MODERN ENGLISH READERS

(For Senior Middle Schools)

現代英語

第二冊

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BOOK II

ed. with Chinese & English Notes

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編輯大意

一　本書共分六册，每册配列課文二十篇，可供高級中學六學期英語教學及同程度者自習之用。

二　本書編制，根據編者教學經驗，特別注意適合於實際教學情形。

三　本書文體第一第二兩册以故事爲主。第三第四兩册，其他各體文字分量漸次增加。第五第六兩册故事與各體文字參半。內容除文藝作品外，有關於科學常識者，有關於英語國家社會生活者，有關於現代文化之批判者，有關於世界名人事蹟者。選材力求適合學習者的程度與興趣，同時並注意學習者知識之灌輸與思想之啓發。

四　本書註釋，中英文並用，英文註釋儘量設法不超出學生之字彙。遇有難於用簡單英文註釋者，則祇用中文。課文中之成語普通常用者並附例句，以資揣摩與練習。第一第二兩册註釋較爲詳盡，除單字及成語外，動詞變化，亦復列入，因高中一年級學生根底較淺，不能自動學習。其餘四册註釋漸次從略，僅注意字句之生僻者，及普通常見之字而含有歧義者。

五　本書第一第二兩册課文，係參照重慶南開中學現行之高中一年級課本，酌予增減與編排而成，事前曾徵該校同意，特此聲明。

CONTENTS

HOW MARCONI INVENTED THE RADIO

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

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

As I sat talking to this soft-spoken, modest, unassuming man, it was hard for me to realize that I was in the presence of one of the most distinguished men on earth. I asked him how he first came to be interested in experimenting with radio, and he said it was largely because, as a young man, he wanted to do some sort of work that would

enable him to travel all over the earth. He told me that he had often travelled with his mother, from their home in Italy, to visit her people in London; and as he crossd France and sat looking out of the train window, there flashed before his eyes glacier-clad mountains, turbulent rivers and chateaux glamorous with romance; so even then, in his childhood, there was born in Marconi an urge, a veritable passion for travel. And he told me that he felt, by experimenting with electric waves and devoting his life to wireless telegraphy, he would have an opportunity to get out under the sky and travelled to far-off lands. Marconi now does almost all his work aboard his yacht, which is a floating laboratory. He still loves to travel, and he has crossed the Atlantic Ocean eighty-seven times.

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

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

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

Then suddenly, he heard a faint click. Then another. Then another. Yes, that was it. There it was: the signal they had agreed upon. The three dots which stood for the letter S in the alphabet used by telegraph operators. Flushed with excitement, Marconi knew that his achievement was big with history. He longed to rush out and shout the news from the housetops. But should he? No. He feared people wouldn't believe him; so for forty-eight hours he shared his secret with no one. Then he cabled the facts to London. They created a sensation. Newspapers on five continents featured the story; and it set the scientific world

seething with excitement. Man, triumphing once more over time and space, trembled on the threshold of a new era. Wireless telegraphy had been born; and it was destined to transform the world for you and me.

TRUE HEROISM

I shall never forget a lesson which I learned when quite a young lad attending an academy. Among my schoolmates were Hartly and Vincent. They were both older than myself, and Vincent was looked up to as a sort of leader in directing our sports.

He was not, at heart, a malicious boy; but he had a foolish ambition to be thought witty, and he made himself feared by a habit of turning things into ridicule. He seemed to be constantly looking out for something to occur, so that he might show off his sarcastic powers.

Hartly was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the pupils of the academy. One morning, when we were on our way to school, he was seen driving a cow along the road which led to the pasture.

"Now," said Vincent, "let us have some sport with our rustic."

Then turning to Hartly, he cried—

"Halloo, Jonathan! What is the price of milk? What

do you feed your cow on? What will you take for all the gold on her horns?—Boys, if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at those boots!"

Hartly waved his hand to us with a pleasant smile, and seeing the cow safe in the pasture, came and entered the school with the rest of us.

In the afternoon, after school, he let out the cow and drove her away—none of us knew where. Every day, for two or three weeks, he went through the same task.

The boys who attended our academy were nearly all the sons of wealthy people, and some of them were foolish enough to look down upon a scholar who had to drive a cow. So the sneers and jeers of the boys were often repeated.

One day Vincent refused to sit next Hartly in school, saying that he could not bear the smell of the barn. Sometimes he would inquire after the "Keow's" health.

Hartly bore all these silly attempts to hurt his feelings with the utmost good nature. However hard the other might try to annoy him, he never once returned an angry look or word. Once Vincent said—

"Hartly, I suppose your father intends to make a milkman of you."

"Why not?" said Hartly.

"Oh, nothing," said Vincent, "only don't leave too much water in the cans after rinsing them—that's all!"

The boys laughed, but Hartly, not in the least offended,

replied—

"Never fear If I ever rise to be a milkman, I will give good milk, and good measure, too."

A few days afterwards, there was a public exhibition, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from the city were present. Prizes were awarded by the principal, and Hartly and Vincent each received one, for the two were about equal in point of scholarship.

After the prizes had been distributed, the principal rose and addressed the company in the following words:

"There is one more prize which has not yet been awarded. It consists of a medal, and is rarely awarded, not so much because it is valuable, as because the instances are rare that merit it. It is a prize for heroism. The last boy who received it was Master Manners, who rescued the blind girl from drowning three years ago.

"With the permission of the company, I will tell a short story. Not long since, some boys were flying kites in the streets, when a poor boy on horseback rode past on his way to the mill. The horse took fright, and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined to his bed for several weeks.

"None of the boys who had caused the disaster followed to learn the fate of the injured boy. There was one, however, who saw the accident from a distance, and went to render what service he could.

"The injured boy was the grandson of a poor widow, who supported herself and her boy by selling the milk of a fine cow which she owned. Alas! what could she do now? She was old and lame, and her grandson, who drove the cow to pasture, was now helpless.

" 'Never mind, good woman!' said the boy, 'I can drive your cow to pasture.'

"With thanks, the poor widow accepted his offer. But his kindness did not stop here. Money was needed to purchase medicine.

" 'I have some money which my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots,' said the boy, 'but I can do without them for the present!'

" 'Oh no,' said the old lady. 'I cannot consent to that. But here is a pair of cow-hide boots which I bought for Henry. He cannot wear them, because they are too small for him. If you will buy them, I shall be able to get along very well!'

"The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were and has worn them ever since.

"When the other boys of the academy saw this scholar driving a cow, they sneered at him and jeered at him. His thick cow-hide boots were especially laughed at. But he kept on driving the widow's cow to pasture, day after day, cheerfully and bravely. He was conscious that he was doing right, and did not care about the jeers and sneers of the

whole school.

"He never attempted to explain why he drove the cow, for he did not like to make a display of his charitable motives. Besides, he had no sympathy with that false pride which looks upon any useful employment with contempt. It was but yesterday, and by the merest accident, that his course of self-denying conduct was discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you. Was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct?—Nay, Master Hartly, do not hide behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule—you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, Master Edward James Hartly, and let us see your honest face."

As Hartly, with blushing cheeks, came out from behind the blackboard, the whole company greeted him with applause. The ladies stood upon the benches, and waved their handkerchiefs. The old men clapped their hands, and blew their noses.

The medal of heroism was bestowed on him amidst the applause of the whole company. Those clumsy boots on his feet looked a prouder ornament than a crown on his head would have done.

Vincent was now heartily ashamed of his ill-natured behavior. When the ceremony was over, he went and offered his hand to Hartly, apologizing for his past

rudeness.

"Let us say no more about it," said Hartly. "We will all go for a ramble in the woods before we break up for the vacation."

The other boys, one and all, followed Vincent's example, and then, with shouts and hurrahs, they all set off for the woods.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

Hans Christian Andersen

I

Many years ago there lived an emperor who was so fond of grand new clothes that he spent all his money upon them. He did not care about his soldiers, nor about the theater, and liked only to drive out and show his new clothes. He had a coat for every hour of the day: and just as they say of a king, "He is in council," so they always said of him, "The emperor is in his wardrobe."

In the great city in which he lived it was always merry; every day came many strangers. One day two rogues came; they gave themselves out as weavers, and declared they could weave the finest cloth any one could imagine. Not only were their colors and patterns, they said, uncommonly beautiful, but the clothes made of the stuff possessed

the wonderful quality that they became invisible to any one who was unfit for the office he held, or who was very stupid.

"Those would be capital clothes!" thought the emperor. "If I wore those, I should be able to find out what men in my empire are not fit for the places they have; I could tell the clever ones from the dunces. Yes, the cloth must be woven for me directly!"

Then he gave the two rogues a great deal of money that they might begin their work at once.

So they put up two looms and pretended to be working; but they had nothing at all on their looms. They demanded the finest silk and the costliest gold thread out of which to weave the cloth. These things they put away for themselves, and worked at their empty looms till late at night.

"I should like to know how far they have got on with the cloth,' thought the emperor. But he felt quite uncomfortable when he thought that those who were not fit for their offices could not see it. He believed, indeed, that he had nothing to fear for himself, but yet he preferred first to send some one else to see how matters stood. All the people in the city knew the peculiar power which the cloth possessed, and all were anxious to see how bad or how stupid their neighbors were.

"I will send my honest old minister to the weavers," thought the emperor. "He can judge best how the stuff looks, for he has sense, and no one understands his office

better than he."

Now the good old minister went out into the hall, where the two rogues sat working at the empty looms.

"Mercy on us!" thought the old minister, and he opened his eyes wide. "I cannot see anything at all!" But he did not say this.

Both the rogues begged him to be so good as to come nearer and asked if he did not approve of the colors and the pattern, Then they pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old minister went on opening the eyes; but he could see nothing, for there was nothing to see.

"Mercy!" thought he, "can I indeed be so stupid? I never thought that, and not a soul must know it. Am I not fit for my office? No, it will never do for me to say that I could not see the cloth."

"Have you nothing to say about it?" asked one, as he went on weaving.

"Oh, it is charming—quite enchanting!" answered the old minister, as he peered through his spectacles. "What a fine pattern, and what colors! Yes, I shall tell the emperor that I am very much pleased with it."

"Well, we are glad of that," said the weavers; and then they named the colors, and explained the strange pattern. The old minister listened with attention, that he might be able to repeat it when the emperor came.

Now the rogues asked for more money, and more silk

and gold, which they declared they wanted for weaving. They put all into their own pockets, and not a thread was put on the loom; and they continued to work on the empty looms as before.

The emperor soon sent again, this time another honest officer of the court, to see how the weaving was going on, and if the cloth would soon be ready. He fared just like the first; he looked and looked, but as there was nothing to be seen but empty looms, he could see nothing.

"Is not that a pretty piece of stuff?" asked the two rogues; and they displayed and explained the handsome pattern which was not there at all.

"I am not stupid!" thought the man, "it must be my good office, for which I am not fit. It is funny enough, but I must not let it be noticed." And so he praised the stuff which he did not see, and expressed his pleasure at the beautiful colors and pleasing pattern. "Yes, it is enchanting," he told the emperor.

II

All the people were talking of the gorgeous cloth. The emperor wished to see it himself while it was still upon the loom. With a crowd of chosen men, among whom were the two old statesmen who had already been there, he went to the two cunning rogues, who were now weaving with might and main but without fiber or thread.