大學教本

現代英文選

Modern English Selections

for

College Students

謝大任・徐燕謀

上海龍門出版公司

Modern English Selections

for

College Students

Selected and Annotated

by

D. Z. ZIA (謝大任) and Y. M. HSÜ (徐燕謀)

THE LANGMANS PUBLISHING COMPANY
300/3 Mow Ming Road (Northern)
Shanghai

大學教本

現代英文選

Modern English Selections for College Students

選註者　謝大任・徐燕謀

出版者　龍門出版公司
上海茂名北路300弄3號
電話　30277

發行者　龍門聯合書局
上海河南中路210號
電話　17674

分售處　龍門聯合書局各地分局
南京分局　太平路275號
北平分局　琉璃廠155號
重慶分局　中山一路318號
廣州分局　漢民北路204號
漢口分局　江漢一路3號

實價國幣

外埠酌加郵運費

中華民國三十五年八月初版

FOREWORD

Compiling textbooks seems to me a very thankless task. Among other things, the compiler is as much exposed to the charges of sins of omission and commission as the anthologist without the latter's compensation of feeling himself an arbiter of taste. Thus a good textbook like the present one bespeaks that rare combination of love of reading, interest in teaching, and a noble indifference to the pomps and vanity of authorship. Both Mr. Zia and Mr. Hsu are teachers of English of wide experience and great ability. Their selection is quite judicious. Some hardy perennials like Max's "On Seeing People Off" and Christopher Morley's "On Doors" have the charm of old familiar faces. The book is a well-assorted literary salad calculated to appeal to the varied tastes of that many-headed monster of a Freshman English class in a university.

The notes are extraordinarily good and accurate.

C. S. Ch'ien (錢鍾書)

July 14, 1946.

Shanghai

CONTENTS

1. AH, THE UNIVERSITY!

JOHN COLLIER

Just outside of London there lived an old father who dearly loved his only son. Accordingly, when the boy was a youngster of some eighteen years, the old man sent for him and, with a benevolent glimmer of his horn-rimmed spectacles, said, "Well, Jack, you are now done with preparatory school. No doubt you are looking forward to going to the university."

"Yes, Dad, I am," said the son.

"You show good judgment," said the father. "The best years of one's whole life are unquestionably those which are spent at the university. Apart from the vast honeycomb of learning, the mellow voices of the professors, the venerable gray buildings, and the atmosphere of culture and refinement, there is the delight of being in possession of a comfortable allowance."

"Yes, Dad," said the son.

"Rooms of one's own," continued the father, "little dinners to one's friends, endless credit with the tradespeople, pipes, cigars, claret, Burgundy, clothes."

"Yes, Dad," said the son.

"There are exclusive little clubs," said the old man, "all sorts of sports, May Weeks, theatricals, balls, parties, rags, binges, scaling of walls, dodging of proctors, fun of every conceivable description."

"Yes! Yes, Dad!" cried the son.

"Certainly nothing in the world is more delightful than being at the university," said the father. "The springtime of life! Pleasure after pleasure! The world seems a whole dozen of oysters, each with a pearl in it. Ah, the university! However, I'm not going to send you there."

"Then why the hell do you go on so about it?" said poor Jack.

"I did so in order that you might not think I was carelessly underestimating the pleasures I must call upon you to renounce," said his father. "You see, Jack, my health is not of the best;

nothing but champagne agrees with me, and if I smoke a second-rate cigar, I get a vile taste in my mouth. My expenses have mounted abominably and I shall have very little to leave to you, yet my dearest wish is to see you in a comfortable way of life."

"If that is your wish, you might gratify it by sending me to the university," said Jack.

"We have to think of the future," said his father, "You will have your living to earn. Unless you are content to be a schoolmaster or a curate, you are not likely to gain any great advantage from the university."

"Then what am I to be?" the young man asked.

"I read only a little while ago," said his father, "the following words, which flashed like sudden lightning upon the gloom in which I was considering your future: 'Most players are weak.' The words came from a little brochure upon the delightful and universally popular game of poker. It is a game which is played for counters, commonly called chips, and each of these chips represents an agreeable sum of money."

"Do you mean that I am to be a card-sharper?" cried the son.

"Nothing of the sort," replied the old man promptly. "I am asking you to be strong, Jack. I am asking you to show initiative, individuality. Why learn what everyone else is learning? You, my dear boy, shall be the first to study poker as systematically as others study languages, science, mathematics, and so forth—the first to tackle it as a student. I have set aside a cozy little room with chair, table, and some completely new packs of cards. A bookshelf contains several standard works on the game and a portrait of Mr. Chamberlain hangs above the mantelpiece."

The young man's protests were vain, so he set himself reluctantly to study. He worked hard, mastered the books, wore the spots off a dozen packs of cards, and at the end of the second year he set out into the world with his father's blessing and enough cash to sit in on a few games of penny ante.

After Jack left, the old man consoled himself with his glass of champagne and his first-rate cigar and those other little pleasures which are the solace of the old and the lonely. He was getting on very well with these when one day the telephone rang. It was an overseas call from Jack, whose very existence the old man had forgotten.

"Hullo, Dad!" cried the son in tones of great excitement. "I'm in Paris, sitting in on a game of poker with some Americans."

"Good luck to you," said the old man, preparing to hang up the receiver.

"Listen, Dad!" cried the son. "It's like this. Well—just for once I'm playing without any limit."

"Lord have mercy on you!" said the old man.

"There's two of them still in," said the son. "They've raised me fifty thousand dollars and I've already put up every cent I've got."

"I would rather," groaned the old man, "see a son of mine at the university than in such a situation."

"But I've got four kings!" cried the young man.

"You can be sure the others have aces or straight flushes," said the old man. "Back down, my poor boy. Go out and play for cigarette ends with the habitués of your doss house."

"But listen, Dad!" cried the son. "This is a stud round. I've seen an ace chucked in. I've seen tens and fives chucked in. There isn't a straight flush possible."

"Is that so?" cried the old man. "Never let it be said I didn't stand behind my boy. Hold everything. I'm coming to your assistance."

The son went back to the card table and begged his opponents to postpone matters until his father could arrive, and they, smiling at their cards, were only too willing to oblige him.

A couple of hours later the old man arrived by plane at Le Bourget, and shortly thereafter, he was standing beside the card table, rubbing his hands, smiling, affable, the light glinting merrily upon his horn-rimmed spectacles. He shook hands with the Americans and noted their prosperous appearances. "Now what have we here?" said he, sliding into his son's seat and fishing out his money.

"The bet," said one of the opponents, "stands at fifty thousand dollars. Seen by me, It's for you to see or raise."

"Or run," said the other.

"I trust my son's judgement," said the old man. "I shall raise fifty thousand dollars before I glance at these cards in my hand." With that he pushed forward a hundred thousand dollars of his own money.

"I'll raise that hundred thousand dollars," said the first of his opponents.

"I'll stay and see," said the other.

The old man looked at his cards. His face turned several colors in rapid succession. A low and quivering groan burst from his lips and he was seen to hesitate for a long time, showing all the signs of an appalling inward struggle. At last he summoned up his courage and, pushing out his last hundred thousand (which represented all the cigars, champagne, and other little pleasures he had to look forward to), he licked his lips several times and said, "I'll see you."

"Four kings," said the first opponent, laying down his hand.

"Hell!" said the second. "Four queens."

"And I," moaned the old man, "have four knaves." With that he turned about and seized his son by the lapels of his jacket, shaking him as a terrier does a rat. "Curse the day," said he, "that I ever became the father of a damned fool!"

"I swear I thought they were kings," cried the young man.

"Don't you know that the 'v' is for valets?" said his father.

"Good God!" the son said. "I thought the 'v' was something to do with French kings. You know, Charles V and all those Louises. Oh, what a pity I was never at the university!"

"Go" said the old man. "Go there, or go to hell or wherever you wish. Never let me see or hear from you again." And he stamped out of the room before his son or anyone else could say a word, even to tell him it was high-low stud they were playing and that the four knaves had won half the pot.

The young man, pocketing his share, mused that ignorance of every sort is deplorable, and bidding his companions farewell, left Paris without further delay and very soon he was entered at the university.

2. CONFUCIUS THE PHILOSOPHER

CARL CROW

Master Kung kept his disciples under rigid mental discipline. He was careless or indifferent regarding their gratuities or fees, or food or clothing but would waste no time with a stupid pupil. A few for that reason gained a questionable fame for they are known to history only because of the humiliating reproofs the Master gave them. According to his own statements he made no attempt to sugar-coat the pill of learning. He once said in effect that in his teachings he would present one corner of a proposition and if the student could not from that construct the other three corners he bothered no more about him. No doubt that was his theory but his disciples were warmly attached to him and he was warmly attached to them and some of the least brilliant followed him for years, so in his teachings he was not so strict as this theory would indicate. He had no charity for sloth and laziness which he looked on as a contemptible weakness. He caught a lazy disciple asleep in the sun and cried out to the others:

'Rotten wood cannot be carved, a wall of dirty earth will not receive the trowel! What is the use of my trying to teach this fellow!'

He was by no means an ascetic and enjoyed a good meal and the glow of alcohol as well as any man but these were trivialities as compared to the more important things of life. But he was constantly impressing on his disciples the sacrifices that must be made in the name of scholarship and told them:

'The scholar who cherishes the love of comfort does not deserve the name of scholar.'

While he was quick to rebuke his disciples for silly questions and stupid comments, their unquestioning acceptance of his teachings brought equally prompt condemnation.

'Hui gives me no assistance,' he said of one of them. 'There is nothing that I say in which he does not delight.'

The Master was probably as fortunate in his involuntary selection of disciples as they were in their carefully considered selection of a master. Many of them were men of but little less than his own age who proved, by their later careers, the brilliancy of their minds and the soundness of their characters. The questions they put to him were not the idle inquiries of immature schoolboys but the earnest questionings of men who were able to feel a serious concern over the troubled period in which they lived and by their urgent questioning stimulated the mind of the Master. It is significant that his most notable and most discussed sayings are embodied in his informal conversations with his disciples and not with his more formal discourses to dukes, viscounts, barons and others who often asked for his advice.

One day a disciple approached him with an inquiry regarding a strange new ideal of human conduct which Lao-tze, the philosopher he had met at Loyang, had proposed and which was being seriously considered in some quarters.

'What do you say,' asked the disciple, 'about the idea that injury should be recompensed by kindness, that one should return good for evil?'

To Master Kung's logical mind there could be but one answer to a theory of this kind, which he rejected at once as vain idealism.

'If you returned kindness for injury, and good for evil,' he replied, 'what would you return for kindness and what for good? No! Recompense injury and evil with justice! Recompense kindness with kindness, good with good!'

A disciple on another occasion asked for a word which might serve as a general rule of conduct throughout life. The Master selected the word which has been translated as 'altruism' and then amplified its meaning by saying:

'Do not unto others what you would not have others do unto you.'

It would of course be possible to fill several not uninteresting pages with quotations from the wise common-sense advice which Master Kung gave to his disciples but a few examples will suffice:

It is bootless to discuss accomplished facts, to protest against things past remedy, to find fault with bygone things.

Men's faults are characteristic. It is by observing a man's faults that one may come to know his virtues.

The scholar who is bent on studying the principles of virtue, yet is ashamed of poor clothing and coarse food, is not yet fit to receive instruction.

When you see a good man, think of emulating him; when you see a bad man, examine your own heart.

Without a sense of proportion, courtesy becomes oppressive, prudence degenerates into timidity, valour into violence, and candour into rudeness.

Though in making a mound I should stop when but one more basketful of earth would complete it, the fact remains that I *have* stopped. On the other hand, if in levelling it to the ground I advance my work by but one basketful at a time, the fact remains that I *am* advancing.

A great army may be robbed of its leader, but nothing can rob a poor man of his will.

To take an untrained multitude into battle is equivalent to throwing them away.

It is harder to be poor without murmuring than to be rich without arrogance.

Hopeless indeed is the case of those who can herd together all day long without once letting their conversation reach a higher plane, but are content to bandy smart and shallow wit.

The serious fault is to have faults and not try to mend them.

Men's natures are all alike; it is their habits that carry them far apart.

Men who are of grave and stern appearance, but inwardly weak and unprincipled—are they not comparable to the lowest class of humanity—sneak thieves who break into the house at night?

Your goody-goody people are really the ones who are the thieves of virtue.

One of his human vanities which has been shared by most men was a conceit that he could appraise the character of men—not only of the great men of the past but of living men of lesser importance, including his disciples. He was constantly studying the characters, not only of the people about him but of historical personages, and his appraisals were in most cases surprisingly accurate. He was rather dogmatic about this and like all others who try to accurately calculate such an uncertain and variable

factor as human character, he sometimes went wrong. With experience he grew more discreet.

'At first,' he said, 'my way with men was to hear their words and give them credit for their conduct. Now my way is to hear their words, and look at their conduct.'

He did not believe that a man could conceal his character. One of his disciples was of such an unprepossessing—not to say stupid—appearance that the Master did not expect even mediocre achievements from him yet he turned out to be one of the most brilliant of the band and later founded an important school of disciples of his own. Another disciple who gained great fame and who is accorded high honours in the Confucian temples was distinguished for little except his own unswerving loyalty and the Master's favouritism. When the high honours which had been heaped on this disciple were called to the attention of a dour old scholar, the latter made a remark over which other Chinese scholars have chuckled for centuries.

'It only goes to show,' he said, 'how far a horse fly can travel on the tail of a horse.'

3. SEEING PEOPLE OFF

MAX BEERBOHM

I am not good at it. To do it well seems to me one of the most difficult things in the world, and probably seems so to you, too.

To see a friend off from Waterloo to Vauxhall were easy enough. But we are never called on to perform that small feat. It is only when a friend is going on a longish journey, and will be absent for a longish time, that we turn up at the railway station. The dearer the friend, and the longer the journey, and the longer the likely absence, the earlier do we turn up, and the more lamentably do we fail. Our failure is in exact ratio to the seriousness of the occasion, and to the depth of our feeling.

In a room, or even on a door step, we can make the farewell quite worthily. We can express in our faces the genuine sorrow we feel. Nor do words fail us. There is no awkwardness, no restraint, on either side. The thread of our intimacy has not been snapped. The leave-taking is an ideal one. Why not, then, leave the leave-taking at that? Always, departing friends implore us not to bother to come to the railway station next morning. Always, we are deaf to these entreaties, knowing them to be not quite sincere. The departing friends would think it very odd of us if we took them at their word. Besides, they really do want to see us again. And that wish is heartily reciprocated. We duly turn up. And then, oh then, what a gulf yawns! We stretch our arms vainly across it. We have utterly lost touch. We have nothing at all to say. We gaze at each other as dumb animals gaze at human beings. We 'make conversation'—and *such* conversation! We know that these friends are the friends from whom we parted overnight. They know that we have not altered. Yet, on the surface, everything is different; and the tension is such that we only long for the guard to blow his whistle and put an end to the farce.

On a cold grey morning of last week I duly turned up at Euston, to see off an old friend who was starting for America.

Overnight, we had given him a farewell dinner, in which sadness was well mingled with festivity. Years probably would elapse before his return. Some of us might never see him again. Not ignoring the shadow of the future, we gaily celebrated the past. We were as thankful to have known our guest as we were grieved to lose him; and both these emotions were made manifest. It was a perfect farewell.

And now, here we were, stiff and self-conscious on the platform; and framed in the window of the railway-carriage was the face of our friend; but it was as the face of a stranger—a stranger anxious to please, an appealing stranger, an awkward stranger. 'Have you got everything,' asked one of us, breaking a silence. 'Yes, everything,' said our friend, with a pleasant nod. 'Everything,' he repeated, with the emphasis of an empty brain. 'You'll be able to lunch on the train,' said I, though the prophecy had already been made more than once. 'Oh, yes,' he said with conviction. He added that the train went straight through to Liverpool. This fact seemed to strike us as rather odd. We exchanged glances. 'Doesn't it stop at Crewe?' asked one of us. 'No,' said our friend, briefly. He seemed almost disagreeable. There was a long pause. One of us, with a nod and a forced smile at the traveller, said 'Well!' The nod, the smile and the unmeaning monosyllable were returned conscientiously. Another pause was broken by one of us with a fit of coughing. It was an obviously assumed fit, but it served to pass the time. The bustle of the platform was unabated. There was no sign of the train's departure. Release—ours, and our friend's—was not yet.

My wandering eye alighted on a rather portly middle-aged man who was talking earnestly from the platform to a young lady at the next window but one to ours. His fine profile was vaguely familiar to me. The young lady was evidently American, and he was evidently English; otherwise I should have guessed from his impressive air that he was her father. I wished I could hear what he was saying. I was sure he was giving the very best advice; and the strong tenderness of his gaze was really beautiful. He seemed magnetic, as he poured out his final injunctions. I could feel something of his magnetism even where I stood. And the magnetism, like the profile, was vaguely familiar to me. Where had I experienced it?

In a flash I remembered. The man was Hubert Le Ros. But how changed since last I saw him! That was seven or eight years ago, in the Strand. He was then (as usual) out of an engagement, and borrowed half-a-crown. It seemed a privilege to lend anything to him. He was always magnetic. (And why his magnetism had never made him successful on the London stage was always a mystery to me. He was an excellent actor, and a man of sober habit. But, like many others of his kind, Hubert le Ros (I do not, of course, give the actual name by which he was known) drifted speedily away into the provinces; and I, like every one else, ceased to remember him.

It was strange to see him, after all these years, here on the platform of Euston, looking so prosperous and solid. It was not only the flesh that he had put on, but also the clothes, that made him hard to recognize. In the old days, an imitation fur coat had seemed to be as integral a part of him as were his ill-shorn lantern jaws. But now his costume was a model of rich and sombre moderation, drawing, not calling, attention to itself. He looked like a banker. Any one would have been proud to be seen off by him.

'Stand back, please!' The train was about to start, and I waved farewell to my friend. Le Ros did not stand back. He stood clasping in both hands the hands of the young American. 'Stand back, sir, please!' He obeyed, but quickly darted forward again to whisper some final word. I think there were tears in her eyes. There certainly were tears in his when, at length, having watched the train out of sight, he turned round. He seemed, nevertheless, delighted to see me. He asked me where I had been hiding all these years; and simultaneously repaid me the half-crown as though it had been borrowed yesterday. He linked his arm in mine, and walked with me slowly along the platform, saying with what pleasure he read my dramatic criticisms every Saturday.

I told him, in return, how much he was missed on the stage. 'Ah, yes,' he said, 'I never act on the stage nowadays.' He laid some emphasis on the word 'stage,' and I asked him where, then, he did act. 'On the platform,' he answered. 'You mean,' said I, 'that you recite at concerts?' He smiled. 'This,' he whispered, striking his stick on the ground, 'is the platform I mean.' Had

his mysterious prosperity unhinged him? He looked quite sane. I begged him to be more explicit.

'I suppose,' he said presently, giving me a light for the cigar which he had offered me, 'you have been seeing a friend off?' I assented. He asked me what I supposed *he* had been doing. I said that I had watched him doing the same thing. 'No,' he said gravely. 'That lady was not a friend of mine. I met her for the first time this morning, less than half an hour ago, *here*,' and again he struck the platform with his stick.

I confessed that I was bewildered. He smiled. 'You may,' he said, 'have heard of the Anglo-American Social Bureau?' I had not. He explained to me that of the thousands of Americans who annually pass through England there are many hundreds who have no English friends. In the old days they used to bring letters of introduction. But the English are so inhospitable that these letters are hardly worth the paper they are written on. 'Thus,' said Le Ros, 'the A. A. S. B. supplies a long-felt want. Americans are a sociable people, and most of them have plenty of money to spend. The A. A. S. B. supplies them with English friends. Fifty per cent of the fees is paid over to the friends. The other fifty is retained by the A. A. S. B. I am not, alas! a director. If I were, I should be a very rich man indeed. I am only an employé. But even so I do very well. I am one of the seers-off.'

Again I asked for enlightenment. 'Many Americans,' he said, 'cannot afford to keep friends in England. But they can all afford to be seen off. The fee is only five pounds (twenty-five dollars) for a single traveller; and eight pounds (forty dollars) for a party of two or more. They send that in to the Bureau, giving the date of their departure, and a description by which the seer-off can identify them on the platform. And then—well, then they are seen off.'

'But is it worth?' I exclaimed. 'Of course it is worth it,' said Le Ros. 'It prevents them from feeling "out of it." It earns them the respect of the guard. It saves them from being despised by their fellow-passengers—the people who are going to be on the boat. It gives them a *footing* for the whole voyage. Besides, it is a great pleasure in itself. You saw me seeing that young lady off. Didn't you think I did it beautifully?' 'Beautifully,' I admitted. 'I envied you. There was I—' 'Yes, I can imagine.