



dialogue

Smith.—Running away so soon? Why not stay a few days and enjoy yourself?

Jones.—Not me, I don't find much enjoyment in the smoky air of a town, and all its noise and racket. Give me the clean air, the sunshine, and the quiet of the country.

Smith.—Well, I grant you have the advantage of purer air in the country; but as for noise, you soon get used to it. In fact, I could not stand your quiet—it would drive me crazy. I like to feel plenty of life and movement about me.

Jones.—Really? Why, I could not get a wink of sleep in a noisy town. And towns are so ugly—nothing to see but ugly smoke-grimed houses, dreary streets, hideous advertisements on every hoarding, factory chimneys belching smoke, and a dull, smoky sky. I have the beauty of the green fields and shady woods and flowery meadows of the country.

Smith.—Ah! my friend, but do not forget what Dr. Johnson said: "When you have seen one green field you have seen all green fields; come with me down Fleet Street and study man."

Jones.—Well, all I can say is that Dr. Johnson never saw a green field in his life, or he would have known that there is an infinite variety in nature if you have the eyes to see it.

Smith.—But what in the world do you do with yourself in your village? It must be a very dull and slow life, with no theatres, no concerts, no cinemas, no public lectures, no exciting political meetings. You must lead a stupid vegetable life, like a cabbage.

Jones.—Not so stupid and dull as you imagine. I have my garden, which is a great source of pleasure; and there is fishing, and a little hunting. And then I love tramping over the hills, and seeing the beautiful scenery. And in the evenings I have my books.

Smith.—Well, every man to his taste; but to me yours would be a dull life.

Jones.—Dull or not, it is much healthier. In the pure country, we do not get the epidemics and dirt-produced diseases you have in the towns. And our quiet habits give us longer lives.

Smith.—Yes, you may live longer in the country. But you don't get so much out of life as we do in town. A short life and a merry one, I say.

4. A dialogue between two boys discussing their hobbies.

George.—I am in luck, Will. My uncle has just sent me a letter from Japan, where he is on business, with some Japanese stamps. He knows I collect them and often sends me foreign stamps from the places he visits.

Will.—They look rather nice. Are you going to paste them in your album?

George.—Yes, here it is. I have got quite a nice collection now.

Will.—What a lot! French, Italian, Dutch, German, American, Turkish. You seem to have some from almost every country.

George.—Oh! there are a lot I have not got yet. And some rare ones are very expensive, and cost pounds of money.

Will.—But what is the use of collecting stamps?

George.—Oh! Well, it's a hobby. And it teaches you some geography; and sometimes it brings money.

Will.—How is that?

George.—Why, a really good collection sometimes sells for hundreds of pounds. Why don't you go in for stamp-collecting?

Will.—I like something more active. My hobby is collecting ferns and wild flowers. And to get these you have to go long country walks, and explore the woods, and climb the hills. It is quite an adventure when you find a rare plant or fern in some wild place.

George.—But what do you do with them when you get them?

Will.—I press them, and then mount them neatly on sheets of paper, and name them. I have got quite a nice collection.

George.—How do you press them?

Will.—I lay the fern or plant between sheets of blotting-paper, and put them in a press, or under a board with heavy weights. You have to change the blotting-paper every day, and in about a week the plant is dried and pressed, and will last like that for years.



George.—And what is the good of your hobby?

Will.—Well, it teaches me a lot of botany; and takes me into beautiful country; and does me good physically, because it means exercise in the open air.

B. A dialogue between a master and a pupil on public speaking.

Master.—Well Ram Narain, I hear you are taking part in the speaking competition.

Pupil.—Yes, Sir; and I came to ask you to give me some hints on the art of the public speaking.

Master.—With pleasure, Ram Narain. Have you prepared your speech?

Pupil.—Yes, Sir; and now I am learning it by heart.

Master.—Oh I but that is a great mistake. Always carefully prepare what you want to say, but never try to learn it off by heart.

Pupil.—But why, Sir?

Master.—Because when you are speaking, you should watch your audience to see whether they are following what you say. You can see by their faces whether they understand and are interested; and if they are not, you can then win their attention by adding, or emphasizing, or changing something. But if your speech is learnt by heart, you can't alter it.

Pupil.—But it seems so much easier to learn it.

Master.—It is not so in the end. Memorising is a great strain. Also, if you forget one sentence, you may break down altogether.

Pupil.—Well, I might manage if I could have my notes with me when I speak.

Master.—At first you may take a short note of outline, or main points, of your speech, lest you should forget; but when you get used to speaking in public, it is best to do without notes altogether.

Pupil.—But if I don't use notes, and must not learn my speeches off by heart how can I remember what to say?

Master.—You must prepare carefully, and think out what you want to say; and learn the main points, or outline, of your speech. Then, when you get up to speak, you will find that the words will come.

Pupil.—But I feel so nervous when I have to speak.

Master.—That is natural, especially at first. But as you get used to speaking in public, you will overcome that. Even practised speakers often feel very nervous before they begin to speak; but when they get on to their feet, they forget all about it.

Pupil.—When I am nervous, I think I speak too fast.

Master.—Well, you must practise speaking slowly and distinctly. And don't shout—it strains your voice and prevents people hearing you; and don't speak too low. Speak naturally, so that all can hear.

Pupil.—Thank you, Sir, for your hints. I will try to follow them.

6. A dialogue on the choice of a profession—law or medicine.

Jai Dyal.—Thank goodness! our examinations are over at last.

Sain Das.—What a relief! I hope I shall pass; for I have just got a letter from my father promising to send me to the Medical College if I get through Class 12.

Jai Dyal.—Oh I are you going to be a doctor?

Sain Das.—Yes; and I am very glad. My father is a doctor, you know, and I have always wanted to be one too. It seems a very interesting profession. What are you going to do?

Jai Dyal.—My ambition is to be a lawyer; and when I have got my B.A., I am to go to the Law College to study for my LL.B.

Sain Das.—Law! That never had any attractions for me. Why do you want to be a lawyer?

Jai Dyal.—Well, it is a very respectable profession. One can be a gentleman and hold a good position, any way.





*Sain Das.*—So can a doctor. The medical profession is just as respectable as the legal.

*Jai Dyal.*—Oh I yes, of course. But I think a lawyer can make more money than a doctor.

*Sain Das.*—I am not so sure of that. A few lawyers who get to be leaders of the bar, of course, do make fortunes. But what about the crowd of pleaders and even barristers who can, scarcely make a living? The law is terribly overcrowded.

*Jai Dyal.*—Oh I well, there is always plenty of room at the top, you know.

*Sain Das.*—What I like about the medical profession, apart from its scientific interest, is that the work is so humanitarian. A doctor is always doing good to his fellows—relieving suffering, curing diseases, restoring health, and so making folk happy. This makes a doctor's life a sort of social service.

*Jai Dyal.*—Well, a lawyer is doing good work too. He is helping to detect and prevent crime, defending the innocent from false charges, and helping people in distress.

*Sain Das.*—Yes; but a lawyer's life is full of temptations. He is tempted to defend criminals for big fees, and to get them off from just punishment. I don't see how a lawyer can help being a liar, too!

*Jai Dyal.*—Now you are joking. It is as possible for a lawyer to be an honest man as it is for a doctor to be a