**“ENGLISH BY THE NATURE METHOD”**

**BY ARTHUR M. JENSEN**

# *Selected Short Stories*

The Nature Method Institute

AMSTERDAM • BRUSSELS•COPENHAGEN•HELSINGFORS

MILAN•MUNICH•OSLO•STOLKHOLM•VIENNA•ZURICH

# SELECTED
# SHORT
# STORIES

# ENGLISH

## BY THE NATURE METHOD

BY

ARTHUR M. JENSEN

***Endorsed by the following professors of English:***

S.R.T.T. D'ARDENNE
University of Liege
FRANZ DE BACKER
University of Ghent
FRANK BEHRE
University of Gothenburg
HELLUT BOCK
University of Kiel
C. A. BODELSEN
University of Copenhagen
G. BONNALD
University of Lausanne
KARL BRUNNER
University of Innsbruck
W. CLEMEN
University of Munich
L. ECKHOFF
University of Oslo

OTTO FUNKE
University of Berne
P. N. U HARTING
University of Amsterdam
OTTO JESPERSEN (†)
University of Copenhagen
B. VON LINDHEIM
Free University of Berlin
H. LUDEKE
University of Basle
OLE REUTER
University of Helsingfors
K. SCHIBSBYE
University of Copenhagen
F. TH. VISSER
University of Nijmegen
MAX WILDI
Institute of Technology, Zurich

R.W ZANVOORT
University of Groningen

The Nature Method Institute

AMSTERDAM • BRUSSELS•COPENHAGEN•HELSINGFORS
MILAN•MUNICH•OSLO•STOLKHOLM•VIENNA•ZURICH

# SELECTED SHORT STORIES

The Nature Method Institute

AMSTERDAM • BRUSSELS•COPENHAGEN•HELSINGFORS

MILAN•MUNICH•OSLO•STOLKHOLM•VIENNA•ZURICH

**DET BERLINGSKE BOGTRYKKERI**

# PREFACE

The purpose behind the present collection of short stories is a double one. Firstly, it has been my intention to give to those who have gone through the main part of “English by the Nature Method” a chance to continue their studies in an easy and natural way by simply reading stories written in a language that they already command. Thus, at the beginning of this book, the stories make use only of the 2300 words contained in “English by the Nature Method”. By degrees, new words are introduced, and these are explained by the help of the same 2300 words plus such new words as may have been taken into use in the stories already given. In this way the pupil's knowledge of words is increased little by little, until at the end of the book it includes 3700 words in all, carefully chosen among those most frequently used in the English language.

In the second place, I have had in mind to try to be of help to those who may in other ways have reached a certain amount of knowledge of English, but who feel that they cannot directly gain an entrance into the world of English writers without spending too much time and labour. The specially prepared short stories of this book make up a convenient bridge leading the reader by easy steps from the usual school knowledge of English to an under- standing of the language normally used by English writers. Thus the story printed at the end of the book is given entirely in the writer's (W. W. Jacobs's) own language. As to the rest of the stories, the way in which they were written has been more or less changed, easier words and expressions having been used instead of more difficult ones, or, in some cases, the hard ones having simply been left out.

It is planned that seven book-length stories by well-known writers shall follow the present book, all of them prepared and explained in much the same way as here, until at last the reader commands at least 12,000 different words, and reads and un-

derstands English as readily as he does his native tongue. Together with each of these books will appear, under separate cover, a short account of some interesting side of the English language itself or of the different ways of using it.

I wish to express my thanks to the writers whose stories appear in the following pages for permission to print their stories in this form. Thanks are also offered to Messrs. Richard Steele & Son for agreeing to use *The Man of Mystery* and *Eliza* by Barry Pain; to Messrs. J. W. Arrowsmith (London) Ltd. For *Three Men in a Boat* by Jerome K. Jerome; to Messrs. Hughes Massie & Co. Ltd. For *The White Line* by John Ferguson and *Philomel Cottage* by Agatha Christie; to Mr. Adrian M. Conan Doyle and Messrs. John Murray for *the Red-Headed League* from *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* by Sir Arthur Conon Doyle; and to The Society of Authors for *Family Cares* from *Deep Waters* by W. W. Jacobs.

In addition, I owe a debt of thanks to professors and teachers of English at the universities of Co-

penhagen, Helsingfors, Oslo, and Stockholm for many helpful suggestions in connection with preparing the material for this book. I also take pleasure in thanking Major R.L. Taylor for his never-tiring help in getting together the accounts and stories here made use of, and fitting them for the purpose held in mind.

By way of finishing, I may, perhaps, be allowed to point to the fact that this preface is written entirely within the limits of the 2300 words taught and explained in “English by the Nature Method”.

ARTHUR M. JENSEN

*Stockholm, January 1949.*

# CONTENTS

# THE MYSTERY OF ROOM 342

***The following story is said to have been taken from the secret archives of the Paris Police from the time of the Great Exhibition of 1889, several writers have told the story. It seems to have gone round the world. Here it is given for the first time in the form of conversation.***

***The story opens in Bombay. Captain Day, who was stationed in India, has just died leaving his wife and daughter of seventeen alone in India.***

Bombay [*bom'bei*]

***Mrs. Day***: At last, I have some good news for you, my dear. As you know, I was down at the officers' mess for lunch to-day, and the general told me that his new assistant is willing to take over the house and all the furniture as well.

***Miss Day***: I'm so delighted to hear it, mother. I never did think it was a good idea

to take any of our things back to England with us. I know you can't help thinking of daddy very often, but I'm glad we are leaving the things behind. You would be thinking of daddy, sitting there reading and writing, every time you looked at his desk.

Help = keep from

***Mrs. Day***: Perhaps you are right, Joan, but you will understand that many of these things have a great sentimental value.

***Miss Day***: I understand, mother, but we have to begin life anew in England, and we shall do it ever so much better without all these things around you.

***Mrs. Day***: I'm sorry that, as soon as we get to England, it will be necessary to go across to Paris and sign certain papers in connection with your father's property. I should just like to go to England and stay there.

certain = some

***Miss Day***: I have a very good idea, mother. Many of the boats call at Marseilles. I suggest that we get off the boat at Marseilles and take the train from there to Paris. Then you could sign the papers, and we could continue our journey to England. In fact, it would be just as quick as going by boat the whole way.

Call at = stop at

Marseilles [*ma:'seilz*]

***Mrs. Day***: That is an excellent suggestion, Joan, and I think I'll go down to the shipping company in the morning to find out when the first boat is leaving for Marseilles.

***A few weeks later at Marseilles.***

***Mrs. Day***: I feel rather nervous about the hotel in Paris, Joan. From the papers I have been reading, it seems as if the whole world has come to Paris for the Exhibition. I remember once, soon after we were married, your father and I stayed at the Crillon. I think we had better go along to the post-office and send a telegram for a double-room. It'll only be for one or two nights at the most. I'd like to stay longer so that you could see something of the Exhibition, but I have not been feeling very well for the last few days.

Crillon [***kri:jon***]

(French name are here given with the pronunciation that an Englishman would naturally use)

***Miss Day***: In that case it is much more important for us to get back to England as soon as possible. I am sure that, after a few weeks in the beautiful English countryside, you will begin to feel much better. And, mother, there will be other chances for me of seeing Paris later on. I'm simply longing to

Simply = only

see my own country, and to visit the places that you and daddy come from. England is the place for me at the moment, just as much as it is for you.

***Twenty-four hours later.***

***Mrs. Day***: In a few minutes we shall be running into the Gare de Lyons. I do hope that the Crillon was able to find a room for us. I must say, Joan, that I have never been on a journey that has made me so tired. I have only one desire at the moment, and that is to lie down on my bed as soon as possible.

Gara de Lyons [*ga; de li;on*] = large main station in Paris

***Miss Day***: Poor mother, you do look tired and worn out. Still, if there is no room for us at the Crillon, we should be able to get a room elsewhere, for I understand that Paris is just full of hotels. We are running into the station now. (***A few seconds later.***) Oh, mother, we are lucky; I have just seen a man with the name of our shipping company on his cap. If we're not able to get in at the Crillon, he'll know where to send us. (Galling to the man.) Hallo, hallo there! Will you give us some help, please?

Worn out = very tired

***Shipping company man***: Why certainly, mademoiselle. What can I do for you?

***Miss Day***: Mother and I left one of your boats at Marseilles and are proceeding via Paris to England. We sent a wire from Marseilles to the Crillon, ordering a double-room. If we find the hotel is full up, perhaps you could recommend another one to us.

Full- up = having no empty rooms

***Shipping company man***: Certainly, mademoiselle. I will come with you myself and explain to the driver that he is to take you to the Crillon first, and then I will give him the name of a hotel where you will certainly find an empty room, if there is no room for you at the Crillon.

***Miss Day***: That is very kind of you.

***Shipping company man***: The pleasure is all mine. Will you please show me your luggage, and then I will get a porter. Then perhaps you would follow me to the cab.

***Cab***
[*kæb*]

***A few minutes later at the Crillon.***

***Miss Day***: I am Miss Day, and this is my mother, Mrs. Day. We sent you a wire from Marseilles, ordering a double-room.

***Hotel clerk:*** Yes, mademoiselle, you are very lucky indeed. We were quite full up, but just before your telegram arrived, we received another from a client who was not able to come. It is only a single-room, but we have put in an extra bed for mademoiselle.

***Miss Day***: That is excellent. What is the number of the room?

***Clerk***: No. 342, mademoiselle. Here is the key, and I will get a porter to take your things up to your room.

***In the hotel bedroom.***

***Miss Day:*** Well, here we are, mother. Everything has turned out well. It could hardly be better. To-morrow you can go and sign those papers, and then we can catch the first train for England. Now that we're get-ting so near to England, I'm getting quite excited. It won't be very long before we're living in our own little house in the beautiful English countryside. I suggest that we wash and then go down to the restaurant for dinner.

Turn out well = go well

Catch = take

***Mrs. Day***: I hope you will forgive me, Joan, if I don't come to dinner with you.

I feel far too tired to eat and could not face all the people in the restaurant.

***Miss Day***: I'm sorry that you won't have anything. I'll change and go down alone then.

***The following morning.***

***Miss Day***: Hallo, good morning, mother, I hope you've slept well

***Mrs. Day***: Good morning, Joan. I'm afraid I didn't sleep very well. But that doesn't mean anything. When you get too tired, it is often very difficult to fall asleep.

***Miss Day***: I'm very sorry to hear it, mother, but now I'll ring for some breakfast.

***A few minutes later a maid appears with tray.***

***Miss Day***: Here's a cup of tea, mother. It doesn't look quite so strong as the tea in India, but better than I expected French tea to be.

***Mrs. Day***: Thank you, my dear. It doesn't look too bad.

***Miss Day***: You must really try it. It'll do you good, and then we can start thinking about those papers that want signing.

Want = need

Mrs. Day: I don't feel very much like get-

ting up and going out just now. I should prefer to wait until this afternoon or to-morrow morning. It might be a good idea if you went round to see the man and asked him if it were possible for him to come here. That would be much easier still. I'll be all right again by to-morrow, and then we can start on the last stage of our journey.

Easier still = Sill easier

***Miss Day***: All right mother, I'll certainly go round and see him, but first of all I'm going straight down to see that the hotel doctor comes to see you without delay

***A little later. Mother and daughter are again talking in their room.***

***Miss Day***: The manager was in his office all right, and he promised me to arrange for the doctor to come at once.

***There is a knock at the door.***

***Miss Day***: I expect that's the doctor. I'll go and open the door.

Dupont [*dju'po:n*]

***Doctor***: Good morning, mademoiselle, my name is Doctor Dupont. The manager tells me that your mother is not well

***Miss Day***: Good morning, Doctor Dupont, will you please come in. It was very good of you to come so quickly. This is my mother, Doctor Dupont.

***Doctor***: Good morning, madam. I do not speak the English language so well. I'm sure you will forgive me. First of all, I will take your temperature and pulse, and then I can ask you some questions.

***A minute or two later.***

***Doctor***: May I ask where you have come from?

***Mrs. Day***: My daughter and I left Bombay after the death of my husband, and as I have some business to do in Paris, we travelled over-land from Marseilles, arriving here yesterday evening.

***Doctor***: I understand that you are feeling very tired, and that the appetite has gone is it not so?

***Mrs. Day***: Yes, doctor. To be quite honest, I felt too tired to get up this morning, and now I seem to have lost my appetite altogether.

***Doctor***: Yes, madam. When people are

overtired, they do not feel like eating. I will send for some medicine for you that will help you. I will see you again, madam, but now I must say adieu. (***To Miss Day***.) Perhaps mademoiselle will come with me.

***Downstairs.***

***Doctor***: I am sorry to say that it is very serious, mademoiselle. You must not think of continuing your journey to England to-morrow. It might be better to move your mother to a hospital. Of course, I shall arrange everything for you. But, mademoiselle, it will be necessary for you to go at once to my house and fetch some medicine for your mother. I am very sorry, mademoiselle, that my house is at the other end of Paris. It is very unfortunate that I do not have a telephone in the house. The best and quickest way would be for mademoiselle to go to my house herself. I will give mademoiselle a note for my wife, telling her what to do.

Serious = dangerous

move = take to another place

***Miss Day***: But, doctor, if you live so far away, wouldn't it be much quicker to get the medicine from a chemist's?

***Doctor***: Mademoiselle, this is a very special medicine of my own, and it will be much quicker for you to go to my house for it. You may trust me, mademoiselle, that I will do the very best for you. Now I must write a note to my wife, giving her instructions, and then I will get a cab that will take you to my house, and afterwards bring you back here with the medicine.

***The doctor wrote a note, gave it to the girl, and having got a cab for her, gave the driver instructions. The girl was very impatient, especially as the cab seemed to crawl along as slowly as possible. She got the idea that the doctor's house was at the very end of the world. Several times she thought that the cab was going in the wrong direction, for when she looked out of the window, she was certain that they were going along streets that they had already been through once. At last, however, the cab stopped in front of a house. The girl got out and rang the bell. She had to ring the bell several times before the door was opened.***

***Miss Day***: Good morning! I am Miss Day. I have a note from Mr. Dupont.

***Mrs. Dupont***: Good morning, mademoiselle, please come inside and sit down. I am Mrs. Dupont. I will see what my husband has to say. (***She reads the note***.) I will attend to it at once, mademoiselle, but it will take some time to prepare the medicine. Won't you sit down until it is ready.

***The wait seemed to have no end. Hundreds of times she got up from her chair and walked to the door of the room and then went back and sat down again. Sometimes, she felt like running back to her mother without the medicine, but having come so far for it, she waited on. She was surprised to hear the telephone ring, because she remembered the doctor's words, that he had not got one. The long wait brought tears to her eyes as she thought of her mother lying in bed at the hotel, waiting for her. At last, however, the medicine was ready, and she went out to the cab. The drive back to the hotel was even slower than the drive out, and when they got back***

Feel like running = want to run

Wait on = continue to wait

*to the centre of the town. the cab driver stopped outside a hotel that was unknown to her. She now felt certain that something was wrong. A few yards away she noticed a young man, who to judge by his clothes could not be anything else but English, and although modest by nature, she jumped out of the cab and ran up to him.*

***Miss Day***: Excuse me for addressing a perfect stranger, but you are English, aren't you?

***Stranger (with cordiality)***: Oh yes, I'm English all right. You look worried. Can I help you in any way?

***Miss Day***: My name is Miss Day. My mother and I are staying at the Crillon. As she wasn't very well this morning, I got the hotel doctor to see her. He told me that it was serious, and sent me off to his house at the other end of Paris to fetch some medicine for her. I just don't understand things. The doctor gave the driver instructions, and he drove as slowly as possible, very often driving, I am sure, in the wrong direction, for we drove up several streets more than once. Then I had to wait for ages at the doctor's house,

For ages [***eidgiz***] = for a very long time

while the medicine was prepared. The doctor said that he couldn't phone his wife as he had no phone, but while I was waiting, heard the telephone ring in the next room. Then on the way back, the driver drove slower than ever, and now instead of taking me back to the Crillon, he has brought me here. I just can't understand it all.

***Stranger***: I'll introduce myself. My name is John Bates. I'm a junior secretary at the Embassy here. I'll come along with you as far as the Crillon, for it does all sound rather strange.

Bates [***beits***]

*At the Crillon they find the door of No. 342 locked and go down to the clerk.*

***Miss Day***: Can I have my key, please?

***Clerk***: Whom do you wish to see, mademoiselle?

***Miss Day***: I registered here last night with my mother, and we were given No. 342. Please give me my key.

***Clerk***: But surely you are wrong, mademoiselle. You could not have come here yesterday evening; it must have been some other

hotel. What did you say was the number of the room, mademoiselle?

***Miss Day***: No. 342.

***Clerk***: But I do not understand, mademoiselle, for No. 342 has been taken by Monsieur Ley. He often stays at the hotel. He is a very good friend of ours.

Monsieur Ley [***məsja lei***]

***Miss Day***: But I did register here yesterday evening with my mother. I demand to see the registration papers which were filled in by people yesterday. ə

***Clerk***: As you wish, mademoiselle, but you will certainly find that you have not registered here.

*She goes through the previous day's registration papers several times, but fails to find those filled in by her mother and herself.*

Previous [***pri:jvəs***] day = day before

***Clerk***: Is mademoiselle satisfied now?

***Miss Day***: No, I am far from satisfied. As a matter of fact, you were the one that gave us the papers to fill in. I remember you quite distinctly on account of that ring you have on your finger with the blood-red stone in it.

As a matter of fact = in reality

***Clerk:*** But I never saw mademoiselle before in my life. Perhaps mademoiselle is not well; it is very hot to-day.

***Miss Day***: My mother wasn't well this morning, so I made the manager arrange for the doctor to call and see her. Both the doctor and the manager will remember me. Will you please call the manager?

Call = come

***Clerk (speaking in a tone of resignation):*** If you think it will help, mademoiselle, I will call the manager.

***The clerk returns with the manager, who does not seem to recognize her either.***

***Bates (to Miss Day)***: Don't you think the doctor who is in charge of your mother would recognize you? ***(To the manager.)*** Perhaps I had better introduce myself - John Bates, a secretary of the British Embassy here. I think that I must insist that you call the doctor.

Be in charge of = look after

***After a twenty minutes' wait the doctor appears,***

***Doctor***: I understand that mademoiselle and monsieur wish to see me. In what way can I be of assistance to you?

***Miss Day***: Oh, doctor, I have now got the medicine for mother. Have you seen her again? Can you tell me how long it will be before we're able to continue our journey to England? I don't understand these people at the hotel. They say they have never seen me before. Tell them, doctor, that they are wrong. Tell them that you saw my mother in room 342 this morning, and then sent me to your house for some medicine for her.

***Doctor***: I think you must be suffering from the heat. Perhaps I could arrange to get something for you. You are looking extremely white and nervous.

***Miss Day***: But, doctor, what about my mother? Don't worry about me! How's my mother? Will it be necessary to send her to hospital?

***Doctor***: I am sorry, mademoiselle, but I have never seen your mother. Until a few minutes ago, I had never seen you either. But I should be pleased to help you.

***Miss Day (turning to John Bates)***: Take me away from here, otherwise I'll go quite mad, just like these people here.

***John Bates, who is quite sure that the girl is telling the truth although he does not know why he should be so sure after hearing the clerk, the manager, and the doctor at the hotel - takes her to a small restaurant. Here, with much difficulty, he succeeds in getting her to eat a little, while at the same time she tells him the whole of the story from the time of the death of her father in India, until the happenings of the same morning.***

***Bates***: Now, Miss Day, I'll tell you at once that I believe every word of your story, and I'm prepared to do everything I can to help you. To be true, I'm only a junior secretary at the Embassy,

but I'm sure that they'll help, too. Before I tell them the story, I think it would be a very good idea to be able to prove as much of it as possible. Now, what I suggest is this. You must stay somewhere while we're looking into things. I've got a room at a hotel; it is quite a small one, but it's clean and cheap. I'm sure I could get them to find a room for you there. As soon as you're fixed there, I suggest we go to see the shipping company by whose boat you travelled to

Marseilles. We can get them to confirm that you and your mother were passengers as far as Marseilles. We can also get hold of the man from the shipping company who helped you at the station. Through him it may be possible to get into touch with the cab driver who drove you to the Crillon. When we have this information, I can go to the people at the Embassy and get them to do something.

Get hold of = get

Get into touch with = get into connection with

***Miss Day (gratefully)***: Oh, Mr. Bates, I don't know how to thank you. After listening to those people at the Crillon, I almost began to think that I was mad myself. It's so nice of you to trust me. I think your idea is excellent, but when I went to the doctor's this morning, I didn't take my purse with me, so that I'm now entirely without money. I hate to mention it to you - I've never before had to do such thing in all my life.

***purse***
[*pɜrs*]

***Bates***: You needn’t worry about the hotel bills, for I can get the people at the Embassy to look after that. And I'll be pleased to help you until you have time to see the man who has the papers which your mother was going to sign.

***Miss Day***: I think you are wonderful, Mr. Bates. I don't know how I'll ever repay you for your kindness.

***Bates***: I'm only too glad to be able to do a little for you. Since we are going to work together for a time, wouldn't it make matters easier if you drop the Mr. Bates and start calling me John right away?

Drop = leave out

Right away = at once

***Miss Day***: All right, you call me Joan then!

***Bates spent the afternoon in talking to the shipping company, their representative who was at the Gare de Lyons, and the cab driver, All confirmed the story the girl had told him. He then placed the matter before a senior official of the Embassy. The same evening at the hotel.***

***Bates***: Now, Joan, I want you to think hard and tell me exactly what furniture was in room 342 at the Crillon. The Embassy is going to arrange through the French Police to get permission to look at room 342, perhaps to-morrow.

***Miss Day***: I remember the curtains very

distinctly; they were cream-coloured. Then the chairs were covered with some red material. The wallpaper I can also remember, for I didn't like it - it was cream-coloured, too, and was covered with big red roses. The bed was just an ordinary wooden bed, nothing special about it. They are the most important things that I can remember.

***Bates***: That's quite enough.

***The following afternoon Miss Day is waiting at the door of their hotel for the return of Bates. After a long wait, he appears.***

***Miss Day***: Oh, John, do tell me if you were able to arrange the matter with the French Police!

***Bates***: Yes, Joan. The first secretary of the Embassy arranged everything. We went to the Crillon this afternoon, but found that everything in the room was quite different from the description given by you. The curtains were blue and white; the chairs were covered with grey material; and the wallpaper was white and had many small flowers. But now we come to a most surprising thing.

The wallpaper had only just been put up! I noticed one or two places where it was not yet quite dry.

***Miss Day***: Oh, John, what can it all mean? I wonder where poor mother is? I've got the idea that I shall never see her again.

***Bates***: Cheer up, Joan! We'll get to the bottom of this matter, even if it should take us weeks. When we had finished looking at room 342, I thought it might be a good idea to try and find the name and address of the man who does the paper-hanging for the hotel. It wasn't very easy, but as usual, a little money helped. So, I suggest that we go round to see him as soon as we've had some dinner.

***Later in the evening at the paper-hanger's shop.***

***Paper-hanger***: So you want to know if I papered a room at the Crillon yesterday? can't understand why you should be interested in my work.

***Bates:*** It's very important for this lady to know, and, if you did, which room it was.

***Paper-hanger***: So it's important for this young lady to know, is it? Well, like all good Frenchmen, I should be pleased to help a nice young lady. But these are hard times, and paper-hangers are not overpaid for their work.

***Bates***: I know that room 342 was papered yesterday. I was there this afternoon and saw that the paper was not yet quite dry. What I really want to know is whether you can give us any information. If the information were worth it, I should be ready to give twenty-five francs for it.

***Paper-hanger***: Well, for a nice young lady and-

***Bates***: You mean, that for twenty-five francs you might tell us something. All right, if you have anything to tell us, the money is yours.

***Paper-hanger***: Well, I was sent for suddenly yesterday morning. When I got to the Crillon, they were busy moving furniture out of a room - No. 342. I was told to put up fresh paper as quickly as possible. I tried to find out the reason for it, monsieur, or it is not only women who are curious in this world. No,

body could, or would, explain anything to me. That is all I can tell you.

***Bates***: Here is the money. I think you have earned it. Are you certain that another twenty-five francs would not help you to remember still more?

***Paper-hanger***: If I could tell you anymore, I would do it for the sake of the young lady.

*A fortnight later.*

***Bates***: Well, my dear Joan, I have now tried all the servants at the Crillon who might be able to tell us what happened. I cannot get a word out of them. There are probably very few that know the truth, and they have been well paid to keep their mouths shut.

***Miss Day***: I've given up all hope of ever seeing mother again. You have been wonderful to me, John. Without you to help and comfort me, I don't know what I should have done.

***Bates***: Nothing has ever given me greater pleasure, Joan. I am not looking forward to

the day when you go to your father's people

in England! I shall miss you, Joan. But I hope to make you stay a little longer. There is still one chance left of being able to find out what happened. The first secretary told me to-day that he is very friendly with one of the heads of the French Police. This man has been in America for some time, but he will be returning in four or five days. The first secretary thinks that he will be able to get the true story out of him. Won't you wait, Joan, until the two of them have had a chat about the affair?

Be friendly with = be the friend of

***Miss Day***: Oh, John, although I know that I shall never see mother again, I should feel much happier if only I knew what had happened to her. It would seem strange to go back to England to daddy's people and tell them that I had just given up. Of course I'll wait.

*A week later.*

***Bates (with a very serious face)***: The first secretary has talked to his friend in the police.

***Miss Day***: Oh, John, I can tell from your face that the news is not good. I will try to be brave. Tell me the whole story, just what really happened.

***Bates***: You are a very brave girl, Joan; the best I've ever met. I'm afraid you'll never see your mother again. Well, er - er

***Miss Day***: Tell me, John! I will try to be brave.

***Bates***: Well, then I must tell you that the doctor who came to see your mother recognized at once that she was suffering from the black plague. He sent you off so that he would have time to remove your mother to hospital. Your poor mother died there that afternoon. The French did not want the news of your mother's death to get into the French papers. The Exhibition had started only a short time before, and they were raid that the news of a visitor dying of the black plague would cause Paris to be emptied of visitors at once. It was agreed that the whole thing must be kept secret.

***Miss Day***: Poor mother - and yet I am glad that I now know the truth. I'll try to forget the troubles I've had in Paris. I shall be glad to get to England - that will help me to forget.

***Bates***: I hope you will not forget everything connected with Paris, Joan.

Shan’t = Shall not

***Miss Day***: No, John, I'll never forget you.

***Bates***: I shan't give you the chance, Joan. In a month's time I'll be coming to England on leave.

# AN IMPORTANT PIECE OF WATER

## 1588

Cornwall [*koːnwəl*]

In the county of Cornwall in South-West England, the first Spanish ships had been sighted. A fire was immediately lit to let the nation know that the enemy was coming. Within a very short time, fires were burning all the way along the south coast of England.

Philip [*filip*]

People had been expecting this for some time. It was known that King Philip the Second of Spain had prepared a great number of ships for the invasion of England. King Philip was very angry with England. Firstly, the English were Protestants; they were not Catholics; they were not members of the 'true' church. Secondly, and perhaps more important from Philip's point of view, The English had now for many years attacked the rich Spanish ships sailing between the new world and the old. Much money that should have ended in Philip's own pocket, found its

Point of view = opinion

way into the pockets of these Englishmen instead.

When Philip's preparations were completed, 130 great ships-of-war left Spain. In addition to the large number of sailors necessary, they had on board 20,000 of the best soldiers that Philip had been able to get together for the invasion of England. The plan was to sail the Spanish ships-of-war up the English Channel to the Netherlands, and to take on board the army of the Duke of Parma which was waiting there.

Duke of Parma [***dju:k əu þa:mə***]

As soon as the English saw the fires burning along the coast, every man hurried to do what he knew to be his duty. Many were to remain on land in case it should be possible for the Spaniards to make a landing. Many others made their way to their ships; they were small ships, very small ships compared with those of the Spaniards.

Make one's way = go

From every harbour on the south coast of England, the small English ships went out to meet the great Spanish ships-of-war. Every English sailor on board had a great belief in himself and his ship. For many of the men

had fought against the Spaniards before, and there was no doubt in their minds that they would win this battle as they had won in the past.

As the Spanish ships-of-war sailed up the Channel, the English ships came sailing out of their harbours to meet them. Then they started sailing round and round the heavy Spanish ships, firing their guns at them the whole time. The advantage was with the small English ships, for it was much easier for them than for the enemy to move about.

The battle lasted all the way up the Channel, and the Spanish ships-of-war suffered very much from one enemy attack after another. Now, the weather, which had not been good to start with, was growing worse and worse, and before long there was a terrible storm. Then fireships were sent against the Spaniards, setting many of their ships on fire.

Grow = become

The Spaniards were driven northwards along the east coast of England by the high wind, and at last, after having sailed right round the North of Scotland, made their way

back to Spain. Out of the 130 great ships-of- war that had left Spain for the invasion of England, only 53 returned.

Thus ended the Spanish attempt at the invasion of England.

## 1703-1815.

The French Parliament, or the National Assembly as it chose to call itself, declared war against England in 1793. During the first few years the war was very slow. Other nations joined England in her fight against the French Republic. At first it seemed that it would be impossible for France to stand against the power of England, Prussia, Austria, Holland, and Spain. But the new French Republic was strong, and its armies were led by clever generals. Its enemies met with defeat after defeat, and one by one, Prussia, Austria, Holland, and Spain were conquered by France, until only England remained.

Prussia [*prʌʃə*]

Austria [ˈɒstriə]

While France seemed to be able to conquer every nation on land, there was a different story to be told when French and Eng-

lish ships-of-war met. At sea the French were-defeated again and again.

Then news was received in England that the French had made a proclamation: "ENGLAND AND THE FRENCH REPUBLIC CANNOT BOTH CONTINUE TO EXIST." And at the same time it was learned that General Napoleon Bonaparte had been sent to look after an army that was going to invade England. This was followed by the news that Napoleon's eyes were turned to Egypt instead of England, for he hoped that he would be able to attack the English in India from there. At first he overran Egypt, but the French ships-of-war were defeated by Nelson in 1798, and before long his army in Egypt was defeated, too.

Napoleon Bonaparte [*nəˈpoʊljən bəouɯnəpaːt*]

Egypt [*iːdgɪpt*]

When Napoleon became Emperor in 1804, he decided to invade England. In the Fiench Channel ports everybody was very busy. They were working day and night to build flat-bottomed boats which were to carry the French army across the Channel. On the north side of the Channel they realized that the danger was greater than ever

before. After the war broke out, and especially after the French proclamation, great numbers of Englishmen spent every day in military exercises. It was more than seven hundred years since Englishmen had had to fight for their own country in England itself. This Frenchman Bonaparte would find that an invasion of England was different from conquering countries on the Continent of Europe. Bonaparte was sure that if he could get his troops to England, he could conquer it in the same way as he had conquered Prussia, Holland, Austria, and Spain, but before he could even start to fight the English, he must cross that narrow piece of water between England and France. How was it possible for him to cross the water, with English ships-of-war in control of the Channel? "If I could only get control of the Channel for a few hours, could do it," he told his generals.

Break out = start

Those few hours never came, and after waiting for many months with his army ready to set out at any moment, he began to withdraw his troops.

Set out = begin to move

In the years that followed, even until the

year 1815, when Napoleon was finally defeated at Waterloo, there was often the possibility of a French invasion, but the Channel continued to prevent Napoleon from conquering England. He was not the first to dream of conquering the Channel and he was not to be the last.

Waterloo [ˌ*wɔːtəˈlu*]

May 1940.

Once again there were dark clouds over Europe. This time there was no danger from France or Spain, but from a Germany that was dreaming of conquering the whole world. Poland had been attacked the previous year, and within a month the Germans were masters of that country. Norway and Denmark had been overrun a few weeks before. Holland and Belgium had been attacked a few days before, but nobody was in doubt as to the result. The Germans had been preparing for this for seven years. British troops were in Belgium, but they were too few in number, and Britain had not prepared for war.

Poland [*pəʊlənd*]

Belgium [*bɛldʒəm*]

As to = about

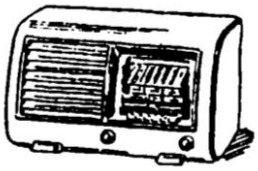
Then came that sad day for all Frenchmen when the Maginot Line was passed and the

Maginot [*mædʒɪnau*]

Germans commenced their march on Paris. The English hoped that they would be able to remain on the Continent of Europe until fresh troops arrived to help them, and that it would be possible to stop the Germans. In the past it had often been said that the British hoped for the best, but did not do very much to help themselves.

Winston Churchill [*ˈwɪnstən ˈtʃɜrtʃil*]

The voice of Mr. Winston Churchill, however, speaking to the men of Britain on the wireless of the danger of invasion, prepared them for the worst and called for the establishment of a great home-front army. The men were asked to go to the nearest police station, and within five minutes of the end of his appeal, queues were waiting outside nearly every police station throughout the length and breadth of Britain. At one police station alone, within half an hour, more than three thousand men were waiting to become members of and bear the uniform of the new home-front army.



*Wireless* [*ˈwaɪəlɪs*]

It was a good thing that Britain was prepared for the worst, for the time was to come very shortly when the British Army was

pushed out of the Continent and France was overrun by the Germans.

With Holland, Belgium, and France in their hands, the Germans could now begin to think about their next move, which was, of course, the invasion of England. France and Spain had tried without success, but the Germans would show the world how to do it. There was but one thing to be done first:

Move = step

But = only

Before the German boats could sail from the ports of northern France, it would be necessary to gain control of the air. In days past it had been necessary to gain control of the Channel itself, but in the days of modern warfare, if control could be obtained of the air, it would be impossible for British warships to prevent an invasion.

In August 1940 the Germans commenced the attempt. For about two months they tried their best every day. It was the greatest air battle that the world had ever seen. Hundreds upon hundreds of Germany's best aircraft were sent out to take part in it. They were far greater in number than the British aircraft which fought against them.

In September and October Germany made her greatest efforts to make an invasion possible. Every machine that could be sent, was sent to England. Every day the air over southern England was filled with the sound of battle. When the battle was over and the number of German machines that had been shot down was counted up, it was found that so many German aircraft had been destroyed that the danger for England was over.

Machine = aircraft

Over = finished

This great battle is now known as "The Battle of Britain". The Germans failed entirely to gain that control of the air that was so necessary to them, so they never tried an invasion.

History thus shows that this piece of water between England and France, which is only 22 miles across at the narrowest point, has played a great part in the history of Europe, and indeed in the history of the whole world

Play a great part = be very important

# THE MAN OF MYSTERY

*By* BARRY PAIN

Barry Pain [*bæri peɪn*]

Machine = aircraft

Harvey [*haːvi*]

Jobson [*ʤabsən*]

Put = say, express

“One of the reasons,” said Mrs. Harvey, the cook, to Mr. Jobson, the butler, as they sat together after supper, “one of the reasons why I should never marry you, Mr. Jobson, is –“

"One of the reasons,” said Mr. Jobson thoughtfully, "might be that you have never been asked, not that I know of."

"Well," said Mrs. Harvey, "we'll put it this way, then. One of the reasons why I should never marry the kind of man you are is that I could never feel I had his confidence."

“I see,” said Mr. Jobson.

“You're what I should call a man of mystery. Evening after evening I sit here talking to you. You know nearly as much of my private affairs as I know myself. And what do you ever tell me about yourself?”

“Not a lot,” said Mr. Jobson.

“Well, I came upon a piece of news to-daythat concerns me and you, too. And I have decided to say nothing about it.”

“Ah,” said Mr. Jobson, picking up the paper.

“I don't see why I should tell you anything about it. In my opinion, life should be a matter of give and take. If I had your confidence you would have mine.”

Mr. Jobson looked up from his newspaper, but said nothing.

“Well, I'll tell you this time, but it'll be the very last until you make some change in your ways. I was talking to the old lady this morning when she was giving the orders for the day, and she remembered that I'd been in her service just fifteen years to-day. And she told me that both of us were mentioned in her will if we were in her service at the time of her death."

“Ah,” said the man of mystery.

“You make me impatient. Do put that

newspaper down! When I tell you an im-

portant thing like that, have you got nothing to say about it?”

“You see,” said Mr. Jobson, “it's not really news to me. The old lady told me the same thing three weeks ago.”

“And you never mentioned it! Really, I don't call it right. It doesn't seem honest to me. What do you suppose the sum would be?”

“Can't say,” said Mr. Jobson.

“I know this,” said Mrs. Harvey.

“If you were to offer me a hundred pounds for my place to-day, I wouldn't take it. I've known cases where as much as five hundred pounds has been left to a cook. Of course, we hope that the old lady will live for many years yet, but she must be well over seventy, and the years of a man are three score and ten, as the Bible states. I wish I knew exactly what her age is. I've given her a chance to refer to it more than once, but she never seemed to care to say anything about it.”

Jardine [*ʤa:di:n*]

“Well,” said Mr. Jobson, “if that's all you want to know, can tell you that, Mrs. Jardine is seventy-eight.”

“And I wouldn't have thought her a day over seventy-five. How did you find out? Did she tell you?”

“She didn't, so to speak, tell me. Speaking of the wine that came to her from her brother when he died, she mentioned that he was ten years younger than she was. He lived in Exeter, and I have got a cousin there. My cousin saw the gravestone.”

Exeter [*eksɪtə*]

“You are just like Sherlock Holmes! I expect you could find out how much we shall get, if you wanted to.”

“I might - and I might not. Her solicitors

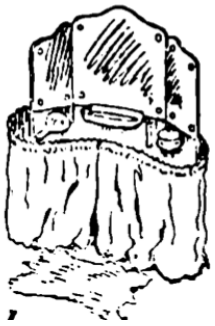
live in the town; and solicitors have clerks;

and sometimes clerks are thirsty.”

“Well, if it was only a question of giving a man a few drinks, I wouldn't mind paying half of the expenses. Ever since the old lady told me this morning, I have been feeling so nervous.”

“What are you so nervous about?”

“Why, that I might do something to lose my place. The money depends upon my being with her at the time of her death. A kinder lady one would never wish to see. But if she



***Dressing table***
[ˈ*drɛsɪŋˌteɪbl*]

thinks there is anything wrong, she doesn't take long in acting. I remember, more than ten years ago, before you came here, she'd left some money on her dressing-table, and the housemaid took some of it. Fifteen minutes was all the time that silly girl was given to pack and get out of the house, and she was told that if she wasn't gone in fifteen minutes, she'd be handed over to the police."

“Well, you don't have to take the old lady's money, do you?”

“Of course not. As if I would think of such a thing! But I might break some of the old lady's best cups and saucers, or forget an order, or something might go wrong with the dinner on some occasion when we had visitors. There are lots of accidents that might happen.”

***Saucer***
[ˈ*sɔːsə*]

“I shouldn't let it worry me, if I were you,” said Mr. Jobson. “You know your work, and I know mine. Still, I’ve been thinking –”

Still = yet

He paused.

“Thinking what?” said Mrs. Harvey eagerly.

“Well, you say I never give any confidence.

I've been thinking whether it wouldn't pay

me to leave."

"What! With that money coming to you?

You must be mad. Besides, a more comfortable place you'll never find. And you can't say that you have too much to do."

"No, that was not what I had in my mind. Of course, life here is not at all interesting. It's all routine, and I'm sick of it. But as I told you, I have a cousin in Exeter, and –"

Sick = tired

An electric bell rang twice, sharply.

"Evening prayers," said Mrs. Harvey, "and just as you were beginning to open out a little."

Open out = tell about oneself

"Yes," said Mr. Jobson, as he took off his light jacket and put on his evening coat, "just one thing after another, isn't it? All routine!"

Mrs. Jardine, a slight figure, much too a row of chairs at one end of the dining-room. Mr. Jobson, looking very solemn, placed a large bible on the dining-room table, opened at the appointed place.

***glasses***
[ˈ*glɑːsɪz*]

Mrs. Jardine, a slight figure, much too small for the large chair in which she sat, read without the aid of glasses, in the voice

which she only used when reading from the Bible.

When prayers were over, Mrs. Jardine skid good-night to the servants, and then remembered something.

“Jobson,” she said, “I'd forgotten. The Fonseca '96 for to-morrow night, please.”

Fonseca [*foʊnˈsɛkə*] = kind of wine

“Very good, madam,” said Jobson.

2.

Mrs. Jardine loved system and method. If anybody had been rude enough to tell her that she was old-fashioned. she would not have become angry. On the contrary she would have taken it as a compliment. She had a very low opinion of the present generation. Her nearest neighbour, Lady Sinden, who was young, pretty, and far from serious, came to her one Sunday afternoon.

Sinden [*sindən*]

"I wonder if you could help me,” said Lady Sinden. “Could you possibly let me have three stamps? Nobody in my house has got a stamp.”

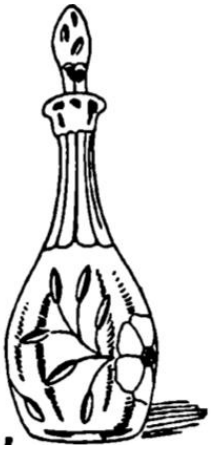
Mrs. Jardine smiled pleasantly, and sup-

plied the visitor with tea and stamps, and her opi-ion of the clergyman's sermon that morning. Later she wrote in her diary: “Lady S. called. Feather-headed fool.”

Mrs. Jardine was never without stamps or anything else that she was likely to require, and she always had the time-table for the month, and the clocks in her house never stopped. But she could tell that she was not able to remember things as well as she had been. It was her age, of course. She could still remember perfectly the events of her young days, but she sometimes forgot the events of yesterday.

Tell = feel, notice

She had nearly forgotten to tell Jobson which port he was to decant. Mrs. Jardine, like most people who have a knowledge of wine and a good taste, did not drink very much. She drank a little port after dinner every night, and when she was alone, one bottle lasted one week. The wine was decanted in the cellar after breakfast, and a piece of paper was laid over the mouth of the decanter to keep out dust.



***decanter***
[*dɪˈkæntə*]

In many ways Mrs. Jardine knew how to

live. She was interested in her cellar. It contained far more wine than she would ever drink, and she was still adding to it from time to time. Her family believed in good wine. She had inherited wine from her father and her brother, and she intended that others should inherit from her. She bought wine for her grandchildren to drink, that so she might not be forgotten by them.

Mrs. Jardine arose early and read family prayers at eight in the morning. She had a dislike for old ladies who breakfasted in bed. After breakfast came a very careful talk with the cook, for Mrs. Jardine was an epicure. And then there was always something in the garden or the house which required her attention. This morning she decided that it was time she examined the cellar.

Alone = only

Mrs. Jardine and her butler alone had keys to the cellar, and the door locked automatically when one closed it. Mrs. Jardine opened the door with her own key ,and turned on the light.

On a shelf was everything necessary for the tasting and decanting of the wine. On the

table stood a decanter of port with a piece of paper over the mouth of it. Mrs. Jardine took the decanter and held it up to the light. Yes, a beautiful colour and perfectly clear. Everything was quite correct. Jobson, as he himself had said, knew his work. Mrs. Jardine now went to examine the cellar itself. There she remained for about twenty minutes. Here, too, she found everything correct. The Chambertin would probably have to have new corks. Even if it did not require them immediately, it was better to be on the safe side. She would speak to Jobson about it. Returning to the table she took off her rings and washed the dust from her fingers in the wash-basin. She then went upstairs again to write an order to her wine-merchant, which her visit to the wine cellar had suggested to her.

Chambertin [*ʃã;mbɛrˈtɛ̃n*]

***cork*** [*kɔ:rk*]

As she was writing, she got the idea that there was something wrong. She felt uncomfortable, almost as if she had forgotten some duty. And then her eyes glanced at her hands, and she realized what was wrong. She had left her rings downstairs on the table in the cellar.

She rose to ring the bell, and then paused.

She could, of course, send Jobson to fetch the rings for her, but she did not want to admit to him that she had shown so little care. Not once, but many times had she said very seriously to her servants: “To forget a thing 1s not an excuse. You can remember if you wish to remember.” It would, no doubt, be wiser if she fetched the rings herself, and said nothing about it.

She had worn five rings that day. She found four of them on the table by the decanter. The fifth she could not find at all.

Agatha [ˈægəθə]

The missing ring, containing a single diamond, was probably the least valuable of the five. It had been poor Aunt Agatha's. Mrs. Jardine had put it on that morning for sentimental reasons, this being the day on which Aunt Agatha died many years before. Mrs. Jardine began to make a careful search of every inch of the cellar.

Mrs. Jardine's servants took coffee and bread-and-cheese at eleven in the morning. Mr. Jobson took his 'coffee' from a bottle which was labelled 'Stout'. Mrs. Harvey, the cook, found him busy with it.

“There you are,” she said. “All the morning I've been wanting to get a word with you. You remember what you told me last night - some nonsense about your going to leave?"

“That's right,” said Jobson. “I am. I shall be in Exeter to-night.”

“Now, do take a word of advice,” said Mrs. Harvey, “and don't be so foolish. Think what you're giving up. Even if it's not very exciting here, it can't be very much longer that you will have to stay. Besides, what excuse can you make to the old lady? You've not even given notice yet.”

Give notice = say that you will no longer work for a person

“Shan't have to. I'm going to get the sack, I am.”

“Not you,” said Mrs. Harvey. “She'd never let you go. What are you going to get the sack for?”

“Oh, for not being honest-for being a thief.”

“You're trying to have a bit of fun with me, I suppose. What have you stolen?”

“Nothing,” said the man of mystery; “but I'm going to get the sack for it all the same,

All the same = however

and I'm going to do it because it suits me. And that's all you need to know about it at present. Ah, there's my bell.”

At present = now

Mrs. Jardine had remembered a fact, which could only have one meaning. On her first visit to the cellar not only had she forgotten her ring, she had also forgotten to re-place the piece of paper on the mouth of the decanter. Of this she felt perfectly certain. Yet, on her second visit to the cellar she had found the piece of paper replaced. Jobson must have been in the cellar in the meantime.

He did not deny. Asked if he had started betting, he said that he sometimes had a bet on a horse. He suggested that the ring might possibly have been caught in some part of Mrs. Jardine's dress, and she said that she would not have sent for him till she had made absolutely sure that this was not the case. She expressed surprise that a man who had been for ten years in her service, and knew that it would pay him to remain in it, should give up all this in such a foolish way.

"I do not suppose,” said Mrs. Jardine, "that the ring is worth more than ten or

twelve pounds. I fail to understand how you could have been such a fool."

"I did not take the ring, and I have not got it," said Jobson.

"Then perhaps you can offer some explanation as to where it is."

It was evident that Jobson could not. He said very little, only repeating now and then that he had not got the ring. At last Mrs. Jardine said that on account of his previous good service she should not give the matter to the police, but that he must pack up his things and go at once.

Mr. Jobson said as he left that he felt absolutely certain that some day the truth would come out, and that she would find that her opinion of him had been wrong. It had been his experience that truth always pre-vailed in the end.

In view of what had happened, Mrs. Jardine allowed herself no less than one and a half glasses of Fonseca '96 after dinners. She had decided with regret not to have a manservant again. A maid would probably never in her life become as expert and useful as Job-

In view of = because of

Give way = give up the fight

son was, but men were all the same. Sooner or later they could not restrain themselves and gave way to something or other. If it was not betting, it would be something else. They only thought of themselves, not of their duties towards society.

But she had doubts. She felt that Jobson's bags should have been searched before he left, but she could not possibly have brought the police in to do it. However, nothing else seemed to be missing, except the ring.

Hand = side

Then, on the other hand, she was not perfectly satisfied about her theory of Jobson. She supposed that he had had to pay some debt in connection with his betting, and had given way at the sight of the ring. But really it looked to her more as if the man were mad. And what would the poor man do? Would he ever get another place? As she drank the last half-glass of port, she was filled with pathetic thoughts of the man who had decanted it.

However, Jobson was not a betting man. One Christmas, Lady Sinden had given him a tip, and had laughingly told him to put the

money on a certain horse. Now Jobson's opinion of Lady Sinden was exactly the same as Mrs. Jardine's, but he knew that Sir Charles Sinden was an owner of racehorses, and might know something. He put the money on the horse, won, and never made a bet again.

3.

Mr. Herbert Holt received a telegram that afternoon to say that his cousin, Mr. George Jobson, might be expected in the evening. Mr. Holt went upstairs to the sitting-room over the shop to tell Mrs. Holt the news.

“And,” said Herbert, “perhaps you'd better get busy. Supper, you know. George is used to good living, and-

“You don't need to tell me anything about that. What I want to know is, what does it mean?”

“Well, my dear, it probably means that he is coming into the business with us, or, if not, that he is seriously thinking about it.”

“You won't make the terms too easy for him, will you? Look how well the business

Jump at = accept at once

has done these last three years. Why, he ought to jump at the chance.”

“Well,” said Herbert, “I know what I'm doing. You can leave it to me. George doesn't do much jumping. I've got the figures worked out all right, and if he can't see his own advantage, I shall find somebody else who can. But I'd rather have George.”

George was well received by his cousin, and conversation was limited to general subjects until after supper. Mrs. Holt retired early, having first seen that a decanter was placed upon the table. Herbert Holt lit his pipe, and began cheerfully to lead up to the subject of business.

“Well, George,” said Herbert, “I'm very glad you've managed to get away for a day.”

“Yes," said Mr. Jobson, “I managed to geta-way.”

“Mrs. Jardine well, I hope? You left her all right?”

“Yes, I left her all right. I may possibly stop here a few days, if you can find room for me."

"Well, there's the spare room, and we shall

be glad to have you. I suppose this means that you have decided at last to come in with us."

“No, Herbert, not at the moment,” said Mr. Jobson. “I may be able to let you know in a week. First, there'll be the telegram.”

“What telegram?” asked Herbert.

“The one I'm expecting,” said the man of mystery; “and after that there must be time for letters to come and go.”

Herbert stopped himself from asking what letters. He knew his cousin well.

“But,” Mr. Jobson continued,” the consequent delay will not mean time wasted. I can begin tomorrow to go through the books.”

“Well,” said Herbert, “you can do that if you like. I sent you the figures for the last three years, and I should have thought that would have been enough. Besides, do you understand book-keeping?”

“If I didn't, I shouldn't want to see the books.”

Mrs. Holt was awake when her husband came up to bed. “Well,” she said eagerly, "landed him?"

“No, and shan't do for a week. I don't see

Land = get catch

any reason for the delay, and he doesn't seem to want to explain it. But he's interested there's no doubt about that.”

Four evenings afterwards Mrs. Jardine thought, after she had finished her first glass of port, that possibly another half-glass might be allowed. She reached out her hand to the decanter, and as it passed under the light Mrs. Jardine saw something. She rose from her place and examined it carefully by a better light. Then she pit down the decanter, and sat back in her chair, astonished. For at the bottom of the decanter, in a beautiful bath of Fonseca '96, was a gold ring with a single diamond.

Reach out = put out

She thought carefully. The ring had always been a little too large for her. It might have slipped in when she first examined the decanter, or afterwards when she was removing her rings. She could not say which. She rang the bell and told the maid to send Mrs. Harvey at once.

Mrs. Harvey was not accustomed to being called at such a time. The least she expected to hear was that the old lady was not going to

leave her any money after all, or, perhaps, that she had no further need of her services. She entered the dining-room looking guilty of all the crimes she had never committed.

Look = seem

"I have made a mistake," said Mrs. Jardine quietly. "I find that Jobson was not guilty of taking the ring for which I sent him away. I wish him to be cleared at once. You will inform the other servants of this, please. That is all, thank you."

"Very good, madam," said Mrs. Harvey. As she passed through the door, she was not quite sure whether she was more surprised at the news or pleased that she had not lost her situation.

With the help of a long needle Mrs. Jardine got the ring out of the decanter, dried it care-fully, and placed it on her finger. There was no doubt about it at all. It was certainly too loose. She should have had it altered before.

She never had that extra half-glass. She had dismissed a butler for taking a ring which now sat quite safely on her finger. She had told the servants at family prayers that the butler had been dismissed as a thief. He would probably

go to law about it. She was so troubled about it that, at evening prayers that night, instead of beginning at verse eight and ending at verse forty-one, she began in a grave voice at verse one and ended at verse eight, which was the cause of much pleasure to the maids.

As soon as the telegraph office was open next morning, Mrs. Jardine herself wrote out and sent the following message to Jobson:

“Ring found. Very deepest regrets for my mistake. Am writing you to-day”

Later in the morning she drove to her solicitor’s office and had a long talk with the senior member of the firm. It was evident that he intended to comfort her as much as possible, but in reality, he filled her with apprehension. He admitted the possibility that Jobson might now give her trouble.

“And if he does,” said the solicitor, “then I think you'd better leave him to me. You would probably not wish to have the matter taken to law.”

"Most certainly not,” said Mrs. Jardine.

“Well, I shall go into it with him, and try to arrange the matter as cheaply as I can.”

“I'm not sure, said Mrs. Jardine, “that I want you to arrange it as cheaply as possible. People who do things too quickly, and as a result make mistakes, should be punished for it and make good any harm they may have done. That is my opinion.

On her return home Mrs. Jardine wrote a letter to Jobson. It was a letter which her solicitor would never have agreed to sending.

In that letter she admitted quite simply that she had been altogether in the wrong. She told where the ring had been found, and gave her own theory of the way in which it had got there. If Jobson cared to return to his situation, it would, of course, be open to him. Or, if he were seeking a situation elsewhere, he should have the highest possible recommendation and all the assistance she could give. In any case, she had decided she would not be happy until she had done something to make good the wrong she had done. Jobson would remember that she had mentioned to him that if he were in her service at the time of her death, he would receive an amount of money. This amount was to have been £ 250. What

she proposed was to double this sum and to pay it to him immediately, if he would accept it in full payment of any claim he might have against her.

To this letter Mr. Jobson sent the following not quite truthful reply:

Madam,

I was most surprised and glad to hear that the ring had been found. Truth, as I said t you, has prevailed in the end. I should never have thought that the ring could have been in the decanter.

On leaving your house I went to stay with my cousin, Herbert Holt, who had been asking me to join him in business. I found it necessary to tell him that I had been dismissed from your service as a thief. He was kind enough to believe that I was not guilty, but insisted that I should take the matter to law in order to clear my character. He said he could not afford to go into business with a man who had been dismissed in this way.

Join = take part with

To this I replied that things had looked very black against me; that for ten years I

had received nothing but kindness from you; and that nothing on earth would make me take the matter to law. I would prefer to leave for Australia, and start life again on the small sum I have been able to save from my wages.

However, I have shown my cousin your telegram and the very kind letter which followed it, and although he still wished me to take the matter to law, I have managed to make him see that this is no longer necessary. Your offer will help me to buy my share in the business, which I think to be a very good one. I do not feel that I could return to service at your house, because I should always think that my presence might perhaps trouble you. Nor, having once been in service with you, should I ever care to take a place elsewhere.

I, therefore, accept with thanks your very kind offer in full payment of any claim that I may have against you.

I am, Madam, your respectful servant,

George Jobson.

## 4.

“So he's agreed at last!” said Mrs. Holt happily.

“To be honest, my dear, I didn't have much to do with it. He took a look at my books, and said nothing. He went all over the new buildings, and said nothing about them either. He's been firing questions at me ever since his arrival, and he never put a question that a fool would have put. But if ever I put a question to him, he seemed to be thinking about something else. When the telegram came, I said I hoped it was not bad news. He just put it in his pocket and said, “Not particularly.”

“To-day he suddenly said, when we were talking about something else, that he would join me if we could arrange terms. I'd asked him a little more than I expected to get, but he only offered what I thought he would. Then he took off another five pounds, which he said he would have to pay Mrs. Jardine for leaving without notice. We're just back from my solicitor's, and the whole thing will be signed to-morrow."

In business Mr. Jobson had no secrets from his cousin and discussed everything connected the business openly and freely. He never said a word about his private life.

A year later, during which time the business had been very successful, Mr. Jobson and his cousin spent the afternoon with an excellent bottle of Fonseca '96. They were talking about luck, and the high prices received for goods and services given.

“I'll tell you a thing,” said Herbert Holt, “that I wouldn't tell everybody. I once got five pounds for a bottle of whisky. It was nine o'clock on a Sunday night, during the war. The chap rang, and I came down to the door myself. I knew him pretty well, or I wouldn't have taken the risk. He'd got a small bag in his hand, and he opened it. There was a five- pound note in it, and nothing more. ‘Mr. Holt,' he says, 'I want to give you a present.' And he handed me the five-pound note. 'And,' he says, ‘if you care to give me a present, the thing I want most on earth, at the present moment, is a bottle of whisky, and I may tell you that I can keep my mouth shut.’

Pretty = rather

“Give me that bag” I said, and I brought it back to him with the bottle of whisky inside. But that was a risk I'd never take again."

“Ah,” said George Jobson, I have done better than that in my time - a lot better."

“What was it?” asked Mr. Holt.

“If I told you, you wouldn't believe it.”

“Give me your word that it's true, and I'll certainly believe it."

“Yes, but you would worry me with a lot of questions about it afterwards.”

Not a single = not one

“I'll not ask you a single question.”

“Very well,” said George. “I once got five hundred pounds for dropping a ring in a decanter of port.”

“A very smart piece of work,” said Herbert. “If you had not given me your word, I should find it rather difficult to believe.”

# THE CARDS

***By*** BARRY PAIN

About a year ago Eliza and myself had a little difference of opinion. I had mentioned to her that we had no visiting cards.

Eliza [*ɪˈlaɪzə*]

“Of course not,” she said. “I should not dream of such a thing!” She spoke a little angrily.

“Why do you say 'of course not'?” I replied quietly. “Visiting cards are, I believe, in common use among ladies and gentlemen”

She said she did not see what that had to do with it.

“It has just this much to do with it,” I answered, “that I do not intend to go without visiting cards another day!”

“What's the use?” she asked. “We never call on anybody, and nobody ever calls on us.”

Call on = visit

“Is Miss Sakers nobody?”

“Well, she's never left a card here, and

Sakers [*seɪkəz*]

she really is a lady by birth, and can prove it. When she doesn't find me in, she just asks the girl to say she's been here. If she does not need cards, we don't. You'd better do the same as she does."

Girl = maid

"Thank you, I have my own ideas of what is respectable, and I do not take them from Miss Sakers. I shall order fifty of each sort from Amrod's this morning."

Amrod [*æmrod*]

"Then that makes a hundred cards wasted."

"Either you cannot count," I said, "or you have yet to learn that there are three sorts of cards used by married people - the husband's card, the wife's card, and the card with both names on it."

"Go it!" said Eliza. "Get a card for the cat as well. She knows a lot more cats than we know people!"

Go it! = continue as Long as you like!

I could have given a sharp reply, but I preferred to remain absolutely quiet. I thought it might show Eliza that she was becoming rather vulgar. However, Eliza went on: "Mother would hate it, I know that. To talk about cards, with the last ton of coals not paid for I call it absolutely wrong."

I just walked straight out of the house, went down to Amrod's and ordered those cards. When the time comes for me to put my foot down, I can generally put it down as well as most people. No one could be easier to live with than I am, and I am sure Eliza has found it so; but what I say is, if a man is not master in his own house, then where is he?

Amrod printed the cards while I waited. I suggested some little decoration - a leaf in the corner, or a curved line under the name - but Amrod was against this. He seemed to think that it was quite unnecessary, and it would have cost extra, and also he had nothing of the kind in stock. So I let that pass. The cards looked very well as they were, a little plain and formal, perhaps, but very clean (except in the case of a few where the ink was not quite dry), and very satisfying to one's natural self-respect. That evening I took a small box, and packed in it very carefully some of the nicest flowers from the garden, and one of our cards. On the card I wrote, “With kindest love

***Apron***
[*eɪprən*]

From," just above the names, and posted it to Eliza's mother.

So far was Eliza's mother from thinking that the money for the cards had been spent unnecessarily, that she sent Eliza a present of five shillings, and a parcel with three pounds of beef and a nice apron.

I only mention this little happening to show whether, in this case, Eliza or I was right.

I put a few of the cards in my pocket, and the rest were packed away in a drawer. A few weeks afterwards I was not at all pleased when I found Eliza using some of her cards for winding silk. She said that it did not prevent them from being used again if they were ever wanted.

"Pardon me," I said, "but cards we find it necessary to leave with people can hardly be too clean. Please don't do it again!"

No. = number

That evening Eliza told me that No. 14 in our road had been let to some people called Popworth.

Popworth
[*pap wɜrθ*]

"That must be young Popworth, who used

to be in our office," I said. "I heard that he was going to be married this year. You must certainly call and leave cards.

"Which sort, and how many?"

"Without looking it up in a book, I am unable to say precisely. These things are very much a matter of taste. Leave enough – say one of each sort for each person in the house."

"How am I to know how many persons there are?"

"See if they get their meat from the same shop as ourselves, and, if so, ask the butcher."

On the following day I said that I thought that Popworth must have come in for some money, to be taking so large a house, and I hoped she had left the cards.

Come in for money = get money (usually after another person's death

"I asked the butcher, and he said there was Popworth, his wife, two sisters, a German friend, and eleven children. That means six- teen persons, and forty-eight cards altogether. You see, I still remember your rule."

"My dear Eliza," I said, "I told you plainly that it was a matter of taste. You ought not to have left forty-eight at once."

Keep = continue

"Oh, do you expect me to keep running

backwards and forwards leaving a few at a

time? I've got something else to do. There are three pairs of your socks in the basket waiting to be darned, as it is.”

“But, good heavens! That Poptworth can't be my Popworth. If he's only married this year, he can't in the nature of things have got eleven children. And a house like this can't call on a house like that unless there is some reason for it.”

“That's what I thought.”

“Then, why in the world did you call?”

“I didn't. Who said I did?”

I began to feel a little happier. Later in the evening, when Eliza took a card, tore a bit out of each side, and began winding silk on it, I thought it wiser to say nothing. It is better sometimes to give the idea that you have not seen things.

# THE PLEASANT SURPRISE

***By*** BARRON PAIN

I had got the money by work done at home, out of office hours. It came to four pounds altogether. At first I thought I would use it to pay back part of our debt to Eliza's mother. But it was very possible that she would send it back again, in which case the money spent in sending it would be wasted, and I am not a man that wastes pennies. Also, it was not absolutely certain that she would send it back. I sent her a long letter instead - my long letters are almost her only intellectual pleasure. Of the four pounds, I reserved two for myself, and resolved to give two to Eliza. I did not mean simply to hand them to her, but to think of something in the way of a pleasant surprise.

In the way of = as, in the nature of

I had tried something of the same kind before. Eliza once asked me for six shillings

for a new tea-tray that she had seen. I went and stood behind her chair, and said, “No, dear, I could-n't think of it,” at the same time dropping the six shillings down the back of her neck. Eliza wanted to know why I couldn't give her six shillings for a tea-tray without forcing her to go upstairs and un-dress at nine o'clock in the morning. It was not a success.

However, I have more than one idea in my head. This time I thought I would find out first if there was anything she wanted.

So on Sunday at tea-time I said, not as if I were meaning anything special, “Is there anything you want, Eliza?”

“Yes, she said; “I want a servant who'll go to bed at half past nine and get up at half past five. If they'd only do that, that's all I ask.”

“You will pardon me, Eliza, I said, “but your statement is not quite correct. You said that was ALL that you asked. What you meant – ”

“Do you know what I meant?”

“I think that I know precisely –“

"Then if you know precisely what I meant, I must have spoken correctly."

As = while, when

But as we went to church, I discovered that she wanted a new jacket.

Next morning I wrote on a piece of notepaper, "To buy a new jacket. With your husband's love." I folded the two sovereigns up in this, and dropped the packet into the pocket of Eliza's old jacket, as it hung in the wardrobe in the bedroom, not telling her what I had done. My idea was that she would put on the jacket to go out shopping in the morning, and putting her hand in the pocket, get a pleasant surprise. As I was leaving for town, she asked me why I continued to smile so mysteriously. I replied, "Perhaps you, too, will smile before the day is over."

On my return I found Eliza at the front door. "Come and look," she said happily. "I have got a pleasant surprise for you." She threw open the drawing-room door, and pointed. In the middle of the table stood a beautiful plant. It stood in one of the best saucers, with some coloured paper round the

pot, and the general effect was good. I at once guessed that she had bought it with the money she had got back after buying my present to her, and thought it showed very good feeling in her.

“I hope you have not given too much for

this,” I said.

“I didn't give any money for it.”

“I don't understand.”

“Well, you must know I had a present this morning.”

“Of course I know.”

“Did mother tell you? Yes, she has sent me a beautiful new jacket. Then a man came round with some plants, and he said that he didn't want money if I had any old clothes I didn't want. So I gave him my old worn-out jacket for this beautiful plant, and–“

I remembered that I had seen the man with the plants farther down the street.

“Excuse me for one moment, Eliza,” I said, and rushed out after him.

He was a big, red-faced man, and he made no difficulty about it at all.

"Yes," he said, "I bought that jacket all right. There it is at the bottom of my box, and I haven't even looked at it since. I am not going to look there now either. You say there were two sovereigns in the pocket. A gent like you doesn't want to take money from a man like me. If you say the two sovereigns were there, then they're there now, and I can return you two pounds out of my own pocket, in the certainty of getting them back out of the jacket-pocket. I trust you I know an honest man when I see one."

Gent = gentleman

With these words he drew the money from his own waistcoat pocket, and handed it to me. I took it somewhat thoughtfully.

"Hadn't you better make quite certain-"

"Not a bit," says he. "If those sovereigns were there when the jacket was handed to me, not a bit not at all they are there now. I could see that you were a man that could be trusted, otherwise I'd have looked in the pocket long before this."

Not a bit = not at all

"What have you been doing?" said Eliza, on my return

Changing the subject, I said, "Your mother

has given you a new jacket. Let me have the pleasure of giving you a new hat." Pressed the two coins into her hand.

She looked at them, and said, "You can't get a hat for two farthings, you know, dear. What did you rush out for just now? And where did you get these two farthings covered with gold? You'll be taking them for sovereigns, if you're not careful. Were you trying to take me in?"

Take in = lead to believe something wrong

I did not quite see what to say for the moment, and so I took her suggestion. I tried to persuade her that I was just having a bit of fun with her.

"You don't look as if you were having a bit of fun."

"But I was. I suppose I ought to know, if any man does. However, Eliza, if you want a new hat, anything up to half a sovereign, you've only to say it."

She said it, thanked me, and asked me to come and help her water the plant.

"It's such a beautiful plant," she said.

Yes, I answered sadly, "it looks very expensive.

# THE TONIC PORT

***By*** BARRY PAIN

We do a large export trade (that is, the firm does), and there are often sample bottles lying in the office. There was a bottle of tonic port, which had been there for some time, and the manager told the head clerk that he could have it if he liked. Later in the day the head clerk said that if a bottle of tonic port was any use to me, I might take it home. He said he had just opened it and tasted it, because he did not like to give anything away until he knew if it was all right.

I thanked him. “Tastes,” I said, “just like any ordinary port, I suppose?”

“Well,” he said, “it's more a tonic port than an ordinary port. But that's only what you'd expect from the label on the bottle.”

“Quite so,” I said – “quite so.” I looked at the label, and saw that it said that the port

***label***
[ˈ*leɪbəl*]

was extremely rich in phosphates. I put the bottle in my bag that night and took it home.

"Eliza," I said, "I have brought you a little present. It is a bottle of port." Eliza very seldom takes anything at all, but if she does, it is a glass of port. I must say that, on this point, I admire her taste. Port, as I have sometimes said to her, is the king of wines. We decided that we would have a glass after supper. That is really the best time to take anything of the kind; the wine is good for the nerves, and you do not suffer from sleeplessness afterwards.

On this point = in this matter

Eliza picked the bottle up and looked at the label. "Why," she said, "you told me it was Port!"

Why! = what!

"So it is."

"It says tonic port on the label."

"Well, tonic port practically speaking is port. That is to say it is port with the addition of phosphates."

"What are phosphates?"

"Oh, there are many of them, you know. There is quinine, of course, and magnesia, and – and so on. Let me fill your glass."

She took one little sip. “It isn't what I should call a pleasant wine,” she said. “It burns so.”

“Ah!” I said, “that's the phosphates. They are a little like that. But that's not the way to judge a port. What you should do is to take a large mouthful and roll it round the tongue - then you get the aroma. Look! this is the way.”

I took a large mouthful.

When I had stopped coughing, I said that I didn't know that there was anything absolutely wrong with the wine, but you needed to be ready for it.

Eliza said that was probably the case, and she asked me if I would care to finish my glass now that I knew what it was like. I said that it was not quite fair to try a port just after it had been shaken about. I would let the bottle stand for a day or – two. Then I took what was left in Eliza's glass and my own, and emptied it into the garden. I did this because I did not want our servant to try it when she put the things away.

Next morning I found that two of our best

plants had died during the night. I said that I could not understand it. Eliza said nothing.

A few nights afterwards, Eliza asked me if I thought that the tonic port had stood long enough.

“Yes,” I said; "I will pour it out for you, and then if Miss Sakers calls, you might say that you were just going to have a glass of port, and would be glad if she would join you.”

“No, thank you,” she said; “I don't want to treat Miss Sakers like that.”

“You could mention that it was rich in phosphates. There is no question of treating her badly."

“Well, then, I don't want to lose the few friends we've got.”

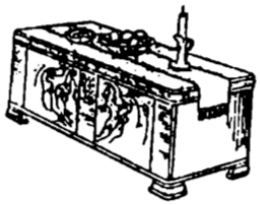
“As you like, Eliza. It seems a shame to waste more than half a bottle of good wine.”

“Bottle of what?”

“You heard what I said."

"Well, drink it yourself, if you like it."

Some weeks afterwards I found the bottle



***Sideboard***
[*saɪdbɔːrd*]

of tonic port still standing in the sideboard in the dining-room. I gave it to our servant, explaining to her that it would be best mixed with water. I could think of no one else to give it to. That night Eliza found the girl crying in the kitchen. When Eliza asked her what was the matter, she said that she would rather say nothing, but that she wished to leave at the end of the month.

Of course, Eliza said that I had been wrong, but I had told the girl as distinctly as I could speak that it was a wine which required mixing with water. However, Eliza talked to her and she agreed to stay on. The following day the girl decided never to touch drink again, and seemed changed in many ways. She put the bottle back in the sideboard; there was still more than half of it left.

Drink = strong drink

After that nothing happened in connection with the tonic port, until one day I noticed that our cat seemed to be in poor health. I gave it some of the tonic port in a little milk. It drank the mixture quickly, somewhat to my surprise. I had one or two little things to do

in the garden after that, and when I came back Eliza said that the cat had become so very strange in its manner that she had thought it best to lock it up in the coal-cellar.

I went to look at it, and found it lying on its back, dead. It had an extremely happy expression on its face. Both Eliza and myself were very sorry to lose it.

I judged it best to say nothing about the port. But the bottle had gone from the sideboard. Eliza said that she had taken it away to prevent further accidents.

I told the head clerk about it, but he only laughed in a foolish way. He is a man of bad taste, in my opinion.

# THE ENGLISHMAN AND HIS COUNTRY

Some nations, perhaps most, talk much about themselves, but the Englishman at home in his own country seldom talks about Britain. When he does talk about his own country, is generally to express his opinion of all the things that might be, and should be, better in Britain. In fact, it is not until the Englishman finds himself in foreign countries, that he is prepared to admit to himself that he loves Britain, but he will hardly mention it to foreigners.

We may learn something of the English if we have a look at them abroad. They behave differently from people from most other countries. If Germans met in the past outside their own country, they would talk of their political system. If the Russians of to-day meet, they will soon commence talking of what the new Russia has done for the people. The Dutch

***Cricket***
[ˈ*krɪkət*]

will talk to each other of trade and their empire in the East. The French will, in a very short time, get to the question of internal politics. The Americans will very quickly get to the subject of money.

What do Englishmen talk about when they meet abroad? Generally speaking, none of the things already mentioned. Instead, they will talk of the fun they had in playing cricket, football, tennis, or some other kind of sport. They will talk of famous football and cricket games they have been to watch. They will talk of the wonderful times they spent out in the country or at the seaside; of the land of small houses, each with its own garden; of trips they made to the mountains of Wales and Scotland, or to the lakes of North-West England; of days of peace and brilliant sunshine spent in fishing; of the many famous old inns all over the country and the quality of the beer drunk in them. tennis They will talk of hundreds of small things that go to make up British life.

***tennis***
[*tenis*]

For hundreds of years foreigners have tried to find the good and bad points of the English,

and to understand them as a nation. In speaking to foreign students from different countries, an Irish professor, P. C. Buck, once expressed his opinion of the English as follows:

buck [*bʌk*]

"I am not an Englishman, so I can tell you quite frankly that the English people are extremely difficult to understand. I have got to understand them now, because I have had the advantage of being brought up in England; but I must give you a warning not to allow the things that you notice to take very much part in forming your opinion of them. The English are not at all the people they seem to be. Whether they are angry, unhappy, hurt or anything else, they will not show it. You may watch Englishmen receiving telegrams containing news of some terrible happening or of a piece of extremely good luck; but from his behaviour and the expression of his face you will not be able to say which it is.

Get = learn

Terrible = very unpleasant

"The English are the strangest people. Although they have invented most of the good games the world plays to-day, I believe

***Knock out***
[*nɒk aʊt*]

they are the only people who play them just because they love them and not because they want to win. I really believe that when French tennis players or German runners come over here and beat them, they are quite pleased, whereas I, as an Irishman, want to knock out any man who beats me. In fact, you never know why an Englishman does anything in the world."

André Maurois
[*aːndre mɔrˈwa*]

André Maurois, a French writer, understands the English better than most foreigners. He says that the first thing the Frenchman thinks of the Englishman, is that he is like a bull-dog, who will hold on to a thing without being shaken off. Then he says that the Frenchman finds that the English are difficult to understand. A Frenchman likes to make for himself an exact picture of the future, whereas an Englishman is very much against any such thing. The Englishman does not like anything that is too definitely explained. He prefers the matter not to be too clear, and likes to decide at the last moment. It is only when it is time to take action that he discovers what he wants to do. Mr. Maurois

***Bull - dog***
[*bʊl dɒg*]

thinks that one of the reasons why England is so strong is the fact that political party differences in England go far less deep than they do in France. Thus, when necessary, it is easy for the whole nation to work together in time of danger. Then there is the fact that the English seem so happy. Mr. Maurois says that when the Frenchman sees the English. man's dislike of too much work, and the large place given to sport in his education, he gets the impression of a people always on holiday. A Frenchman will be surprised to see how the Englishman always looks on the bright side of things.

Sometimes, he will even be astonished at instances of the famous English good humour. An example of this was to be seen during the great strike of 1926. A one-day cricket match was arranged between strikers and the police. In what other country of the world would such a thing be possible?

The English love their homes, and the old saying “My house is my castle” is very true; they love children; and it would be difficult to find a people who have a greater respect

for the law of their country. They love all sorts of sport. 'Fair play' is one of the most important things in the world to an Englishman, not only in sport, but also in his daily life. The average Englishman always tries to be fair, or, to use his own words, ‘to play the game'

The Englishman's home is private. He hates any questions about his home-life and private affairs. He regards his home in the same way as the members of a Legation would regard the Legation and all its affairs.

Fisher [ˈfɪʃə]

H. A. L. Fisher, President of the English Board of Education from 1916 to 1927, who was a famous student of European conditions, once said that it may seem curious that a damp island in the north-west of Europe should have played so great a part in the history of the world. Mr. Fisher tries to find the true reasons for the greatness of England. Although he mentions the importance of England's central position, he thinks that one of the main reasons is ‘a good climate'. The English may say much about not liking their climate, but it has served them well in industry

serve = be of use

and self-defence. The damp climate of England, which seems very cold in winter, has been of great benefit to them. One might almost say that the English have been forced to work to keep themselves warm!

Secondly, he says that the Englishman is more a man of action than a great thinker. The history of the last few hundred years gives many proofs of this. Everybody will know the great part played by England in the world of trade; and many will, no doubt, have heard the famous French description of the English: 'A nation of shopkeepers'.

The size of the British Empire is another proof of the fact that the Englishman is a man of action. English sailors and soldiers are famous in history. Drake, who was one of the first to sail round the world, broke the power of Spain. Wolfe conquered Canada, and Clive took India from the French. Nelson and Wellington broke the power of Napoleon. Many of the most famous engineers have been Englishmen. An outstanding example is Stephenson who built the first railway engine.

Drake [*dreɪk*]
Wolfe [*wʊlf*]
Canada [ˈ*kænədə*]
Wellington [ˈ*wɛlɪŋtən*]
Stephenson [*stiːvənsn*]

The war of 1939-1945 showed the Eng-

lish to be unchanged. During the war numerous things were invented, more than 3000 of which were given to America by Britain.

So, throughout history, it is evident that the English are not a nation of philosophers, but that they believe very firmly in their own saying: 'Actions speak louder than words'.

# *From* “THREE MEN IN A BOAT”

***By*** JEROME K. JEROME

Jerome [*ʤə ˈroʊm*]

It is a most extraordinary thing, but I never read an advertisement for a new medicine without coming to the belief that I am suffering from the disease that the medicine will cure.

Read up = study

One day I was not feeling very well, I had been reading about a medicine for stomach- trouble, so I went to the British Museum to read up what I should do for myself. I got down a medical book and read all I had come to read about stomach-trouble, and then I started reading about all the other diseases in the book. I went very thoroughly through the twenty-six letters of the alphabet and realized that I had got all the diseases described; the only one I had not got was housemaid's knee.

I sat and thought. I thought what an interesting case I must be from a medical point

Point of view = way of thinking

of view. If medical students had me, it would no longer be necessary to ‘walk the hospitals’. I was a hospital in myself. All they need do would be to walk round me, and, after that, take their diploma.

Walk the hospitals = study at hospitals

All of a sudden = suddenly

Start off = start

Then I wondered how long I had to live. I tried to examine myself. I felt my pulse. I could not at first feel any pulse at all. Then, all of a sudden, it seemed to start off. I pulled out my watch to see what it was. It was a hundred and forty-seven to the minute. I tried to feel my heart. I could not feel it. It had stopped beating. I tried to look at my tongue. I put it out as far as ever it would go, and I shut one eye, and tried to examine it with the other. I could only see the tip, and from what I could see of that I felt only all the more certain that I had fever.

I had walked into that reading-room a happy, healthy man. I left it, feeling that I had one foot in the grave.

For nothing = without charge

I went to see my doctor. He is an old friend of mine, and feels my pulse, looks at my tongue, and talks about the weather, all for nothing, when I fancy I'm ill; so I thought I

would do him a good turn by going to see him now. “What a doctor wants,” I said to myself, “is practice. He shall have me. He will get more practice out of me than out of seventeen hundred of your ordinary patients, with only one or two diseases each.” So I went straight up and saw him, and he said:

“Well, what's the matter with you?”

I said:

“I will not take up your time, dear boy, with telling you what is the matter with me. Life is short and you might pass away before I had finished. But I will tell you what is ***not*** the matter with me. I have not got housemaid's knee. Why I have not got housemaid's knee, I cannot tell you; but the fact remains that I have not got it. Everything else, however, I ***have*** got."

Pass away = die

And I told him how I came to discover it all.

Then I took off my clothes and he looked at me. After that, he sat down and wrote out a prescription, and folded it up and gave it to me, and I put it in my pocket and went out.

I did not open it. I took it to the nearest