，只得勉強走回家去。她們都說瘋狗咬是很要緊的，叫她幹快吃藥醫治；她都照着做了。又叫她躲在屋裏不要出去，搬家等過了一百二十天再說。沒有事做她每天躺在牀上細想前情後事，想一回，哭一回，不想吃飯，也不要別人見她的面。婆婆等着她要發瘋了，便不許她一個人悶在床上，叫她做些小工作，使她把心思注在工作上。

但是三個月後她又病了；說是瘋狗病發作了，李家的人却都說是氣悶出來的，實在也許是二個原因合成的。躺着她只覺得不舒服，好像有千萬隻小狗在她肚子裏騷動，亂爬，她要起來，終是給她們捺住了。這樣病了十多天，醫生請過好幾個，吃

藥終是不見功效。一個時候靜靜的躺着，一會兒却胡言亂語起來，忽然的又坐了起來。

罕仁是回家了，他只走進房裏看了一下，沒有對她說一句話，也沒有在牀前陪她坐一會，或是侍奉她吃一次藥。她的病一天天的沉重了。罕仁老是若無其事的神情，一隻眼中的針，早些拔掉了最好；婆婆和大嫂閒閒的嘆一口氣；娘家人雖是替她着急，為她不平，看她可憐，也說不出什麼話。月勤的生命就在這些冷淡的，殘忍的，不關痛癢的眼光中漸漸的消逝了。

這一天他特別清楚，叫陪着她的傭婦去請了婆婆大嫂罕仁和來看她的達甫到了床前坐下，她看了一下各人的臉，開始慢慢的發出她低啞的聲音。

「我這短短的三十年的生命現在快結束了，在我未死以前，還想說幾句話。雖然我的愚笨得不到公婆丈夫的歡心，但是我自問却是盡了做媳婦做妻子的職任。我沒有什麼對不住人，罕仁要我離婚，現在也如他的心願了。」視線移到罕仁的臉上，「你也可以滿意了吧，你要我搬家，我現在永遠去了，永遠讓你們了；你給我的錢，我也不要了；一切都順了你的意了；那張紙你也還了我吧。只要我的棺材能夠放在你的左邊，我也滿足了。」她像很疲乏，停了一會又接着說：「一件我終生憂慮抱恨的事就是沒有兒子，死了不要連孝子都沒有吧。大嫂，你肯把二兒立在我的名下嗎？我還有六百塊錢的一個存摺，是我來時帶來的和利息等積起來的，給了他吧，讓他給我燒燒紙錢。我的箱子裏還有幾件首飾和幾件皮衣，除了我帽子上鞋子上要釘幾粒珍珠和手上要帶二隻金戒指外，其餘的都給了二位姪女，她們都要替嬌娘穿素的吧？這屋子裏其餘的一切我的衣服和器具等給我燒了。我人也不能留在人家心裏，東西留在人家眼前做什麼？」她說完了話伸手從枕下拿出一個存摺，伸手交給婆婆，「這就是給二兒的，請婆婆暫時保管着。」又伸手向罕仁，「我的紙你還我吧！」罕仁想了一想，從衣袋裏拿出交給了她。她用力捏做一團，塞進嘴去，重重的嚼了幾下，吞下了肚去。衆人都憫憐的看着她，她身子不停的騷動。小狗又在肚子裏反動了。

第二天吳家的屋子裏傳出錚錚的釘棺聲，牆頭上飛出一些燒了衣服的灰燼，可憐的靈魂，安心了嗎？占定了一棺土地了。

浪 花

潘 蒲 遷

曾記得前年我在南海消磨了一個酷熱的長夏，給我印象最深的是海中粗獷的險惡的巉岩的一座突兀高聳矗立波濤上的大石，竟在狂風猖獗的黃昏，「天驚地震」

的崩塌了，這海濱是我終日的良伴，我常獨自在海濱從事於這種細心的探索，於是發現這「天驚地震的」崩塌根本的原因。

每當我逗留在海濱上眺望時，我不注意那岸上翁蔚叢生的綠草，和那正在放着奇妙幽香的淺籃景色的野花，也不注意對面那一帶古木參天，夜鷹喫喫的豐密的大森林，在浴浪的銀色的海鷗，深藏着無限神祕的泛碧無際的虛空，而專心體認這些滾上滾下在太陽底下閃爍出劍光色的海浪，惟此我可以在冥冥中得到了一種暗示和理解，知道那一座突兀高聳矗立波濤上的大石，怎樣的崩塌了，在微風過處，海天渺茫的無限的寥廓中，我疲倦了，便席地而坐，隨便把我的遊興剪斷無定的煩思，收集起一點，那時我的四射的目光，已變成了一副很寶貴的臨像器，把四周的寶物，極其明確地攝取了牠的真形和色彩，而且我的眼界，便不期然的變成了一個很巧妙的顯微鏡，給隱藏在大地上的物件（常人視線所不及的）表露出本來的偉大的構成。

因為這海中有一座又高又大的頑石，周圍滿生着羊齒，還有昆蟲的巢，和蓬勃的荆棘，但是這有甚麼用處？那座頑石外貌的醜劣，終究是藉這些植物遮蔽不住的，我在水中的倒影裏，也儘足以窺見牠的兇橫猙獰十二分的粗暴的形狀，牠的尊容是那樣不規則，所以從遠方來的美麗的伶俐的山鷗，總不願，亦不敢和牠結識親近棲止在牠的肩膀上，有時略一顧盼，便驚嚇得急忙飛掉了，惟有那猛鷺不法的鷺鳥，食狼殘戾的餓鷹，却不時在那裏攫啖鮮血淋漓的山小鶲和孔兔，弱者的骸骨，堆積了一大丘，這真是包含着危險罪惡的地方，可是，這座頑石更賜給最大的恐慌到海水身上，我們都知道，層波疊浪的海水，有他自己的自由，有他自己的和平，有他自己如奔馬般的進取的毅力，天涯地角，都是他們的領土，但是那可惡的頑石，却大模大樣地阻擋着中流，使他們半途困頓，使他們顛倒流離，使他們受苦而發出呼號嗚咽的哀音，雖則有很多富於奮鬥力的海浪，經過了劇烈的爭戰，從他們希望之路打過去了，但是那水漩兒，水渦兒，水沫兒，不知經過了多少欺凌，竟無力支持的一一被牠們的暴力弄消沉了。

小浪花是這海中明智勇敢的份子，當她未到大海以前，她在高插雲漢的山頂上瞭望，從她敏銳的目光，遠大的志向裏，她決意往大海中去，她從瀑布間滾下，經過了千萬里的行程，飽嘗風霜冰雹的辛苦，好不容易達到她的目的，她初到海上時，她是這麼快樂歡喜，樣跳舞着奔跑着哈哈的大笑，幾乎把平素自命為富有冒險精神的條魚都嚇走了，她更做了不少的工作，傳帶海上植物的花粉使牠蕃殖，清潔海鷗整齊美麗的毛羽，替少婦漂白了一縷縷的新紗，給學校裏遠足旅行的青年一個健康快樂的沐浴，她最大最有價值的工作，就是推翻那海中突兀高聳的頑石。

那一天，潮水方漲，近海的桑田都淹沒了，空氣潤溼厚重，但氣候頗覺有點迷惘

的沉悶的溫暖，她正不絕的做一切工作，她行經了一座高山下，轉過了幾個港灣，跳過了幾處暗黑色的礁石，她預備做的工作，似乎一件件的完了。

「前面是什麼東西？」她遠遠的望見了那座高大的頑石，很驚詫的向羣衆們發問，「牠是惡魔嗎？」她身邊最近一個伴侶答：「牠是阻礙我們進取的大怪物，記得前幾天我們躲在海船底下，結果還是被這怪物撞回來了，我們是何等地不自由！」這很容易解決！她歇了歇便直接的對羣衆們說：「我們費點力氣推翻牠便了。」於是牠們不假思索的往前進，却都是蘊藏着一些懷疑和嘗試的觀念，那座頑石，是這麼根深蒂固的盤據着，顯然露出不測的威權，和指麾萬力的氣概，牠們見了，先覺得有點驚怯，多數是掬着一把汗，他們很畏縮懦弱，舉步進前攻擊時，心裏早打算着那雙腳兒怎樣遁逃得比往常的賽跑更快幾倍，但是啊，惡魔真不容易剷除，他們羣衆竟失敗了，氣憤憤的小浪花本來是不願意逃避的，而且最先撲到那座大石的身上的便是她，可是被羣衆們簇擁排擠着，便不由自主的做出同樣沒意識的懦怯的行為了，她現在正想着「為什麼好好的一個無上平和的大海，却容留這麼兇惡危險的怪物呢？這真是我們的大不幸，現在我們可以回轉去，喚醒羣衆們重新奮鬥，總須得到勝利才罷休，倘使放過清朗薰人的夏日，瞠目看着一切萬物的活力，而我們却任地悲愁失望，懈弛墮落，是何等甘於頹廢的沒進長的自處？」於是她們又開始工作了，一隻大海船由遠而近，烟囱上一吞一吐的黑煙，給海上的晚風攬成了團團的稀絮，船身顛動的調子和四旁的海水很是一律，船上呢？我測料着都齊齊的坐滿了尋求榮譽職位財產飯碗或麵包的人員，但這於小浪花沒有關係，她何嘗有注意這等事的閒暇，她現在所尋求的是最低的一個坐位——船底——實行她的偉大的一件工作，她攀附着船身，逆流而上，幾經震擁，幾乎使她連這最低的地位也站不住，末了，這船在那兀立海中的頑石旁邊停泊，當搭客紛紛上岸時，她也脫離了船底去運動一切，她具這麼熱誠卓識向羣衆宣傳自己的主旨，「我謹以十二分的誠意，敬進言與我最親愛的羣衆們，我們前途有一座高山在攔阻我們的進行，我們若不除掉牠，那末我們所進取的途徑，將永遠遭莫大的損失，得不到真的和平和幸福，將永受苦楚恐慌，倘使我們一起合力去抗拒牠，撲擊牠，和牠奮鬥，和牠流血，牠雖有很大的威權，很深固的盤據力，粗的拳頭，長的利劍，但是牠必定被我們推翻沉沒，無可疑的，我們知道牠是惡魔，公敵，誰能甘受牠的暴戾兇殘的流毒而不反抗？」羣衆們聽了她一番言語，誰能不感動？但是大海中所有的一切，太迷惑人了，我們試想，稀奇珍貴的礦物，海中多麼豐富，琳中逾寶庫，實在莫過於大海了，小浪花的羣衆，為了自然的誘惑所支配，所以在漸漸地消失了熱度，他們祇是歡喜美麗的珊瑚樹——怪可愛的珊瑚樹，雖有好些嬌嬈委婉的交枝，那滑澤的凹凸的表面，那深紅粉紅的炎黃的色彩，她是這麼整齊地

娉婷的在海中排列着，誰來品評？現在遇着了他們的羣衆，很有眼光有意思的羣衆，他們非常領會愛慕嘆美，他們都以為惟有高貴的珊瑚樹才有這般優美的纖麗的形態和色彩的美，他們從旁溜過去，自上鑽下，自下浮上，走馬燈似的把整千整百的珊瑚樹環繞着，他們越覺得好看，越加讚美，其次他們便開始歡呼，恣情的說笑，最後便一路的尋着珊瑚林走，這時候，他們一起，任憑小浪花如何大聲呼喊，他們如聽不見似的忘了大石。

像這樣，他們嘗試了好多次，終於失敗了。

小浪花想起了前一回的失敗，她有點害羞，那就不得不詳細的陳述已往的故事。並且說：「珊瑚是可驚懼的蟲類組織成功的團體，我們不要被牠誘惑，牠那淡黃的粉紅的深紅的外表包裹着許多詐偽的不可測的損人利己的機能，我們要是走近牠，便染了污濁的罪惡的色彩，成功了一個沒用的壞東西」接着又說：「我們不特須遠遠的離去牠，並且不要稍一注視，否則，牠能夠使我們目光昏迷，視察遲鈍。」羣衆們都知道設法逃避那海中美麗的珊瑚，但是，社會上足以誘惑人的東西是層出不窮的，何況這富有萬類的大海呢？

依着真切的理解，堅確的信仰和穩健的行為，小浪花們竭力前進，這時候，天上的浮雲，為他們扯起赤鮮紅的旗幟，海面上的薰風，為他們打起了激昂的號角，猛鷙不法的驚鳥不敢覩這一場惡戰似的，也揚長遠逝，逃竄到絕遠的地方去了，惟有那兜蠻的大石，還不知火急的時勢，兀自擴拳怒目，昂頭高視，從牠驕悍的輕蔑的神氣裏，彷彿這樣的表示道：「誰敢撩撥我？難道不知我有不可侵犯的威權嗎？放肆公理是不能施於我身上的，強的拳頭是公理的總握。」不趨趣的而無所畏縮的小浪花們，倍覺奮勇，他們一起緊握着拳頭，並高高的舉起，他們齊齊的前進，連接着腳踵和排比着肩膀，他們很能夠萬眾一心，萬心一膽，他們實在覺得憤怒，血管都澎漲得幾乎破裂了，現在時候和地點都適合了，他們大呼，拳頭脚尖均盡力舉起，迅疾地，猛然地向前直撲，是多麼雄莊的氣勢，是多麼不可遏的羣衆的擊力！那座頑石，從此「天驚地震」的毀滅崩塌了。

小浪花，望你多找些如你一樣明智的分子，多方的忍耐勸導羣衆們，造成永遠和平幸福的大海。

洪水中農家

美國塞珍珠女士著——鄭露西譯

在一片四無際涯的洪水中，尚留著一塊荒蕪的田地。田的一端，堆著許多東西，看去像是災後的殘物。每一堆裏有幾只木凳，一隻粗笨的桌子，一個小小的碗櫈，以及一個小的鐵釜，安放在一個泥塑並為烟灰所薰黑的爐灶上；但這鐵釜是冷冷的，它冷卻了已有幾個星期之久，因為燃料早已沒有了，洪水已帶走了一切。

每一堆的東西是一口人家與一份農家所僅剩的財產了。其餘的已淹沒在洪水中。當然它們的農產物也遭了同樣的命運，可憐的是農夫們，他們辛勤的下了種，却永沒有收穫的日子。

傍著每一堆的殘餘物擁著一羣人，男人、女人、孩子們間或有幾個老公公，老婆婆，但總是佔極少數。其中佔大多數的是父親，母親及他們的孩子，父親們和母親們之間常有一種和緩的爭執，要不然就是一個可怕的沉寂。

是怎麼樣的爭執呢！

這裏有一個做了父親的人，一個年輕的農夫，對他少壯的妻子作了個乖戾之貌。

他們一定結婚得很早，因為雖然他們已做了五個孩子的父母，然而最大的孩子，尚不到八歲。父親也還沒有二十六、七歲，母親是更加要年輕父親。滿身棕色，體格強健，只是如今瘦削得可憐。像他這種人，鄉村中任何地方都能看到。他愛護他的田地，頗以自己的良好耕地，黃色的穀粒及一切好收成矜誇於人。因為它是他苦力的產物，並且他也常以自己的儉省及才能驕傲於人。他有一只嚴肅古板的面孔，但從這上面可以看出他的友善，雖然他現在露著憂鬱的神情，眼睛裏雖充滿了失望的神色，却也顯得慈祥可愛。

母親僅僅偷眼瞧他幾下，立刻又把視線移開。伊從前是個美麗的，圓圓臉兒的鄉下姑娘，而且還有一雙天足。伊一定會長成個身段優美，體格健全的女子，只是如今却瘦削得不堪，一雙眼睛已深深陷入，一頭的黑髮，被風吹動，已蓋上了一層灰，因為伊已有好多天不梳理牠了。伊的嘴唇雖常常經伊用舌頭舐濕，却仍顯得乾燥和灰白。

伊是很忙碌的，伊不斷的看管著伊的孩子們。其中二個從不離開伊，在伊胸前吃著奶的一個孩子，到如今只剩下了一層皮罷了；然而這孩子含著慘白的奶頭，似乎得到了無上的安慰，只不過偶然低聲的叫喊一二回；雖然奶是一些也沒有的了。

另一個兩歲的女孩子，一樣的瘦削，一聲不響地站在她母親肩下。其餘的三個孩子也不多走動；但是每當其中的一個爬遠了些，或走近了水邊，它們的母親就立

刻提著嗓子高聲地叫喊起來，一直要每個孩子都在伊的身畔，才放下了心。

尤其在夜間，伊的心不能平靜下來，伊差不多不能安眠，雖然每個孩子都睡在伊的旁邊，有好幾十次伊從微睡中驚醒，立刻以伊的手撫摸孩子們，他們都在嗎！——他們五個？另一個女孩子在何處？是的，——她在這裏——他們都在，假如父親稍一移動，伊立刻就會用尖利的聲音叫起來：

「做什麼？什麼事不對嗎？」

有時，父親對伊辱罵一番，伊並不回嘴，只一味保管著孩子們，在黑暗中將孩子數了又數。

早晨一到伊就忙碌的工作起來，好似有許多食物要預備，吊了一些冰冷的河水，放入葫蘆瓢中，調以彼等所吃剩的麥粉，然後勉強裝著笑臉說道：「我們還剩下不少的麥粉，比我所想的還多些，足夠我們幾天的糧食呢！」

伊將最大的一份拿給伊的丈夫，一面用威嚇手段止住孩子的喧擾，一面不時的注視著他。他沉默的看著他們，默默不作一聲。伊的一份最少；但伊都高聲的喝吃起來，如果可能的話，竟想一些也不吃，推脫說肚子痛，精神也不爽快，一等到他的背旋轉的時候，伊立刻私下地餵給兩個孩子吃。

然而父親是不會受騙的，他如果看見伊所作的事，就立刻咆哮起來：『我決不讓你餓肚子縱使孩子中只有一人能生存。』直到看見伊拿了碗湊到嘴邊，才放下了心，伊細細的，小口的咀嚼著，好似伊已吃了不少。

不管伊任何的做作，他很明瞭他們的糧食已很有限，他們的孩子是如何吵著要吃東西，他們對母親的威嚇不常加以注意，兩個男孩子有時竟會哭將起來。從前他們是體格強健，面孔紅潤的孩子，要什麼就有什麼。他們對洪水的起來一些也不明瞭，但他們覺得他們的父親必定要想個方法來救濟才是。

他走過去，坐在水邊，用手把耳朵按住，當他的兒子哭泣的時候，這時，母親的臉露着驚惶之色，輕輕地要求她的兒子。說：『不要使你們的父親感著失望，不要吵鬧，安靜一點吧！』見了伊的面孔，他們嚇得沉入寂靜中，眼前似乎有一種危險將光臨，可是都不知道是什麼危險。剩在籃中的米粉一日較一日少；然而洪水依舊不退，每晚伊在黑暗中計算著伊的孩子。

伊不能永久不睡。有一夜，伊疲乏的身子睡著了；但伊並不知道，伊曾把臂伸展在孩子身上，但是當伊夫輕輕搖拽著兩個小女孩子，並且與她們耳語的時候，伊却一些也不知道。她們跟著他走了一段路，他蹣跚地走回來，在黑暗中睡下，曾有一二次他很沉重的嘆了口氣，好似在呻吟。

天方黎明的時候，伊突然的醒了過來。伊陷入了驚惶的罔圖之中，因為伊知道

伊曾睡著了，伊的手摸索著孩子們。呀！還有兩個在何處？伊叫了起了，跳到足邊，顯得壯而有力，伊趕緊跑向伊的丈夫，一把捉住他，對他呼號起來。

「兩個孩子在何處？」

他蹲伏在地上，屈著膝，頭低低的放在膝上，並不回答。

母親几乎失了知覺，狂哭着。搖着他的肩對他喊叫着：「我是她們的母親，我是她們的母親呀！」

伊的淒楚的哭聲，竟把狹小鄉村中的人個個都吵醒了，但是沒有人來勸慰。每個人知道爭吵的原因，因為到處有這種的爭執，母親用可怕的聲音大聲的叫起來喘着氣說：「曾經有一個母親做過這種事嗎？祇有不愛孩子們的父親，為了覬覦伊們少許的食物才幹的！」

這個時候他說話了，他把頭抬了起來，注視著他的婦人，喃喃自語道：「你想我不愛他們嗎？說了把頭轉開，過了一會從又說新：「她們已經免了受荒災的痛苦了！」他突然的哭泣起來。見了他的臉，母親也沉入靜默中。

宴 前

章 映 芬

時間——現代某日下午七時半以前。

地點——中國某城。

人物——黃楓——中學教員。

季君山——黃之丈夫。

華瑤——黃之大學同學。

周表弟——某大學生。

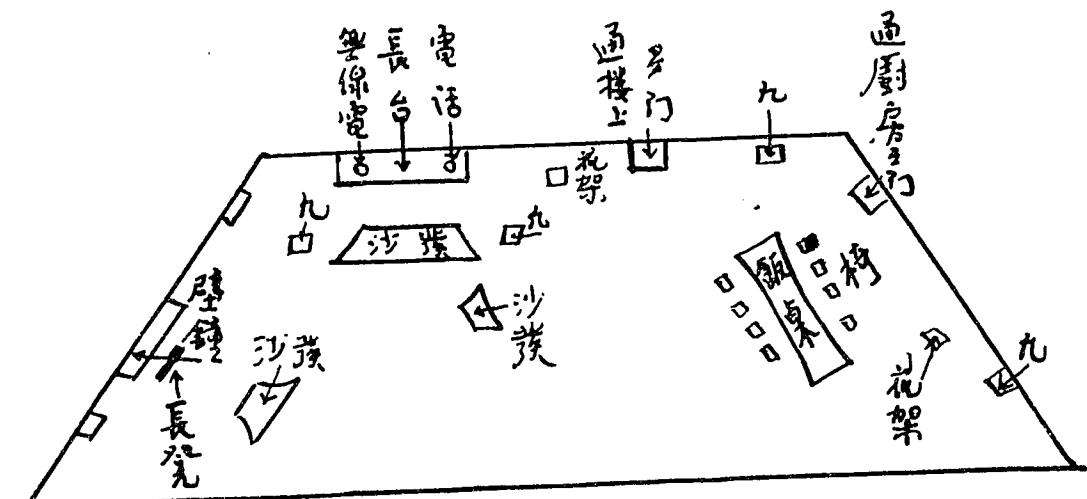
季老太太及小丫頭銀根。

奶奶，顧媽，大司夫阿貴。

譚醫生及其助手。

佈置——

一中上家庭之客室，整潔而舒服，兼作餐室用，壁上掛照片及西洋名畫，室中右置沙發茶几等，几上有雜誌報紙等物，另一几上有鮮花一瓶，靠牆有壁爐，壁架上置鐘一隻，其旁有一愛神之石膏像及小孩的照片，爐前有長方烘火凳，爐旁有書架，架上有銀燭台，室中左面劃為餐室，有長飯桌一，兩旁椅子八九張，桌上台布鮮花等，顯出新式家庭預備宴客的氣息。台後長桌有電話及無線電機各一。



幕開——奶奶坐爐前生火，黃楓年二十七歲左右，家常服裝，起勁而匆忙地整理着雜誌報紙等物，然後再走至飯台前數着椅子，她想了一想，又走到書架前把銀燭台放在台的兩頭，細細的評觀着，奶奶回頭看着。

奶奶——少奶，你不是校裏還有課嗎？少奶？

黃——(看錶)五點到六點，還早！(又看台上自言自語)我就歡喜用燭台，那有種特別的風趣。

奶奶——(看着)少奶記得那天寶寶百日請客，恰巧電燈熄了，十幾枝蠟燭點着，那牆上的影子正好看，許多人都稱讚少奶是個什麼泥時家！少奶可是？少奶？

黃——(笑)少奶，少奶，少奶是藝術家，你叫我黃先生不好嗎？

奶——少奶出去才是黃先生啊！

黃——(不在意地)對了，這瓶花不好，換一瓶！(匆匆地開C門，握着把手，又回頭對顧媽說)你快點把火生好，顧媽一來，你就上樓看寶寶去，要是華小姐來，你叫她等我。(下)

奶奶——(添着柴自言自語)出去黃先生，進來少奶這夠風光！像我們吧！要賺錢就得棄了孩子！(拿着木柴呆望着天空)——(黑貓抓着她腳)咦？原來是你，我火沒生好，你倒先來了？(重添木柴及煤)你的小貓呢？捉了老鼠，你就可吃飯，你就可養孩子！你就可烘火，就差點你少一個奶奶，不然就像少奶一樣。(華瑤服飾樸素整潔年約三十左右走上)

華瑤——(聽得奶奶末後的話句)誰就像少奶一樣？奶奶？少奶呢？

奶——(吃驚抬頭，連忙陣笑)我同黑貓在說着玩呢？少奶叫華小姐等一下，她就來。

華——(坐沙發裏)怎麼你又生起火來？

奶——顧媽送講義到校裏去的，少奶請客怕來不及，所以叫我來湊一下。

華——(看壁上字畫)處處地方表現出一個新式摩登家庭的風味，一個先生，一個太

太，一個孩子，一個奶媽，一個大司廚，一個阿媽，一個奶奶，
黃——(換着時式之長袍，高跟鞋，捧着一大瓶水仙或其他冬日的花走上)還自一位
貴客！
華——(吃驚，回頭看，起立)對啊(注意黃的服裝)什麼事打扮得像新娘一樣，捧着
一瓶花？
黃——(一面說一面將花置台中仔細端詳着)這樣一弄這客室不就有了生氣嗎？
華——你自然弄得不會錯(稍頓)不過有一點我可不敢贊成，你既打扮得花枝招展
的，到底也擦一點粉，擦些胭脂，漂亮就徹底些。
黃——(坐靠大沙發裏)你有所不知，照我原意，請客也好，tea-party 也好，在乎什
麼？
華——現在却在乎得不上不下？
黃——(笑)——別說，我校裏還有一堂課，在學生前我是素來不擦脂粉的，本來這
種服裝我都不穿，不過今天我要六點下課，七點回家。怕已到客人，我就不能
化裝了！故此現在就穿好了，免得心慌。
華——家裏自己請客，媽虎些又算什麼呢？
黃——哈！你就不知道，女為悅己者容，遇着宴會，他就愛我打扮，有幾次，他幾乎跟
我吵架，當時我不睬，過後想想也無所為，譬如說吧！許多年輕的太太也歡喜
一個漂亮的丈夫在一起！
華——到底做了母親，你的哲學圓通得多(起立看照片，黃坐沙發裏)。
黃——(又立起向奶媽)真的，你讓顧媽來好了，你看寶寶去，(奶立媽起)，洗手換衣
服，別灰塵擠擠的近寶寶，五點半吃藥，那一瓶你知道，別忘了！少爺回得早
呢，叫他喂寶寶藥，若餓呢，叫顧媽弄些點心，我上完課校裏還有個會，好在
今天晚飯遲，告訴他別等我心焦！(奶媽下)
華——(回頭向黃)楓！
黃——(忽又記起什麼似的)奶媽，吃藥前可別給寶寶奶吃，記好！
華——(又回頭向黃)楓！
黃——(笑向華)再一下，阿貴，阿貴，(大司夫從飯廳側門開出)
貴——少奶！
黃——今天什麼水果？
貴——天津梨，緬甸文旦。
黃——還仍舊預備點美國橘子：(阿貴應着下)
(華看着黃笑，黃看錶坐下)再有一刻鐘，校裏去！

華——(搖頭)少奶，黃先生，可了得！你比從前瘦了許多！
黃——那也不見得，你自己胖了，便老說別人瘦！不過這兩天，我實在累，孩子病，校
裏又忙！我的孩子身體實在壞！
華——我說(坐下)楓，孩子該自己吃奶啊！你這樣老把她拋給別人太不興，於孩子
是問題，雇奶媽也不人道！
黃——又來了，社會學家，可是事實上難，這麼十幾年書念下來，我不能關在家裏哄
寶寶！
華——於你自己身體呢？一個人就一個心。
黃——就是委曲點自己吧！總算他還能了解我，也就算了！
華——校裏忙着嗎？
黃——很可以， I have done my best，瑤，我不願為着有家就求減少功課求別人
願諒，我不能讓人說結了婚的女人做不成事。
華——委曲求全，也算難為你咧，少奶，兼顧家庭與職業！
黃——你到底要說還我這一句(得意地笑)。
華——笑着立起看壁爐上照片剛在我幾次向你說話你打斷了，(拿照片)你的孩子
實在有趣。
黃——給你做兒子可好。
華——等下次是個女孩子，我要。
黃——也好，你乾媽不愛男孩子？
華——男孩子單調，女孩子才有意思！
黃——哈哈，你倒是賈寶玉的哲學來了——當真，瑤，我又要說咧！你該結婚，你應
該自己有孩子！
華——(放下照片微笑)又來了！太太！你結婚結得那樣得意？
黃——當真，你那樣聰明，能幹！你不結婚，是社會的損失！是民族的損失！
華——(懶懶地坐壁爐前凳上注視着熔熔的爐火)可是問題多着呢！
黃——(立起走至飯桌前將花瓶轉了一轉樂觀地看着手撐着椅背轉身向華)為人類，
你也該結婚。
華——好大的帽子！壓得人透不出氣來。
黃——(笑)真的，絕滅俊秀的種子多可惜？獨身的人太自私！
華——我並不曾說過獨身！
黃——那就好了！結婚是人的義務！社會學家！以社會的立場講。
華——(以火叉撥着煤，敲着地)結婚還是人的權利，少奶，以自然現象而論。

黃——所以你更該結婚！

華——不是該應不該應的問題，（棄下火叉，起立走至書廚前看架上書籍）這中間問題多着呢！

黃——又是問題，社會學家，我就怕你們這樣，滿肚子問題問題，自己當真就跌在問題裏，別問題吧！瑤，（又把燭台換了個地位），今天的佈置，實在不差，你怎麼不稱贊我！（黃轉身心地在翻着書籍）瑤，你知道我今天為誰請客（瑤希奇地拿着書回過頭來）為你啊！你沒看見我排的坐位嗎？（高興地指着）這裏我，這裏君山，這裏你，這裏便是那天我向你說起的，那個醫生，那個醫生，人家很有意你呢！其餘的是陪你們的！（菊孩氣地笑）

華——（拋下書走出）楓，怎麼做母親了還是那樣開玩笑（坐沙發裏）你看幾點了！不想做黃先生去？

黃——（看鐘）啊唷！快走，告訴你，媒人常常是太熱心的，（拿出一疊講義，取出一小黑皮包）

華——（立起）我與你同到校裏去，在這裏呆呆的等着什麼意思，我原本幾次要你的校長去。

黃——也好；只是，你可不能向我搗蛋，今夜一定得來，（看華服飾）而且（笑）你也不該那樣隨便來赴我的宴會，你看，我本人都打扮得這樣！

華——！你簡直當我小孩子！又是教訓，又是吩咐，又是——

黃——算了，算了！我要緊走，今天又是遲到！總之，今天你得聽我話！

華——總之，今天你得聽我話，好吧！（黃華下顧媽提煤炭至爐前添進許多煤。）

顧媽——難為她替我生個爐子，木柴燒去一大堆！（周表弟上，體格高大之青年，有運動員的氣息，人極健康樂觀而略帶缺氣。）

周——咦！主人呢？

顧——（驚覺，放下煤爐握着火鉗）唔！周少爺！請坐請坐，少奶奶有課，少爺就要回來，我去洗了手來倒茶。

周——（搖手）你別當我客人，你去做你自己的事，我也不要吃茶，我自己會招呼自己。

顧——（謙恭地笑着）周少爺真是最體諒人的。

周——你去好了，不用陪我！

顧——（拿着煤下）周少爺不是外人，你要什麼喊阿桂就是，我要河邊去一趟（下）。

周——（東張西望地看着屋內佈置）這種小家庭，夠神氣，夠舒服！（坐沙發裏從袋裏取出照片，一張張地細看，又遠看，沉思，搖頭）難！難！難！實在難！（將三張排在沙發背上遠遠的看又放下）明天求鐵去，哈哈！只怕菩薩也眼花啊！（他專

心地看照，季君山走進，也未覺得，季為一三十左右之青年，在他衣飾及行動上，顯出一種英國紳士的態度而有中國青年特有的少年老成的氣息，他走進來，本想立刻招呼周，看着他那樣專心地看着照片自言自語的說，覺得十分有趣，微笑輕輕地立在周背後看着照片，周仍未覺）。

周——（取出一張）要說新式，自然這位啦！說得上自由戀愛，可是難，須知不容易打發，你滿意她未必，她的主意就多，真識不透她！（又取出一張）無論照拍得怎樣漂亮，我認得她，夠難看，可是家裏有錢，叔叔還是個委員（棄照片）不靠女人，沒志氣……（又拿起看）只是……（又看一張）這人多漂亮啊？幹嗎她又不愛進中學，又不懂運動？程度低，太沒情趣，媽媽自然會歡喜的……單漂亮實在不夠（收起照片放在旁邊）嘆！這一對主人實在怪（看錶又看鐘）我的鐘快了，但是也該回來咧！（又拿起照片）讓我來碰碰運氣吧！三位小姐（笑）現在，我把你們拋到天空裏，讓你們自由自在地掉下，誰是我的太太，請你面向天背向地，（頑皮地）請你別難爲情，我把眼睛閉着（拿起照片）ready！

！（他閉着眼睛擲上去開玩笑地吹着哨，季在背後忍着笑伸手將照片掠去，周稍頓張眼不見照片，驚奇地細找）哦？（起立）。

季君山（在沙發背後走出大笑）她們上天咧！

周——（不好意思）君哥，什麼時候進來的，我一點未知進。

季——（放下帽子脫去大衣）不算久，今天我不曾請你太太，倒不想你帶了三個來！哈哈！

周——別取笑人，我在這裏等你們等得實在心焦才鬧着玩的（季坐下，看照片）我原預備給你看的。

季——不錯啊：你們運動員夠神氣！

周——給我些意見，君哥。

季——菩薩也要眼花，我怕要發昏咧！還成嗎？

周——別取笑，當真我是來請教你的，你自己討得表嫂這樣一個太太。

季——（微笑起立倒茶，見壺內無茶）顧媽，阿桂！

內——（奶奶在內答應）少爺，顧媽河邊去，阿桂替少奶奶買橘子去，少奶奶說她今天還有會，怕不能早回，叫少爺把新的小洋刀拿出來了！

季——（不耐煩地）你來倒些茶我。

內——寶寶剛醒，我不好走開，寶寶熱不退，少奶奶說少爺回得早就叫少爺喂寶寶藥吃。

季——你喂也好，（疲乏地）你會嗎？報呢？

內——怕還在廚房裏。

季——(懶懶的開廚房門取報坐沙發裏微笑)你看我太太出去留下的
可多!

周——(笑)沒吃到熱茶，心裏就不高興，表嫂是一身兼兩職，自然啦!

季——我也一身兼兩職，我的家政實習得很不錯。

周——別說吧!表嫂外面很有地位，家庭也弄得不錯啊!

季——我告訴你一半是我弄的，家政(笑)你要討一個有地位的太太嗎?怕你的訓練
還不夠資格?(看照片)這是你的同學，那個排球健將我認得，這兩張呢?你媽
媽給你的?

周(笑點首)你看怎樣?

季——你媽媽說怎樣?

周——我不能全聽她的話。

季——她怎樣呢?媽媽有經驗，媽媽的話常是不錯的。

周——(起立走至季前指着照片)她不歡喜我的同學，(又指一張)那個委員的女兒
也不好，她說媳婦太高攀了吃不消，她一心一意要那個漂亮的，那個年紀最
輕小學畢業的!

季——(放下照片向沙發後一靠)對啊!對啊!那個漂亮的，年紀最輕的，你媽真對，
快請我吃喜酒，(又取照片看)夠漂亮，小學畢業，會記賬不是嗎?

季——(不歡地)我這樣正經地請教你，你便替我尋開心!

周——一點也不尋你開心(笑指照片)這樣漂亮的人兒你不要?她會弄打家庭，安心
爲你生孩子，她會擦着脂粉等你回來，她依靠你，爲你生存!快做一個最福氣
的丈夫!

季——君哥，我全不信你說這種話，你一向是個婦女運動的提倡者。

季——運動是運動，這社會裏，運動到自己身上………(搖頭又驚覺地坐起)這許多
話我是向你說的知心話!年輕人!

周——哈哈;我告訴表嫂去!

季——(幽默地笑)那又是一頓教訓，你要知道，有地位的太太的丈夫，言論是很不
自由的。

周——哈!你給我的意見便是這樣嗎?

季——你自己的意見呢!

周——我(搖頭)給你一說，更決不下。

季——還是求籤去(一面說一面起立)(奶奶匆匆地驚惶地看着君山君山回過頭去)

啊?奶奶?你幹嗎這樣驚嚇?寶寶怎樣?

奶奶——我怕吃錯了藥………寶寶——不好。

季——(跳起)啊?啊?什麼?吃錯了藥?吃錯了藥?(匆匆地)表弟，你跟我來(走進，周
亦驚惶地走進，奶奶呆立在門側忽又驚惶地返身入內，華入內。)

華——咦?她幹嗎那麼神色匆忙地?(坐沙發上看照片)誰已來了?阿桂，阿桂(阿桂
上)少奶奶叫我回來帶個信，陸先生那面，再打個電話去;你知道他的號數?

貴——知道!是(退)

華——(看照片)這三個是誰啊!

(季老太太扶丫頭銀根上，銀根左手托一水煙袋，右手夾一小包裹，背後梳一光
光的小辮，季老太太玄青皮襖，黑裙，戴絨帽，握佛珠，在她皺紋的臉上，顯出一
種自信而能幹的氣息!)

季老太太——華小姐在這裏!

華——(起立迎接)伯母，一向好!今朝天冷，怎會出來?

季老太太——可不是，昨天我們八叔婆大孫子結婚要我熱鬧熱鬧去，我便住下了，
離這裏近，聽說孩子不舒服，我來瞧瞧，(坐爐前沙發裏)且讓我坐會再上樓，
他們請客嗎?你怕是被請的客吧?媳婦不在家，又是上課去了!那新娘也是大
學畢業生，結了婚怕也是要出去做事的。年紀很不少了呢!一肚子學問;做
填房，你記得，(華乏味地點頭)我們八叔婆太孫子上半年死了媳婦，棄下兩
個孩子，好可憐兒的，這新娘也不見得會招呼他們(華幾次想說話，老太太一
句又一句像放鞭炮地接着)我說，一肚子學問，做人家填房，兩不受用，不過
現在有學問的小姐真難，等到一肚子學問到手，已經不小了，不做填房也難，
女孩子不能嫁一個少幾年的小伙子，不比男人，儘管四五十歲也一樣可以討
個十七八歲的，有學問的小姐又不肯隨便嫁人，非有地位有財勢的，別人也
不敢開口，你說可是?華小姐，但是與她們年齡相當的男人(烘手，眼看着火，
華預備立起，總沒機會，)早已有太太了。所以只好嫁給死了太太的人做填房，
我說句笑話，有地位的人的太太又不一定都死!華小姐，我眼裏許多好小姐
做老小姐，實在也不一定全是歡喜，(搖頭)我當真替她們發愁，脾氣要變壞
的，有的自然也不，我有個老姑婆，一個老小姐，那個脾氣才沒人捉得準她，
我小時——(華聽說至此忍無可忍，起立)。

華——伯母，我還要回去換件衣服，停會我再來與伯母談談可好?

老太太——(驚惶地起立拉華小姐)啊唷!小姐，你準給我講得煩了，你可別多心，你
年紀不算大呢!誰不歡喜你羨慕你，一定嫁個才貌雙全，年齡相當的姑爺!

我……

華——(着急地)伯母，別開玩笑，我去去來(匆匆地像逃犯似的頭也不回地走了。)

老太太——(目送華下)銀根，水煙袋！(銀根坐在爐前烘火，聽老太太喊，趕緊立起，帶下了一本兒上的雜誌)懶丫頭，你看！別人又想是我連個丫頭也管不好，你到底……(季君山與周表弟匆匆上)

季——媽媽你來得正好，孩子吃錯了藥，你看看去，我打電話催醫生來一趟。

老太太——什麼？什麼？媳婦呢？吃錯了藥，還了得？本來本來，媳婦豈可不着家，啊！啊！銀根！銀根扶我上樓去！(老太太與銀根下)這算什麼？這世界？

季——(打電話，周至沙發處收拾照片)哦！哦！對了，你叫譚醫生自己來接電話好嗎？……不能嗎？……那你告訴他，季公館的小孩子吃錯了藥，叫……請他立刻來……啊……吃錯了藥，季公館，立刻……(掛電話，焦急地走至周處)表弟，難為你，去譚醫生處一趟好不好，電話裏那門房不見得弄得清，也許譚醫生以為是晚上請客事。

周——可以，可以，好在又不遠，(藏去照片，匆匆地下)

季——(在地上走來走去焦急地看錶)她還不回來，哼！既是不肯料理家庭的，就不該……(阿貴上)

貴——有信(退)。

季——(閱信，冷笑)哼！這叫兩敗俱傷，可知校裏到底也不歡迎這位少奶奶，遲到，早退，家裏却怨她早去遲回！哼！於她康健着想呢，不錯，她自己又何嘗舒服？讓她看吧！我知道這生活遲早該有個結束(季老太太上嘴裏喃喃地念着佛。)

老太太——阿彌陀佛！

阿彌陀佛！

(怒氣沖沖向季)替我喊阿貴。

季——阿貴！阿貴(向老太太)媽什麼事？你看孩子怎樣？

媽——我早知你們遲早有點花頭弄出來，孩子要求神明的了(阿貴上)阿貴！灶下供灶神嗎？

貴——老太太，我們用的爐子！

媽——我問你有灶神沒有？

貴——少爺吩咐不要的！

媽——不要的？這第一樣不成家！(走向廚房)總是犯了神明。

季——媽媽你去什麼？

媽——去什麼？憑我這把年紀到灶前磕幾個頭，消消罪，保佑我的孫子！(向廚房走)

貴——老太太我們沒有灶。

媽——爐子也好，總是燒飯吃的地方(開門進)。

季——(又氣又不放心)媽，你這樣大年紀，跌了算什麼？(跟進，回頭向銀根，)你坐在這裏，醫生來了就叫我。

銀根——(不聲不響地烘火對着火弄着辮子)。

(黃楓匆匆地上)。

黃——咦？老太太來的，老太太呢？客人還沒來！

銀——在後面！

黃——(疲乏地坐沙發裏又立起，將書夾藏書架上整理沙發上的墊子等)怎麼弄得亂七八糟！(看錶)大概客人就要來，我來把燭點起來吧！(起勁地點燭)少爺進來(向銀根)你別告訴是我點的，聽見嗎？說牠們自己亮起來的(燭光搖移地照着牆上的花影，室中立時顯出一種極優美閒靜的氣息)啊多美麗啊！(細看，忽又想起什麼似的)讓我去洗個臉擦點粉(笑)華瑤也一定回家打扮去了，快些(向內走至門口又向銀根)客人來，你找少爺，別叫我，老太太問我，說我在洗臉房，一下就來(下)。

銀——(高興地看着蠟燭，以手在牆上演出花樣，快樂地笑着)。

廚房的門推開，老太太在前，季君山在後，一齊走出，老太太見台上點着的蠟燭大驚，看銀根，銀根見老太太也大吃一驚，老太太走前)。

老太太——銀根，你瘋了不是？誰叫你點起這許多蠟燭來？

銀——(機械地)，牠們自己亮起來的。

季——(走出呆看着，也莫明其妙)。

老太太——這總是壞兆頭，壞兆頭，銀根，你說半句慌，我打你個半死，說，牠們怎樣自己亮起來的？(黃楓從裏面笑出來，擦着脂粉，顯得年輕而漂亮)。

黃楓——媽，君山，是我點的，是我叫銀根說謊嚇唬你們的，(牠一無所知地笑着)你看這蠟燭光都有趣？(老太太氣憤憤的不理會，坐到沙發裏)。

季——你瘋了，黃楓(楓一驚)你去看過孩子嗎？吃錯了藥，快死了！你還做夢！

黃楓——啊？什麼？吃錯了藥？你什麼時候回來的？

季——(蹬腳)你到底想去看他不？你的母親做得太高明，這樣得意！我在這裏等醫生！

楓——(無暇辯護着急地返身上樓而去)。

(老太太氣呼呼地坐在沙發裏，氣得連連咳嗽，銀根上前敲着背)。

季——媽媽，你何苦爲她氣(看錶)醫生應該來咧！

(譚醫生，一中年深沉的男子，戴眼鏡，背後跟一提着黑皮包的助手，匆匆地上)

Dr 譚，對不起，小孩吃錯了藥，我表弟呢？

譚——我是接着你電話來的，什麼事？怎會吃錯了藥，你太太呢？

季——校裏去了剛回來！無暇細說，且請上樓看看孩子吧！

(黃推門進)。

黃——(驚慌地) Dr 譚來了，好極了！孩子四肢都抽着呢！不知怎樣？(向季) 你什麼時候回來的？

季——(板着臉，不理會向醫生) 且去看看吧！

(黃楓無可奈何地跟着進)。

老太太——少奶奶，你不必去，你來，我有話替你說(黃驚奇地立着) 你坐下。

黃——我不必坐！

老太太——我不是那種話多討厭的婆婆，專愛管媳婦的事，現在不比從前，我知道，媳婦就像客人一樣，自由自在得比女婿還管不着不過事情關係得大，我要盡盡做長輩的責任。你知道……

黃——(不安地) 媽，你為什麼生氣，孩子那樣，我也着急得要命了，什麼不合你意，你只管教訓好了：

季老太太——別說教訓，我只勸勸你們，你但凡領得孩子順利，我連勸也可以不必。

黃——媽你別說吧！我那有不寶貝孩子的！今天我為了要請客，又是校裏有課，我忙着臨走時，我吩咐奶媽叫君山喂孩子吃藥，誰知奶媽等君山不去，便自己弄錯了呢！

季老太太——這便是你的不對，孩子是姓季的，還不單是你愛不愛的問題，養孩子是媳婦的責任，那有家裏事儘由男人做的，我早聽說你不服侍君山，飯不添，茶不倒，都要他自己動手，這便是壞兆！

黃——(惱) 家不是我一個的，孩子不是我一個的，各人得負一半責任！他外面去，我也在外面！

季老太太——(大怒) 我季家不曾窮得要你媳婦出去賺錢，君山每月二百，還不夠你用？要你跑出跑進的，做先生，點蠟燭，無緣無故的，銀根，銀根，吹熄那許多妖氣的蠟燭，簡直是妖精(銀根爬上桌去，一枝一枝的吹着，黃青着臉看着抑壓着忿怒)。

黃——簡直一點道理都沒！媽媽，你說好了，我不會來計較的(季君山進)

季老太太——哦！哦！誰沒道理？誰沒道理？(大聲)。

季君山——媽媽，什麼事呢？(向黃) 醫生在樓上，孩子那樣？你向媽吵，算什麼來？

黃——誰向她吵來？孩子，孩子，孩子是我的，也是你的！(背臉忍着氣)。

季老太太——(喘着氣立起) 君山，你別糊塗，家總要像個樣，沒見女人老向外面跑的？你自己去想想，時髦的媳婦我管不了，醫生說怎樣呢？孩子是我季家的孫子！(入內)。

黃——憑空的向人家吵一場！哼(冷笑) 醫生說怎樣呢？

季——哼！哼什麼？你倒也關心孩子！

黃——(驚奇地看季) 什麼話，我想問你呢？你但知愛孩子，你回來了就不肯喂他藥吃？

季——你做夢，孩子要我領？你應該叫我生孩子的！

黃——(由生氣而變為詫異) 君山？我校裏忙，你就不該招呼嗎？孩子是我們倆個的，家也是，我不是閒在家裏的！我也有職業！

季——你生活到一百年後去了，現在是不可能的，孩子是母親的，家庭是女人的，我告訴你，職業，職業，你以為職業就歡喜你拋掉孩子的太太嗎？(取爐架上的信) 你看去吧！

黃——(取信看) 啊！(失望地坐倒在沙發裏)。

季——人家意思要你辭職，現在，孩子也完了(恨恨地拉一下台布，花瓶倒下，水流溼了台布) 其時門開，華瑤正換着時式宴會的服裝，擦着脂粉像換了一人似的走進，聽着爭吵聲音，看着花瓶的倒下，她覺得不該走進，讓門半開着，停立在門側) 職業也完了！這叫兩敗俱傷，好結果！

黃——(傷心之極) 這該是你說的嗎？你一向這樣想嗎？

季——這是事實，女人是女人，職業或家庭，理想是沒用的，事實會壓倒你頭上。(華瑤，輕輕地把門關了隱去，他倆都未見)。

(醫生及助手自樓上下走進見室中頗覺驚奇)

譚——怎麼，吵架嗎？看來今天晚上我的客人做不成了。

季——孩子怎樣？

譚——沒有關係，沒有關係，(黃驚喜地抬頭看)。

季——啊啊！(喜極) 不曾吃錯嗎？

譚——錯是錯了！不過錯得並沒關係。

季——為什麼剛纔那樣怕人的抽動呢？

譚——那不過暫時對於血液有些關係，現在又打了針，已經安睡了，沒關係！不過，以後得小心啊！

季——(喜極) 捲起花瓶，並將花插好，害我們全大家吃驚，請坐下吧！阿貴，(阿貴

上) 這台布給我弄溼了! 換一條,(阿貴拿去布下)

(季太太進)。

老太太——阿彌陀佛,佛!(走至醫生前,)多謝!多謝!醫生正是神仙,少奶奶,孩子睡着了呢?你去看看,你別生氣,剛在是我急壞了,說了你幾句,銀根,銀根,快把蠟燭點起來,少奶奶要請客的!(黃靜靜地起立走向樓去,銀根慢慢地爬上凳去,一枝一枝的點起,)只是少奶奶,以後可再別出去啊!

黃——(勉笑)謝謝譚醫生,請坐,我裏面去!(進)

譚——我們立刻要去,剛在是你催我急,我還有一處病人未看,好在(看錶)還有半點鐘,我停一下來好了!而且,我這種樣子,也不能赴你宴會(笑)。

季——(會意地笑)你今天是該打扮打扮來,那麼你快去吧!早些來啊!兩位!

譚——等下會!

助手——等下會!(兩人下)。

季太太——阿彌陀佛!到底我磕了兩個頭有用,你們就有客來(走向門)我去看着孩子好讓媳婦來,我是不來的,你開點晚飯上樓就是,我,老太婆,和不來(高興地進)。

季——(目送母去,回身整理着桌椅,又走至爐前,沉思着又坐下,撥着爐火,銀根爬在台上,蠟燭還沒全點好)。

黃楓輕輕地推着門走進,左手提着只小皮箱,右手攬着一件大衣,一件雨衣,脫去了拖地的長袍,換着一身便於旅行的服裝立在門口,向室內看了看,堅決地走進把手提箱放在茶几上,她立在沙發旁脫手套。

黃——君山!

季——(回頭,看着她的一身服裝及一種特殊的態度,他從凳上吃驚地立起)楓英?你要出去?

黃——是的,我要離開你,離開家庭!(華瑤第二次推門進看看室中,聽聽吵嘴的口氣,她又呆立着聽着,他倆都未見)。

季——什麼?

黃——沒有什麼可驚奇的,事實是這樣!我不能再錯下去!委曲求全既是兩敗俱傷,事情要求徹底的解決,我一向自苦委曲,祈求為過渡時期的女子,找一條兩全的出路,現今我覺悟是全錯了!在這社會上,在這制度下,在這習俗下,男女平權,女子人格獨立,還是夢想,不錯,君山,這是事實。

君——怎麼我一時氣憤的話,你就那樣?你明白事實就好了。

黃——不,君山,明白就夠了嗎?我要逃避這錯誤的事實,也許我該毀滅牠,尋找新

的事實……這事實是對嗎?『女人是女人,職業或家庭,』謝你指示我這事實,但女人是人,有獨立的人格,有權要求結婚,有權要求職業,有權要求經濟獨立,家庭,家庭,應該毀滅,進化的社會是分工合作的,是各盡所能的,家庭是嗎?舊社會的遺物,女性的牢籠,對了,君山,我要逃避這可怕的事實,我立刻要離開這裏,離開你!(她鎮靜地脫下戒指,華瑤輕輕地關上門,悄悄地隱去)我不必帶着這走(以戒指置上)。

季——(走至中立沙發旁)你瘋了!楓英,你什麼地方去?

黃——什麼地方去?我不知道,不過總之個人與家庭與社會,在現時代是在一個極大的錯誤中,我不怪怨誰,我一人犧牲極有限,但這明明不是我一人問題,除了與我同樣的女子外,你,你的媽?奶媽,銀根,甚至研究社會學的華瑤,你們站在你們應站的地位,過着你們應過的生活嗎?我要離開這錯誤的渦漩,去找尋徹底解決的辦法!(提皮箱欲下)。

季——你簡直瘋了,你神經錯亂,你有什麼辦法呢?你倒說。

黃——什麼辦法?我不知道,但世上的錯誤,應找得出解決的辦法的,這是人的責任,我尋辦法!再見了,你不能阻止我(走向門去)。

(譚醫生換着貼平的西裝,披着大衣,跟着助手開門進黃縮回開門的手,退立一旁,譚醫生及其助手驚奇地看着)。

季——好極了!Dr. 譚!我內人,簡直有點神經錯亂,怕是剛在給孩子嚇壞了的,你看,她現在要離開我!

譚——(驚惶)啊!啊!啊!(向助手)我的皮包沒帶?

助——沒帶(樓上有孩子的哭聲,黃呆立,沉思着)。

譚——不要緊,不要緊,(取大衣袋中之聽筒)幸虧這隨身帶:(走至黃處)季太太,請坐下。

黃——(驚醒)啊?(季撐着沙發背,無可奈何地看着)。

譚——(把聽筒套在耳朵上)我先聽聽你心!

黃——哈!我病嗎?是的,這是病,但,這病怕不是你醫生所能醫治的!

譚——(惱)我是德國醫學博士,回國行醫也十多年了。

黃——(搖手)這是社會病,這是社會改良者的責任!(回身向門走去)再見了,家庭!

季——楓英,你連小孩都忘了嗎?(內小孩哭聲)。

黃——(一手握門把手,一手提着箱子,略停,回頭向室內諸人)我沒資格做母親,我會忘了小孩嗎?不!不會的,像天下一切的女人一樣,但在我未徹底了解我自己與這社會的關係之前,未找得一切解決錯誤的辦法之前,我沒資格要孩子,

再見了！（堅決地開門走出）。

季——（追出）楓英！楓！

（醫生握着聽筒，助手立在他旁邊，驚奇地呆看着）。

幕 下

說

D. F.

時間——現代某日下午

地點——歐陽太太的客室

人物——（按上場先後排列）

歐陽偉（大偉）——姊

老姑婆

阿青——婢

歐陽太太——母

古郁文——老姑婆之外孫

歐陽棣（六棣）——妹——醫專學生

陸之珈——醫專實習生

佈景——客廳佈置，安適而整潔：台後有窗，台左後有入內之門，台右前有一門通房室。窗下置椅几，几上有一花燈罩之台燈，台左一長沙發，右一搖椅，旁一套茶几，几上有花一盆，搖椅旁有低方小凳一，上置貓窩一，壁上掛自鳴鐘一只，西洋畫數張。

幕開，大偉坐沙發裏織絨線短外套，面向台前，服飾大方整潔，神色活潑而樂觀，現顯一種做姊姊的堅決多思的氣息。右門開老姑婆梳髮髻，小腳，穿夾衫，玄色裙走進。在那多紋的面上，發出焦急不滿的眼光，嘴角時或神經地縮動着，由她的服飾表情，一望而知為一有錢，性躁，古怪之老處女。阿青為一頗為結實之呆笨婢女，抱一大黑貓跟着走出，老姑婆時時回頭看貓。

姑——大偉（一面說，一面查看客廳，走至搖椅前拂灰塵，細看然後坐上，阿青以貓置小凳上，貓懶懶地爬進窩裏。老姑婆又查看搖椅，拍着灰塵，大偉看着笑！）
你笑什麼？大偉，沒人坐過我的椅子吧？這是各人的脾氣，我不憤。我不禁止你的朋友來，就是男的，就是男的；可是要有分寸，要有分寸（坐下）大偉，你沒忘記我的椅子不給客人坐吧？

大偉——（笑）姑姑，你總是這樣，什麼時候我忽略你的規矩？你問阿青。

阿青——（無表情地）沒有，就是今天上午他們吵架把牠翻了一個身。

姑——（大驚立起）誰？（看大偉，大偉忍着笑。）

阿青——（指着窩裏的黑貓）大黑與小花！就是她們一遇見就吵架。

姑——（釋然地坐下）拿水煙袋來！阿青！（阿青下）（向大偉）阿棣呢？

大偉——出去買東西的（看絨衣），姑姑你看快好了！後天阿棣生日，你預備送什麼給她呢？（舉高絨衫）那件買的有這樣好！

姑——（不熱心地，眼看着貓），我一直想你不會做針線！

大偉——你實在沒看錯我，可是為了妹妹，……啊（放下針）是媽媽的聲音，（起立跑去開門，）媽媽，你回來了（歐陽太太為一短髮旗袍，跟了女兒而變新式之中年婦女，見大偉，慈愛地笑着）。

歐陽太太——姑姑！是你仍在這裏！（以手中物品遞給大偉）大偉，拿上樓去，小心那個匣子裏有寶貝呢？

大偉——是錶（細看匣）！我知道，還有這？（解開）。

歐陽太太——（坐大偉絨物旁），讓我做下客吧！我乏着呢！大偉，給我塊熱面布！（看絨衣拿起）快好了？（阿青捧水煙袋上）。

大偉——媽，（拿出照相機，看着跳着）你真偏心！我生日沒有這樣好！（歐陽太太笑）。

姑——（綉眉）還像小孩，你把我的大黑嚇着了！

大偉——（不理會地拿着大堆物件入內，遇姑婆身旁，踏着黑貓的尾巴，黑貓大叫）啊！

歐陽太太——怎麼阿偉？你踏了姑姑的貓了！

姑——（煩怒接過水煙袋）她快要踏着我了！

阿青——你沒有尾巴的！

姑——（怒）阿青滾出去！（阿青下，歐陽太太忍着笑）。

（姑姑吃水煙，歐打絨衣，台上暫靜）。

歐陽太太——姑姑，你生大偉的氣？她總是這樣的！

姑——（不理，稍停，放下水煙筒問歐玉琴，大偉幾歲了？

歐陽太太——二十四。

姑——阿棣呢？二十歲？

歐陽太太——不錯。

姑——都不小了呢！

歐陽太太——我懂你的意思，可是現在比不上從前，只得隨他們自己去，我一共就

這兩位！

姑——阿棣是我心愛的，你看郁文怎樣？郁文，那是個好孩子！第一人品高，懂規矩。

歐陽太太——很好！姑姑做媒？

姑——你說怎樣？

歐陽太太——我說過了，我要隨她們的意。姑姑，你說她們也不是肯由父母之命結婚的人，無論那位王子我憑阿棣自己揀！

姑——（煩怒）我自然管不了！管不了！阿青，阿青（無人應）又不知那裏去了！我自然管不了，不過郁文是好孩子，阿棣是我心愛的，我說是天配的（躁急）。大偉我不管，我不管！

歐陽太太——（笑）我倒想把大偉打發了再說呢！

姑——可是郁文比大偉小，男的應該大才對。

歐陽太太——姑姑，你怎樣說？好像天下做我女婿的就只郁文一個，我的大偉還不急呢！她都不想結婚呢！

姑——我自然管不了！我也不想管你兒女的事；不過婚姻終是老輩的責任。大偉說話你總信！孩氣啊！要不是老實話，那才誤了她一生呢！

歐陽太太——（無所謂地）要不是老實話！……

姑——是啊！我年輕時就說過一次謊（沉思她），不然日子就兩樣咧！

歐陽太太——（微笑）我倒也說過謊，（大偉走進）要不是別人相信，日子也兩樣咧！

大偉——‘坐歐旁’真的？

姑——我不是悔，你別弄錯了。要是我把日子從頭再過，我那次謊也一樣說，不過我，……

大偉——姑姑整日弄一隻大黑，一隻小花，要是你有機會重過，我勸你換種日子！

姑——（惱）阿青（大聲）擦水煙袋！

歐陽太太——大偉，有點規矩，別野孩子氣！

大偉——我不再多話，姑婆你講吧！

姑——沒有什麼！我說我年輕時說過一次謊！

大偉——你說你不嫁，而其實你是願意的？

姑——唔！（沉思）我說我要陪媽媽！——

歐陽太太——後來當真就誤了！

姑——我沒錯，可是我告訴你就是，年輕的女兒說這種話大半是謊！

大偉——（若有所感）在從前不好，在現在是很有益的。

歐陽太太——大偉（看她一眼）！

大偉——（躲開歐的目光）那麼媽，你的慌呢？

歐陽太太——（沉思）哦！也差不多！

大偉——可是你是結婚的。

歐陽太太——那是你爸爸！

大偉——不然，是誰呢？我認得嗎？真有趣！

歐陽太太——別問，大偉！

姑——我聽見別人說過，不然你日子就兩樣咧！（自言自語）慌話打發了一世，這是命運！

大偉——（起勁地）無論什麼時代，這種謊都是可能的，在從前，我想不太好，媽可是？因為你們……可是在現代，這種謊頂好有機會說，媽，許多人不肯說，她們全毀了！

姑——（怒）這種話我聽不來，玉琴，你得管教管教！

歐陽太太——大偉！（看她一眼）

大偉——（笑）媽，你別替我做，我陪你換衣服去（淘氣地拉歐，姑背轉臉綿眉，大偉看着笑）姑姑，你總生氣！

歐陽太太——（立起）大偉，有禮貌些！（歐與大正出外，郁文，一年約二十四歲左右溫文之青年走進）啊！郁文！好幾天沒見了。

姑——郁文，你媽媽好吧？阿青，把大黑抱上樓，這裏太擠了！

郁文——不要緊（看貓）我歡喜大黑，舅婆好，舅母好，偉姊，妹妹呢？

大偉——（笑）舅婆，舅母，偉姊，妹妹呢？正是遇到。阿棣大概就快回家了！你來得好，你同姑姑談談吧！我陪媽換衣服去，她回來了好久，一直閒談着沒去！

歐陽太太——郁文不是外人，等會你同姑姑上樓來，我給幾件東西你看看。

郁文——好好！請便。

（歐陽太太與大偉下）

姑——郁文陪我談談正好！阿青，把郁少爺的茶杯拿來，別弄錯了！那只花的！郁文，我剛在同舅母談起你！

郁文——（看着壁上的畫片照相）後天是六妹生日不是嗎？我該送些什麼？（稍停）談起我？

姑——是啊！

郁文——怎樣呢？（望着窗外，假裝不在意地）

姑——你舅母倒不反對，可是她一定要由阿棣自己做主，阿棣同你好嗎？

郁文——我們常在一起，沒有什麼特別，我看不透她怎樣，而且——

姑——而且？

郁文——(低頭踏地板)而且

姑——難為情？(郁笑)哈！現在世界正有趣，那兩個女孩子還比你老；可是我就愛你這點，人老誠持重。郁文，我自然也歡喜你們一對，可是現在時髦事兒我不懂，你舅母要新式，你自己去問問她好了！阿青(內應)茶拿樓上去，六小姐回來沒？

阿青——(內應)再有三分鐘。

姑——(對郁文)我們進去，等阿棣來了，你再下來，阿青，把客廳收拾下子，(阿青上，姑及郁文進)

阿青——(細看絨繩衣試置身上細看)

歐陽棣進，她人較大偉瘦小，衣飾較時髦，神色極不安定，匆匆地走進客室，並不注意阿青在，即躺沙發裏，阿青大吃一驚！

棣——太太呢？小姐呢？現在幾點？

阿青——(手足無措)啊？

棣——太太呢？

阿青——回來了！

棣——大小姐呢？

阿青——裏面！

棣——幾點鐘！

阿青——(看壁上鐘)一，二，三，四，四點！

棣——好！去吧！告訴太太，我有客來，別叫我！(大偉在門口出現，六棣未注意)告訴小姐，我回來了，我立刻要她。

大偉——(走進)你立刻要我？有誰來呢？

棣——(咬指頭看大偉立起)阿姊來，(看鐘)阿青去，把門關了！

大偉——阿姊來，阿青去，什麼事要你不安？

棣——是的(坐到搖椅裏把搖椅搖着)！

大偉(注意搖椅)別動她搖椅，又累她話多！

棣——(懶懶地立起躺到沙發裏)我一直該告訴你，沒機會，告訴媽媽不妥當，她要認真，我什麼事都得對你說！

大偉——說吧！(棣不語)陸之珈嗎？(煩惱地坐對面沙發裏)

棣——是的！

大偉——向你求婚？

棣——還沒有！

大偉——還沒有！那麼怎樣呢？

棣——今天他在路上遇見我，他說四點半來，他說他要送件生日的禮物給我，他要我獨自在客廳裏等他，他對我笑笑，那意思我懂得！阿姊，你說怎樣呢？(煩亂不安)

大偉——(呆着)我知道你們很好，可沒想到要你獨自在客廳裏等他(惘然看窗外，她覺得有種說不出的感覺，不知是妒忌還是寂寞)那麼你說吧！你怎樣呢？

棣——阿姊，你生氣？

大偉——沒有！

棣——那麼你告訴我，怎樣呢？我總聽你話！

大偉——(沉思地立起走至窗前)

棣——(回頭看鐘，着急地)阿姊！說啊！

大偉——(回頭堅決地問棣)你覺得結婚對於我們事業的前途怎樣？

棣——(呆着)我不知道！

大偉——你不知道？(煩躁地走前)那就好了！何必問我呢？(看鐘)他快來了。

棣——(吃驚地坐直)不，阿姊，我知道，結婚對於事業不大好！

大偉——那麼你記得我們的計劃嗎？

棣——你要開個鄉村學校，我要開個醫院，我們兩個建設起一個理想的鄉村來！

大偉——那麼，現在只剩一個學校了，也許連學校也沒有！失望地坐到沙發裏，只剩下我一個同着沒用的理想！

棣——不(跳起走至大偉前)！姊！我全沒這樣心思！這與之珈有什麼關係呢？我應該可以做一個模範的女子，不拋棄我自己的事業的！

大偉——在現今的社會環境中是不可能的，現在的女子，事業或家庭，要雙方並進，結果是兩敗俱傷！棣，我只能這樣說，你自己揀吧！

棣——(沉思)你對之珈有好感嗎？

大偉——那是第二個問題！

棣——他愛我，我也，…

大偉——我知道！

棣——我把一切情形告訴他，他會幫助我！

大偉——那麼很好(頹喪地起立看鐘)他快來了，他是一定會使你滿意的，像一切求婚的人一樣！(走出開門)

棣——阿姊！
大偉——怎樣？
棣——你知道我是重事業的！
大偉——事實會埋葬你！
棣——（低聲）那麼我告訴他，我不能答應他好了！

大偉——你不愛他！

棣——不！阿姊！別這樣說！

大偉——那麼你肯說謊！爲了你事業，爲了你一生的別種生活。

棣——怎樣？

大偉——說你不愛他，不就完了嗎？（六棣驚起，又沉下）你的一生就給事業了！

棣——（雙手按面）我不愛他！

大偉——你不愛我？你不愛事業？啊！六棣是自私的，你沒那樣勇氣，那樣決心。

棣——不，阿姊，我一定說堅決地坐下！

大偉——（立起）那麼……（阿青上）

阿青——六小姐，有客。

大偉——（急走至台前門口）他來了！你自己決定吧！

棣——（向阿青）叫他等等（向大）阿姊！我一定說：「我不愛你」。

大偉——別向我說！（笑）Don't be too emotional！這種慌是可愛的！想想你的醫院，我的學校，（手握門把）你還可說早有人向你求過婚了！（老姑要在窗外探首向裏望，兩人均未見）

棣——沒有！

大偉——理想的事業，不是嗎？

棣——很好！一個幾分鐘的謊話，一個終身的謊話，我能承受的！（大偉關門繼又探首入內）

大偉——棣！明天我們跟阿菊娘下鄉旅行去！我們開始去考查鄉村，我去預備一切，你須記好那一句謊話啊！

棣——（點首）

（阿青上）

阿青——你的客人可以來嗎？他叫我不要告訴你他是誰！

棣——（迷亂）啊！自然是她了！啊！天……這樣糟！我要怎樣見她呢？（見阿青呆着揮手）你去請她來！（阿青下）我要怎樣見她呢？（起立惘然地看着門然後顯現一種堅決的微笑）好吧！我要如若無事，開玩笑地！（見門開，匆忙躲在門後）（郁文

上，見室內寂無一人，驚奇地看着。六棣大笑從門後走出，見是郁文，失望而不好意思地招呼着）

棣——是你，文哥！你看我多淘氣，我以爲是姊姊騙我說是客人（退立搖椅旁）請坐！
郁文——我來了好一會咧！我也淘氣，我存心開玩笑，從那個門轉到這個門，叫阿青對你說是客，倒不想反給你開了玩笑！

棣——（無精打彩地坐沙發裏，爲掩飾自己不安焦急之狀乃以雙手按眼睛，我眼睛有些不大舒服，你見了媽媽他們嗎？

郁文——（坐對面沙發裏）見了！

（台上暫靜）

（郁文見六棣不開口，覺得十分手足無措，拿出訂婚戒指，看看六棣又驚惶地藏過，欲說又止了幾次，最後又拿出戒指鼓勇走近六棣沙發旁，不好意思地問：

郁文——眼睛怎樣了？

棣——有了灰塵吧！一下就好的。

郁文——六妹，你可歡喜我不？

棣——（心不在焉）歡喜之至！

郁文——後天你生日，不是嗎？我記得。

棣——你來嗎？

郁文——當然，我……我要送件禮物給你，你一定要接受的！（手足無措地坐棣旁以戒指套棣手上）

棣——別客氣吧！（覺郁之動作大驚，張眼看，立起）文哥，你什麼意思？

郁文——（拿着戒指無可奈何地）接受吧！六妹（走近棣）

棣——（退後）什麼呢！

郁文——我所願送你的，連我整個的身心！妹！

棣——（恍然悟）你向我……（笑了一笑）那是很抱歉的，我一點沒想到，（冷然退坐大沙發裏）

郁文——（走前）接受吧！妹！（作欲跪之狀）

棣——（大驚起立）文哥！你簡直做戲了！你怎麼可以呢！開這樣的玩笑，我告訴你，我做夢也沒想到！

郁文——（大胆地）我愛你啊！

棣——你要叫我怎樣說呢！我不愛你！

郁文——我不能信，你剛纔都說你歡喜我之至，

棣——歡喜是歡喜，愛情又是一件了！我可以歡喜狗，歡喜貓，歡喜花，歡喜草，我可

不能……問心，我說，這是不能強求的，我不愛你，謝謝你的禮物吧！

郁文——你不愛我！

棣——沒半點謊，我不愛你，（郁文失望地看着她老姑婆匆匆走進）

姑——我都聽見了，孩子，阿棣，你怎可拿終身大事開玩笑？我聽見是大偉那孩子教你的，教你說謊！郁文，別失望，妹妹替你開玩笑的，她說謊，是大偉那野孩子胡鬧的。

棣——我沒說謊！

姑——郁文坐着（郁文低頭坐對面沙發中，姑坐搖椅）阿棣，讓我對你說些話，你阿姊是個少有的野女孩子，就像個胡鬧的知了。一樣沒有經驗，什麼都不知道，你怎可聽她話，你將來要悔的。你與郁文是一對兒，我不能讓你阿姊胡鬧，我知道你願的，郁文，把戒指給我好了，我要替你們做主。

棣——（起立發怒）姑姑，你怎可強說呢！我從心底說起，我從不曾愛過他。怎麼你把阿姊拉在裏面？現在時代媽媽都不能作主！你逼我？

姑——你叫我生氣了，孩子，你不說謊？那麼你要存心學我了，你不出閣？意思？

棣——你沒權過問（任心地）我不愛他為甚不能愛別人？我率性說明白點，在他來之前，已經有人向我求婚了！我已答應了！

姑——（搖頭）謊！謊！謊！我在窗外聽見的，全是大偉那孩子教的！

棣——啊（煩惱）你要我怎樣說？你！我怎樣教你信我？文哥？你也以為我開這種沒意義的玩笑嗎？

郁文——（偶促不安）我不知道，那麼我可請問你愛的是誰呢？誰向你求婚了的？我也該向你道賀啊！

姑——是的！阿棣，好孩子，你要聽阿姊的話才糟，我可不許的（之加，一健強靈活，膚色極黑之青年立窗外呆視室中，一會即隱去，室中人均未見。）

棣——（煩亂）天啊！阿姊呢？之加呢？他便不早來！我做着怎樣希奇的夢？（焦急地望窗外）你要我怎樣說呢？加，他便不早來！（之加匆匆地推門進）

加——六棣，棣，我在這裏呢！我來了！不太晚嗎？（姑與郁都驚着立起。）

棣——（大喜跳起，握加手）啊！加！加！

姑——這什麼意思！加！加！？

棣——（介紹姑姑，他是陸之加，我的（稍頓）同學！（之加鞠躬）這是文哥！他便是「他」。

郁文——我們是認識的！

姑——（戴上老花眼鏡細看，氣惱地）這黑黑的便是你所說的人嗎？

棣——（喜極）我可以說是的！

郁文——你們已經訂婚了？恭喜！

棣——（視之加，低頭，不語）

加——（想了想）是的！（出戒指匣，給姑）這，連着我整個的一切，是給六棣生日的禮物。

姑——（懊惱煩躁退坐搖椅裏）我不管！我不管，阿青！阿青！叶太太！太太！

（郁文看看自己的手，又忌又恨）

郁文——我要回家了！（慌亂地找帽子手杖，却在几上拿了燈罩，壁角取出鷄毛帚預備走）

加——（視老姑婆微笑，乃回身取出戒指注視六棣，六棣低頭伸出左手，加即輕輕地將戒指套上，兩人均未注意郁文之動作，姑背轉背去）

大——（其時郁文頹喪地以燈罩戴頭上而出，大偉手夾雜誌，絨氈，口琴，梵亞鈴匣等旅途中應用物品上，遇郁文十分驚奇好笑，繼注意及室內情境，見之加正以戒指戴棣手，乃啞然呆立，大堆物件從手中掉下）

幕 下

胡 適 ？

（獨幕劇）

小 小 仲 馬

時間：現代

地點：某城市

人物：老尤，尤太太，尤小姐，張媽，女友。

舞台：當幕從舞台上拉開的時候，明顯的尤太太是太於心有所注了，她絲毫不注意台下幾千隻注視着的眼光。這也難怪她，她正在整理一個為她所愛的女兒，離家四年剛從大學畢業回來的二十二歲的女郎住的房間。那房間裏有一張很精緻鋪着白單被的鋼絲床。東首一張梳妝台，床旁一張小台，擺着一套茶具，稍遠處是一張寫字檯。一張坐椅，一張搖椅，一張沙發都很具匠心的擺在適宜的位置。據我們看一切都已經夠好了，但尤太太還要將窗簾拉一拉，又將瓶裏的花端正一下，然後才心滿意足的呼了一口氣，將房間掃了一眼。恰巧此時老尤含着香煙走進來。他向來是愛取笑他的太太的。

老尤：這當真是接女狀元了。看忙得這樣子，香煙也不喫了，茶也不喝了，撇得我老

頭子一個人孤另另的在書房裏發悶。你這可忙出頭來了嗎？

尤太太：剛才弄好啊。你看怎麼樣？小峯回來能喜歡嗎？聽說他們學校裏都像皇宮似的，怕她享慣了福，來家住不慣哩。

老尤：哼，住不慣也得忍耐點兒。我做父親的總也算在兒女的身上盡了心，每年三百塊白花花的洋錢，（他想着就不由心痛）送出去，且看大學把她教育出個甚麼來。我看她每次寫給我的家信就不順眼，甚麼啊哈呢嗎的就跟和我開頑笑似的。

太太：（不耐煩）唉，你又是這一套來了。這個年頭兒，誰家的女孩兒不唸大學呀？我們的小峯這麼聰明，模樣兒性情兒又那樣比別人推板？陳家二姑娘，醜得要命，不就是因為唸了大學才做了軍長太太嗎？你還提三百塊錢的事，每年像抽你的筋似的，可憐峯兒背着你不知和我哭過多少，你以為三百塊錢就夠啦？那一年不是我私房錢拿出來貼補？其實女兒也不是我一個人的呀。做起軍長的岳丈大人的時候難道是我一個人出風頭？

老尤：（不由失笑）我真不懂得，大學和軍長有什麼關係。難道唸了大學就非得嫁給軍長不可？天下比軍長再好的人也多着呢。（自然他念念不忘的是那位執金融牛耳的杜蘭庭的令郎。假使他的女兒和杜家聯姻，那他的手面該活動到甚麼程度！）

太太：你知道些甚麼？我每次在張團長太太家打牌的時候，總碰見吳科長，他手青得很哩，頂多二十七八歲罷了，一簇小鬍子，配着雪白的一張臉，真來得漂亮。他一見我就伯母長伯母短的好不客氣。他又說起他到小峯學校裏去，看見他們做戲，將小峯誇得簡直人間少有。告訴你，我就瞧中了他，他不是叫我給他介紹小峯嗎？等這次小峯回來！

張媽：（在門外叫）太太，先生在這兒嗎？杜先生來會，在客廳裏等着呢。

老尤：（高聲）是杜蘭庭先生嗎？（也不等張媽的回答又慌慌張張的和他太太說）你快一點去包二十個豬油芝麻心的湯圓，杜先生上次哭了誇不絕口的。你知道嗎，我們店裏若不是虧他的借款，早就週轉不過來了。以後我們仰仗他的地方還多着哩。快一點，多放糖！（於是他就匆匆的去了）

太太：（很不過意）不過有幾個臭錢罷了，也值得這樣巴結。偏不包給他喫！（恰好這時候小峯挾了一個小皮包走進屋子。她在門外便嬌聲喊着媽，媽）

小峯：（雖然戴過方帽子，却仍然不減小兒女的天真）媽，我回來了。我快活死了。啊喲，這房間都是媽收拾的嗎？好極了！（她說着話却東望西望的一會兒又跑來抱着她的媽）

太太：（她可不大習慣那種野勁兒）小峯，你怎麼還是像個孩子樣的呀？一來家就是跳上跳下的，看你上婆婆家去怎麼好！

小峯：（朝搖椅上一坐）你又來了。（向她媽一笑）四年沒有聽你說婆婆了，一到家就是這麼一套。我不知道你除了婆婆還有別的話嗎？

太太：你看，男大當婚，女大當嫁，這不是大道理嗎？從前同你說，你一推就是大學，二推也是大學，現在大學畢了業了，再沒有推的了罷？我在張團長太太家裏認識一位吳科長，年紀很青，樣兒很漂亮，他知道你，他想和你認識——

小峯：就是吳德全那傢伙嗎？

太太：怎麼你也知道他嗎？

小峯：他的大名誰不知道呀？我們學校的同學和他跳過舞的還不知道有多少哩。

太太：跳舞沒有關係。你們不是摩登人物嗎？只要他的人品好就是了。那一天我請他過來喫飯，順便給你介紹——

小峯：算了，媽，你不用操那種心。我不要認識他。我沒有那種閒功夫和他認識。

太太：（有點不快）這又算甚麼呢？你業也畢過了，還不講究這些要等到甚麼時候呢？

小峯：啊喲，媽，我從此才是真正忙的時候哩。可惜，到現在還沒有相當的工作。——

老尤：（忽然急匆匆的衝進房來）小峯，小峯！

太太：啊喲，我湯圓沒有包！

小峯：（立起身來）爸爸，你幹嗎這麼氣急呀？出了甚麼事嗎？

老尤：（不免有點內疚）哦，小峯，沒有甚麼。剛才你從書房過的時候，杜先生看見你，十分誇讚，十分誇讚。唉，你們知道我們在那兒談甚麼嗎？現在市面不景氣，店裏的賬收不到，我正在和杜先生商議通融這麼萬把塊錢，將陰歷端午節時付過去。他先一口回絕了，但後來的口氣又鬆了一點。他說一切都好說，慢慢再說，（他覺得不頂好意思便在房裏踱來踱去）小峯，他說請我帶你明天到他家喫飯，他的兒子，和你彷彿年紀——

小峯：我對於他們那班滿身銅臭氣的男人絕對不發生興趣，爸爸，請你代我婉謝了吧。

老尤：啊喲，小峯，這一頓飯的關係，有多麼重大，你總該知道。

小峯：爸爸，我知道。我也知道女兒有報答親恩的義務。然而以這種方式解決爸爸的困難，却不是女兒的自尊心所能允許的。

老尤：小峯，杜家不辱沒你——

太太：（覺得插不下口很難為情）唉，你讓小峯安身點吧。又要帶她上杜家去幹嗎？我明天要請客哩。

老尤：（哭驚）你請誰？

太太：我請吳科長。

（出於另兩個人意料之外的，大家都不由哦了一聲）

老尤：（決斷的）你明天不能請。

太太：我明天一定要請。

（兩位老夫妻正在爭持不下的時候，幸虧張媽來解圍）

張媽：先生，外面有一位男客要見小姐。（遞上一張名片）

老尤：（接過名片）李國俊，小峯，你認識他的嗎？

小峯：（不由露出處女的嬌羞）他是我大學的同學，也是我最好的朋友。

太太：他結過婚了沒有？

小峯：那我怎麼知道？（又覺得對不住良心）我想大概沒有吧。

老尤：他來找你幹嗎，你知道嗎？

小峯：我想是報告我的出路問題吧。他答應代我找一個位置，可是一直沒有肯定的信，今天來也許就是報告一點好消息哩。媽我去了。

太太：（這才和老尤發作）你發瘋了嗎？小峯剛來家你就要帶她上杜家去喫飯。你想坑死她嗎？杜家那小子，塊頭大得像隻豬，聲音粗得像面破鑼，走到我面前也要打惡心，你打算要他做女婿嗎？

老尤：（自知理虧）這也叫沒法，這個年頭兒，別的都不打緊，只有這個東西（他比手勢）最能逼死英雄漢。小峯到他家去，一輩子喫穿都沒有問題了。而且，我們火燒眉毛的眼前急也可以對付一下了。再說，我們做父母的，兒女的大事自然也得即時安排。——

太太：就虧你安排！小峯的事我做娘的不會安排，倒要你安排。你眼睛裏除了白洋錢，花鈔票，看見過甚麼。我那麼花朵兒似的女孩，能給你胡亂做人情嗎？你別做夢！

老尤：（給挖苦得受不住了）你別信口雌黃，你打量你的心事我不知道！吳科長就是個外殼兒好看呀。科長，科長多少錢一斤呀？你瞧他穿西裝，坐汽車，洋派兒十足，你知道他是揩的公家的油嗎？你知道他銀行裏理有多少錢？

太太：那我不管，配婚姻總也要個郎才女貌。像我配你已經是委曲了一輩子的了，我的女兒可不能再委曲了。

老尤：你也不要興頭太過了，小峯也不見得會喜歡那姓吳的哩。那付油腔滑調的樣子我都瞧不上眼。

太太：你以為她又能喜歡杜胖子？

老尤：我不必同你辯，讓小峯自己決定好了。

太太：不必讓她決定，我明天請客。

老尤：不能，她明天跟我去喫飯。

太太：誰說？

老尤：我說！

太太：哼，你瞧着吧。賭嘴有什麼用？我現在就去打電話，（她氣呼呼的走出）

老尤：女人真是沒有辦法的東西！（幸而他的話說完得早，不然又該下不來台，）因為這時候來了小峯的一位同學，叫林寶華。

寶華：哦，伯父一個人在這兒呐。小峯姐怎麼不在？

老尤：哦，林小姐，你來啦。小峯在前廳裏會客哩。你坐一會吧。她就要來的。你坐你坐。我到前面去了。你別拘束，請坐請坐（退出）

（寶華真是個頑皮小姐，你瞧她像偵探似的先將房間掃視了一遍，然後摸摸這樣，動動那樣，最後才坐下拿起一本雜誌來看，其實她何嘗看了，她正急不可耐，幸而不久房門開了小峯走進來。）

寶華：（就一衝上前抱着她）小峯，小峯（不由驚訝）啊喲，小峯，你怎麼啦！你受了委屈了嗎？哦，你怎麼哭啦？

小峯：（率性伏在寶華的肩頭上哭泣起來。哭了一會，她下了大決心似的拚命忍住）寶華，寶華！

寶華：（總脫不了淘氣的口吻）怎麼剛到家就林黛玉起來啦？在學校，演講，寫稿子，雄辯滔滔的那股子英雄氣上哪兒去了？好吧，寶玉在這兒賠不是啦，別哭了吧。快一點將傷心事都說給我聽，

小峯：將寶華按在搖椅上坐下，自己坐在書桌上，似乎又在演講）寶華，怎能怪得我哭呢？人不傷心不掉淚，我難道是無病呻吟的人？我在大學裏，苦苦用了四年功，滿擬學出一身的本事，出來救國救民，作一番驚天動地的事，盡一份國民的義務。當我頭戴方帽，在萬目睽睽下上去領文憑的時候，何嘗不自居為光明的天使，要作億萬同胞的前導？誰知道我剛到家，爸爸和媽媽就爭持着要我走他們各人所喜歡的路，我已經是萬分痛心了。恰當那時李國俊來了。我不由一高興，我想他或許會給我一點心靈上的安慰。誰知道他劈口第一句就說職業沒有希望。他說現在社會上不要女職員，已有的還要裁退，新的如何有把握？他說為適應潮流，他忠誠的請我回到廚房裏去，那就是說去替他組織家庭。哦，寶華，剛離了大學的門，我簡直如同流浪兒了，我上哪兒去好呢？社會上不要我，要我的地方我不去。當時我氣極了，不管我是如何愛李國俊，我告訴他我準備了十幾年的教育不是用作替他管家的。當然我不是說永遠不結婚，然

而他不應該利用我彷徨十字路口的時候趁勢佔有。真的，我氣極了。我大約是罵了他，我就將他閂走了。然而，寶華，我傷心極了！（她又擦淚）
寶華：（萬分不忍的上前來，偎着她朋友的臉）小峯，真不怪你傷心。但是哭有甚麼用？得想辦法呀！

小峯：你叫我怎麼辦？

寶華：羞也不羞，平日的果敢決斷到哪兒去哪？大學的訓練，我不相信才走上社會的一個攷試就將你攷住哪！

小峯：（有點難為情）當然攷不倒我的！寶華，你不許笑我，我不過因為理想與現實相差得太遠，一時應付不來，我才哭的。好，我立就出去找工作；真正的人才果然沒有用處嗎？社會當真是這樣的黑暗嗎？在自私人的鼓動下，女人當真祇有回到廚房的一條路嗎？不，決不，至少是我，決對不屈服！

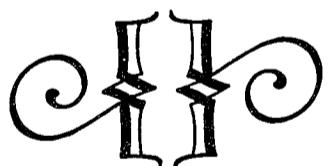
（忽然這時她的媽媽和父親都跑進來，像決勝負似的搶着問道）

老尤：你明天究竟在哪兒喫中飯？
太太：

老尤：跟我上杜家去。

太太：在家跟我喫。

小峯：（很安閒的）我哪兒的中飯也不喫，現在我就出去，不找到我正當的光明的大路就永遠不回來！（也不等雙親的回答，她與寶華竟自走了，二人瞪眼，幕落。）



SO THIS IS THE TRUTH

GAO GI-YUNG

It is spring again! Spring in this mysterious "Forbidden City" and especially within this prison wall is a quite different spring from that in Asahi's native land. Asahi is a man of thirty, strongly built, with big bones and muscles, erect and vigorous. He is a man of good nature too. But if any of his old friends should see him now, they would never recognize that this is the same jolly, honest Asahi. His spirit is downcast, his whole heart is full to overflowing with rebellion and his faith in life has been broken. Poor Asahi is torn to pieces. What can he do now? He has been condemned by martial law. The final trial tomorrow will determine his fate forever—life or death, he does not know. Nothing matters to him now, only it makes him too sad to think about his young wife and baby son who are looking anxiously and yet waiting patiently for the return of husband and father.

The thing happened in this way. It was a spring morning like this one, when the early sun just shone lightly upon the tranquil sea. Asahi had already filled his fine woven net with big and small fishes and was on his way home. The sunny morning with a misty atmosphere, began to disclose more her beauty through the singing birds and dewy flowers. Asahi's heart sang joyfully in harmony with this music of spring. Suddenly to his surprise, he saw his wife coming to meet him with tears in her eyes.

"Asahi, you are enlisted in the seventh regiment and should proceed for China to-night," his wife spoke in a hurry.

"What on earth does this mean?"

"This statement was sent by the military official. It was said that the communists in North China have caused serious troubles recently. They killed and plundered everywhere they came. The Chinese government is unable to suppress them. If nothing can be done about it, then this menace will endanger the whole future of Asia. Therefore we as a friend and neighbor should try by all our means to help China as well as to maintain our own security."

The mission was noble and great. Thus with a thousand sad farewells Asahi departed for China.

Things are never as expected. Asahi now began to see the world. The first day after the regiment's arrival at Kwantung, Asahi saw a Japanese, his own fellow citizen, beat a Chinese ricksha coolie mercilessly because the coolie asked for his pay. Asahi was amazed at this situation and couldn't help speaking to his comrade.

"How ashamed I am to see one of our countrymen so savage."

"What? How do you expect to treat a slave better than that? This coolie must have been blinded to ask money from our Japanese."

"But this isn't fair. Aren't we called up to China to help *her*?"

"Yes, that is quite true. You know many such coolies and also students are Communists. That's why we have to be severe in order to suppress this great menace."

Asahi wanted to ask more, but his comrade showed impatience and checked him from further questioning. Still Asahi was puzzled and could not find any explanation for the exploitation of the coolie and the suppressing of the communists.

A week later, Asahi was appointed to be the inspector at the West Station of Peiping. Several months on duty there made him understand thoroughly what the real situation was. There were no communists, no bandits, no plunderers, no smugglers of opium,—none of any kind. The people who really did the killing, smuggling of opium and all other mean things were his own civilized countrymen. When he thought of this, his blood boiled, his heart rebelled. He went boldly to his Lieutenant and asked to resign. After he told his reason for resigning, his destiny was settled. That's how he had got here in this prison cell.

Soon after this event, the Lieutenant was writing a letter to a Japanese lady in the following manner:

"Dear Madam,

"Your husband has died gloriously in the midst of war. His great sacrifice for our country and Asia shall always be remembered. I am in deep sympathy with the loss that this will mean to you. I hope you will take your task courageously as you are still a mother of the child and should be responsible for bringing up your son to be a strong and good citizen as his father was."

COLLEGE STUDENTS AND CULTURAL REVIVAL

GU BAO-DJU

Let us look back through history and see what the achievements of our ancestors are. The cultural product is a pleasing example of sustained independent talent and one in which China preceded the West by some two thousand years. Permit me to bring back to your minds a picture of our cultural heritage and of our achievements in the fields of literature, music, painting, architecture and porcelain.

Literature in China may be said to begin with the Classics. It consisted of collections of poetry, early history, treatises on philosophy, codes of government, and the principles of filial piety. After the fires lit by the First Emperor Chin Shih Hwang (秦始皇) had died down, literature sprang out of the ashes with renewed vigor. The classical works were recovered or rewritten from memory. But in modern times, the classics are not carefully studied. We college students spend a considerable number of hours each day in studying English, history and the various subjects of science, but may I ask, how many of you, my fellow students, spend an hour a day in studying our own literature? It has been gradually thrown into disuse. Do we have the heart to watch it die away before our very eyes?

Chinese music has had almost the same fate as literature. The musical instruments were invented at an early date, but for many years, music has made little if any progress, and remains in a comparatively primitive condition. Those who consider themselves "modern young men and women of China" to-day, usually laugh at the people who are interested in Chinese music, and often look down upon it, the original music of our own country.

Painting reached its highest excellence in the T'ang dynasty. The following period, Sung, found it declining. There was a partial revival under the Mongols and the Mings, but in the subsequent period the decadence became marked and since then, Chinese art has never recovered its former prominence.

Literary records show that architecture had its origin in the 5th and 4th centuries B.C. The architectural structures of China, with their massive buildings and stately courts, their artistic curves and magnificent colors give an effect of dignity and richness. Don't you love to see buildings of the "Chinese type" with their beautiful carvings and pillars? I do. Yet if you go to the newly developed regions of any city in China to-day you will find the number of the foreign styled buildings surpasses greatly the number of the Chinese styled ones. It is really a great shame! Some may say that Chinese buildings are unsuitable to modern people who seek convenience and comfort. How-

ever, we can overcome this difficulty by improving upon what we have, and making them comfortable places to live in. It's true that we ought to adopt the good points of the other countries, but are we justified in neglecting our characteristic features?

If cultural products can exalt life to a plane of highest beauty, China, through the marvellous beauty of her porcelain, has contributed much to the happiness of humanity. Porcelain reached its height during the reign of the Emperors K'ang Hsi and Ch'ien Lung. China has profited by her export of porcelain, but with the decrease in the amount of production to-day, her export has suffered proportionally. We Chinese are a funny people. How can we be willing not to preserve porcelain as an important article for export and why do we not put more thought on it, in order to improve this particular product?

The other cultural products worth mentioning here are as follows: Silk was known since Lai-tsoo, block-printing was invented in the 6th century and gun-powder in the 7th century. Let us look at the condition of China to-day. The export of silk, as well as the export of tea, is overshadowed by the Japanese products in these two fields; printing is inferior as compared with the printing of the other countries; guns are imported. Why, why were these things not perfected by us?

Chinese culture is passing, seemingly never to return. For nearly a thousand years, the nation has achieved no fresh advance in civilization worthy of comment. Since the Sung dynasty, the only notable contribution to philosophy has been that of Wong Yang-ming, who lived in the Ming dynasty. In painting, the Sung artists have had no successors who are in any respect their peers, and in poetry, no age has equaled the T'ang dynasty. In architecture, the earlier rulers of the Ming dynasty witnessed the last peak of achievement.

Viewing the decline of Chinese culture in literature, music, painting, architecture, and porcelain, the question which naturally arises is whether or not the creative ability of the Chinese has died down. Does the lack of advance since the Sung dynasty mean that while the race has increased in bulk, it has hopelessly declined in quality? No. The intelligence quotient of the Chinese, as obtained from the intelligence test on Chinese children in California, is not lower than that of the Americans or the European. One word is sufficient to explain the lack of improvement of China today, and that word is laziness. We are too lazy to improve upon the things we already have, and love comfort too well to create the things we need. Eighty per cent of our people are illiterate and do not even know what is going on in our own country. We college students are among the remaining 20% who are considered to be educated. Is it not our duty to revive and perfect our old cultures as well as to make original contributions to the world?

AH MAY

Tsu DJI-SUI

Saliva for the third time dripped down from her mouth. Her small piggy eyes kept widely open, flashing with some sort of desire. Her body stood motionless with her head slanting a little to the left. So was Ah May looking at the cakes, sweets, oranges and other good tasty things in the cupboard in the dining room of her master's house. She had seen every day when little Miss Alice returned from school in the evening, she would open the cupboard and take from it one big cake and some sweets, before jumping gladly to seek for her playmates. She had seen also after dinner and supper that the maid would bring to the dining table big oranges and apples which the master and his family ate slowly when they were talking. She dreamt day and night about the sweetness of these things which she had never tasted, even never seen during her life of ten years in her native village. Seeing that there was no person in the room, she opened the cupboard carefully, regardless of the former punishments. With a trembling hand she touched the soft, plump, brown thing and a nice flavor shot into her nostrils. But before she had time to pick up the cake, her forehead bumped suddenly against the cupboard.

"You steal, slave! Are these cakes for you? Are you born to eat these things? Aren't you ashamed?" The mistress beat Ah May's head continually with her hand.

"I have caught you many times. You steal again. It seems that my words never enter your ears. Haven't you a heart? Did your parents bear you with a hereditary instinct for stealing? Next time if you do it again, I'll beat you half dead."

With tears rolling down her pale cheeks, Ah May went back to her own quarters slowly. It was ever an open question to her. Since her father had brought her to the city last fall and left her in the strange place without telling her any word, she had been nearly lost in the wonder land. She was bewildered at the splendid buildings beside the broad street, the beautiful decorations and fine furniture in the house, the shining dresses worn by the ladies and the sweet things eaten by the master's family. She had never seen such luxuries and never known that there were such things made for men. At first she was as perplexed that she did not know what to do, only moved and acted as the others told her. When she got more acquainted with the new environment, desire rose in her heart. She was craving beautiful dresses and sweet things. It was not that she was born with an hereditary instinct of stealing nor had she formed the habit of stealing. In the simple head of

the child she even did not know what it meant to steal. She wanted to taste the cakes as Miss Alice did without knowing that it was wrong and being blamed and beaten she was more puzzled. "These things are all made for human beings. Miss Alice is a human being. I am a human being too. Why can she have these things when I cannot?" she said to herself always.

That day when she retreated to her room, she cried bitterly on her bed for a while, but when she heard the voice of Alice and other children playing in the garden, she forgot all the things which had happened and went out to the garden. They were playing ball and Ah May joined their group. She was interested in it at first but the ball flew always to her head and body. Her face was flushed and covered with black, and sometimes when she tried to avoid the ball, she fell on the ground and they laughed at her. She became uneasy but they would not let her go. At last the ball dropped into the bushes at the pond. They asked Ah May to go down to get it. Fearing that she might fall into the water, they held each others' hands and stood by the pond-side to pull her. Alice was next to her. When they got the ball and came into the house Alice's dress was stained though not so dirty as Ah May's. The mistress who was just looking for them and saw their clothes stained, asked them with a stern face what they were doing.

"We were playing ball. It dropped into the pond. Ah May asked me to get it with her. So . . ."

"You asked Miss Alice to go down to the pond. Do you wish to push her into it? You wicked witch. See, her dress is all stained, and look at yourself. You are always a headless creature. What is the use of your head?"

So Ah May was beaten again. She would not recognize that it was her fault. But would the mistress let her put in any word? She must only bear it as she always bore it. She was never right. Her faults were hers, Alice faults were hers, even the mistress's own faults were also hers, and all the rages in the house would burst upon her as if she were a machine that would swallow up all the angers and faults of the world.

It was a great city, a wealthy family, but Ah May was in such a pitiful condition, that besides food and clothes all she got were blame and beating as the rewards of her work. Early in the morning she must get up to clean the house, to serve the mistress and master in their washing, to serve them at the breakfast table, and do all the little tasks which she could do until late at night when the members of the family had all gone to bed. Then she could go to rest. Bed was her only comforter and night was the only time that she was free from the pressure of the unfavorable environment, and in her sobs the glittering stars would

console her and the holy moon would kiss her cheeks and lead her to dreams.

In the dreams, nine times out of ten, she was at home as in the days before she came to the city. Her father and mother were working in the field. Her little brother and herself were playing before their house with some neighboring children. They sang and played games happily until the sun was setting and the farmers returned from the field. Then she went to help mother prepare supper and they dined together before the oil lamp. It was so sweet, so loving. Her mother would caress her with deep motherly love and her father would pat her head and say to his wife, 'She is growing up. Her eyes look wise. I'll send her to school next year.' Her mother smiled and her heart was filled with joy.

Her mother's smiling face was shining before her mind's eye and her father's gentle voice was resounding in her ears. But what she saw daily was the stern face of her mistress and what she heard was her severe blame. She wondered why her father who loved her brought her to such a cruel place? Would they know how she was treated by her mistress? Why did they not come to take her out of this place?

As she was wondering, a year passed by. Her second Christmas eve in the city was coming. The family was busy in decorating the house and preparing the party. Every face was shining with joy and Ah May was glad also, because she knew that tonight they might have a good supper and would receive some present from the mistress, and could enjoy the plays by Miss Alice and her schoolmates. It was the happiest day in the year. She looked with good hope upon it. After supper Alice was busy in managing the stage and the things to be used in the plays. She found that a masque was spoiled a little by the cat, and told Ah May to mend it. But unfortunately she made it worse. Alice became impatient. She took it from her and told her to make some diluted paste. Ah May boiled some flour and brought it to her. Looking at Alice's angry face her hands trembled and some drops of paste were sprinkled upon Alice's dress. It made her temper hotter. Meanwhile the clock struck eight, but the masque still hadn't been made into shape. All of a sudden she threw it away, snatched the bowl which contained the paste from her hand, and threw it upon Ah May's face. With a shrill cry Ah May fell on the floor.

It was twelve o'clock already. Ah May rolled uneasily in her bed. She felt very hot and was somewhat in pain. The room was dark and quiet except for the sound of laughing, crying and clapping of hands from the sitting room where the family were engaging in amusement. Thinking over the things which had happened this evening, some

emotion of hatred rose in Ah May's heart. "How could Alice act so cruelly? It is quite obvious that my life is not so worthwhile as their amusement. I am less than a dog to them." She went up and down in thinking and her mother's smiling face appeared before her eyes. "In my mother's bosom I have never been thus treated. Why should I stay in this house? I want to return to my home. I will return to my mother." Without any hesitation she rose up from bed, put on a dress and went out of her room. The party was finished and the family had all gone to bed. She stole out of the back door and stepped into the wide street.

She wandered under the gloomy street lamp for two hours without knowing where to go. The day broke and the street became crowded. She was hungry and fatigued and sat down at last beside a house. Without knowing the way to go home, without knowing any one in the city, and without any money in her pocket, she realized that she was in a miserable condition, that if she was not found and sent back to her master she would die of starvation in the street. She was overwhelmed with anxiety and vexation and burst out crying. Some people gathered round her and asked the reason of her grief, but who could help her to get home unless there was a generous gift of money from some gentlemen?

"Is it Ah May?" Sunk in grief, she suddenly heard some one speaking to her, but she dared not answer or raise up her head, suspecting that he who spoke to her would send her to her master. "Ah May, why do you not answer me?" the man asked again in a sympathetic tone. Comprehending that there was no harm in his voice she raised up her head, and to her utmost joy she found that he was Uncle Long who lived at the east end of their village.

"Oh! Uncle Long, please take me home, I beg you." Jumping up from the ground, she ran to his knees and held his dress tightly.

"Why do you not stay in your master's house? It is not right to flee, and your father will not be glad to see back," Uncle Long answered.

"Do bring me home, please. I would rather die on my mother's breast than live in that cruel place," said Ah May eagerly and told him the whole story of their ill treatment. Uncle Long hesitated a little while but promised to take her back at last by the boat which he used to load goods for the village store.

Ah May's heart was filled with hope and joy when the boat came near her home. She imagined how happy her mother would be when she saw her child returning to her after fifteen months' departure, and how glad would her little brother be when he knew that his beloved sister

would stay at home to play with him. She was sure that all the happiness of the old days would be restored to her and that would compensate for the bitterness which she had tasted in the master's house.

As she was thinking the boat docked. She landed and rushed home in a breath.

"Mother!" Ah May burst out crying when she pressed her head to her mother's breast.

"It's you, Ah May? How? Why? Why do you come back?" Who brings you back?" said the mother in a sad, suspicious tone. She caressed her back gently while she wept.

Silence continued a few minutes and the mother said again, "Ah May, you have come back?"

"Are you happy mother? Your daughter is returned to you." She raised her head and looked into her mother's face. "Oh mother, you look sad. You are older a great deal than when I left you last autumn. Your hair is growing white. The wrinkles on your face have increased. You are thinner and paler. You are unhappy. What's the matter, mother dear? Is our family all right? Are father and brother well? where are they?

"They are well. They will return home from town soon after dark." After saying these words, tears rolled down her face again. "Ah May, your home is no longer the same one as two years ago. The famine, robbers, heavy taxes,—your home is nearly destroyed. You won't understand it, poor child. Are you well in your mistress's house? Why did you come back."

Ah May told the whole story and said at last, "Mother, I would rather die at home than live in the master's house." The mother answered her with a deep sigh.

"You must be hungry. Let me give you something to eat," she said after a long silence. So she went to the kitchen and brought to her a bowl of rice with some salt vegetable. While Ah May was eating her supper before the gloomy lamp, her father and brother came back. Their features and countenances were also changed. Her brother, though taller than before, was wan and scraggy. Her father was a little crooked in his back as if it had been pressed by heavy burdens. His pale face was flushed and his sunken eyes were covered with bloody fibers around the dry pupil, showing that he had just been drinking.

"Father!" Ah May looked at him timidly.

"What? You have returned home? Who brings you back? Are you disgusted at the food in the city? You think we have superfluous rice to feed you with? You flee away. You want to be starved." When he finished his words he fell upon the dirty straw bed.

Ah May was so sad and depressed that she burst out into tears again while her little brother took up the rice which she was eating and ate up the remainder as if a hungry beast were taking its food after three days fast. Without any word her mother took up the sewing and continued her work under the dim light with a trembling hand. Sitting beside her Ah May expected that mother's love might sweep away her sorrows. But besides some deep sigh she gave no expression nor did she turn her glance upon the daughter.

The air of sighs and sobs was suddenly broken by a heavy knock on the door. The mother rose up frightened. The door was opened and there came in two rough, fierce, policeman-like persons. The one had a lantern in his hand and the other had a gun on his back and a sword at his waist. Ah May was alarmed by them, thinking that they were coming to take her to her master, and she was quite surprised when the person with the gun said, "Where is your husband? The sixth time we've been here. What will he give us to day? Hun! That scoundrel! He deceived us over and over. If he has anything to say again, let him see my gun."

The mother was so afraid that when she woke up her husband she withdrew to a corner, fearing that some misfortune would fall upon them. The father rose up and came to them with a drooping head.

"I'm very, very sorry that I have troubled your gentlemen to come here in the cold dark night. I thank you very much that you have given me such a favor that you would always help me and give me a day or two more when I could not pay you. I am obliged to you. I know you are so very kind that I dare to beg you to give me two days more this time again."

"What? You promised me that you would pay your taxes to-day. We come in such a dark cold night and you say 'no'!"

"I am very sorry that I have troubled you too much. But I really cannot . . . I have no money to-day. I will send it to your hand at once when I got some. I beg you."

"You villain, you say 'no.' 'No' again? You have a 'no' head? We come, and you say 'no'." As he was saying this he struck him with the handle of the gun. "'No' again? You play with us."

Looking at such a terrible scene, Ah May was very much frightened. When the wild beasts were gone, she crept to her father who was lying on the ground, in order to help him to bed. Unexpectedly he jumped up suddenly like a wounded lion and kicked her to the other end of the room where she lay motionless.

When she came to her senses, it was the morning of the second day. Her body was as set on fire, every piece of flesh was burning and stinging. Her head was splitting with an ache. Her throat was as dry as a desert.

"Mother, I want some drink," she cried out. There was no reply. "Mother, where are you?—Brother,—Is there any one in the room?" she cried louder, but what answered her was only the echo of her own voice. She was greatly puzzled. Where had they gone? She raised herself from her bed with an effort and turned her head to look round the room. All things were in disorder. Two old suit cases placed beneath the bed before were moved to the middle of the room, badly broken. Articles of furniture, pieces of shabby clothes lay here and there on the floor. The door was wide open but no human person could be seen. What did this mean? She sat motionless for a while and fell on her back again in desperation.

After a long while Ah May heard some one rushing into the room. "Who's that?" She raised her head again. "Oh! Brother! What happened? Where are our parents?"

"Oh! They have shut up our father. They shut him in a dark room."

"They shut him up? What is the matter? Tell me quickly. Why did they do that?"

"Why? Oh, I don't know. Early in the morning the two fierce policemen that came last night came here again. They broke the suit cases which were under mother's bed as if searching for something. The house was overturned. They couldn't find anything they wanted so then went out angrily and took father away. Mother and I followed them praying but they wouldn't listen to us. They put him in a dark room and said to mother that if she paid them the money they would set father free."

"Oh! Heaven! What will it be?—Cruel!—All the men are cruel!" cried Ah May in a trembling voice.

"All the men are cruel", repeated her brother. "Mother is now going to uncle to ask for some help. I'll go there also." So he ran out of the house again.

"Oh! God help us!"

All was quiet again. The faint morning sunshine penetrated through the window and shone on her colorless tear-stained face.

HOME LETTER OF A FRESHMAN

"400," Ginling College,
Nanking, China,
March 3rd, 1936.

Mother dearest,

I am a baby again, a baby of two years old; my entrance to Ginling seems to deprive me of my age and stateliness of my high school days, and I am again a baby under the guardianship of a lot of grandmothers, mothers and older sisters of the Ginling family.

During the first week here, Ginling was a labyrinth to me; the buildings are much the same, so I had to hunt for my dormitory every night, like a heroine experiencing her adventures. I was dragged out by some one from our faculty dormitory one night like a frightened child and was led safely to my own dormitory. There was one important event which I mustn't neglect. That is, there were parties, different kinds of parties with sweets and cakes given by either sister-class or teachers every day. We were satisfactorily fed, with odds and ends in our stomach every night when we went to bed. What was their intention beside entertaining us, I did not know. But indeed, those sweets and cakes had driven away our homesickness, at least mine.

After a few days teachers were introduced to us. There was a party, (with sweets & cakes of course) I remember; during the time when they were introduced, I hurriedly jotted down their names, and committed them to memory at once. It was an easy task, easier than memorizing the names in my history or geography textbook. But the next day, as I met several teachers on the Campus, I always gave the wrong name to those teachers. I knew there were Miss So-and-so and Dr. So-and-so, but I didn't remember which was which. Their appearance seemed to me all the same, especially their hairdressing; there must be a definite type of hairdressing handed down from Ginling ancestors for every Ginling teacher, I thought.

I mistook the rising bell here in Ginling for the bread-seller's bell in Shanghai the first morning. I slept comfortably in bed as if nothing had happened until my roommate came to rouse me.

We had to undergo physical examinations a few days after we entered Ginling. We were asked to put on a so-called angel's robe which we had never seen before. It was rather new and strange to us. Ginling seemed a paradise with angels flying up and down to be examined at that time.

In our Ginling library, perfect silence reigns. It is really a wonderful place for preparing lessons. The first time I went in unfortunately something flew into my nose and made me sneeze with a very loud noise, I was bitterly sorry indeed, in seeing many pairs of eyes staring at me frowningly.

The devil of hunger has followed me ever since I came to Ginling. Not that the food here in Ginling is poor or insufficient, but because—oh! I don't know, the more I eat the hungrier I am, especially eating the porridge which really tastes delicious. I am sure I would like to stay there in our dining room sipping porridge all day long did not the 7:35 bell hasten me to class.

We girls who stay in "400" are usually fed with more delicacies than those girls of other dormitories; we take a great part in enjoying the delicious dishes at the teacher's table in our dining room, not with our mouths, but with our hungry eyes.

The buildings here in Ginling are arranged somewhat in pairs, so are the students, no wonder!

Most Ginling girls have the inclination of convincing others that those boys who come to see them are not their lovers or boy-friends, but their relatives. For instance, once I asked a friend who the boy was who came to see her a short while ago, and her answer was "Oh! He is only the cousin of my aunt's grandson's wife's father's sister-in-law."

My impression of Ginling was changeable during the first few weeks. Sometimes it seemed to me like a church, with different kinds of services up in our Chapel or South Studio. Sometimes it seemed like a nunnery, especially when we were holding our meetings during great occasions, with every nun dressed in black, marching slowly and solemnly into our chapel. What a sad sight!

Ginling is a paradise indeed, especially when the whispering of early spring softly whistles around. Nature expresses itself more fully in Ginling than anywhere I know.

Now, Ginling is not only a school to me, but also a family, a big family with loving mothers and dear sisters (but not a single brother!) helping and caring for each other.

With best love,

Affectionately,
REN-HWA.

LUCY'S SISTER

DJU MEI-SIEN

"My sis is queer," murmurs Lucy to herself while she sits on her small stool, playing with her new doll beside the fire place. She murmurs this often when she is alone. This time, she knows that her father is out, her mother is taking a nap as usual after lunch, there is no single soul in the sitting room besides her sister and herself. Yet, she is not afraid of her sister's overhearing her remark. She is a hundred per cent sure that her sister, now sitting in her father's arm-chair at the opposite end of the room, is perfectly absorbed in her book.

Is her sister really queer? No one can answer; only Lucy. To her mind, the answer is definitely positive. If it were otherwise, her sister would have accepted that big box of chocolate sent to her three days ago with a neat, small envelope on it—mother said it was sent by the tall gentleman in a dark blue suit who came to dinner a week ago. If otherwise, her sister would have accepted the bunch of white roses offered to her this morning. The doll needed nothing but a blossom of rose to decorate her hair. She had told this to her sister several times. Her sister knew this. She is sure the white roses would serve perfectly. Oh, if only her sister were not "Queer".

Her mother never said anything about her sister's queerness, but Lucy heard at the dinner table this noon her mother say to her sister with a shadowy sadness overhanging her face.

"Mary, don't be so obstinate!"

Lucy was astonished at this remark—the word "obstinate". Did it mean the same thing as her word "queer"? The box of chocolate, the bunch of white roses, and her doll all rushed to her mind's eye. She paid strict attention to her mother's talk.

"... Mary, I wonder why you refuse William so. Five years ago, he was interested in you, but then you were too young. Now, he has got a PhD., is a scholar and a politician... ; he holds two government positions. His name often appears in the local news-paper—quite an important man..."

Her sister said nothing. There was a silence.

"Mary, I have not heard you mention George for a long time. Is he going to be back soon?"

"Yes, Pa"

Lucy can not remember the rest, because nothing like "obstinate" or "queer" was mentioned again.

Does "obstinate" mean "queer"? She does not understand.

Suddenly, she hears a sound come from the corner of the room where her sister sits. She raises her head. The book which was held in her sister's hand is now on the floor. Her sister stands still, looking aimlessly through the window. Lucy knows that the small garden is bare now: no leaves are on the branches, no flowers, no birds singing. There is certainly nothing to look at. Lucy assures herself again that her "sis" is queer.

A thought comes to her like lightning; and she bursts out,

"Sis, why didn't you accept the white roses sent to you last time? White roses!"

Her sister turns her eyes from the window frame to the burning coals in the fireplace and then to the blooming face of little Lucy. Smiling with a faint humor, she looks out the window again.

"Lucy, be good, be quiet, . . . I will give you something to-morrow."

Just now, the door opens, Lee Mah enters with a card. The card is delivered to her sister, who looks startled and then gives a smile, not the faint smile she gave a minute ago, but the warm smile Lucy gives when she finds again her dearest lost possession after a long period of searching. She never saw her sister so happy and excited before.

The card must be something mysterious, Lucy thinks.

Her sister nods her head to Lee Mah, who goes straight out with a quick jerk of her body. The door closes, Lucy's mind is filled with wonder. Her sister is really queer: she walks quickly back and forth

without any aim, rushes in front of the big looking glass above the fire place and arranges her hair in a hurried way, and smiles to the door, turns back and seems not certain what to do.

Quick steps are heard outside the door. Instantly the door opens. A tall, young man steps in.

"George!" there is sun-shine brightening the face of her sister, whose heart seems to jump out through her mouth.

"Mary! At last, you still look the same, . . . after these six long—long years!"

The young man holds her sister's hands tight. Looking and smiling at each other, they move to the sofa opposite Lucy.

"Mary," her hands are still in his while he is speaking, "after these six long—years . . ."

Her sister smiles, but says nothing.

"Who is that lovely child?" his eyes catch sight of Lucy.

"My little sister, born the next year after you left for England. Lucy, come and shake hands with this gentleman . . ."

So Lucy does, and comes back to her stool again.

"Things after six years are changed . . ." George looks round the room. "The only thing I can still recognize is the stool on which your sister sits. The rest of the things in this room are changed. Mary, you still remember how you used to read me certain verses of Browning when you sat there?" he points to the stool, "and I stood against the fire-place? What a happy time . . ." he smiles gloriously.

"Yes, George, it was . . ."

"Yes, it was . . . but won't it still be so? . . . You said you felt dreary in your last letter. Something pressing upon you? . . ."

"Oh, . . . yes," her sister releases her hands from his, "but I am glad you have come back."

"What is it, dear?"

"William, the man I mentioned to you . . . is here again, and mother . . ." her sister looks pale.

"I know what your mother will likely suggest . . . but what did you say to your mother? I know she does not like me." His voice grows serious and heavy.

"I said, 'I will remain single!'" her sister smiles again, with a sweet flame burning in her eyes.

"That's it! That's it! 'Remain single!' Mary, 'I will remain single', the exact words I told my mother. Ah . . . we are both good liars," Lucy looks at the man who jumps up like a child and kisses her sister.

Lucy's mind is filled with wonder.

The door opens. Lucy cries out, "Mother!"

"Oh, George!" her mother gives an unnatural smile, mixed with surprise.

Both her sister and the young man are startled.

There is only silence.

"Yes, mother, . . . George has just come. Just come back from . . ." her sister seems to be awakened from a dream, and tries to get away from George's arms.

"Yes, and Mary . . . said that . . . that there was dust in her eyes, so I was trying to help her."

"Oh, yes, mother, dust! It is all right now, George," her sister laughs and so does George.

Mother says nothing.

"I saw no dust in her eye," Lucy looks at her doll; "my sis, ah, don't you think, is kind of queer?"

A WEEK'S DIARY

DJU YUEH-SHAN

Sunday: I wonder if I can keep from getting into any scrapes this week? Miss X and Miss Y tell me that I am one of the noisiest and most disobedient girls in college. I don't know why. Maybe I took a nap during the preaching in church this morning. I don't really see how people can keep within bounds all the time. Well, at least Sunday is over without any special misconduct on my part. Hum, so far so good!

Monday: I should say that it is as much Elsie's fault as mine that I ate a piece of candy during physics class. Why couldn't she have given it to me after class? Why couldn't she have given me a smaller piece? Why, of all things, couldn't Miss W have called on some one else? Why had she to call on anyone anyway? I think Miss W was just as embarrassed as I was when she saw that I couldn't talk! Ha! Ha! What a pity it was that I didn't have a camera to catch her expression! I wish I hadn't tried to talk though. I wonder what made me try to answer her. I don't think I knew the answer to the question. What was her question anyway? Hum, I don't think I heard her question at all. Oh well, anyway it was a delicious piece of candy.

Tuesday: When I woke up, gee, it was nine o'clock already. What class had I missed? I forgot. Oh, too bad, it was a gymnastics class. On the contrary I was happy to miss it, because this would save my bones and flesh. As I was walking along the campus, I saw at a distance, Miss T coming along my way. I instantly rushed away in the other direction. Thank goodness, I was saved this time,—I mean my embarrassment. This was the second cut in the week! So far not so bad!

Wednesday: I had grand naps in English class today. Lillian had them too. Everything went on fine until Miss H called on me. I did not know what she asked, and having just been awaked by Joan, I was dazzled. I spoke the first word that came to my mind. I said, "no, no!" very emphatically. Later, I found out that Miss H was asking me if I were listening!

Thursday: Miss Z asked me to write a paragraph. I didn't know that she wanted me to hand it in, so when I finished mine, I turned into an artist and drew Miss Z all over the paper. It wouldn't have been so bad if I had not written so many silly things under the drawings. She wouldn't have recognized herself, for I am sure, I am not a good artist. I wonder, and I don't know what to do when I see her next.

Friday: I was late to history class this morning. When the class was over, I found that it was a sociology class and not history. So no wonder I didn't catch a word of what Miss B had lectured about in class. Honestly, I was planning in my mind, what shall I do for to-morrow, movie or luncheon, or both? What would the others think of me, I wonder! I am always generous enough to forget them!

Saturday: Alas and alack. This is the last day of the week. So, good-bye, reference-books. You may have your freedom on the shelf today. I wouldn't touch you for anything.

Yes, that is the sign, the 12 o'clock horn sounded. I walked out of the school gate and suddenly was surrounded by ricksha coolies. "Shanghai Cafe, Miss?" "You know the way, hurry up!" So, four of us had an unusually heavy dinner there. What else could we do afterwards except sit in the New Capital Theatre? Really, it was thrilling and interesting. We were satisfied as we walked out among the crowd. Somebody suggested that we go boating at Lotus Lake, so we did. We relaxed, chattered, laughed and sang all the way. Indeed we had a jolly time on the boat. I was ashamed to say that I was the first one to complain; of what you may guess. The desire of having supper was aroused within me. So by the same carriage, we again went to the same Café. With grumbling and annoyance we returned back to school. Not so late I hoped. It was half past eight already. I silently climbed up to my bed and was almost too tired even to undress myself. But I have gone over what I wrote this week. For heaven's sake, what a week! Finally, I have found that to resolve is not to do!

"AS PATIENT AS GRISELDIA"

GU BAO-DJU

The lights were fading out and Bao-ling came rushing into the room as usual. She threw the cards on the desk and said angrily to Wen-mei, who was lighting a candle, "I lost two rubbers and I know you are the one who caused me to lose them."

A pause.

"Why did you remind me that I was going to have a test in chemistry tomorrow? You made me unable to concentrate on my game. From now on, you mind your own business and don't you dare to interrupt my affairs again! Week-days and week-ends make no difference to me. Don't you see? Do you know why I left Shanghai? I might as well tell you. I left my home town because I wanted to be free, absolutely free. I thought I could do anything according to my heart's desires by getting away from my parents, but now you—you who call yourself my best friend, try to prevent me from going to our regular 'Bridge Party,' because this is not the end of the week....." She went on grumbling while she was crawling into her bed.

During the progress of Bao-ling's monologue, there was a nervous twitching of Wen-mei's tightly closed lips and her eyes became dewy, but she said nothing. She blew out the candle when she saw that her friend was already in bed. Then she found her way to her bedside in the dark.

Silence reigned for twenty minutes.

"By the way, Wen-mei, wake me up at four o'clock in the morning."

"All—right," whispered Wen-mei. That little "all-right" meant that she had to get out of her warm bed and tiptoe to the desk where the clock was placed. She then made the alarm clock ready to do its work the next morning.

At half past four, when Night was first beginning to say "Goodbye" to the world, Bao-ling was found sitting before her desk, with a dim light in front of her book, trying to "cram in" the four chapters in chemistry. At one time she yawned and at another time she shivered. Time passed away quickly and the morning bell was heard.

"Goodness! I have yet one more chapter to study," said Bao-ling clenching her fists.

"Be patient, Bao-ling, I know you can be ready for the test if you study hard now," said her friend encouragingly. She then got up and tidied the room.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! It was time for the first class, Bao-ling put down her book, took a pad and a fountain pen and ran to her classroom.

An hour later, Bao-ling came out of the room with a desperate look on her face. She knew she had failed in her test since two of her five answers were wrong. She dragged along the walk between the science hall and the dormitory. Then she dropped herself heavily on her bed. Suddenly her eyes fell upon the white envelope lying on her desk. She jumped up and tore open the envelope. The letter was from Wen-mei and it ran thus:

"I have to leave you for a day or two because of my grandmother's death. I just got the telegram from home, so it was impossible for me to inform you before hand."

"Don't forget to drink your milk at half past nine. I know your stockings will be wet since it is raining now. Your dry stockings are on the chair. Change them when you return."

She suddenly felt a longing desire to speak to someone stronger than herself, so as to get strength to steady her whirling mind. But whom could she go to since Wen-mei was absent?

Every blade, every twig, was still. The steady smack of drops upon the ground was almost musical in its soothing regularity. She ruminated on the past events. For the first time she felt herself to be guilty. Whenever she was not successful in doing anything, she put the blame on Wen-mei. But her friend had never complained a word, and went on doing things for her willingly.

"She's as patient as Griselda," murmured Bao-ling, "How could I leave her alone all the time while I was playing with the others? I'll make up all the wrong when she comes back."

While she was musing thus, the door opened and Wen-mei stood before her.

"How in the world did you get back?" questioned Bao-ling.

"Let me explain, Bao-ling. That telegram was not meant for me. I was frightened when the boy handed it to me. So I did not notice the name of the addressee and read all its contents. It happened that my grandmother had been ill for two months, so I did not doubt it. Later when I was riding in rickshaw to the station, I took out the telegram and read it over for the second time. Then I realized that this was meant for Wen-deh."

"And all this time I thought that it was your grandmother who died and I sympathized with you. Now all is different!"

She went out of the room and closed the door with a bang.

A REFUGEE FROM A FAMINE COUNTRY

LI LIEN-MING

O God! He is nothing but a bundle of bones fastened in a bag of their leather. He is a living skeleton. There is no living color on his face. His big fatigued eyes set deeply down in his face as a pair of hollow ponds, tell us that he has no strength and no interest to face or to fight against trouble any more. His lips are thin and trembling and the corners of his mouth are bent downward. There is no flesh on his cheeks, but two bones stick out as two peaks. Such an exhausted face! It makes me wonder how many days he has gone without food!

The thin and slender neck which joins the head to the body is so frail that I am afraid that it will break.

Under the neck is a small and effeminate body. The shoulders are sharp. His long arms which are stretched out from the sleeves are thin and pale just like a pair of white polished sticks. The blue veins stand out under the pale skin just as several earthworms. Both his hands and bare feet are slender and long. They are dry and withered and they are somewhat like the rakes or harrows. They also remind me of withered palm leaves. I can see every rib distinctly under his shirt. As he breathes, the ribs move as the feet of a centipede.

Is he a living corpse, or a friend from the "Hungry Country"?¹ Is he sent by Bai-yi (伯夷) Soo-zi (叔齊) or is he just going to that country? Does he love to go to that country?

There are marks of suffering and struggling in the lines of his forehead. As I look at the lines, I seem to hear the words, "Not the love, not the luxuries, not the beauty; not the youth; not the honour; not the personality; not the money; but the food, the food I want!"

HELPS ALONG THE WAY

HU SIU-MEI

Have you ever been in a place where you did not know which way to turn, and although you had friends and relatives who might have helped you they were too far away to be of any help in meeting your immediate need?

If you have, then you know what a relief it is to find that needed help—when you so urgently desire it. Religion has done that for me. It has brought a deep realization of God's loving care and ever-abiding presence.

It began long, long ago when I used to go to Sunday School and sit and listen to the Bible stories about people God took care of. It grew wings of its own when at the age of thirteen I was sent from

Note I—This is a well known Chinese historical story. Many years ago, two brothers, Bai-yi (伯夷) and Soo-zi (叔齊), who were princes, were captured by their enemies after they were defeated in battle. They rather preferred to starve than to take any food from their enemies. At last they died of starvation. It was said that they established another kingdom in the other world. The kingdom was named, "Hungry Country" and its population had all died of starvation.

home, family and all that modern progressive America could possibly give a child, back to a conservative village in China. Strange places, strange faces, strange language and customs! You can imagine how bewildered and lost I felt.

During those long days, weeks, and months of homesickness and adjustment, God became very real to me. The sense of his presence and understanding brought comfort, fortitude, courage and forbearance that made the rough way smoother.

So has He been all through these intervening years:

He has given me sympathetic insight and understanding that have made it possible to make allowance for peculiarities that would chafe and irritate me.

He has steered me safely through life's tempests and storms.

He has helped me bear up under the "cloud" until I could see the silver lining.

He has kept life's experiences from embittering my heart, and has kept the doors open to the joy of His creation, the good things, the beautiful things of life.

Fairies that give one the magic touch belong to the days of our childhood. Would you have the magic touch that keeps life joyous and worth living? Religion can give it to you, for it has given it to me.

BALLAD OF MOO LANG

TSU FENG-YUN

Alone was Moo Lang at her reel,
Alone she sat to spin her wheel.
She heard the drums and saw the banners fly
And on the street the soldiers passing by.

No merry songs the air did fill,
Moo Lang sat sad, alone, and still,
But gazing at the winter's cloudy sky
While on the street the soldiers passeth by.

"My father's age! Still must he bear
The heavy lance, the bloody spear?
Alas! Alas!" She uttered with a sigh,
While on the street the soldiers passeth by.

"Since to my father was borne no son,
A daughter's duty must be done!"
A sudden flash of hope gleamed in the eye
While on the street the soldiers passeth by.

Away she threw her silken gown,
A gallant steed she bought from town,
Then joined the warriors in their martial cry
While on the street the soldiers passeth by.

PERSONALITY

CHEUNG DZI-WEN

The social world is a world of personality. Each individual is valuable and important according to the total sum of her characteristics, physical, mental and moral. Other and more external facts enter into one's social position, but in the circle of her friends and acquaintances, in whatever grade of society she may move, her place is determined by her personality. Personality is the best way to test a person's worth in society.

If a person would present a pleasing personality in society, she must not neglect either her character, her appearance, her manners or her speech. They are all the expression of one's real self.

Character is the foundation of all Courtesy. Manners are minor morals. Among the minor virtues are self-control, sincerity and unselfishness.

There is no place for anger in social life. To give expression among a group of people to any strong feeling, no matter how justified it may be, is not courteous, because it leaves some good or bad impression upon the hearers. In thousands of minor circumstances the need of self control for the sake of social virtue is evident. The men and women who can so control themselves and always think of others, win warm places in the hearts of their friends. Sincerity has its pleasure as well as its virtue: one should seek to be sincere, as perhaps no social virtue is of greater importance than this. To develop good character and better social customs depend upon sincerity.

Without unselfishness and a consideration for others, the art of good manners will be impossible.

Personal appearance is the next important thing to character. The most important factors in this are not those that nature alone is

responsible for, but those that the individual is responsible for. One's figure gives the first impression. Dress has an essential influence upon one's personal appearance. By this is not meant a rigid adherence to fashion, but an eye to the appropriate and fitting. First of all, dress should be subordinate to character, that is, it should be in good taste. Good taste in dress means plain and simple styles. Clothes should be well selected and well cared for. They should be kept clean.

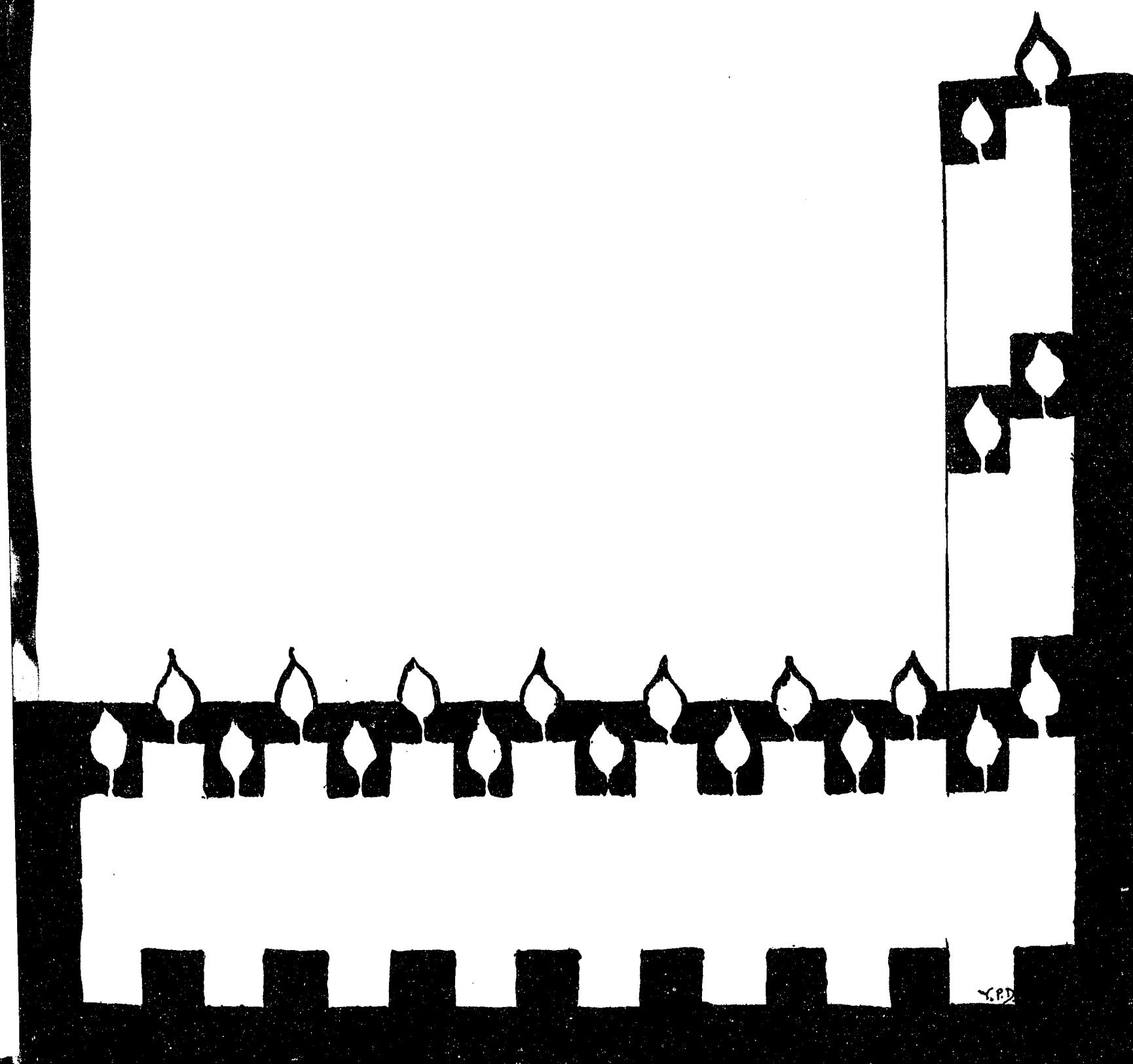
The art of correct speech and intelligent conversation is very important in society. Good conversation is appropriate upon almost every occasion and amuses and entertains when all other interests have failed. If one goes into society, she should know her mental ability as well as physical; nothing so clearly shows presence or lack of intelligence as speech.

Good manners in speech and acts add charm to personality: many a person has been excluded from the enjoyment of society because he lacks the intelligence to show accomplished manners of action and expression.

Courtesy, like honesty, is the best policy in all our dealings with others. Therefore we cannot afford to neglect it.

So, after all, personality is one's greatest asset in life. No thought or effort should be spared in making it pleasing and inspiring—a fit expression of one's character and ideals, and a worthy gift to the world.

The 20th
ANNIVERSARY





德本康夫人
創辦者
第一任校長

MRS. LAWRENCE THURSTEN

First President and One of The Founders

繼往開來

金陵女子文理學院

二十周年紀念

蔣中正

金陵女子文理學院
文化之光

蔣中正手題

人類生命之誕育文明之培植以母慈為第一根本中國民族之衰弱文明之退墮原因雖甚多而女子教育不昌身心不健實為最矣近數十年中女子解放之運動成為革命之一主潮然進步至遲無代價之犧牲至大者豈不以忘却女子天賦之大責重任之故哉科學之講求無男女之別而生活之實際男女各有其分大學云物有本末事有終始知所先後則近道矣敬以此義祝

金陵女子大學之無量發展與畢業諸生之無量成就

民國二十四年十月 戴傳韻



艱難締造亦茲念
年文理密宗人全
勝天居止



寧靜以致遠

金陵女子文理學院
廿週年紀念刊

王君玉蓮



孟晉遠羣

孔祥熙題



金陵女子文理學院二十周年紀念

蒋宋美龄題



金陵女子文理學院紀念
廿載
舊聞
追憶



孫院長 羅校長 莊校長 演講



參加廿週紀念第一二屆畢業同學與最早之教職員

慶祝金女大廿週紀念歌

劉祖佳
作詞

GINLING TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY SONG

胡惜蒼
作曲

樂譜內容：

Alto 部分：

- 第一段：懿歎德師來自美中提倡教育
- 第二段：懿歎德師來自美中
- 第三段：新舊抑衷提倡教育新舊抑衷
- 第四段：經營我校主義大同
- 第五段：經營我校主義大同
- 第六段：經營我校主義大
- 第七段：同
- 第八段：ALTO 部分有重複的旋律。
- 第九段：經始之日賃屋數幢持續匪懈校舍擴充
- 第十段：SOPRANO 部分有重複的旋律。
- 第十一段：經始之日賃屋數幢持續匪懈校舍擴充
- 第十二段：UNISON 部分有重複的旋律。
- 第十三段：造就多士學藝貫通研今楷古博習英

樂譜內容：

Alto 部分：

- 第一段：中精神形式
- 第二段：精神形式
- 第三段：華實並崇
- 第四段：華實並崇匪所私譽
- 第五段：口碑攸同
- 第六段：二十寒暑宜紀厥功
- 第七段：一堂濟濟樂也融融
- 第八段：方興未艾進步無窮
- 第九段：方興未艾進步無窮
- 第十段：方興未艾進步無窮
- 第十一段：窮

回顧

回顧



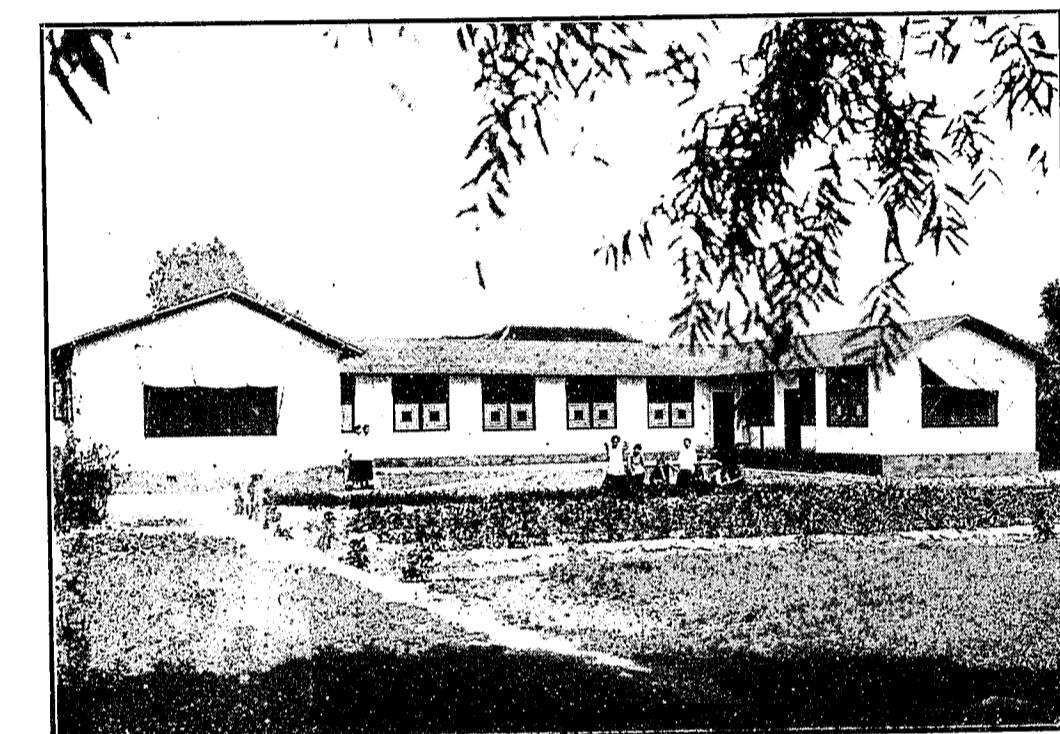
第一屆畢業生



舊教員的相片



從前的校圖



舊房子



舊圖書館

二十週紀念頌

溯吾校自肇始以來，迄今已二十年矣，個中之經營慘澹，與夫經過歷程。自有校史爲之敍述，渺小如予，固何敢妄言，至對於現今之供獻及人才之培植，證諸已成之事實，自較空言爲善，更何必言，若是，則緘默可爾，又何必贅言哉。曰：非也，君不知古人以二十歲爲弱冠之年，而行加冠之禮耶！夫加冠禮者，證爲成年也，觀乎一人之生長，尚有相當之表示，則一校基礎之底定，而達於有爲之時期，是不更應爲文化之曙光，及發展之前途，作相當之祝頌耶！如是，則谷雖愚，而能幸逢此盛典，又何可不言耶，故特書數語，聊表頌禱之誠，至辭之不文，而貽笑大方，則非所敢計也。頌曰：

巍哉吾校 肇立金陵 歷程廿載 慘澹經營 定基陶谷 瓯秀鍾靈
既文既理 亦德亦羣 人才輩出 馳譽遠鄰 斐聲遐邇 舉國同傾
崕嶺頭角 具自髫齡 兹值弱冠 將愈勵精 爲民族光 爲女界領
發揚文理 探尋新徑 啓聾育聵 激蕩羣英 步武聖哲 擴展文明
光被華夏 他莫與京

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祝本校廿週紀念

伊陶谷之幽遠兮 有巍峨之巖樓 彼莘莘之學子兮
於茲藏修而息遊 長者少者所尚兮 沉潛剛而高明柔
成學去而求學來兮 曾轉瞬而二十週 德不孤而來自遠兮
咸步趨而衣裾 庶薪火之永傳兮 光吾校於千秋

二十年來之進展

民國肇興，共和告成，新教育之擴張，不啻雨後春筍，於是師資方面，益感供不應來，尤以女子中學爲甚，民國二年夏，江浙各教會女中學校長集議解決共同之困難問題，咸認最迫切者，厥有二端，一爲畢業生之升學，一爲教師之聘請，前者因國內無一女子大學，當時普通大學未開女禁，故中學女生畢業，苟不出洋，即無升學場所，但出洋所費至鉅，非家境富裕，詎能實現，且中學畢業生，年齡尚少，一旦離家遠適，對國內情形，認識尚未清楚，亦非至善之道，欲謀解決此項困難，惟有合辦一女子大學，至後者欲聘大學畢業之女教師，國內既無造就之機關，而女子由海外留學

回國者，不啻鳳毛麟角，豈所易求，故解決途徑，亦祇有趨於合辦一女子大學，及此議一起，贊成者有長老會，美以美會，監理會，浸禮會，基督會等五公會，即於是年十一月組織校董會，擇定南京為設校地點，定校名為金陵女子大學，並推德本康夫人為校長，負責籌備，德夫人長辦學才，蓋籌擘劃，各方接洽，卒於民國四年，籌備就緒，開始招生，在是年九月，正式上課，故本校之成立為民國四年，而其動機遠在民國二年也，至成立後之進展情形，為易明瞭起見，劃分為三時期，茲據陳於左：

第一期——初創時期——民國四年至十年

在此時期中，除籌備情形不述外，今可追敍者，尤為民國四年秋至五年夏，即本校誕生之第一年，其狹小情形，可謂出人意表，時校舍未建，租賃繡花巷李氏住宅，學生祇有九人，教職員亦有九位，除二人兼任外，餘均專任，可見主持者不因學生少而忽視課業，此種精神，始終如一，至經常費全年為一萬五百元，校具等設備亦僅值三千七百七十二元，參考書籍，除大英百科全書外，別無餘冊，翌年舉行第二次招生，及秋季開學，新舊生合計雖不滿二十人，然校務已有進展，且倫敦，聖公，復初三公會，亦加入合作，基礎漸鞏固矣，迨民國八年，舉行第一屆畢業，畢業者僅有五人，各方爭相延聘，實屬供不應求，而是時在校學生已達五十餘名，美國斯密司女子大學亦認本校為姊妹校，每年由該校學生並同學會擔任一部份之經費焉。

第二期——擴張時期——民國十年至十六年

當民國九，十年間，美國各教會在中國日本印度所辦之七個協和女子大學，已有相當基礎，為謀更進一步辦法，舉行建築校舍之大募捐，斯密司女子大學同學亦代募款，於是本校得大宗建築經費，因在陶谷購置校基，鳩工庀材，着手建築，至民國十二年，中大樓，文學館，科學館及宿舍等，次第完成，因於是年秋，遷入新校舍上課，房屋既寬，學生亦日增矣，迨民國十四年全國女青年協會所辦之體育師範學校，併入本校體育系辦理，而洛氏醫學基金委員會，於本校自然科學，亦開始年給津貼，更有一事足補述者，即在民國十三年秋，本校教育學系因畢業學生，多數在教育界服務，為授以實地經驗，增加服務效能起見，特設附屬實驗中學一班，此即現在附屬高中之肇端，又以校址遷至陶谷後，與金陵大學相近，兩大學為學生多得學識起見，凡高級課程，可以互選，總之，在此期中，本校各方面均有特殊之進展。

第三期——改制時期——民國十六年至最近

民國十六年，國民革命軍北伐後，大學院規定大學校長須由本國人充任，於是本校校長德本康夫人即向校董會辭職，並請改選國人繼任，以示絕對服從政府法令，校董會遂改選吳貽芳博士為校長，吳校長係本校第一屆畢業生，曾任北平女高師英文部主任，被選時尚在美國，至十七年秋，到校就職，氣象一新，蓋對內使各學系內

容充實，對外則準備向教育部立案，一切遵照大學組織法辦理，故改校名為私立金陵女子文理學院，於民國十九年經教育部正式核准立案，是年秋，因體育師資之缺乏，同時覺十八年所辦之體育簡易科，訓練時期太短，故改辦體育專修科，照專科學校辦法，兩年畢業，該科於二十一年夏舉行第一屆畢業，各方爭相延聘，本校因此項人才，社會需要甚殷，故決繼續辦理。

本校附屬實驗中學，自民國十三年設立以來，迄為一班，至民國二十一年，視環境上有擴充之需要，遂決定添設班級，成為完全高級中學，並於二十二年五月向南京市社會局立案，同時教育部亦准予備案，而校名則改為本校附屬高級中學，並蒙孫總理夫人，孔部長夫人，蔣委員長夫人，為紀念宋太夫人捐資建築宿舍一座，熱心興學，殊堪感佩。

本校前築校舍時，尚有一部份餘款，存行生息，遂於民國二十二年提出建築大廈兩座，一為圖書館與辦公室，一為禮堂與音樂室，於去年成立紀念時，舉行落成典禮。

總之，在本時期中，除學校名稱及制度上改革外，其他一切，亦無不在改進中，且自上年度起，教育部對本校設備及教席，均有補助，俾內容方面，更臻充實，此尤可誌者也。

在筵席上的幾句話

牛徐亦菴

母校自開辦以來，已有二十年的歷史，試將已往的眼光去看，如學生人數的增加；教授材料的豐富，各部分組織的精良；以及陶谷大規模的校舍建築的完備。到今天可以自滿的說：「母校對於我國高等女子教育的歷史，已經有極大的建設，極多的貢獻。」

然而將未來的眼光去看，再隔二十年後，或是四十年後，回顧今日的成績，恐怕依舊不敢自滿。已往的二十年，祇能稱做開始的時期，為什麼稱他為開始時期呢？英國的大文豪Gohn Ruskin說：「我們建築的時候，必得想我們不是僅僅圖目前的快樂安適，或為應付目前的用處而建築的。我們的建築，須作永久的着想，要使後人感受恩德，追念創造者的偉大，我們把磚石一塊一塊疊起來的時候，要想到將來必有一個時期，這些石頭，都要成聖，因為我們的手，已經拿過。有人看了這些辛苦的工作，和堅固的質料，要說，『看哪！這是我們的前人，為了我們所建築的。』」

回想廿年之中，母校成立的發起；經費的來源；以及建築的計劃；都由美國教會供給的。前人刻苦堅忍的工作，和完全的信仰，使我們今天擠滿堂的師生，都能享受。在這個盛會的時候，我們亦當說：「看哪！這是我們的前人，爲了我們所建築的。」

再進一步說，試問創辦人的目的，已完成了麼？我敢大膽的說，「他們祇是創作，完成是在乎我們今日及以後在校的師生和畢業生。我們出去，在社會上或家庭間做人，能否使人企望着我們偉大的人格，亦似高樓大廈一般的令人羨慕。好像前人仰慕我們的孔聖人說：『高山仰止，景行行止，雖不能至，然心嚮往之。』」

要完成母校前二十年的創作，全在乎我們怎樣計畫後二十年的工作。校舍的外表，似乎已擴大了。然而學生額數是有定量的，校址範圍也有界限的，最重要的工作，就是使內容充實鞏固，使母校的地位，在女子教育上能保存社會上對他的信仰；能繼續專門獨立的研究女子教育的本身問題，造出各處所需要的女子領袖人格。

有一位很有經驗的朋友和我說：「你想金陵成績好麼？我看沒有什麼出奇。年年一大班畢業生，祇出了一位大學的校長，還很小氣的祇應付自己學校用。我希望你們每年至少出一位像吳貽芳這樣特色的人才，可以使年年渴望着的女界同胞，得有嚮導。現在某大學要請一位女院長，足足找了四五年，尚未得人。」所以我今天敬懇母校，急速培植有偉大領袖人格的畢業生，能使社會天天慶祝母校。敬懇我們已往及未來的畢業同學，紀念前人，在千辛萬苦之中，奮鬥建築，爲了教育我們。至少我們三百多畢業生，總須同心協力，鞏固保存母校光榮的地位，繼續努力，完成創辦人的宗旨。

請起立，對我們的前人，舉杯敬祝他們的工作，無窮的發展！

SOME REFLECTIONS ON GINLING'S TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY

RUTH M. CHESTER

All of us who are interested in Ginling know something of its history and how it has grown in size and in its material possessions in the twenty years since the first class was admitted. But those of us who have been here all or nearly all of those twenty years think sometimes of other comparisons and contrasts that are less tangible and harder to describe. I want to try to express some of these thoughts that have come to me as I look back over this period.

First I think of the students. The many changes in the social life

and customs of China in these two decades have been reflected in corresponding changes at least in many of the external aspects of student life. Students today have many more interests and activities outside of the college than they did in the early days when Nanking was not much more than the rather battered relics of a city of the past. Now it is very much a city of the present and of the future and that means that we all live in a very different atmosphere. Now many students have relatives and friends living here, and movies, new shops and other such city attractions take them off the campus a good deal more than was formerly true. Being also in the political center of the country enlarges very much the contacts with important people both in and out of the government and makes us feel that college life is much less remote from the world. The larger student body today also makes possible more student organizations and extra-curricular activities. When I first came to Ginling, 18 years ago, the Glee Club and the Y.W.C.A. were the only student organizations while now I should be afraid to try to list them for fear I should leave out some important ones and hurt someone's feelings! In the first few classes at Ginling there was a larger proportion of girls who had been out of schools several years, and this more mature group, coming to help create Ginling as well as to further their own education, naturally took life rather more seriously on the whole than many modern students do. Even in their play there was usually some meaning and I can still recall some of the delightfully entertaining and original parties and student programs from those early years. But it seems to me true that beneath the somewhat more colorful surface and the increasing number of lighter interests there is still to be found essentially the same seriousness of purpose and the desire to prepare for real service as was true twenty years ago. A glance at some of the pictures of the "Old Ginling" will show a very different appearing student group but the difference is more in the times than in the girls. A new environment and much greater freedom has brought many new and difficult problems and increasing opportunities and responsibilities but the spirit in which these problems are approached is not noticeably different.

Academically it seems to me Ginling has made great strides. We not only have a much larger faculty with more departments and courses of study open to the choice of students but on the whole our faculty is better trained and more experienced and the Chinese faculty has grown from almost nothing to its present large majority. We have a richer and better organized curriculum, based on the experience of the intervening years and the great improvements in material equipment such as library and laboratories give us far greater opportunities for a higher standard of work. There are also many other institutions now in Nanking, both educational and research which gladly share

their facilities with us and stimulate our interest by the work they are doing. The greater variety of lecturers and more or less direct contact with many lines of work and thought is of great intellectual value, I believe. Such new adventures as comprehensive examinations and theses, while sometimes a considerable trial to both faculty and students, I feel quite sure would be admitted by both to have decided value in giving students a better grasp of their major field as a whole and greater independence in their work.

The interest in those about us who are less privileged than we began very early in the history of Ginling and has continued steadily. Today we see great progress in that work in the neighborhood center near the campus with its day school for young girls, its reading room, clubs for various different groups in the community, Sunday meetings, Sunday School, health center and the newly built bath house. The combined interest of the Y.W.C.A. and other student organizations together with the sociology department and the education department make this work really effective in its neighborhood service and at the same time both an expression of student interest in others and a practical training center for those who expect to make such work their profession. All this growth is very gratifying, most of all I imagine to those students who started it years ago by opening a day school for neighborhood children and giving generously of their time and money for the carrying on of the work. For some years all the teaching was done by college students so that the school alone represented a big contribution for so small a group of students; it is a logical development of their spirit that has made this larger work possible.

So it seems to me that Ginling today is at once very different from the Ginling I first saw in the fall of 1917 and also very much the same. It is a fuller expression of the same ideals that were in the hearts of those who first dreamed of Ginling and whose faith and vision began to take form in that first little group of students and faculty twenty years ago. Let us all help to make the next twenty years a similar time of growth and development so that the fortieth birthday may be an occasion for even greater rejoicing.

對於金陵的認識

朱排初

在八九年前的一個中學畢業生，雖然沒有會考的麻煩，但是如果要升學的話，也是同樣的歧途徬徨，不知投考那處好，因為那時的中學生，尤其是在窮鄉僻壤的，對於國內各大學不比現在學生那樣有相當的認識，這也是因為那時候的女子受高等教育或就事的沒有現在那麼多，交通沒有現在那麼便利，學術思想沒有現在那麼

發達。我記得在中學時，教會學校裏的校長和辦事人員，大多數是西籍的，國文科多數是中國人，而却是男教員，除了舍監以外，很少有女教員。師生之間，除了上課以外少有見面機會，就是見面談都脫不了閉關自守的態度。我所知道的大學就是常聽見同學們提到的：北平的燕京，上海的滬江國立的有清華交通，但並不收女生，私立有：大夏持志。我因牠管理不善，不願意去，燕京是聲譽斐然；可是路途遙遠，費用又大自己力量有限，不敢去嘗試。滬江呢，我也有些不喜歡牠，所以一面是要去不可能，一面是能去不願去，真是不知怎樣好了！幸而有一位外籍教員介紹我到金陵，只是我對於牠毫無認識，當時就問她「假使金陵燕京滬江是三篇文章的話，你批牠們一個什麼分數？」她回答我「Yean Ching is very good, Ginling is all right and Shanghai College has nothing to say.」當然這是她主觀的說法，並不能作為這三所學校的評斷。然而我却受了她無形的暗示，決意投考金陵，結果錄取了。就整裝上道，我那時對於金陵仍抱着懷疑的態度，因為我進金陵並不是對於學校有直接的信仰，却受了介紹者的影響。

其時，從上海到南京早上八九點鐘搭車，至下午五六點鐘才能到，再等領行李，僱汽車，到校時，差不多已是晚上了。記得在三百號門前下了車，就有李卓娘劉玉霞兩位女士指引我。在中大樓轉角的地方，偶然仰起頭來，隱約看見觸出的屋角，心想，這一定是佛殿，不然屋子那會有角兒呢？而且素不聞名的金陵，建築也一定不外荒涼的廟宇或舊衙罷？待一進宿舍，見了臥室及樓下的一切佈置，才知道竟是富麗堂皇的新式校舍！此後，一星期的新生週，忙着體格測驗，青年會，學生自治會介紹，歡迎會和茶話會，但我並不感到興趣，因為全校的人，大多講着廣東湖南湖北江西福建的方言，否則就是南京土話，我那裏懂得？祇能隨眾附和，跟了人跑。上了課心中又不痛快，因為大一大二的課程幾乎全是必修——文科生一定須讀算學，理科生又要讀歷史。先前以為大學裏是求專門學識的，可以隨自己選擇，到那時才明白非至三年級不能享受，然而來也來了，還有什麼法子可想，祇能苦捱着。

金陵給我的深刻印象，當推圖書館中幽靜沉默的空氣，和禮堂中嚴肅的態度。夜間，你如果跑到圖書館去，無論是圖書室，閱報室雜誌室張張桌子差不多坐滿了人，但又鴉雀無聲。有的在書櫃上簽字，有的在架上搜尋，進出的更提起了足跟。聽見的祇有書頁聲和墨水筆在紙上的運行聲。進出禮堂的人，脚步都好像受着琴聲節拍的指使。等到大家坐定，演講員還未起立開始的時候，如果你的聽覺是靈敏的話，綉花針丟在地板上，也許聽得出來。禮堂裏指定各級的座位，早會時很少有空的。晚上圖書館裏，也總覺人多桌少；就是星期六下午雖然沒有平日那麼擁擠，至少每桌有人。我覺得金陵的學生，真不愧有「埋頭窗下」「孜孜不倦」的書生本色。在這一

個氣氛中，自然不得不抱着悉心研究的態度。尤其是那四年晨會的領略，培植我心苗的增長，實在不少，至今回憶起來，還感覺到餘味津津呢！

若是逐件事講起來，四年中的資料，恐篇幅有限，寫不了許多，現在姑且把牠總括一下：

1.金陵不是一個濃裝豔抹的都市美女，她是個樸素的鄉村處子。初見她時也許你有些討厭她，如果你和她接觸稍久，自能領略她的天然美和特點。所以我說凡是金陵的畢業生，至少有吃「青果」的經驗。在起初你總覺得這樣不滿意，那樣不稱心，慢慢的一年一年過去，却不如而然會找出許多長處。甚至於你起初以為最不滿的，結果覺得是很有價值，很有意義的。譬如課程罷，當初我真怨恨，怎麼大學也和中學一樣，什麼都要讀，但自我入世問事以來，才認得我們金陵辦學的宗旨，造成普通中學的教師，以應社會需要是有真價值的。以個人而論我是一個文科主修生，而幾年來所教的，倒不是主修科，最多的是黨義公民數學，（公民一科是包括社會、道德、政治、法律、經濟和倫理）體育教員缺席時偶而還得去代課，要是當時沒有選課的限制，現在怎麼教？況且學校裏請教員，課程和鐘點，湊不了那麼齊，教授的人，若祇能限於一門兩門，就要在在覺得困難了！

2.書本上的學識祇是將來應付社會的一種工具，我們還有幹才的訓練。金陵，在組織方面，分配方面，和指導方面，都有整個慎密的計劃。使在校的學生，有機會發展才能。當局又最歡迎有教育或辦事經驗的學生，參雜在一班未經世故的青年中。因此金陵學生於服務方面，是有着相當訓練的。試看畢業生的統計散佈在國內社會工作上和教育界上的實在不少。再試看國內各中學的教職員表，教育行政方面我們金陵畢業生差不多已執了牛耳。每次華東基督教協進會開年會的時候，在教務行政組織的女中學出席代表，多數是我們金陵畢業生，餘如各地青年會及其他機關的主要人物也有不少我們金陵的人，要是當年沒有受過相當的訓練，她們怎敢去擔任這些重大的責任去代替社會解決種種盤根錯節的問題呢！

3.一個人祇有技能，沒有辦事的熱誠，還是不行。服務精神是一件事業的原動力，是促進社會進化的重心，學術是可以灌輸的，幹能是可以訓練的，服務精神的訓練，似乎有些不可能；但是人與人之間無形的影響，比什麼都大。並非自誇，人家歡喜聘請金陵畢業生，不在她們的特長上，却爲了她們的服務精神。現社會人才雖多，熱心從事者却難得，曾憶張伯苓博士說過：「一個學校的成績，不是以校舍的華麗學生的多少爲標準，乃在有否偉大人格的領袖。」他就提出了我們的德師母和吳校長，在此我要附加說：「我們除了他們兩人以外，受着其他教職員中的薰陶，也實在不少。」

4.校長室門口的一個意見箱，是吳校長集思廣益的寶庫，也是我們學生發表建議的地方。那時的我，最喜歡時常寫東寫西，（那時候祇有建議或問題而不具名）。在每學期的開始，吳校長報告出來的改進計劃中，無論關於學校行政，教務或學生生活方面的問題，總能悉心容納各方面的建議而謀整個金陵的發展這種熱誠是可敬欽的誰得金陵守舊？

5.末了我要說金陵有一個特點是國內各大學所沒有的，就是「家庭化」。也許有人說：「家庭化」的觀點，祇有女子看重牠，現代所需要的是社會化民衆化，而不需要家庭化，這話果然不錯，不過我說的要點，是在一貫的精神上，而不是在形式上。人家常稱我國是一盤散沙，其實是因爲沒有一貫的精神，所以團結不起來。我們金陵學校內外的師生，不下七八百人，要不是校裏對於已畢業離校的同學或教職員有着關切和畢業生及離校同學教職員對於學校的感情，金陵「家庭化」這句話是可以駁倒的。中山先生說：我們要把家庭的觀念推廣至社會，推廣至國家，我們金陵已是實行到第二步了。

末了，願母校繼續發揚固有的美德，至於無窮。

A REVERIE

EVA D. SPICER

One day just after the Twentieth Anniversary, when my mind was still full of all its banquets and entertainments, speeches and alumnae, I lay down for a moment after lunch, and rather unexpectedly fell asleep.

I had not been asleep for long when the bell rang, and I got up quickly, for I had work to do, and went along the hall of 500, and down the stairs. As I went towards the front door, I met coming towards me with quick determined step Miss Liu En-lan, looking as though she was seeking something in a hurry. "Hullo, En-lan" I cried, "what are you looking for; have you forgotten your hammer for a geological expedition?" She looked at me with surprise; "I don't know what you are talking about," she said, "what have I got to do with Geology! I want to see Miss Hanawalt, one of the Practice School girls wants to go home." It was my turn to look surprised now. "Miss Hanawalt isn't here" I said, "she has been in America for almost ten years now, and what have you got to do with the Practice School?" She looked as though I was talking nonsense, and went quickly on her way. I too went on.

As I came out of 500, Miss Lu Shu-ying passed me running dressed for gym, and looking as though she were afraid she was going to be late. "Why in such a hurry" I said, "the way you are dressed it looks as though

a Faculty Athletic Class had at last been organised, but even so, surely there is no such rush?" She smiled politely at me, but her expression was decidedly puzzled, "I don't know anything about Faculty classes, but Miss Case doesn't like it if we are late," and excusing herself she ran on towards the gym.

"Miss Case," I murmured to myself, "she must have meant Miss Haight, and it seems strange that I haven't heard about this Faculty Athletic Class." Just as I was thinking about that, Miss Tsui Ya-lan passed me. "What's all this about a Faculty Class; why didn't I know anything about it, when did you organise it?" I asked. The same puzzled expression that I had seen before that afternoon came over her face. "I don't know anything about it," she said. "Why, should I? I may be going to major in Physical Education, but that doesn't mean it is my business to organise Faculty Classes," and looking at me as though there was something queer about me, she too hurried on.

"What's the matter with everybody this afternoon?" I thought; "they all seem very strange," I seemed to have forgotten where I was going, but there was something that I came downstairs to do, and then I remembered I had something I wanted to talk over with Miss Vautrin. Just then Mrs. Thurston came out of 500, "Do you know where Miss Vautrin is?" I asked her. "In Chicago, I suppose," she answered, "do you want her address? I can give it you later, but I am in a hurry now," and she walked swiftly away towards the Recitation building.

"How ridiculous!" I thought; "she must have thought I said Miss Mossman; Miss Vautrin is here all right," but by that time I had forgotten what it was I wanted to talk about. "Any way," I said to myself, "it doesn't seem much good talking to anybody this afternoon; I'll go and see how my house is coming on; bricks and mortar are more reliable than people."

I walked slowly up the hill, and then I stared in amazement. There was not a sign of any brick, or of any workmen, there was no matshed, no clearance, nothing but trees and shrubs. "What has happened," I cried, "has everything gone crazy, or have I?" Suddenly I turned towards the campus; it had seemed different as I walked across it, but I hadn't really stopped to notice, and now I looked more closely. Yes, it was quite different, but what was the difference? I thought for a moment and then I saw "There are no covered walks, and how naked it all looks; the shrubs and trees are so much less grown, everything looks quite bare," I murmured to myself. And then my eyes turned towards Purple Mountain; yes that was still there, but there was no Music, no library Building, just grass and trees.

At last it dawned upon me what had happened: I had gone back

ten years, I was living in 1925, not 1935, or was it a dream? At any rate there I was. "Just think of being in 1925," I said out loud. Well, what other year would you expect to be in?" It was Miss Hwang Li-ming who spoke, on her way to the Athletic Field. "Would you like to have your fortune told?" I asked her. Naturally she was interested. "I can tell you that you will go to Wellesley to study, and that after you come back, and have taught a bit, you will marry and have two children, the first a girl, the next a boy." "What more?" she said, but just then a whistle blew, and she had to leave.

"What fun," thought I, "if it is 1925, I can go and see all sorts of people who aren't here now, I mean who won't be here then, or what do I mean? Anyhow I can see them." So I went and had good chats with Miss Griest, Miss Lao, Miss Treudley, Miss Hanawalt, Miss Loh and others. "You won't any of you be at Ginling in ten years time," I told them. "How do you know?" they said. But I couldn't explain to them how it wasn't really 1925, but 1935, for they didn't seem to understand, nor did I, quite.

And I didn't only talk to them. I took a carriage (I tried to get a car, but I couldn't), and went out and drove round Nanking. It didn't seem to be like Nanking at all, the roads were so small and narrow, and so many buildings were not there. But it looked very pleasant and friendly all the same, and I looked at it long and carefully, for I didn't know if I should ever see it that way again; and I realised that was true any time I looked at anything, and I thought that I would notice things more carefully in the future, so that the past should always be mine. And I would try and see people more in the present, because they might not be there in the future.

When I got back to the campus, lots of the students came up to me. "Li-ming says that you have been telling her fortune," they said, "tell ours." So I told some of them. I told one of them of how she would study in France, another of how she would study in America, England and Geneva, and work in a bank, yet another I told of her marriage and two little daughters, others I told of their work in hospitals and laboratories, and faithful work in schools and country districts, and some I could not tell, for I had not kept in touch with their fortunes, and I felt ashamed; but to most I could tell something, though sometimes I did not want to, as there was sadness and even death. But on the whole it was a goodly tale I could tell them of work and happiness in the future.

"And what of the College," some of them asked, "you have told us about what will happen to us, tell us what will happen to the College." "There are difficult, even dangerous days ahead," I told them, and I saw in my mind some soldiers moving across the campus, and even heard some shots ring out, and I thought ahead (or was it back) to the courageous little band of faculty and students who would keep the college

together through the summer months of 1927. "But the College will grow through its difficulties," I assured them, "and it will grow not only in character and leadership (and I told them of Dr. Wu and all she would do for and mean to the college), but it will grow in things material as well," and I pointed out to them where new buildings would be built, and told of new departments that would be added to the college.

"And what of China," they said; "can you tell us anything about that?" "It is like the College," I said. "There are difficult and dangerous times ahead, and much suffering, and because it is a great country and not a small institution the difficulties and suffering will last longer, and be more terrible, but through it and in it all China will be forming character, and breeding the men and women who can meet and overcome the difficulties. Don't be afraid of the future; go forward with faith and courage, and you can be sure that whatever you meet, you can overcome."

"Tell us more, tell us more" they cried, but their voices grew fainter, and their faces more and more misty, and gradually they vanished altogether, and I woke up with a start. The second bell was ringing, and I was back in 1935 again, or was it forward? I still felt a little puzzled.

Again I went downstairs, and again I met Liu En-lan. "Tell me," I said (for I didn't want to make any foolish mistakes this time), are we in 1935 or 1925?" "1935, of course," she answered. "Yes" I said, as I went out, and saw the campus with its covered ways, and new buildings, "yes, this is 1935." But the campus still seemed haunted with all those who had been here, and whose thoughts and spirit still turned often towards this spot. "What will the next ten years bring?" I asked myself. "I hope as much of good work done, and faith and courage shown as the last. I am sure they will, "I thought," for people are still giving of their energy and love to the building of this institution, and country."

我所期望於母校者

鄒明英

光陰像流水般的過去，轉瞬間，母校成立已二十週年了！時代的巨輪不斷地推進，所謂「適者生存，不適者淘汰」，那麼二十載光陰，也不是容易過去的啊！

母校在國內，可說是有數的最高女子學府，能在過去的二十年中，沉着，邁進，不得不感謝歷年來母校當局者的慘淡經營，他們滿懷着無限的希望，犧牲了全副的精神，來維護母校的生命。由呱呱誕生的襁褓嬰兒，以至於開步學語變作孩提，現在居然已長大成人了。

母校過去的光榮，歷史，是值得我們紀念和讚揚的。就畢業生方面說：有的去從

事政務，有的去經商，有的遊學歐西，更求深造；但多數同學均獻身教育界，幹那「百年樹人」的工作。同學們在社會中的地位漸為社會人士所推崇！這是過去廿年來努力的收穫，也就是我們的光榮！

然而，方今國難日殷，如何繼往開來，負起民族復興的責任，是值得我們在慶祝的當兒去考慮的。今以至誠，謹佈我所期望於母校者如下：

(一) 注意家庭服務 在過去我國教育的設施，似乎趨向於貴族化。不論男女，以為一入校門，倍增身價，常自誇為智識階級，有學問，有見識，而不屑在家庭中服務分毫。於是日漸養成一般怠惰，驕傲，與享樂的腐化份子。我希望母校良師，能指導同學養成刻苦耐勞的精神，能將在校所得各種常識，應用到實際生活上去，善於處理家務，注意家庭衛生，造成優美的家庭環境，如此，造福於家庭即造福於社會國家，這是我所希望於母校的第一點。

(二) 實行節儉生活 中國的教育是畸形的，一方面為了沒有充分的教育費，以致多數國民不能受教育；但另一方面能進學校攻讀的，却過那養尊處優的生活。學校的設備既富麗堂皇，學生也就趨向於奢侈——服裝務求華美，飲食不厭精細，起居力謀舒適。久而久之，習慣成自然，將來出了校門，是否能適應社會環境都不加考慮，因此我期望母校，能在這方面加以注意，提倡節儉，革除學生一切不良的嗜好，養成一種儉樸的校風，這是我所希望於母校的第二點。

(三) 表彰宗教精神 國難日深，民風日頹，推究他的原因，無非是罪惡在那裏作祟：自私，貪財，自誇，狂傲，一切罪惡的種子滿佈人心，這都是因為沒有道德的修養，缺乏中心信仰的原故。我期望母校，能廣佈耶蘇博愛，犧牲的精神，使同學們能努力求善良，見義勇為，明禮義，知廉恥，守紀律，負責任，實行蔣委員長所提倡復興中國的新生活，這是我所希望於母校的第三點。

總之，假使我們能於進德修業之後，以正義去維護和平，依真理去爭取自由，由犧牲去尋求光明！不怕敵人的堅甲利兵，只要我們能萬眾一心；不怕敵人的兇殺殘暴，只要我們肯堅持聖道，最後的勝利還是屬於我們的！

德本康夫人六十大慶

THE SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY OF MRS.
LAWRENCE THURSTON



羣仙祝壽

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

by

God of Longevity 南極老人

The Fairies of the Hundred Flowers 百花仙子

The Fairy of the Winds 風姨

The Goddess in the Moon 嫦娥

The Fairy of Snow Flakes 雪花仙子

Ma Ku 麻姑

FIRST PRESIDENT OF GINLING COLLEGE
HONORED IN CONNECTION WITH
TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

The sixtieth birthday of Mrs. Lawrence Thurston, first President of Ginling College, was celebrated on November 2 in connection with the Twentieth Anniversary of the founding of the College.

Mrs. Thurston is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College in the class of 1896, from which institution she received the honorary degree of Litt. D. in 1925. After graduation she taught in the High School in Middletown, Connecticut. Later she went to the Central Turkey College for Women in Marash, where she taught for two years. In 1902 she married and came to China with her husband, a graduate of Yale University, to establish the work of Yale-in-China in Changsha. After the death of her husband she was a Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, working in the interest of foreign missions among college students in the United States. In 1906 she returned to Changsha and taught in the Yale Collegiate School. In 1913 she was elected first President of Ginling College, two years before the College was opened. She served Ginling in that capacity through the days of preparation, the pioneer years of small beginnings and the period of expansion when the permanent campus was developed. When in 1928 Dr. Yi-fang Wu, of the class of 1919, was called back from her study in America to take the presidency, Mrs. Thurston became Adviser and also part-time Professor. She has continued to give her best to the College which she was so instrumental in establishing and much of whose success is due to her planning and administration.

On part of the celebration was a luncheon at noon which many of Mrs. Thurston's friends attended together with the faculty and alumnae. The Social Hall was made festive with the red silk and gold banners of congratulation and the banners of the classes which have finished college during the twenty years of Ginling history. There were twelve tables of alumnae and guests. Miss Mary C. C. Chen, President of the Alumnae Association, was toastmistress and toasts were given to Mrs. Thurston as missionary, teacher, friend and co-worker.

Miss Anna Moffet, of the Nanking Presbyterian Mission, of which Mrs. Thurston is the senior active member, gave the first toast. She told of the early years of Mrs. Thurston's life in China and in Turkey, and spoke of her coming to China with her husband to found the work

of Yale-in-China. She described the devotion and energy which Mrs. Thurston has given to the work of the Presbyterian Mission in addition to her duties as President and Adviser in an educational institution, and expressed the appreciation and the feeling of honor which the Presbyterian Mission has in having one of their number in this position of leadership in the education of Chinese women.

The second toast was given by Dr. Liu Gien-tsiu, of the class of 1919, and of the Concord Hospital in Shanghai. She was one of the first nine students who with the faculty of eight members spent the first year together in the old Ginling, laying the foundations for this College which has come to have such a strong place of leadership in the Christian education of women in China. She paid tribute to Mrs. Thurston as an administrator and teacher through those difficult years of organization and beginnings, and to her vision through the years of expansion when she, with other women working for the education of women in China, dreamed of a greater Ginling and was instrumental in making those dreams come true.

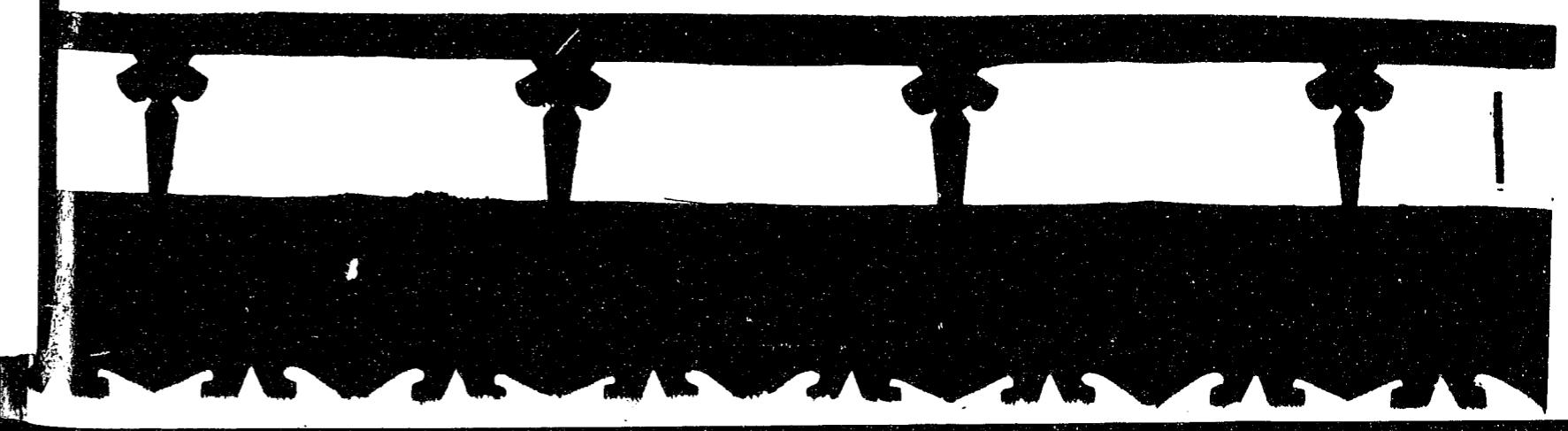
The third toast was made by Mrs. Hwang, who helped Miss Lyon in building up the Christian Girls' School in Nanking, and one of Mrs. Thurston's first friends in Nanking. She spoke with much appreciation of the friendship and service of Mrs. Thurston. She described the difficult days when Mrs. Thurston was looking for a home for the College and the doubtful attitude of many people, including herself, toward higher education for girls. But Mrs. Thurston was steadfast in her endeavor and was successful in developing this splendid College for women. As a friend she extended hearty greetings to Mrs. Thurston that "her blessedness be as vast as the East Sea and her longevity as high as the South Mountain."

Miss Eva Spicer, representing the faculty, brought the last toast, speaking as one who has worked for and with Mrs. Thurston over a period of years. Miss Spicer recalled the toast of one of the students at Mrs. Thurston's fiftieth birthday in which the soundness of Mrs. Thurston's convictions and the steadfastness of her purpose had been well portrayed. This student had said that she always thought of Mrs. Thurston as an individual with her feet planted firmly on the ground. Miss Spicer said that she would like to add that at the same time Mrs. Thurston's eyes are always "searching the heavens", because of her high ideals and aspirations. Miss Spicer spoke of the beautiful Ginling buildings as a monument of the foundation which Mrs. Thurston had laid, but said that even though the buildings are completed Mrs. Thurston will continue to make her contribution because of her upward and onward vision.

At the conclusion of the toasts, the children of the members of the class of 1925 came to Mrs. Thurston bringing greetings, flowers and a gift. A watch, appropriately inscribed, was presented in loving appreciation by the Alumnae Association in honor of her birthday. At the same time the President of the Alumnae Association made announcement of the gift by the Association in honor of Mrs. Thurston of the Thurston Scholarship of \$2,000. This fund is to be used to help worthy students. No gift could better commemorate the birthday of Mrs. Thurston, for she has devoted her whole life unselfishly to the cause of the Christian education of women.

The most spectacular event of the celebration of Mrs. Thurston's birthday came in the evening. At the conclusion of the Founders' Day Banquet, faculty, alumnae, students and guests were invited to the auditorium. A short concert was presented by the Alumnae. Then the students gave an original pageant "Birthday Greetings" in honor of Mrs. Thurston. The whole performance was produced with old Chinese costumes, Chinese music and dances, and was colorful and impressive. Mrs. Thurston was represented in the pageant by the Goddess of Heaven and gifts were brought in her honor by the God of Longevity, the Fairies of the Hundred Flowers, the Fairy of the Winds, the Goddess in the Moon, the Fairies of the Snow Flakes, and Ma Ku. At the conclusion of the program Mrs. Thurston was presented by the students with flowers and a beautifully embroidered portrait of the God of Longevity.

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君之令堂或姊妹如患婦科特症或身體衰弱操作無力是乃彼之血液需要一服韋廉士醫生紅色補丸以補益之也請卽與其一服以恢復其健康必要時亦可佐以潤腸聖品韋廉士紅色清導丸此兩種韋廉士醫生家用良藥各藥房皆有出售或向上海江西路四五角六瓶八元清導丸每瓶大洋七角六瓶三元五角郵力不取

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礙之障形無

婦女有時自忖「我并不如何難看」何以人家對彼總是避之若浼此中消息他人不便明告而伊又不自知往往可於區區「口臭」二字中得之是故婦女——男人亦達此目的間嘗一服清導丸可也。湖北漢口盛豐轉運公司會計主任胡家駒君來書云「內子便秘肝旺兼患口臭

余甚不悅伊亦甚愁累藥無效後由許象文醫師介紹試服清導丸數劑即見便潤肝平口不復臭矣」

清導丸統治作嘔頭痛胆汁不調眼目無神面疹面黃並能助消化解痔痛防瀉痢如尊處經售家無此安全可靠之平肝導滯妙品出售可直向上海江西路四五五號韋廉士醫生藥局購取每瓶七角六瓶三元五角郵費免取



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各藥房皆有出售每瓶大洋二角或向上海江西路四五五號韋廉士醫生藥局購取一次購五瓶者大洋一元郵力不取不滿五瓶者每瓶二角郵力另加



君重視腿部之美

亦猶面部之美



當這婦女解放喊得震天價響的年頭婦女們應勿忘記割片紐祿豐止痛專藥一兩片即可於數分鐘內解除痛苦但服凡頭痛牙痛耳痛瘋痛系痛各種肌肉神經疼痛以及割破灼傷燙傷創傷等等因傷之痛均一樣速效一樣衛生藥膏去其患復其美而解其苦焉

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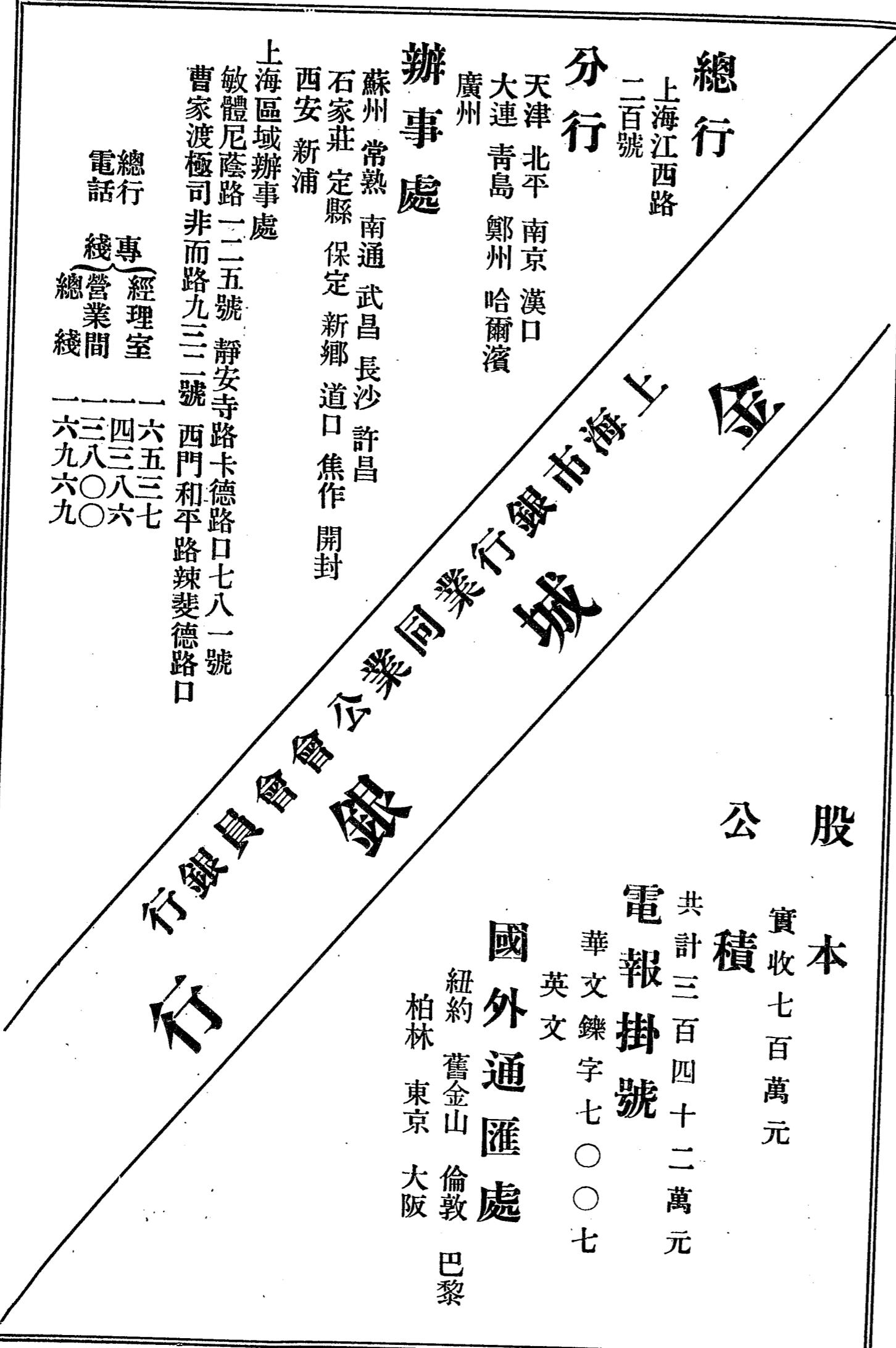
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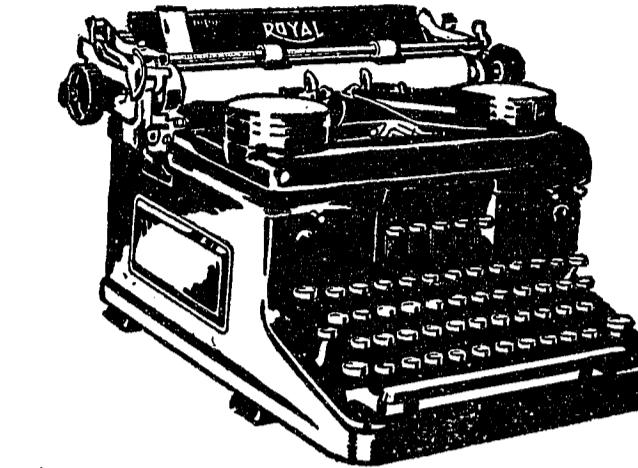
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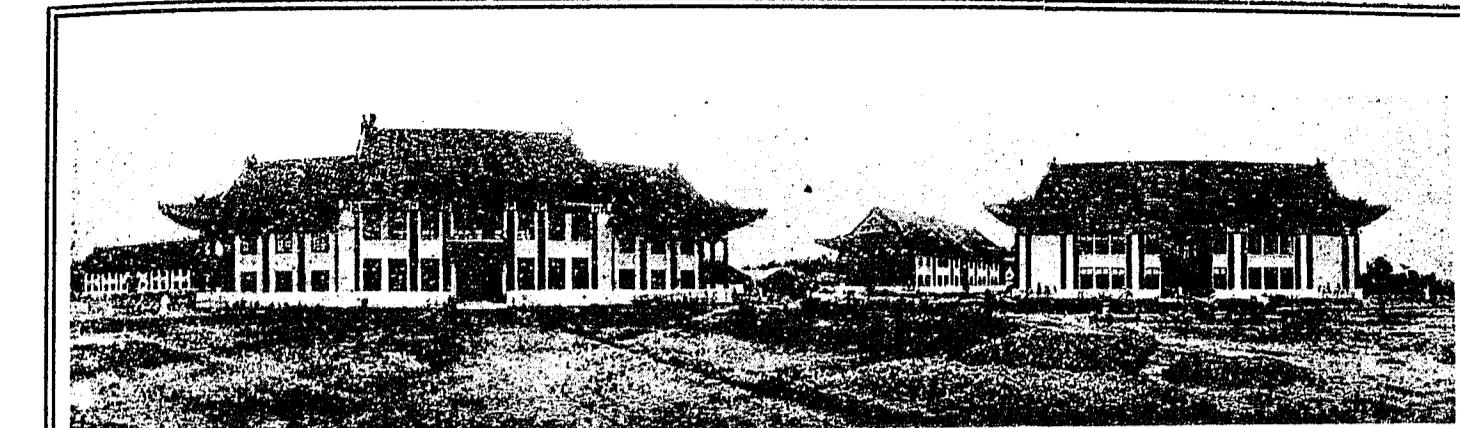
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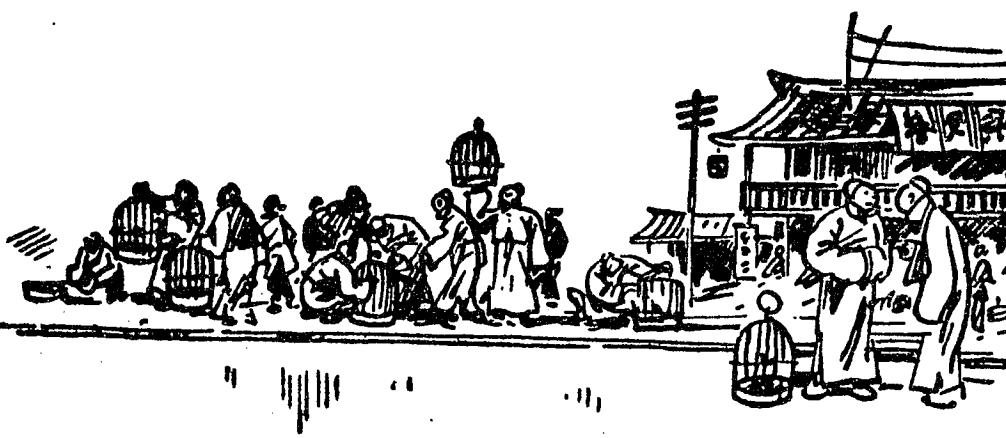
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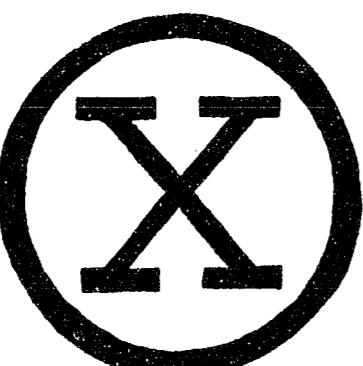
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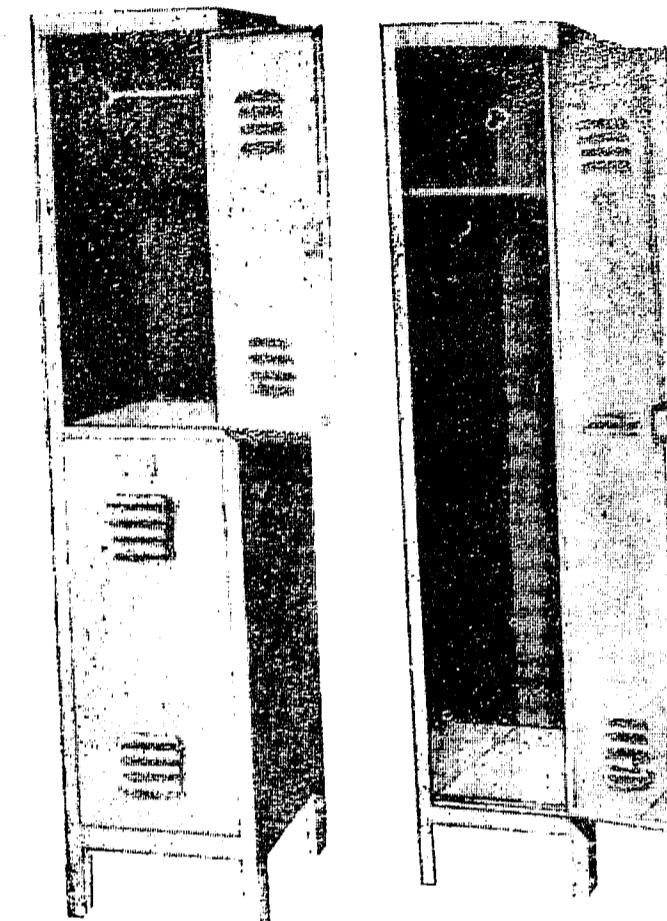
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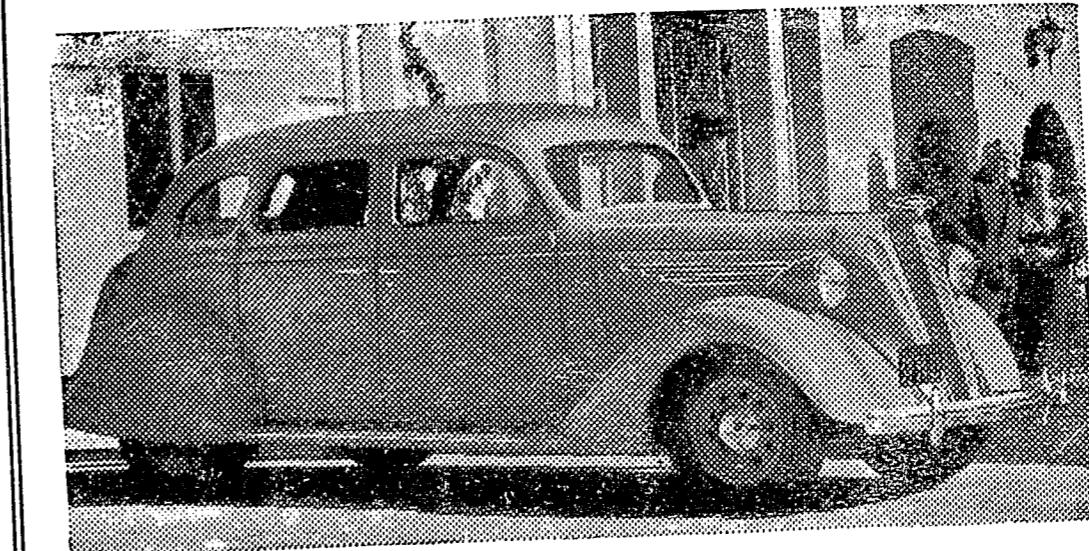
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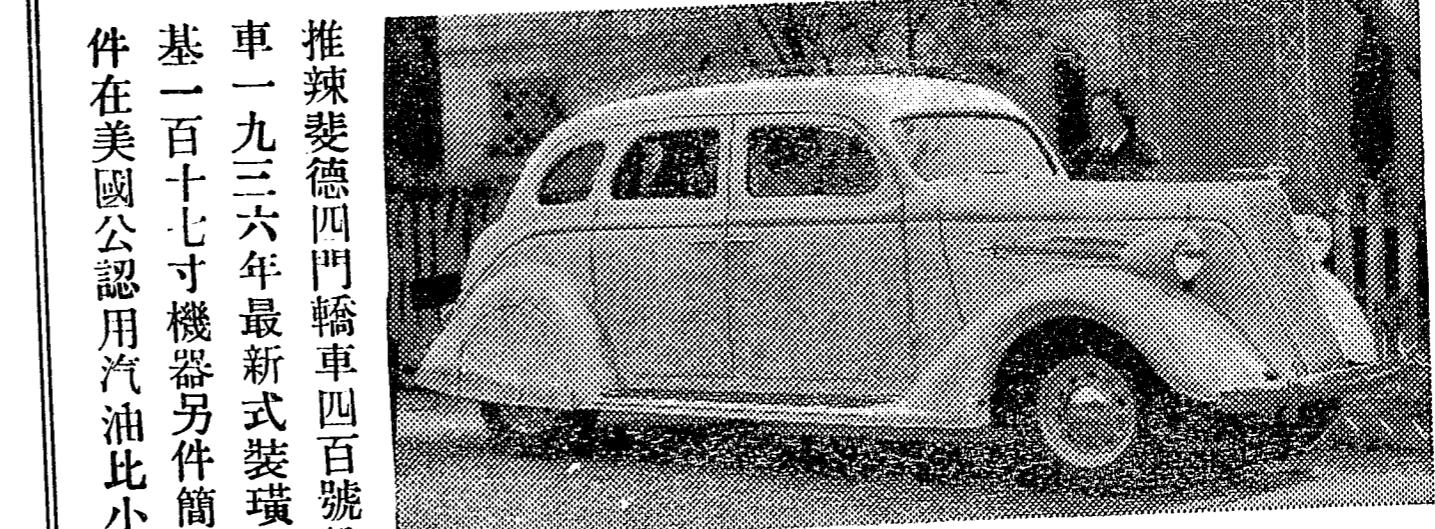
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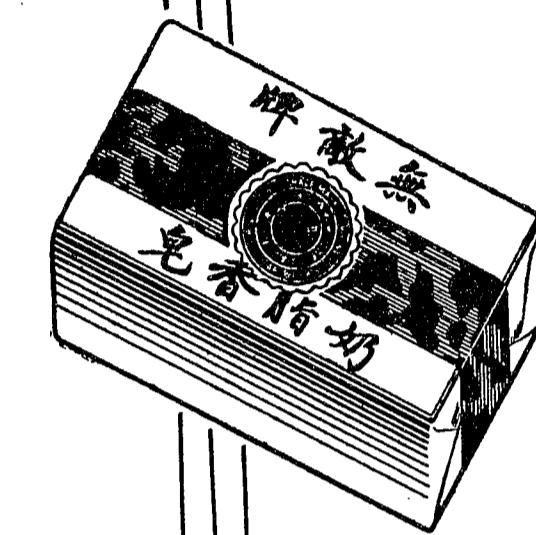
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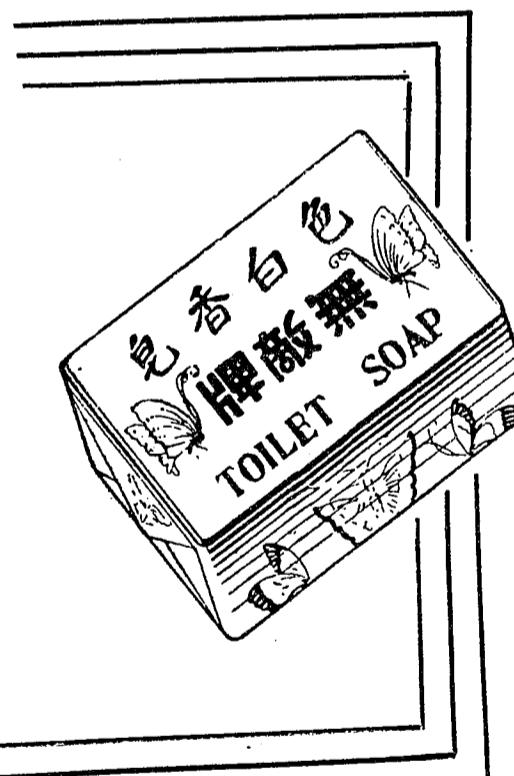
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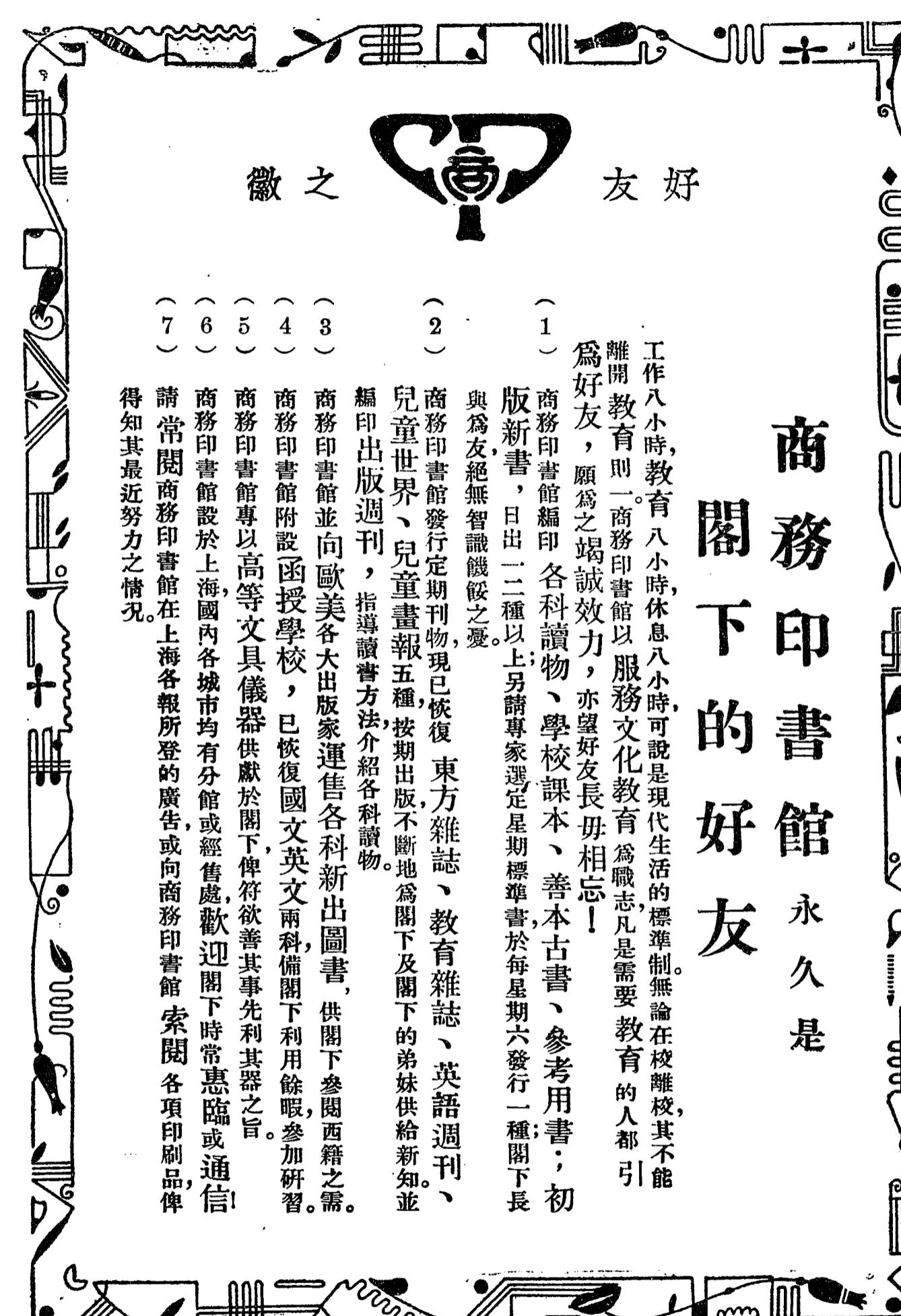
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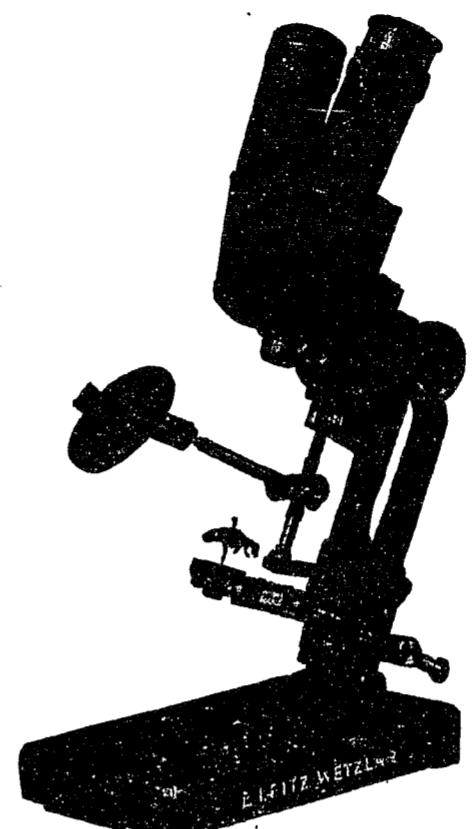
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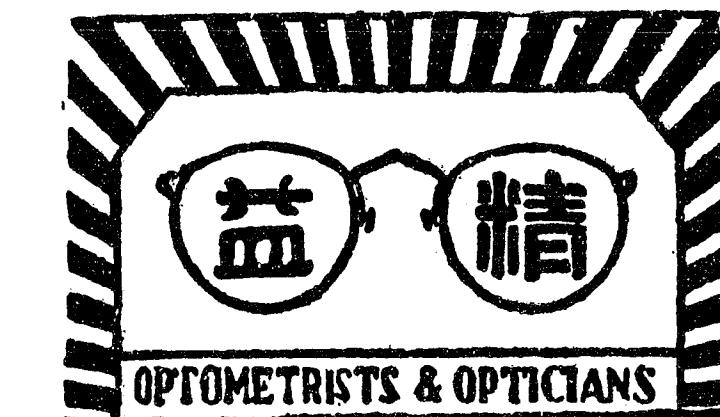
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機械均向歐美各著名廠家定製，另請頗具經驗之技師，磨
製之片，無不光度準確。

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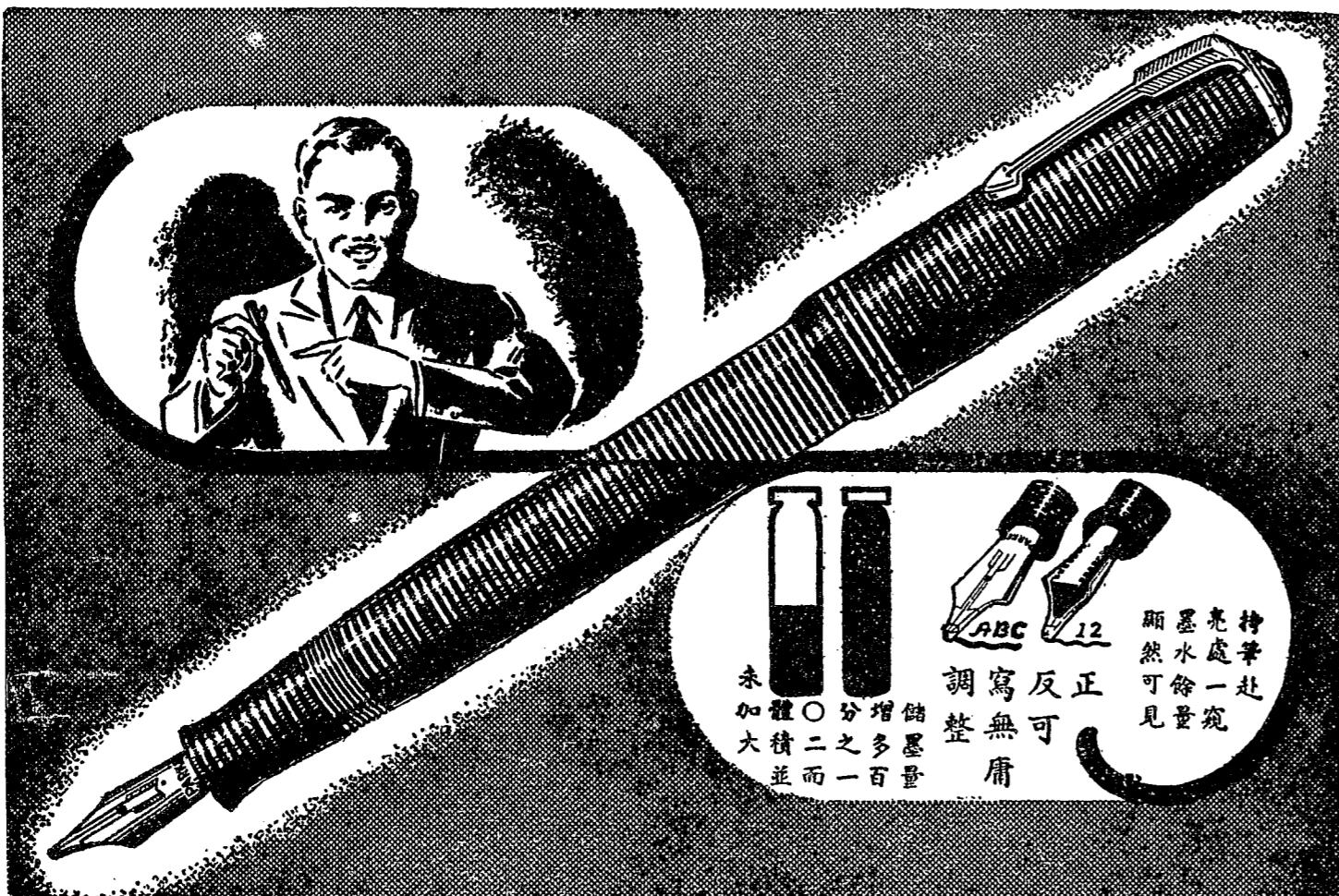
聚國產之精華
惟集團的貢獻

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內衣襯衫
絲袜手帕
化妝香品
皮件樟箱
男女時鞋
被單枕錢
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廉價實誠 作合銷產

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南京中央商場前樓



得心應手之第一利器

此種新式奇筆其墨水何時添注
一望而知故無臨時告竭之虞

問下一度試用新式派克真空奇筆之後。對於舊有自來水筆。勢將情願屏棄勿用。此乃革命化之新式自來水筆。既助敏捷之文思。復令作書一事。由工作而化為愉快。

派克真空注墨筆。為全球人士三比一之心愛妙品。儲墨量增一百多百分之二〇二。而體積並未加大。其於十四個陳舊部分。一律廢棄不用。儲墨地位。至此乃增多二倍。

筆中墨水之量。又能時常可見。持筆赴光亮處。從其絢爛之環圈而窺之。何時加墨。一目瞭然。此誠緊要開頭之一大保障也。

筆尖正反兩用。無庸調整。向下可作通常字體。向上可作輕巧細緻之字。請即日前往附近高等文具店。一視此卓越之名筆。各式俱備。任便採擇。

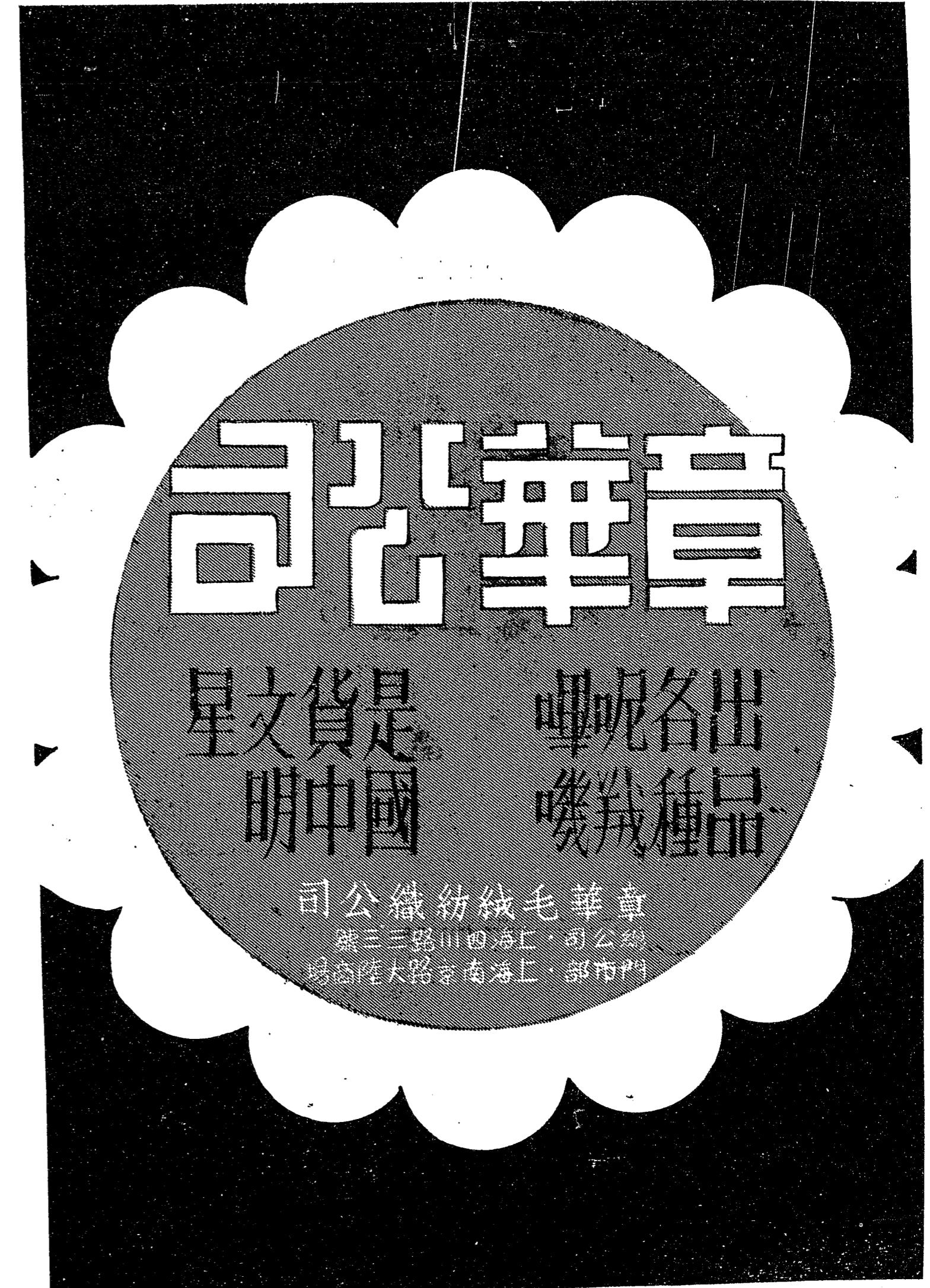
批發情形請向總批發處詢問

中國總批發怡昌洋行



派克快乾
墨水——此種新式墨水隨清潔物能溶解。毫寫不滯墨。隨寫隨清潔。用均水各自各解。

之適筆來程。用均水各自各解。



異軍突起 後來居上

—上海梅林印刷文具社—

▲印刷部▼

承接中西各種印件 各部聘有專門人才
管理周密手續迅速 出品優美與衆不同
代客設計務臻藝術 價格低廉空前無二

▲文具部▼

經售中西學校用品 適合需要應有盡有
輔助教育選貨實用 減輕負擔價格特廉
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送達不取送力

外埠 函購運費關稅之外一律不取手續費

總社

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分社

鄧脫路一四五號

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本行創於民國五年積二十餘載之經驗對於工程設計務求適合時代需要根據科學原理悉心推研至所用材料定自歐美名廠出品堅固耐用凡由本行設計承裝之各項工程莫不穩妥適用此乃事實所在當毋庸本行之自誇也倘蒙徵詢立即詳細解答

如何一生安樂 — 點滴之水
須平日小處節儉 — 可成河流
以零歛存「零存整付」儲蓄甚易成得用之財力

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二二四六一
五二〇八五



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二三五八四
二二八八〇
二二二九五

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，品織絲的要需所們姐小給供
，則原的賣賤貨高行實
，擇選來們姐小請着備整
，內部裝新的們我
，裁剪的新着劃計們姐小代可
，裝新的媚嬌式各就製

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面對會總橋斜號六五六至二五六路寺安靜 址地
號四二三五三 話電

廠紗泰振

隆義陳
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譽滿京華

地址：建康路

無錫新協毛紡織染公司

◀染自▶ ◀織自▶ ◀紡自▶

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貨國全

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正布花印種各及以

商美九司馬光鯉星千年如意雙鯉惠泉山天孫織錦

總發行所廠
無錫通惠商橋
上首都城內木料市

司公限有理整染漂織紡豐慶錫無

主 要 出 品 名 目

各支線直貢緞華達呢嘰纊細繩紋呢格子呢花線呢
竹緞洋藍黃斜細紗透涼廊紗條府綢布條漂布沖西緞布
布布紗

載 備 及 不 多 繁 類 種

近三周錫無

十一
上

日弄神財塘北錫無

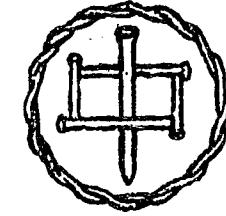
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七

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中國製釘股份有限公司
CHINA WIRE PRODUCTS CO., LTD.

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唯購國貨
可以杜塞漏卮，復興經濟！

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現期押零整取存款
放款放款

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△基礎鞏固
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△信用卓著
△服務週到
△利息優厚
△禮券精美

內場市萊蓬門西小：址行
五四八二二：話電

蓬萊市場

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行實衆民起喚應
國救貨國

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以輔社會之教育；
……發揚吾國固有文化，
……喚起民衆團結圖存！
……灌輸歐美新興科學！
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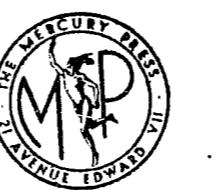
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THE MERCURY PRESS
Post Mercury Co., Federal Inc.,
U.S.A., (Proprietors)

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