

INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE



Vol. VI.

OCTOBER, 1929.
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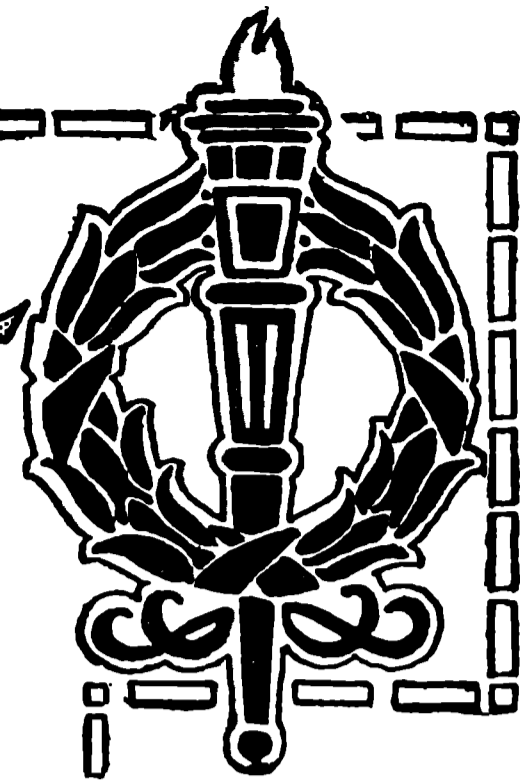
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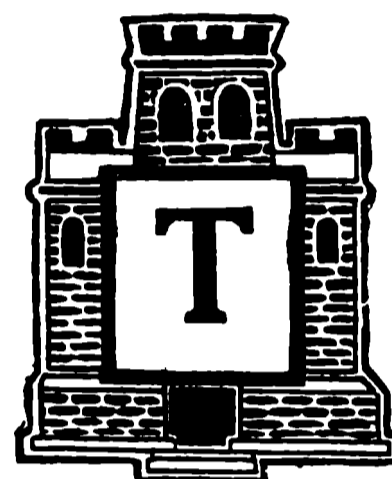
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THE WATCH TOWER

THE Talkies.—Sir Denison Ross, the famous linguist, discussed the question of the "Talkies"—and a World Language—in a recent issue of the *Daily Express*. He came to the wise conclusion that the only possibility is a neutral, artificial

language :

To-day English is far more widely known than French, especially in the East. Undoubtedly the silent film has done much to bring this about. But the talkies are hopeless as a medium for spreading a knowledge of English or any other existing language. It is one thing for a foreigner to interpret correctly the printed caption—quite another for him to comprehend idiomatic speech, spoken with baffling rapidity. The only universal language likely to interest the makers of talking films, in their quest for a world market, is an entirely new one.

Those who have tried to talk with a foreigner in his own language will cherish that phrase "baffling rapidity."

Assuming experiments with a "universal language" of the artificial type as a vehicle for talking films, Esperanto would most probably be chosen. It would certainly be more likely to suit the talkies on the Continent than English, for the reason that people who know neither Esperanto nor English are more likely to understand the former.

Sir Denison Ross does not mention the more powerful motive which will make the use of a national language impossible: the cultural and commercial dominance which no nation would be foolish enough to cede to another.

But it would leave an even greater difficulty unsolved. All universal languages that have so far been invented are ugly, in the sense that they are patently artificial and non-euphonious. For example, all the adjectives end in *a*, all the nouns in *o*, and any number of grammatical enormities are committed which naturally offend people of all nationalities.

When Sir Denison Ross says that an artificial language must be ugly, he is on fairly safe ground, for no one knows what he means, and it is therefore a little hard to controvert. Does he wish to say that all things artificial are ugly? or only that everything artificial in language is ugly? But then all our languages have been built somewhat artificially, especially such a beautiful language as Italian. And in Esperanto what is he prepared to call artificial—is it condemned because it has ruled out irregularities? For the vocabulary is natural enough; the words are taken from the existing languages. We have always regarded the distinctive word-endings of Esperanto as one of the strokes of genius of the

inventor ; but we suppose they are somewhat analogous to the artificial word-endings of foreign languages—the French habit, for example, of ending their adverbs with *-ment*, when it is obvious that in a natural language they should end in *-ly*.

The reference to non-euphonious languages makes us suspect that he has never taken the trouble to hear Esperanto spoken ; for those who have familiarised themselves with the pronunciation are unanimous in their praise of its beauty.

As for the literary people, there are sufficient in the Esperanto movement to disprove Sir Denison Ross's statement.

Esperanto Records.—The *Gramophone* recently had some sound remarks on the question of an international language in its review of the Gregg Esperanto records, prepared by Professor J. J. Findlay.

Here is a foreshadowing of the way in which the future world-state may most readily conduct its business. It is an inspiring thought that here are members of nations differing widely in training and temperament, joining with the greatest ease in telling stories, in plays and songs. "What is there to stop it?" asked the man who was invited to marvel at the rushing floods of Niagara. There may come a day when newcomers to a united world may as calmly counter with this question when some emotional person asks, "Isn't it amazing that we can all understand each other now?" There is nothing to stop that now, and there never was anything—except that foolish humanity insists on going such a long, tedious, roundabout way to reach its ends. A common means of communicating ideas is surely a first essential in the modern world. We here should like to see English adopted, by all the world, of course ; but foreigners are, to some minds amongst us, desperately conservative. Frenchmen want to hear *their* tongue all over the world ; Italians and Germans are as bad.

"Monde."—We learn with pleasure that the famous French literary weekly *Monde* now regularly publishes a half-page in Esperanto. As the Editor says in his introduction to the new feature, the aims of the paper are world-wide in their appeal, and French cannot reach all the people who are interested in them. Abstracts of the more important French articles will be published in Esperanto, together with original articles on new items in the Esperanto literature. The first number contains an extremely interesting article by Mr K. Ossaka on the popular school of Japanese painting, *Ukiyo-e*, and some poems from the Yiddish translated by Materiero. We notice also in the French part of the paper, a review of the recently published Esperanto translation of *Candide*. Specimen copies of *Monde* can be obtained from 50, rue Etienne Marcel, Paris.

"The Concise Course."—We very much regret to announce that owing to a miscalculation the price of this textbook was quoted in an advertisement in our last issue as 6d. This should be 9d., and we offer our apologies to readers who have been put to inconvenience in ordering.

Japan.—We cull the following paragraph from *International Cleanings from Japan*, the organ of the League of Nations Association of Japan, as illustrating the progress being made by Esperanto in the Far East :

A few years ago when Mr and Mrs Venables, now of Takaoka College of Commerce, were preparing to leave England for Japan, they obtained useful information by writing to Esperantists in Hokuriku. On their arrival here, local groups co-operated in starting a new Esperanto centre in Takaoka. The ease with which these local members conversed, and the progress made by new beginners, refuted the myth that Japanese are unable to master another language.

When Prof. Kodaera of the above-mentioned institution, and a year later Prof. Segawa, of Kanazawa Koto Gakko and President of the Hokuriku Esperanto Federation, went on their two years' study tour in Europe, they in their turn obtained useful information and letters of introduction. By means of Esperanto, they were able to have some very interesting experiences, not only in the cities, but also off the beaten track, where English was unknown. Since their return to Japan, they have given great stimulus to the steady progress which is being made by a large number of Esperanto groups in Hokuriku.

Esperanto in Japan.—The Observatory of Taten, near Tokio, has now for the third time published its annual report in Esperanto. The Observatory is an official institution.

An "Esperanto University."—As in past Congresses of the Esperanto Movement, the one just held in Budapest organised a "Summer University," *i.e.*, a series of lectures on various subjects, given by recognised experts and specialists. The programme will best shew the range and value of these lectures: *Philology*, N. Skold, Lecturer at the Lund University, Sweden, on "The Linguistic Situation in the Far East"; Dr Dreher, Cracow, on "Anglo-French-German Comparative Linguistics"; *Philosophy*, Dr J. Kiss, Papal Prelate, Professor at Budapest University and Director of the Collegium Medium, Budapest, on "The Nature, Origin and Value of Human Knowledge"; *Physics*, Dr. Lazlo de Rhorer, Professor at the University of Pecs, on "Television"; *Geology*, Dr Gyula Rakusz, Ex-Assistant Professor at Budapest University, on "The Formation and Destruction of Mountains"; *Literature*, Mr Bela Vikar, Former Chief of the Stenographic Office of the Houses of Parliament in Budapest, on "Hungarian Literature"; *Medicine*, Dr Giorgio Canuto, Professor at Turin University, on "Evolution and the Present Application of Forensic Medicine"; *Law*, Mr Andres Pino, Advocate in Valencia (Spain), on "The Priest Victor and the Spanish Literature on International Law"; Mr C. C. Tarelli, of the L. of N. International Labour Office in Geneva, Solicitor of the Supreme Court, on "The International Labour Organisation and Forced Labour among Natives."

Esperanto Guide Books.—Enterprising towns in all countries continue to publish guide books and leaflets in Esperanto, and during the last month we have received the following :—

Budapest, La Regino de la Dan bo.—A large folder printed in three colours, containing thirty fine photographs and much useful information about the town. Obtainable from La Fremduloŝejo de la Ĉefurbo, Deak Ferenc-utca 2, Budapest V.

Chemnitz, Germany.—A four-page leaflet dealing with the German Birmingham, containing four photographs. Obtainable from Verein für Fremdenverkehr, Jacobi-Kirchplatz 1/1, Chemnitz.

Kassel Wilhelmshöhe.—A sixteen-page booklet, finely printed with many views of this beautiful town, giving just the information required by the sight-seer. Obtainable from Mr Hugo Dreusicke, Kornerstrasse 1, Kassel.

Vizitu Pollandon.—An interesting sixteen-page leaflet giving information about Poland, with many photographs and an excellent map. Obtainable from Pola Socieĝo Tatra, ul' Potockiego 4, Cracow.

La Sun- kaj Aerbanejo de Excelsior-Asocio, Graftnas, Sweden.—A four-page leaflet of a famous holiday centre which makes a speciality of sun and air baths. Obtainable from Direktoro A. Rosenberg, Skara, Sweden.

We have also received yet another Esperanto prospectus published by the Leipzig Trade Fair. As usual this is a fine specimen of printing and well produced in every way. These Continental trade fairs are of great importance to European trade, and it is significant that many of the biggest find it well worth their while to advertise in Esperanto. Copies of this folder may be obtained from Leipziger Messamt, Esperanto-Fako, Markt 4, Leipzig C 1.

TWO CONGRESSES: THE RIGHT WAY AND THE WRONG

Difficulties in Geneva—and Ease in Budapest.

The World Federation of Educational Associations held its 3rd Congress from the 25th July to the 4th August, in Geneva, at which more than 1,500 members took part. In nearly all meetings the old unjust translation methods were used—with the usual difficulties and dissatisfaction. But in three sections Esperanto was used: a juster method. Immediately after this Congress the Universal Esperanto Congress was held in Budapest—a Congress of all nations in which no translation at all was necessary. In addition to some details of the Congress in Geneva, we give below the impressions of the Esperanto Congress by Miss Leah Manning, J.P., the President-Elect of the National Union of Teachers, taken from the Schoolmaster. As Miss Manning was present also at the Pedagogical Congress in Geneva, she had an unusual opportunity of comparing the two ways of conducting international business meetings.

The World Federation of Educational Associations was founded by American educationists soon after the War, with the object of fostering international goodwill and amity by all available means, but chiefly through the schools.

In this, its third Congress, in Geneva, the diversity of language, as usual, caused a good deal of confusion, accompanied by many complaints and protests. Each member wore a ribbon showing the languages he understood: red for English, yellow for German, blue for French and green for Esperanto. A few had all four, but the majority had only red, and the French members complained pretty sharply on occasion about the flood of Anglo-Americans. In each meeting papers were read in many languages, but only one language was allowed for translation—otherwise there would have been three translations for each paper! In some, everything was translated into French, in others, into German; those who understood neither the original language nor the translation language had to miss the speech. In three sections Esperanto was the translation language.

There were about fifty members who wore the green ribbon; these came from Germany, Saar, France, England, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Bulgaria and Switzerland. In sharp contrast with the other meetings was that in which they discussed entirely in Esperanto certain questions germane to the objects of the Congress. Lively discussion took place, thanks to the abolishment of translations; it was described as a real rest after the Babel-like meetings in which translations were the rule.

MISS MANNING'S IMPRESSIONS

Miss Manning, the President-Elect of the National Union of Teachers, has published her impressions in an article in the *Schoolmaster*; they are valuable as an independent testimony

to the ease and efficiency of business meetings conducted in Esperanto. We quote from the article:

The best background against which to view a Conference of the Esperanto Association is a Conference of all nations, where all tongues are spoken. And so it was that when I journeyed to Budapest to attend the Twenty-first Annual Conference of the Universal Esperanto Association, I had the good fortune to journey from Geneva—an inverted experience of the Biblical story of Babel. . . . I spent that [the first] evening, as I suppose all visitors to Budapest spend their first evening in the most romantically beautiful of European capitals, wandering from café to café, listening to the haunting melodies of Hungarian gipsy bands, and watching the endless kaleidoscope of colour which moves ceaselessly along the boulevard beside the Danube. And here I could draw my first and perhaps most striking comparison between the International I had left, and the one to which I was freshly arrived. With the best will in the world, from a social point of view, Geneva remained appallingly national. We largely consorted with those who spoke our own tongue. We could not choose to make friends where we were attracted to do so. Halting gestures of friendship, died painfully on lips striving to mumble a few incoherent phrases in German and French. But in Budapest the language barrier was down, and everywhere in the cafés and on the streets might be observed groups of mixed nationality—German, Turk, American, Hindu—talking a common language, using it as a bridge between minds and hearts where modes of thought, feeling and expression of feeling are so diverse.

I was tremendously impressed by the business-like swing of the sessions. Here were no long and tiresome translations to which half-a-dozen people listened, during which another half-dozen tried to look intelligent, and the rest sat around looking bored and indifferent. Good discussions with a frank interchange of opinion and plenty of questions rounded off the debate. Moreover, the Conference was not over-weighted by the opinion of peoples speaking a majority language—an obvious danger in most international conferences.

I am grateful that I have had the opportunity of studying the methods and results of such a Conference at close range, and I have no hesitation in saying that the international relations of our Union would be considerably enhanced by the use of an auxiliary language.

A TOURIST IN ITALY

Timbuctoo and Tibet are not what they were; they have been invaded so often by the explorer and the tourist, who never fail to write a book of their experiences for a foot-bound public, that they have become almost as commonplace as Brighton or Birmingham. Consequently the traveller nowadays finds it extremely difficult or impossible to say anything about them which has not been said already by someone else. Thus the past steals from the present; and parenthetically I may remark that this plagiarism is not confined to the literature of travel only: I frequently find that my best thoughts have been unblushingly stolen by some author who lived anything up to 2,500 years ago, without any acknowledgement. The traveller in Italy is in even worse case, for myriads of trippers during hundreds of years have enthusiastically described its climate, mosquitos, natives, architecture and painting, so that we know them as well as our own, or better. My excuse for following the herd is that there *was* in my holiday something that is by no means unique, but is certainly new to the greater part of the public.

Our first pleasure was the journey through the Simplon Tunnel. The view is not good, it is true; but the line here has been electrified, and we were able to enjoy fresh air without having our eyes, hair and clothes filled with smuts. I am confident that the beauty of Lake Maggiore, which is passed somewhat later in the journey, has appreciably increased since travellers have been able to look at it whilst feeling clean instead of like unwashed tramps.

At Domodossola on the frontier we presented our passports and purchased circulating tickets specially designed for the foreigner. These tickets are of many kinds; ours were for the route through Milan, Venice, Bologna, Florence, Pisa, Genoa, Turin and Modane, and entitled us to stop anywhere on the journey. The cost was under half the price which would be charged for a similar distance in Great Britain; this supports the assertion, which I have often heard, that the Italians are unbusinesslike.

In company with two Italian friends, who met us at Domodossola, we went on to Milan. Our friends took us round the city, and we discovered amongst other things, that the cathedral is even more beautiful than report has said; although as Cockneys

we had much difficulty in believing that a building so clean and gleaming could be more than two months old. But most of our sightseeing was done from an armchair in a café; for the man who rushes about staring sees bricks and mortar and the relics of decay; whereas he who sits before a cup of coffee (the Italian coffee is the best I have tasted in five countries) and talks, may absorb the atmosphere of a town, know and love the culture of a great people. I admit that such perfect works as, for example, the Palazzo Strozzi in Florence and the cathedral in Milan have a joy and a significance for us which we dare not neglect; but to know Italy we must talk politics and books and life and philosophy with an Italian at our ease, for then we have the art and the man together. The profit of sightseeing depends often on not seeing the sights.

On this occasion we discussed English and Italian literature, and I had brought home to me again a fact which does not always get the recognition it deserves, namely, how very little even the well-educated members of different communities know of each other's literatures. The fault lies not only in lack of knowledge, but also, and perhaps mainly, in a wrong proportion. For Germans, I gather, the masters of English literature who tower above all others are Shakespeare, Shaw and Oscar Wilde. These are tolerably good authors, especially the first; but that they should be taken as representative of modern English literature is painful to a literary patriot. From a Pole whom I met a few weeks back in Paris I heard that forty novels of Edgar Wallace have been translated into Polish; but although he was a lover of books, he knew nothing of such men as Hardy, Galsworthy, Foster, Huxley, Joyce or Wyndham Lewis. In talk with Italians I found it difficult to get away from the extraordinary trio, Milton, Shaw and Jack London (who is much admired for his philosophy); as for the French, I have an impression that they read no literature but their own. It is obvious, of course, that our knowledge of other people's literatures is just as faulty.

These considerations had prompted me to offer to give a talk on modern English literature, and in Venice a public meeting was arranged, in which I tried to explain the work and influence of Hardy, Galsworthy, Huxley, Wells, Lewis and Joyce. I was plunged into

difficulties at once. It is possible to give an idea of the significance of Hardy, Wells and perhaps Lewis, for they deal largely with universals; but how can one explain the work of Galsworthy and Aldous Huxley to men who know nothing of British institutions, idiosyncrasies and ideas, or that of Joyce to those who have not studied the powers and limitations of the English language? I did my best; and here I must pay a cordial tribute to the courtesy of the Italians in listening so politely to the presumptuous foreigner who laboured under the impression that these things are of importance for the Italian people.

One thing at any rate was brought home to me, and, I hope, to my audience: that was the necessity of the international language in this field. For our knowledge of other literatures we must rely almost entirely upon translations; translations in the past have been made by foreigners, who cannot have as sound a sense of proportion as a native. On the other hand, Esperanto translations are made by a native, who alone is able to choose the books which best represent the national character and to convey in the new medium not only the word, but the spirit as well. And because of its flexibility, Esperanto is better suited for translation than a national language can be.

The virtues and vices of Venice were not as great as we had expected; that is to say its beauty appeared to be a little over-praised, and its smells and mosquitos were almost entirely absent. It is possible that the continual rain during our stay had something to do with this moderation. But on the last evening Venice shewed her beauty unforgettably. A wet grey day had faded into a wet grey evening, when suddenly the clouds in the west parted and a horizontal white light, eerie and cold, picked out the dim islands, buildings and gondolas into an unearthly vividness. The buildings stood out against sullen clouds, and grouped themselves in sharp planes, each plane looking like painted cardboard. This Venice was more beautiful than the sunny Venice we know so well in paintings.

Florence should be a British Colony, or at least a mandated territory, for we were informed that many thousands of British people have settled in the district. This is a point which the Government might well take up with Mussolini, for any Briton who has seen it must long to live there. Its beauty is even greater than its reputation, and many scenes, notably those from the Ponte Vecchio, have such form and inevitable-

ness that they might be paintings, works of the imagination, instead of the work of nature with but little help from man. But the chief joy in Florence for me is the tranquil perfection of proportion of its architecture, the harmony of height and length, of roof and cornice, of windows and doors and wall space, of its buildings. At these I can only wonder dumbly; they are indescribable.

In Florence there remains something of the character of the old Florentines; it is full of life and movement. Pisa, which we visited next, is of another type; it is a warmly coloured town, old, tranquil, with a half-forgotten air; a place for meditation and mental healing—provided one keeps out of sight of that atrocity, the Leaning Tower. The Arno here, with the nondescript but well-grouped buildings on its banks, has a marvellous curve, which I shall take care to see again.

I should like to talk about other places: the castles and precipitous streets, barely five feet wide, of the fishing villages of Lerici and Portovenere; the more magnificent, but not less precipitous streets, and the colouring of Genoa; the spacious drabness of Turin, with its converted synagogue, the ugliest building in the world: but I am degenerating into a guide book. As to more general impressions, among the strongest I have is one of an enormous number of soldiers and babies; they seem to fill every street, railway carriage and shop. Another is of the technical efficiency of the Italians under their present Government. I tried to obtain an idea of their opinion about the Fascist regime, but they do not willingly discuss politics. That their freedom is in some directions curtailed, I began to feel towards the end of our stay; but on the other hand, they can purchase refreshment whenever they feel inclined, and, what touches me closely, even those who can read English are allowed to buy copies of *Ulysses*. So whatever the truth may be, we are not in a position to congratulate ourselves too much. But my best memory is of the hospitality of the Italians, for in these towns we mixed and talked with all types—university professors, labourers, engineers, shopkeepers—and they did their utmost to make us happy; and succeeded.

That brings me to the "something new" in our holiday, which I mentioned before. Mention of the lecture in Venice and of conversations with all kinds of people gives the impression that I talk Italian fluently. The

truth is, I can scarcely speak a word. The "something new" is that in a strange country with an unknown tongue we were able to know the people (and to know is to love)—by means of Esperanto. Here is the means to a profit and enjoyment hitherto impossible to all but a very few. In Esperanto we talked and joked; and the lecture was delivered in Esperanto and translated into Italian. That this means is not yet sufficiently known and taken advantage of is my justification for this article.

ELENO VINFERO.

THE CAMEL

BEING A LITERAL TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

Once offered the famous University B—— a prize for the best treatment over the camel. Among the candidates were an American, an Englishman, a Frenchman and a German.

Each of them wrote an original-essay over the camel, and each followed thereby a different method.

The practical Englishman, who his eyes more trusted than his mind, packed his seven-things and went with bath-tub and tea-kettle, with travelling-rug and Baedeker in the desert Sahara, the home of the camel. There lived he on an oasis quite as in England. He bathed diligently and drank equally diligently tea. Thereby went he on the lion hunt or played golf and cricket. In his leisure hours studied he the camel *in natura*.

After five weeks had he material enough for the essay and went again towards England back. There wrote he without much headache in clear short words down, what he in the desert seen had.

Meanwhile had the Frenchman his work already a long time finished. He was in Paris remained and had some hours before the enclosure of the camels in the Zoological Gardens passed. The animals, with their droll, fantastic stature, had him much amused. At once had he in the mind an interesting chat over the camel sketched.

Quickly was he in a nearby café gone and, fortified through some cups of coffee, has he the sketch worked out. This was full of jokes, full of interesting and dramatic situations, only scientific was it not.

The American had for long no time find been able to the treatise to write. An American is always so terribly busy. As member of ten clubs and chairman of ten others has he all hands full to do.

Finally comes the day which he for the preparation of the camel-article reserved had.

In the desert can he in a hurry not very well go; in the Zoological Gardens also not, then, he lives in Boston.

Where finds he now as quickly as possible the necessary material for his essay? Well, where other than in the public library? There can he quickly fly over what already over the camel written is.

With a full note book comes he in the evening towards the house, seats himself in the rocking chair and arranges his material. Skilfully puts he with the help of his notes a camel together. And he makes his work so good, that only jealous learned men his camel as a book-camel condemn could.

And now look we to ourselves the German and his camel at. The German has much, much more written than all others together, a whole thick book full.

On the very day on which he the prize-offer of the University read has, shut he himself in his study. No-one but his wife might come in.

There sat he in the long dressing-gown, with a still longer pipe in the mouth, and brooded day and night over the camel. From time to time came his wife on the tip-toes into the room, to him something to eat to bring.

This lasted a month, it lasted two months. The poor man ate ever less, but he smoked ever more and aspected like a ghost. If one him saw, how he, in a smoke-cloud obscured, before his writing table sat—in the brown dressing-gown with bent shoulders and bowed head—so could one him truly hardly from a camel distinguish.

Slowly, slowly progressed the work, then the German scholar had it not easy. He must—because a German everything thoroughly makes—the camel out of the depth of his own mind evolve. And a German mind is not only very deep, but also very obscure.

Finally, after three months, was the great work ready, and the scholar heaved a tremendous sigh of relief. With triumphant mien wrote he on the title-page of the voluminous manuscript—

THE IDEAL CAMEL

A PHILOSOPHY OF THE UNKNOWN.

Who, think you well, received the prize?

SMEFSEK.

BRITLANDO ALLOGAS . . .

"Please announce publicly to my British friends that although I have often used Esperanto as a means for travel abroad, nowhere have I felt for it such deep gratitude as in Britain. *Britlando allogas* (Britain allures); and after my first visit, I always hoped to breathe its delightful atmosphere again. Now, as the guest of British Esperantists, having brushed aside the language barrier, I have been able to stay here a little while, fulfilling my hopes and learning something of English life, the feelings, thought and attitude of the English; and I hesitate to say which I like more, the practical advantages of Esperanto, or, English courtesy and hospitality."

We publish the above translation of his words at the request of Mr R. Orenge, an Italian constructional and electrical engineer, who has just made a tour of the South-Midland Esperanto Federation and of part of the West-Midland and East-Midland Federations. He visited in turn Welwyn Garden City, Hatfield, Letchworth, Royston, Luton, Kettering, Rushden, Higham Ferrers, Rugby, Northampton, Nottingham, Burton-on-Trent and Bournville; in each town he spoke either at the local group, or at public meetings, on his wide experience of the use of Esperanto in international and public affairs, on modern technical progress in Italy, and on the present spread of foreign travel.

His most important speeches were made at Kettering, at a garden party arranged under the auspices of the local branch of the League of Nations Union and the Workers Educational Association, and in Burton, on the occasion of the Inter-Federational Conference which took place on the 14th September. In Burton the meeting was of special importance in view of the presence of the Mayor, who after hearing a speech on Esperanto and some conversation with Mr Orenge, shewed considerable interest in the Movement. His welcome to the guest of honour was not a mere matter of form, but was cordial and sincere; Mr Orenge was evidently pleased, and was afterwards heard to

say that the Mayor was one of the most courteous men he had ever met.

The tour was a great success throughout, and appears to have quickened the activities of the Esperantists in the towns visited. Mr Orengo constantly advised his hearers to make a thorough study of Esperanto and to make practical use of it, in full confidence that it would not fail them. He stated that, as he had learned from experience, Esperanto was in every way suitable for all kinds of international affairs, from the most important to the most trivial, and not least in the cultural relations between members of different nations.

At the request of Mr Orengo we publish also the following message:—"La arango de mia ĵusa vojaĝo tra suda kaj centra Anglujo estis perfekta: ĉe ĉiu detaleta ĉio estis bonege organizita, kaj bonege zorgata. Al ĉiu simpatia amiko, kiun mi konis, precipe al la organizintoj kaj al miaj afablaj gastigintoj, mian sinceran dankon, kaj 'Ĝis revido!', espere en Italujo, certe iam ree en nia kara Britlando esperantista."

1st October: I must send off my subscription to the B.E.A. to-day. Memo: Buy a 5/- postal order.

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BOOK · NOTES · AND · REVIEWS



ENGLISH BOOKS

***How to Speak in Public.**—By C. F. Carr and F. E. Stephens; with a Foreword by The Rt. Hon. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. Sir Isaac Pitman, London. 115 pp. Price, 3/6.

The cynic, as the authors of this book suggest, might truly say that it is unnecessary to teach more people to speak effectively; that there is enough talking already. But talk they will, it seems to be their only business; and to raise the standard, to better the technique, is a justifiable task.

This book is an admirable one for the task; the authors have succeeded in writing a simple and concise textbook on all points of public speaking. The hints on memorising, the "platform manner," the making of notes and the effective use of gesture, are specially recommended. H. V. LEWIS.

ESPERANTO BOOKS

***Klasika Legolibro.**—Published by E. M. Robert, Paris. 32 pp. Price 4d.

A second-year reading book; extracts from Zamenhof and Cart.

***La Nova Testamento.**—Published by the British and Foreign Bible Society, London. 358 pp. Price 6d., Cloth 1/-, 2/-, 3/- and 6/-.

Separate editions of the New Testament which have long been wanted and will be appreciated; that at sixpence is well-produced, those in cloth are suitable for gifts.

***B.E.A. Adresaro de Esperantistoj el ĉiuj landoj.**—Published by Bohema Esperanto-Servo, Poĉtejn, Czechoslovakia. Price 10d.

The eighth edition of this work finds me exhausted of comment; I note publication.

***Postcards of Zamenhof.**—Designed by H. Pieyns. Dekegel and Collin, Aalst, Belgium. Price 1d.

Many will be converted to cubism by this portrait which is striking—and pleasing.

***Prologo.**—Eŭgeno Miĥalski. S.A.T., Leipzig. 62 pp. with portrait. Price 9d.

This is from many aspects an extremely interesting volume of verse. In so far as I am a lover of poetry it leaves me unmoved, reminding me of Whitman at his worst, which was something very bad, or of the proof given by Jules Romain in his recent *Psyche* trilogy, that sexual passion as a literary theme can be something appallingly dreary and dull.

As a student of psychology, however, it is interesting to ask why a strength of feeling, the author's experience of which I do not doubt, should be so flat in constant expressions such as *pasiebrio, ama delir', sento volupta*, etc. The line—

Mi vekigas post nokto de amo plenplena—
estas mateno . . .

and those which follow irritate, and they do so because

the writer is naively, childishly self-conscious, and seems too simply to betray a desire to exhibit himself at just those moments when he should be lost to the world.

The same narcissism is noticeable elsewhere, when the poet preens himself professionally.

Mi estas malgranda birdeto,
modesta kun griza plumar',
kaj tamen mi estas poeto,
helpanto en ama-deklar'.

One feels repulsed as by an indifferent music-hall performer who wheedles for the applause of the uncritical. Again—

Mi deziris ankaŭ tion,
pro dezir' mi brulis;
korpon korp' postulis,
sed profani mi ne povis poezion—
kaj en sonĝoj kvietigis la doloron.

This invites caustic comment.

There are some good things to be found, however, such as a little thing not far "after" Heine, and every one with an interest in our original literature should possess himself of this book.

K. R. C. STURMER.

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THE NEW BOOKSHELF

A VERSATILE TALENT

***Migranta Plumo.**—By Julio Baghy. Hungarlanda Esperanto-Societo, Budapest. 158 pp. Price, paper 3/—, cloth 4/6.

It is the fate, agreeable or not, of an outstanding living writer to have his every fresh publication scrutinised, dissected and in praise or blame appraised by all who admire or find interest in his work.

To Baghy, writing originally in a language which he has helped to create, is the privilege of being criticised by the tastes, not of one country, but of the world; and his Hungarian nationality is rightly overlooked by the reviewer, whose duty is to apply the criteria which his own education, reading and thought have furnished.

This fresh volume of material is to some extent a book of fresh material, and displays two characteristics which distinguish Baghy from an English genius with whom he has much in common, Charles Dickens.

These are versatility (for Dickens was not a poet) and maliciousness (for Dickens was often savage, often ironic, but never malicious); of these traits the latter is shown by Baghy for the first time, and may not be pleasing to all his admirers.

Nevertheless, it is the story in that humour, *Fraŭlino Degel*, a study of a husband-hunting *kongresanino*, which is amongst the most successful in the book. In superb irony is *Nur Nature*, the tale of a blue-blooded person who is cured of his affected ideas by a plebeian girl, to such an extent, indeed, that it is he who at a very delicate moment gives her a lesson in naturalness.

This story also serves in one or two minor points to show Baghy's main weakness. He is satirising the affected and the ultra-natural conducts of certain types, and for his purpose uses the convention of adopting unreservedly their points of view, with just that tiny exaggeration which is necessary to make them wholly ridiculous. But here and there his sentimentality creeps in, causing him to change his point of view temporarily, and the whole story is thrown out of key. This little annoyance appears in much of his work. But these two stories, which are recent, are in many ways the best he has done; they are little gems comparable with certain of the *Sketches by Boz*; and for those who love their Dickens for his *Christmas Carol* there are here *La Ŝuflikisto*, a moving sketch of a deformed

creature whose ecstasy in life, confessedly an egoistic ecstasy, is giving pleasure to poor children, and *Nigra Kristnasko*, also about children—children divided by religion but bound by unspoiled warmheartedness. The sentiment, like that of Dickens, is a little cloying, but it cloys sweetly, and even as one protests, it has stuck.

Yes, the sentimentality of Dickens is here, the love of humanity, the drawing of character, the fondness for odd people (how Baghy loves s-ro Melonkapo, even as he chastises him with light sarcasm!), and there is not the gigantic mistake of trying to weld all together, and so there is no need to wade or to skip; one reads the stories which appeal to oneself and leaves the rest for those of different appreciations. There is only one thing one would wish away from the collection, wish left buried in the pages of *Literatura Mondo*. In that for-ever-to-be-regretted magazine appeared *Samumo*, and one wishes that Baghy had chosen to forget an old blunder. We say that as critics of English education and taste to whom the play is an invitation to crude and cruel parody. It contains a Desert, a Husband, a Woman and a Lover, and some of those who saw it produced at the Budapest Congress prefer to think of Baghy the sympathetic, the analyst of character, the humourist, but not of Baghy the dramatist of desert triangles.

Some new verse is also printed here; We have left ourselves no space to deal with it adequately. It is, as always, skilful, melodious; Baghy is still pushing forward the expressiveness of the language. He is also still experimenting with rhymes, very ingeniously; but it seems to us that he is at times paying too much attention to experiment, and not enough to that indefinable something which we all recognise in good verse, but which we are not going to try to define in the space we have left.

K. R. C. STURMER
kaj ELENO VINFERO.

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AMERICA.

U.S.A.

||St. Paul (Minn.)—(KSTP—205 m.—10 kw.). Monday, 10.30 p.m., Esperanto Course, lectures and songs.

SHORT WAVE.

Schenectady (W2XAF—31.54 m. W2XAD—19.56 m.). Mondays and Thursdays, 1.15 a.m.

ASIA.

JAPAN.

Tokio (JOAK—346 m.—10 kw.). Talks. (New course).

EUROPE.

BELGIUM.

*Brussels ("Radio-Belgique")—(509 m.—1 kw.). 9.15 p.m., News and future Programme in Esperanto. P.L.—D-ro Kempeneers, 20 rue aux Laines, Brussels.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Bratislava—(279 m.—12.5 kw.). Talk twice a month. 7.45 p.m. Lessons to be given weekly. N.R.C.

DANZIG FREE STATE.

*Danzig—(453 m.—.25 kw.). Relays Königsberg.

ESTONIA.

Tallin-Reval—(295 m.—7 kw.). Friday 8 p.m., 10 minutes information in Esperanto, S-ro V. Vaher. P.L.—Tallinn, Ringhaling, Estonia.

FRANCE.

Alpes-Grenoble—(429 m. ?) Thursdays, 8 p.m., Esperanto Course, 15 mins. N.R.C.

Lyons (La Dona)—(466 m.—5 kw.). Thursday, 8.30 p.m., Course, Prof. Pouchot. Saturday, Talk, 8.15 p.m.

GERMANY.

||Augsburg—(560 m.—.25 kw.). See Munich.

Aachen or Aix-la-Chapelle—(453 m.—.35 kw.). Relays Cologne.

Breslau—(253 m.—2 kw.). Saturday, 6.20 p.m., 10 minutes. Talks by Elsa Koschate.

Cassel—(246 m.—.25 kw.). Relays Frankfurt.

Cologne—(227 m.—2 kw.). Sunday, 7.30 a.m. Esperanto Lesson.

Dresden—(319 m.—25 kw.). Relays Leipzig.

Frankfurt-am-Main—(390 m.—2 kw.). 6.45 p.m., Esperanto Lesson 30 minutes, day liable to change, mostly Sats. S-ro Wischhoff.

*Freiburg i. B.—(570 m.—.35 kw.). Relays Stuttgart.

Gleitwitz—(325 m.—5 kw.). Relays Breslau, Saturday, 6.20 p.m.

||Kaiserslautern—(270 m.—.25 kw.). See Munich.

*Königsberg—(276 m.—2.5 kw.). Saturday, 7.15 p.m. Possibly half-hour earlier. Programme of the following week, Miss Wermke. P.L.—Ostmarken-Rundfunk A.G., Ostmesse, Königsberg i. Pr.

Langenberg—(473 m.—13 kw.). Relays Cologne.

Leipzig—(259 m.—2 kw.). Friday, 6.5 p.m. Talk. Prof. Dr. Dietterle. P.L.—Mitrag, Leipzig.

||Munich—(533 m.—1.5 kw.). Mostly on Mondays and Fridays, 7 p.m., 30 minutes once every ten days, Esperanto Lesson and Recitations. Songs, etc., on other days at 9 p.m. S-ro Starke.

Munster—(234 m.—.5 kw.). Relays Cologne.

Nürnberg—(239 m.—2 kw.). See Munich.

P.L.—Deutsche Stunde in Bayern, Karlstr. 21, Munchen.

||*Stuttgart—(360 m.—2 kw.). Fridays, 6.45 p.m., 30 minutes, Course. D-ro Vogt. Friday, 7.30 p.m., week's programme.

P.L.—Süddeutscher Rundfunk A.G., Stuttgart, 1 Charlotten Platz.

HOLLAND.

Huizen—(1875 m.—6.5 kw.). Sunday, 8.50 a.m. Talk in Esperanto, S-ro Faulhaber. P.L.—Marathonweg. 15/II, Amsterdam-Zuid.

ITALY.

Turin—(274 m.—7 kw.). Wednesday, about 9.30, in interval of programme. Talk. Prof. Canuto. P.L.—E.I.A.R., Torino.

JUGOSLAVIA.

Ljubljana—(566 m.—2.5 kw.). Wednesdays, 8.30 p.m., Talk. Saturdays, 7.30 p.m., Talk, "The Natural Beauties of Slovakia." S-ro Herkov. P.L.—Zelena Jama, 217, Ljubljana.

LITHUANIA.

*Kaunas—(KOVNO—1935 m.—7 kw.). Monday, 7.50 p.m., 10 minutes Esperanto Talk. Thursdays, 7.15 p.m., News. P.L.—A. Paškevičius, Radio Stotis, Kaunas. N.R.C.

RUSSIA.

Harkova—(1304 m.—4 kw.). Sunday, 10 p.m., Talk, 45 mins. Wednesdays and Fridays, 6.0 p.m., Esperanto Course half-hour. S-ro Filippov.

Kiev—(800 m.—1.2 kw.). Tuesdays, 6.0 p.m., Esperanto Course, half-hour.

Krasnodar—(458.7 m.—1 kw.). Sundays, 6.30 p.m., Course, 30 minutes. N.R.C.

Leningrad—(1000 m.—20 kw.) Fridays, 10.30 or 10.45 p.m., News, 15 minutes. Saturdays, 10.50 p.m., Course, 15 minutes.

Lugansk—(420 m.). ? Tuesday, 5 p.m., Course, 25 minutes. N.R.C.

Moscow—(Old Komintern)(RAI)—(1481 m.—12 kw.) and relay stations. Sunday, 7 a.m., Esperanto Lesson, 1 hour, S-ro Victor Javoronkov. Mondays, 10 p.m., 30 minutes. Saturdays, 10.30 p.m., half-hour, programme of the following week. Saturdays, 8.45 p.m. N.R.C.

Minsk (Sovnarkom)—(946 m.—4 kw.). Sundays, mid-day, Esperanto Course, 30 minutes. Tuesdays, 8.40 p.m., 40 minutes, and on various other days. News and Music. Requests to Minsk. Radio-Studio, Universitetskaja 16, Blankrusujo, U.S.S.R. S-ro Dim. Snefko.

Odessa (410 m. ? and 42 m.—4 kw.). Thursday, 9.0 p.m., Course, 25 minutes. N.R.C.

SWEDEN.

Uddevalle—(283 m.—.05 kw.). Friday, 10.10 p.m., Course, 30 minutes. N.R.C.

SWITZERLAND.

Berne—(403 m.—1 kw.). Mondays, 7 p.m., Esperanto Lesson. 30 minutes. P.L.—Radio Stn., Berne Kursaal, Schanzli. N.R.C.

Basle—(1010 m.—.25 kw.). See Berne. N.R.C.

*Radio-Geneve—(760 m.—.25 kw.). Fridays, 8.35 p.m. or soon after, 10 minutes. News. N.R.C.

*Zurich—(459 m.—.63 kw.). Irregular but established economic talks.

AUSTRALASIA.

||Melbourne—(3LO—371 m.—5 kw.). First Saturday every month, 8.15 p.m.

||Brisbane—(4QG—385 m.—5 kw.). Talks about Esperanto. Tuesdays 7.15 p.m. local time.

Auckland—(1YA—333 m.). Occasional Talks. N.R.C.

Christchurch—(3YA—306 m.). Weekly Talks. N.R.C.

* Stations adopting U.I.R. recommendation.

P.L.—Address Postcards and Letters to: || May have discontinued. N.R.C.—No recent confirmation.

S.O.S. League.—In the last *British Esperantist* there appeared an announcement about the above newly-formed League. The League has many attractive points which I will enumerate. Anybody with an interest in Esperanto can become a member. The subscription is absolutely nothing. The demands upon the members are extraordinarily few, namely one, and that one fulfillable by anybody. The work, if one can call it work, is, as the name suggests, urgent and important, and yet the expenses per member need not exceed the cost of a postage stamp per year. It is hoped to form branches in every country, and if England's quota reaches thousands they will not be too many, yet hundreds will not be too few. Applicants must write their name and address on a postcard, mentioning the languages known by them, and send it to S.O.S. League, at the offices of the British Esperanto Association (Inc.), before the 15th

October, if possible, when fuller particulars will be forwarded.

Recommendable.—In *Heroldo de Esperanto* for the 6th September, appears an announcement that *La Estonto estas Nia*, an Esperanto union, has formed a Radio Commission for propagating our language amongst radio fans and forming special groups of radio amateurs to listen to foreign broadcasts. This last has already been done in some instances in England and France. What about your district?

Other countries—our broadcasts—Langenberg.—For the third time we have been able to listen to Mr Dormann's instruction in English, Esperanto and German, the text having been previously published in *World Radio*. Do you realise what splendid opportunities these foreign Esperanto lessons give to the language student who wishes to learn the mother tongue of the broadcaster? What a number of words one can learn out of, say, the German explanation of a German-Esperanto lesson. Try it! By the way, Langenberg has now reverted to 7.30 a.m., rather unfortunate for those who keep bed on Sunday morning, but even they will not have an excuse when the change of the clocks gives us another hour in the morning.

Brussels.—Running on 1 kw. does not make this station an easy one to get. Dr Kempeneers is asking for reports on reception. Address: Radio Bruxelles. When this station was on 10 kw. experimental transmissions I could get it on the L.S. at the same strength as my local station, but now, sometimes jammed by morse stations and only separated from the 15 kw. transmissions of Vienna by the bare 9 k/cs., Brussels only strains my set and my temper. Your reports may put the transmissions back to 10 kw.

Leningrad.—A very good observer friend of mine reports the regular reception of this station on every Friday night. His set is a two-valver, but of course Leningrad has 20 kw. Listen for "*Atentu, parolas la Leningrada radio-stacio, ondlongeco mil metroj,*" at about 10.45 p.m.

W. H. M.

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ROUEN

Those who know Rouen only during its khaki occupation might wonder why anyone would voluntarily choose it as a holiday resort, but with the return of peace and tranquility (if these ever return to cobbled streets), Rouen once more assumes its role as a treasure house of unspoilt masterpieces of five to eight hundred years ago.

The discerning eye can easily read the eventful history of this Capital of Normandy, and looking at the squalid courts and narrow streets side by side with the splendour of churches and great mansions, the cause of the various revolutions is only too obvious. The surfeited layman might easily be forgiven, however, for imagining that Jeanne d'Arc was the only person of importance who was ever connected with the place. One even drinks *Bierre d'Arc*, solemnly served in response to the request for beer out of the ark.

Yet another historical event took place when the sixty or so pioneers of the B.E.A. holidays arrived at the glaringly new Rive Droit Station to find the local Esperanto Delegate awaiting them. On Sunday this gentleman, equipped with an Esperanto guide book, introduced them to the marvels of the city.

These trips are splendid propaganda, for although the language of neighbouring nations passes practically unnoticed, even his politeness will not prevent the Frenchman from being immediately curious if he cannot give a name to the language he hears.

At the local Folies Bergère (a genuine French performance, more respectably dressed than most English revues) we met three young English tourists who joined several of the subsequent excursions. Wishing to test Esperanto they read idiomatic phrases from a French-English dictionary to the Delegate, who gave them to us in Esperanto, and we completed the circle by translating them into English. The Delegate will never receive a greater compliment than the English boy's remark, "He seems to be able to speak it all right."

It is as well that I am limited for space, for it is difficult to express in cold print the magnificence of the cathedral, the lace-like daintiness of St. Ouen, and the beauty of the encircling hills and the wandering island-dotted Seine, and even more difficult to suggest the mediaeval atmosphere, which even electric tramways cannot disturb.

As I laughed at the quaint faces of the gargoyles of the Cathedral, placed there to ward off evil spirits, I could not but wonder what our successors five centuries hence will say about our post-war buildings in London and our Epstein gargoyles.

H. W. HOLMES.

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MARIONETOJ ĈE PALLANZA

BY ERNEST MARRIOTT.

Nebuloj komencis amasiĝi ĉe la kvietaj bordo de la lago, kie en la krepusko cipresoj staris kvazaŭ garde super siaj reflektajoj. Ni forlasis la lagbordon, por supreniri la krutajn italajn stratojn, kaj fine ĉe la supro de la urbo ni trovis tion, kion ni serĉis—la marionetan teatron. Antaŭ ol eniri, ni turnis nin, por rigardi malsupren super Pallanza. En la stratoj flugetis maldensaj pecetoj da nebulo, tra kiuj la lumitaj fenestroj brilis per ora lumo. En la malproksimo la Lago Maggiore brilis kiel granda lunŝtono, kaj la ĉirkaŭstarantaj montaroj formis grizpurpuran fonon. Ĉiuj objektoj, kiuj elstaris el la nebulo, prenis sur sin ian bluan nuancon. Ruĝtegora gablo ŝanĝiĝis en purpuran, amasoj da popoloj fariĝis ultramaraj pintaĵoj, kaj la altkupola kolono de la preĝejo variis de neŭtrala koloro, kie ĝi elstaris el la nebulo, ĝis malpala kobalta ĉe la ventoflago. Kvankam la sunsubira horo jam pasis, tamen la ĉielo estis ankoraŭ plena de lumo—serena ebena maso da koloro, brilege klara kaj en kelkaj lokoj trapikita de steloj.

Enirante en la marionetan teatron, ni trovis necese modifi niajn kriteriojn. La vestiblo, biletejo kaj koridoroj estis konstruitaj laŭ eta skalo. Tamen ni ne sentis, kvazaŭ ni eniris en malgrandegan konstruaĵon: kontraŭe ni sentis, ke niaj korpoj subite pligrandiĝis. Kune kun niaj biletoj oni donis al ni ŝlosilon kaj direktis nin malsupren tra dekliva tunelo malhele lumita per flagretantaj kandeloj fiksitaj al la muroj per pecetoj da graso. Ĉe la fino de la koridoro troviĝis malgranda pordo, tra kiu, per helpo de la ŝlosilo, ni atingis niajn seĝojn antaŭ la scenejo. Ĉi tie la iluzio estis malsama. La personoj en la aŭditorio ŝajne konservis ankoraŭ sian naturan grandecon, sed la teatro kaj ĝia tuta aparato ŝajne ŝrumpis aŭ malpligrandiĝis tiel, ke ili aspektis kvazaŭ tra la fundo de glaso. La interno de la konstruaĵo estis bone lumita per kandeloj kaj oleaj lampoj, kaj la ŝtonpavimita planko estis kovrita per pura sablo. Duoncirklo de tri vicoj da malgrandaj loĝioj interne kovritaj per malkara ruĝa ŝtofo servis anstataŭ la tri balkonoj kiujn havas la angla teatro. Persono en la malsupra loĝio povis doni al amiko en la plej supra loĝio sandviĉon pikfiksitan sur la pinto de bastono. En ĉi tiujn loĝiojn enpakiĝis konskriptoj, stratvaguloj, butikistoj, kamparanoj,

kaj iliaj edzinoj kaj infanoj—ĉiuj gajaj kaj feliĉaj, dum ili sin regalis per pano kaj viando, sukeraĵoj, fruktoj kaj hoteletoj da vino.

La teatraĵo ne komenciĝis ĝis pli ol horon post tiu anoncita, kaj io terurege retenita liberiĝis, tuj kiam la kurteno leviĝis, montranta doman internon, en kiu sidis apud la fajro maljunulino, kudranta en vivsimila kaj avina maniero.

I Promessi Sposi (La Gefianĉoj) de Manzoni evidente estis bone konata al la plimulto de la rigardantoj. Ili sciis ĉion pri la vivoj de Renzo kaj Lucia, kaj la okazaĵoj komikaj kaj tragediaj kortuŝis ilin ĝis ridado aŭ kunsento tiel same, kiel ili kortuŝis ilin kvindek fojojn antaŭe. Ili sciis senerare, kio sekvos. Eĉ la ĝustaj momentoj de la eniroj de la malbonulo ofte anticipiĝis. Antaŭ ol li aperis, sono de siblado kaj ĝemkriado leviĝis de la ĉeestantaro. Dum lia eniro la bruo plilaŭtiĝis kaj iom post iom kvietiĝis, kiam li atingis la mezon de la scenejo. Unue ŝajnis strange, ke la groteskaj movoj de kelke da ornamitaj pupoj tuŝis tiel forte la homajn pasiojn, sed post iom da tempo la sento de la nerealeco de la pupoj malaperis, cedante en tre eksterordinara maniero al sento de io preskaŭ pli ol realeco. Estus malfacile difini la kaŭzon de tiu renversita vidpunkto. La pupoj certe ne aspektis puposimilaj. Ĉiu el ili havis individuan karakteron, kiu esprimiĝis per vizaĝa konturo, vesto kaj sursceneja agmaniero. Malantaŭ la scenejo viroj kaj virinoj manipulis la ŝnuretojn kaj parolis la vortojn de la teatraĵo, tiel ke ili ŝajnis elveni el la buŝoj de la pupoj. En ĉiu okazo enkondukiĝis nuanco de karikaturo. Ekzemple, la figuro, kiu ludis la rolon de la malbonulo, Don Rodrigo, eligis siajn vortojn nazasone, kaj paradaĉis en sia marŝado; kaj per ia mekanismo ĝiaj artefaritaj okuloj de tempo la tempo turniĝis en ĝia kapo. La tuta prezento estis trograndigita, sed la personoj, kiuj manipulis la figurojn, bone komprenis sian laboron. La tuŝoj de emfazo estis gravaj pecetoj da lumo kaj mallumo—tonakcentado, kiu donis al la iluzio pluan rondecon kaj efektivan vivosimilecon. Ni baldaŭ ĉesis rigardi la pupojn kiel nurajn mekanikajn marionetojn; la ĉeestantaro vivis la vivon de la pupaktoroj sur la malgranda scenejo. Senspire ĝi aŭskultis iliajn vortojn. Nur poste, meditante pri la prezentado, ni komprenis, kiel senkonscie

ni mem glitis en la varman tajdon de laŭdo, kiel ni ankaŭ tuŝiĝis pri la afliktoj de Renzo Tramaglino kaj lia bela sinjorino; kiel ni sentis ondegon de kolero leviĝanta kontraŭ la romantike lipharaj malbonuloj kaj entute impresiĝis de la fortega vivo pulsanta antaŭ ni sur la scenejo. La lasta akto de la dramo estis granda procesio, en kiu almenaŭ kvindek pupoj partoprenis samtempe. Unue venis soldatoj marŝantaj kvarope kaj portantaj halebardojn; poste malgajvizaĝaj monaĥinoj tenantaj brulantajn kandelojn. Sekvis du malgrandaj akolitoj vestitaj en skarlato: ilia ofico estis fermenti seriozecon per komedieco. Enirante, ili svingis fumiĝantajn incensilojn, kaj sin tenis gravamiene, ĝis ili preskaŭ atingis la elirejon; tiam unu el ili kapfrapis sian kunulon, kiu respondis per klaketa frapo sur la ligna nazo de sia atakanto. Demetinte siajn ŝarĝojn, ili atakis unu la alian, sin ĵetante tien kaj reen, ĝis fine ili tiom intermiksiĝis kun la marŝantoj, ke la procesio tute senordiĝis. La incenso de la falintaj turibloj furioze subbrulis. Ĝi fumis en malgrandan nebulon, kaj dispelita de ia trablovo elvenanta el la kuliso, rapide plenigis la teatron per ĝia aromaodoro. Tiuj respondaj por la okazaĵo prezentis ĝin tiel artiste, ke estis preskaŭ neeble kompreni, ke ili antaŭintencis kaj antaŭprovis ĝin. La procesio estis longa kaj diversa. En ĝi partoprenis fratularoj kaj sekularaj pastraroj, komercistaj gildoj, ĉefepiskopoj kaj kanonikoj en ceremonia vestaro, pacjuĝistoj kaj pentantoj en sakaĵo. Poste venis baldakeno, portata de kvar pastroj, kaj marŝanta sub ĝi travestio de Sankta Carlo Borromeo. La fama nazo estis malglore trograndigita en la marioneta reprodukto. Tio estis evidente malnova ŝerco. La ĉeestantaro ridegis kun plezurego, kiam la pupo paŝegis antaŭen, ŝajne uzante la teruregan bekon kiel frontan direktilon, per kiu direkti ĝian korpon. Tiam eniris la Sankta Hostio, kies eksteraj kovriloj briletis per ora ornamaĵo, kaj ĉiuj eblaj marionetoj kolektiĝis kaj pakiĝis sur la scenejon en fina parado. La briletantaj insignoj de la procesio, la kandeloj brulantaj en la bonodora nebulo, la gajkoloraj kostumoj kaj riĉaj ornatoj briletantaj per oro, faris spektaklon grandan en efiko kaj barbaran en beleco. Kiam la kurteno falis, elbaranta la luman scenon, la malgranda teatro, kiu unue estis bildo de brileco, ŝajnis esti flavepala kaj malhela per kontrasto.

Estis longe post noktomezo, kiam ni foriris de la teatro. La maldensaj vualoj de nebulo jam malaperis de la stratoj, kaj tra la klara mallumo brilis la juna luno. Post la premeĝa

varmeco de la marioneta teatro, spiri la aeron de la itala nokto, estis kiel trinkado de malvarma fontakvo.

Tradukita el la angla lingvo de

RHODES MARRIOTT.

GAJA MARO

Ĉe flandra marbordo ni naĝis somere,
Brilegis la sun' en ĉiela senlim',
Kaj ŝaŭmridetantaj ondetoj mistere
Forlavis malĝojon de mia anim'.

Meznokte mi naĝis en maro fosfora
Elektre ekbrilis fluŝtranta ondar',
Fajreraj feinoj sub luno plenglora
Ekdancis kaj kantis la ĝojon de l'mar'.

Oostduinkerke-sur-Mer, Julio, 1929.

W. M. APPLEBY.

MIA PATRINO

Ne ĉiam la tempo belecon venenas,
Velkigas ĝin ne dolorego aŭ larmoj:
Pli kreskas, floradas patrino en ĉarmoj,
Eĉ kvankam ŝi pezon de jaroj subtenas.

Sur ŝia vizaĝo la milda rideto
Plenigas per dolĉa amego la koron,—
Se mi povus pentri, la ĉefan laboron
De vivo mi trovus en ŝia portreto.

Bildigus mi ŝin, kliniĝantan preĝeme—
Mi tiam la grizan hararon karesas—
Aŭ kiam pro mi ŝi la zorgon forgesas,
Kaj eĉ *mian* zorgon kunportas ameme.

Sed se pri favoro kompata kaj bela
Mi preĝus, ne estus la peto fortika
De mia anim' por lerteco penika,
Anĝele gvidata de l'art' Rafaela:

Ne!—estus la beno de mi nun petita,
Ke ni povu ŝanĝi la vivon,—ke mia
Estiĝu kaduka, malforta,—sed ŝia,
Pro mia ofero, ja rejunigita!

EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

Tradukis el itala lingvo F. O. BAMFORD.

Ĉe la lernejo la instruisto parolis pri gramofonoj kaj aliaj modernaj inventaĵoj. "Ĉu iu el vi scias," li demandis, "el kio estis farita la unua parolada maŝino?"

"Jes, sinjoro," respondis eta Friĉjo, "el ripo."

Lustige Kölner, Köln.

MEZEPOKA LONDONO

(*Daŭrigo.*)

Stratoj kaj domoj.—Cheapside estis ofte scenejo de bruo kaj ekscito. Ĝi estis la ĉefa vendeja placo kaj etendiĝis de la grenmonteto oriente ĝis grenvendejo okcidente. Ĝi estis multe pli larĝa, ol nuntempe. La nomoj ankoraŭ montras kie vendiĝis lakto, pano, mielo, kortbirdoj, peltoj kaj aliaj necesajoj. La domoj estis malgrandaj, ofte enhavantaj nur unu-du litĉambrojn por la mastro, lia familio kaj servistinoj; metilernantoj kuŝiĝis en la butikoj sub la montobreto aŭ en la sidĉambro. La stratoj estis treege bruaj, pavimitaj per silikŝtonoj, kaj ĉar la butikoj estis samtempe manĝoĉambroj kaj familia sidĉambro, plej ofte la laboro estis farata sur la malfermita fenestrobreto aŭ en la strato mem. Ne estis trotuaroj, sed parto de la vojo estis apartigita per ĉenoj aŭ bariloj por piedirantoj, kiuj, tamen, en pluva vetero ofte estis makulitaj per koto pro preterpasantaj ĉevaloj kaj veturiloj. Multaj stratnomoj enhavas la nomon *Well* (puto), montrante kiel la civitanoj havigis al si akvon. Ĉe Aldgate kaj apud la Borso ankoraŭ staras pumpiloj kiuj levas akvon el subteraj putoj. Ankaŭ en Cheapside estis publika akvokondukilo.

Higieno.—Kloakoj ne troviĝis, pluvo falis de la tegmentoj tra tuboj en kanaletojn kiuj trairis la stratojn kaj ricevis forĵetaĵon kaj malpuran akvon. Tra la civito fluis malgranda rivereto Walbrook, aŭ murrivereto, kiu eniris Tamizon apud la "Steelyard" kie nun staras la stacidomo de strato Cannon. Alia pli granda rivero, la "rivero de putoj," aŭ Fleet, troviĝis ekster la muro okcidente. Sur ĝi pramboatoj povis atingi Kings Cross kiam la tajdo estis alta, sed ofte rubo estis ĵetata en ĝin. Ankaŭ sur la vendeja placo troviĝis rubamasoj, kie fabrikaj forĵetaĵoj kolektiĝis, ĝis la fiodoro ofendis negocistojn kaj ili plendis kontraŭ la ofendemuloj. Kandelfaristoj ne nur vendis kandelojn en la centro de la civito, sed ankaŭ tie boligis la grasajon, do en 1273, orajistoj kiuj loĝis apude, plendis pri la malbona odoro al la urbestro, kiu ordonis, ke la kandelfaristoj translokiĝu ĝis ekster la muro ĉe Newgate. Ili rifuzis, kaj tuttaga batalo okazis inter ili kaj la orajistoj. La urbestro devis veni kun gardistoj por ĉesigi la tumulton. Post tio, la aŭtoritatuloj ordonis, ke kandeloj, gluo, kaj ŝimilaj malagrablaj fabrikaĵoj estu lokitaj ekster la civita limo. Tamen, en 1368, la episkopo de Londono, du grafoj kaj grafinoj loĝantaj apud la katedralo plendis pri la preterpasado de

buĉistaj veturiloj portantaj putraĵojn el bestmortigejoj. Pro tiuj nehigienaj aferoj, la civito ofte suferis de malsanoj kaj epidemioj. Laŭ la tiamaj parohaj registrolibroj infanaj mortoj estis terure multnombraj, kaj variolo, pesto, kaj diversaj febroj minacis tiujn, kiuj plenaĝiĝis.

Cheapside.—En Cheapside, apud la strato nomita strato Wood, staris vendeja kruco, kie reĝaj kaj civitaj proklamoj estis publikigataj, ĉar tiutempe, kiam ne multaj personoj povis legi, la plej bona loko por disvastigi novaĵon estis ĉe vendejoj kaj foiroj. Eĉ nun, nova reĝo estas proklamata tie, kie antaŭe staris la kruco. Ĝi ankaŭ estis uzata kiel publika punloko.

Punoj.—En 1311, ĉapelitoj plendis, ke fremdaj komercistoj vendis felpajn ĉapelojn de malbona kvalito je subnormaj prezoj, tiamaniere difektante ilian negocon. Ili ricevis permeson kapti la malbonajn objektojn, kaj ili bruligis 45 grizajn kaj blankajn, kaj 15 nigrajn "malbonajn trompajn" ĉapelojn ĉe la vendeja kruco. En la sama jaro, aĉetinto plendis pri fiŝisto en Cheapside kiu vendis tro malgrandajn fiŝojn. La urbestro gravmiene esploriginte la aferon, trovis, ke la retoj havas tro malgrandan maŝon, kaj la retoj ankaŭ bruliĝis tie. Alian fojon vendisto de frititaj fiŝoj vendis kelkajn trolonge konservitajn, kaj oni ordonis, ke li sidu ĉe la punkolono dum la malfreŝaj fiŝoj forbruliĝis "sub lia fripona nazo."

Ribeloj.—Kelkfoje pli gravaj aferoj okazis. En 1330, fiŝistoj kaj peltistoj malpacis, kaj kolektinte siajn gildanojn, ili interbatalis en Cheapside de sunleviĝo ĝis la tria horo posttagmeze, tiel nebligante la ĉiutagajn aferojn de la loĝantoj. Fine, la urbestro kun siaj subuloj, alvenis, subtenate de la civita roto, kaj kvindek el la batalantoj estis arestataj. Thomas Hansard, fiŝisto, tre koleriĝis pro tio, kaj kaptis la urbestron per la gorgo. Alia batalinto, John Brewer, frapis la rotestron. Vendi malbonajn komercaĵojn, malpaci en vendejo, eĉ bati kaj mortigi ordinaran homon kies parencoj akceptus kompenson, estas trivialaj ofendoj kompare kun atako kontraŭ magistratano aŭ lia oficistaro, simboloj de leĝo kaj ordo. Do post juĝo kaj kondamno, ne nur la du kulpuloj, sed ankaŭ la kvindek aliaj kaptitoj, estis mortpendigataj apud la Gilddomo.

(*Finota.*)

EMMA L. OSMOND.

THE ESPERANTO STUDENT

(This section is also published separately for use in Schools, Classes, etc. Applications for particulars of special terms should be made to the Publishers of this Magazine.)

AN INDEX TO ESPERANTO

PRONUNCIATION

VOWELS—a, e, i, o, u, pronounced *ah, eh, ee, oh, oo* without any diphthongal sound but as nearly as possible with the pure sounds heard in (e.g.) Italian. Approximate English equivalents are found in: *are there three or two.*

CONSONANTS—b, d, f, h, k, l, m, n, p, t, v, z, as in English; g as in *good*, ĝ as in *gem*, ĉ like *ts* in *mats*, ĉ like *ch* in *church*, s as in *soon*, ŝ like *sh* in *shell*, ĵ like *y* in *yes*, ĵ like *si* in *vision*, ĥ like Scottish *ch* in *loch* (seldom met with).

ŭ resembles the English consonantal *w* and is used to form the diphthongal combinations aŭ (like *ow* in *coward*) and eŭ (like *a(y)w* in *wayward*). The combinations aĵ and oĵ are like *y* in *my* and *oy* in *boy*, eĵ like *ay* in *saying* and aĵ as in *Hallelujah*.

r must (like all other letters) *always* be fully pronounced, i.e., rolled; thus, *arbo* is not to be pronounced *ahbo*, but *ahrroo*.

Every letter has fundamentally its alphabetical sound, but in fluent and natural speech the vowels are frequently somewhat shortened (thus the Esperanto *jes* is pronounced like *yes* in English).

In every word or two or more syllables a strong emphasis (or "tonic accent") must be given to the *last syllable but one*, thus: *patro, patrino, patrineco; luma, malluma, mallumega.*

GRAMMAR

(Word-endings)

NOUN	ADVERB	ADJECTIVE
O	E	A
plural J		N accusative
U	VERB	US
imperative	I	conditional
IS	AS	OS
past	present	future
	PARTICIPLES	
ACTIVE -INT-	-ANT-	-ONT-
	past	present
PASSIVE -IT-	-AT-	-OT-
		future

Competitions for Boys and Girls.

This competition is limited to boys and girls of not more than 15 years of age. Competitors must write their solutions on a postcard addressed "KONKURSO," c/o B.E.A., 142 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, and add their age and the name of their School. Two Monthly Prizes will be given, and at the end of the series special prizes will be awarded to those who obtain the highest number of marks.

N.B.—It must be understood that solutions are the competitors' unaided work.

In schools where Esperanto is taught solutions may be written on papers (postcard size) and sent in one envelope, to save postage.

Entries to be sent not later than October 19th, 1929.

COMPETITION—No. 1.

(a) FRUKTOJ.

Find the names (*roots only*) of fruits hidden in the following sentences. (Example: La kaFRA Gento loĝas en Sudafriko):—

1. Vigla nigra knabeto tuj supersaltis la barilon.
2. Venis la lupo manĝegema kaj atakis la ŝafaron.
3. Kiam mi aŭdis la novaĵon, mi tuj iris por telegrafi gratulojn.
4. Furioze la tigro saltis sur la dorson de la elefanto.
5. Li eniris la floran ĝardenon kaj sidiĝis apud multkolora bedo.
6. Tre plaĉas al mi grimpi rokojn apud la marbordo kaj kolekti kreskaĵojn.
7. Longe li meditis la aferon kaj fine agis laŭ la konsilo de sia amiko.
8. Sur la dorso de timema kamelo ni transiris la dezertan vastaĵon.

(b) VIZITKARTO.

Divenu mian profesion, kunmiksante kaj uzante ĉiujn literojn sur mia vizitkarto.

TOM SUBLIP.

FLUENCY AND PHRASING

The following examples introduce some colloquialisms which are perhaps a little hard to translate on the spur of the moment:—

AT THE MILLINER'S.—What a neat shape! I must try on that one. *Kia neta formo! Mi devas provi tiun.* It doesn't suit you, my dear. Just look at yourself. *Ĝi ne taŭgas al vi, mia kara. Nur rigardu vin (en la spegulo).* It's my own fault. Look how I've pulled it on. *Mia kulpo. Vidu, kiel mi surtiris ĝin.* I am inclined to like that one. How much is it? *Mi emas ŝati tiun. Kiom ĝi kostas?* Only two pounds. It's the very latest thing. *Nur du funtojn. Ĝi estas la plej lasta modo.* Really! After all, I don't very much like the colours; they clash. *Ĉu vere! Nu, finfine, mi ne multe ŝatas la kolorojn; ili malakordas.* It looks quite different out-of-doors in the daylight. *Ĝi tute malsimile aspektas ekstere en taglumo.* Would you alter this one for me? *Ĉu vi bonvole aliigos ĉi tiun?* I couldn't do it without spoiling the whole effect. *Mi ne povus, sen fuŝi la tutan impreson.* On the whole, I prefer this one. *Ĉion pripensinte, mi preferas ĉi tiun.* No, thanks; I'll leave it till later. *Ne, dankon; mi aĉetos poste.*

H. W. HOLMES.

"Ĉu via patrino estas severa?"

"Jes tre severa."

"Sed oni diras, ke vi faras ĝuste tion, kion vi volas."

"Ho jes, tio estas vera, sed ŝi estas treege severa kontraŭ Paĉjo."

LACULINO

De E. L. OSMOND.

*“Se ĉiu balaus sian domsojlon la strato
estus pura.”*

Asfodeloj floris en la parko kaj multloke ili tiel amase kreskis, ke la tero ŝajnis esti kovrita per ordrapo. Ĝi ne estis tia parko kie oni devas promeni nur sur sabla vojeto aŭ kie promenado sur herbo estas malpermesata. Tute ne, infanoj kaj gepatroj promenis kaj sidis, manĝis kaj kuŝiĝis sur herbo verda kaj risorteca kiel luksa tapiŝo. Florbedoj troviĝis ĉie, plenaj de arbustoj kies delikataj burĝonoj promesis bonodorajn florojn. Printempaj floroj gracie riverencis inter la herbo kiam ventetoj blovis sur ilin.

Apud asfodela amaso sidis unu el la familioj kiuj kutime vizitas la parkon dum festo. Ili ĵus manĝis sandviĉojn kaj kukojn, bananojn kaj oranĝojn, kaj ĉiu infano disvolvis ĉokoladon el arĝentkolora kovrilo. La patrino malfermis flakonon kaj donis varman teon al ĉiu. Kiam la manĝo finiĝis nenio restis krom fruktoŝeloj, arĝentkoloraj buloj, kaj papero.

“Iru, metu tion en la rubujon,” diris la patro al la plej granda knabino, kiu kuŝis surdorse, rigardante la nubojn tra la arbo-branĉoj. “Mi estas laca; mi ne volas,” respondis la mallaboremulino. La gepatroj ne devigis ŝin sed ankaŭ kuŝiĝis, kaj la forĵetaĵo restis apud la belaj asfodeloj.

Superkape kantis melodie granda turdo, tiu birdo kiu pli ĝoje kantas kiam ventego furiozas preskaŭ forblovante ĝin de la branĉo kie ĝi alkroĉiĝas spite neĝo aŭ pluvego, elverŝante sian ĝojan alvokon al alproksimiĝanta printempo.

“Viskobirdo” kelkaj nomas ĝin ĉar ĝi komencas kanti kiam visko pendas en salono por kristnaska festo, sed kamparanoj nomas ĝin “ventega koko” ĉar ju pli bruas uragano des pli laŭte aŭdiĝas ĝia kanto.

“Mi ne povas imagi kial oni ne havas orkestron en la parko dum festo,” plendis la patrino. “Domaĝe ke ne estas permesate alporti gramofonon,” dormeme murmuris la patro. “Estus tre agrable aŭskulti muzikon post lunĉo.”

“Ĉu estas nenio plu por manĝi?” demandis knabo, kies vizaĝo kaj manoj montris ĉokoladajn makulojn. “Vi manĝus min se mi estus ĉokolado,” respondis la patrino, “ne estu porko, vi pensas pri nenio krom manĝaĵo.” “Mi ankoraŭ malsatas, mi deziras ion plu,” plorĝemis li. “Silentiĝu, mi volas dormi,” diris la patro, batante sian filon, kiu

laŭte ploris. Fine ili ĉiuj dormis, ĉar ili leviĝis frue pro la longa omnibusa veturo, kaj printempa suno varmigis la aeron.

“La floroj rememorigas al mi tiajn belajn vaksflorojn kiujn kripluloj en la azilo fabrikas,” diris la patrino, sed la patro kiu kuŝis kun buŝo plene malfermita nur ronke respondis, kaj Laculino rigardis la florojn per fermiĝantaj okuloj kaj nenion diris. Subite ŝi surprize vidis, ke unu el la asfodeloj elkreskis ĝis knabina staturo kaj lasinte la fratinajn florojn venis rekte al ŝi. Kaptante ŝian manon, Asfodelo levis ŝin de la tero kaj fingre montrante la forĵetaĵon malbeligantan la herbon diris, “Ĉu vi ne hontas pri tio? Kial vi kaŭzas tiom da peniga laboro al miaj fratinoj?”

Laculino tiel miregis ke ŝi ne povis respondi. Sammomente ŝi sentis ke ŝi traflugas tra la aero, manon ĉe mano kun la florfeino. Ili ŝvebis super granda korba rubujo kaj rapide malsupreniĝante, ambaŭ falis en ĝin. Ŝi penis elkrii, pensante ke la subita falo en malmolan korbon mortigos ŝin. La falo daŭris ĉar la fundo de la korbo malfermiĝis kvazaŭ klappordo, kaj ili senhalte traflugis.

Post nelonge ili sin trovis super ĝardeno de bela brila palaco, kie ili surteriĝis. Asfodelo kondukis ŝin en grandan salonon kie sidis inter altaj palmoj kaj tropikaj arboj, feinsimila reĝino. Ĉirkaŭe staris asfodeloj kaj aliaj multkoloraj florfeinoj, kaj surgenuiĝante Asfodelo diris, “Via reĝina Moŝto, mi kondukas al vi unu el la malbonordaj teruloj kiuj ĵetas rubon sur vian belan bienon.” La reĝino gravmiene rigardis Laculino ĝis ŝi tremis antaŭ la brilaj minacantaj okuloj de la ofendita reĝino. “Donu al ŝi balailon,” ordonis la reĝino, “ŝi devas forbalai kaj kolekti rubon ĝis tri bonordemaj homoj troviĝas.” Ŝi mansignis kaj Asfodelo forkondukis Laculino en koridoron kie en ŝranko pendis multaj balailoj. Unu el ili ŝi donis al la knabino kaj montris la vojon al ĝardeno. Laculino nenion diris; tiel mirigita ŝi estis ke ŝi ne sciis kion diri. Sur herbejo kaj sablaj vojetoj, ŝi vidis multajn feinojn kiuj forbalaas ĉian specon de forĵetaĵo, trambiletojn, oranĝŝelojn, skatoletojn por ĉokolado kaj cigaredoj, uzitajn alumetojn kaj multajn aliajn objektojn.

(Daŭrigota.)

Juna Matematikisto : “Panjo, ĉu vi scias la kuban mezuron de ĉi tiu bierbarelo?”

Patrino : “Ne, demandu al la patro.”

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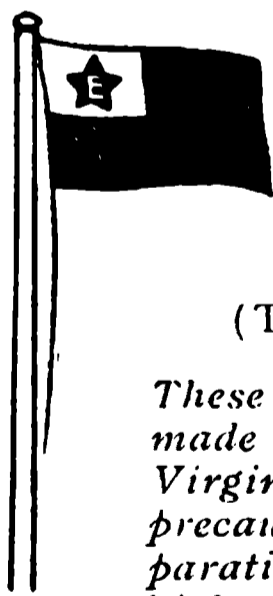
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