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Н.О. САМАРКИНА, М.Е. ЯШИНА

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI AND OTHER STORIES

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Рецензенты:
кандидат филологических наук,
доцент кафедры востоковедения, африканистики и исламоведения ИМО
КФУ **Н.Г. Мингазова**
кандидат филологических наук,
доцент, проректор по научной работе ЧУВО РИИ **Р.Р. Закиров**

Н.О. Самаркина, М.Е. Яшина
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Данное учебное пособие содержит 10 неадаптированных рассказов знаменитого американского писателя XX века О'Генри. Каждый рассказ снабжен упражнениями, направленными на проверку понимания текста, отработку лексики, грамматики, а также на развитие навыков устной и письменной речи.

СОДЕРЖАНИЕ

ПРЕДИСЛОВИЕ

Предлагаемое учебное пособие предназначается для работы по домашнему чтению для студентов I и II курсов языковых вузов. Данное пособие рассчитано не только на лиц, изучающих английский язык, но и на широкий круг читателей, преподавателей и всех совершенствующихся в языке. Сборник может быть успешно использован как в аудитории, так и для самостоятельных занятий.

Основной задачей пособия является достижение глубокого понимания произведения и обеспечения реализации этого понимания в речевой деятельности качественно высокого уровня. Работа по данному пособию предполагает привлечение дополнительных сведений из области теории литературы, касающихся образности, формы и содержания, темы, идеи, способов выражения, авторского сознания и некоторых других сведений, упомянутых в формулировках заданий.

Каждый урок содержит текстовой материал, активную лексику и различные виды упражнений, направленных на активизацию лексики, контроль за пониманием прочитанного, развитие навыков устной и письменной речи, творческих и аналитических способностей.

Комплекс заданий разбит по этапам:

На первом этапе "Comprehension" рекомендуется выполнить упражнения, направленные на проверку понимания текста, такие как "Are the following statements true or false?","Correct the false statements" и т.д.

Второй этап "Vocabulary" подразумевает отработку лексики. Это такие упражнения, как "Give the translation of the following phrases", "Match adjectives with their definitions" и т.д. На данном этапе также предлагается выполнить ряд упражнений, связанных со стилистическими особенностями текста, типа "Translate the sentences into Russian paying attention to various stylistic devices", "Translate the following sentences into Russian. Comment on similes" и т.д.

На третьем этапе “Speaking” выполняются упражнения, помогающие раскрыть содержание текста, такие как “Answer the questions”, “Prove that”, “Comment on the title of the story” и т.д.

На четвертом этапе “Writing” студентам предлагается выполнить упражнения творческого характера, которые способствуют развитию навыков письменной речи.

В сборник также включено несколько рассказов для дополнительного чтения.

BIOGRAPHICAL COMMENT ON THE AUTHOR

O. Henry (1862-1910), pseudonym of **William Sydney Porter**, original name **William Sidney Porter**, is a famous American short-story writer, a master of surprise endings of the stories. He wrote about the life of ordinary people in New York City. His stories expressed the effect of coincidence on character through humor, grim or ironic, and often had surprise endings, a device that became identified with his name and cost him critical favor when its vogue had passed.

O. Henry was born in Greensboro, North Carolina. His father, Algernon Sidney Porter, was a physician. When William was three, his mother died, and he was raised by his paternal grandmother and a paternal aunt. William was an avid reader, but at the age of fifteen he left the school, and then worked in a drug store and on a Texas ranch. He continued to Houston, where he had a number of jobs, including that of a bank clerk. After moving to Austin, Texas, in 1887, he married to Athol Estes.

In 1894 Porter started a humorous weekly "The Rolling Stone". It was at this time that he began the heavy drinking. When the weekly failed, he joined the "Houston Post" as a reporter and columnist. In February 1896 he was indicted for embezzlement of bank funds. Friends aided his flight to Honduras. He returned to Austin the next year because his wife was dying. When convicted, Porter received the lightest sentence possible and in 1898 he entered a penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio; his sentence of five years was shortened to three years and three months for good behavior.

While in prison O. Henry started to write short stories to earn money to support his daughter Margaret. His first work, "Whistling Dicks Christmas Stocking" (1899), appeared in "McClures Magazine." The stories of adventure in the U. S. Southwest and in Central America gained an immediately success among readers. When Porter emerged from the prison in 1901 he changed his name to O.

Henry. According to some sources, he acquired the pseudonym from a warder called Orrin Henry.

O. Henry moved to New York City in 1902 and from December 1903 to January 1906 he wrote a story a week for the New York “World”, also publishing in other magazines.

O. Henry's first collection, “Cabbages and Kings” appeared in 1904. The second, “The Four Million” was published two years later and included his well-known stories “The Gift of the Magi” and “The Furnished Room.” “The Trimmed Lamp” (1907) explored the lives of New Yorkers and included “The Last Leaf.” “Heart of the West” (1907) presented accurate and fascinating tales of the Texas range.

O. Henry published 10 collections and over 600 short stories during his life time.

O. Henry’s last years were shadowed by alcoholism, ill health, and financial problems. He married in 1907 to Sara Lindsay Coleman, but the marriage was not happy, and they separated a year later. O. Henry died of cirrhosis of the liver on June 5, 1910, in New York.

Foreign translations and adaptations for other art forms, including films and television, attest his universal application and appeal. The O. Henry Prize, given annually to outstanding short stories, was established in his honor in 1919.

Text 1: The Last Leaf

IN A LITTLE DISTRICT WEST OF WASHINGTON SQUARE the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called “places.” These “places” make strange angles and curves. One Street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century gables and Dutch attics and low rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth Avenue, and became a “colony.”

At the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio. “Johnsy” was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine; the other from California. They had met at the table d’hôte of an Eighth Street “Delmonico’s,” and found their tastes in art, chicory salad and bishop sleeves so congenial that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over on the east side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown “places.”

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, gray eyebrow.

“She has one chance in – let us say, ten,” he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. “And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-up on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopoeia look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she’s not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?”

“She - she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day.” said Sue.

“Paint? - bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking twice - a man for instance”

“A man?” said Sue, with a jew’s-harp twang in her voice. “Is a man worth - but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind.”

“Well, it is the weakness, then,” said the doctor. “I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract 50 per cent from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak sleeves I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her, instead of one in ten.”

After the doctor had gone Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy’s room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature. As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horseshow riding trousers and a monocle of the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy’s eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting - counting backward. “Twelve,” she said, and little later “eleven”; and then “ten,” and “nine”; and then “eight” and “seven”, almost together.

Sue look solicitously out of the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed half way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves

from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now."

"Five what, dear? Tell your Sudie."

"Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go, too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I never heard of such nonsense," complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. "What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were - let's see exactly what he said - he said the chances were ten to one! Why, that's almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child, and pork chops for her greedy self."

"You needn't get any more wine," said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window. "There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go, too."

"Johnsy, dear," said Sue, bending over her, "will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by to-morrow. I need the light, or I would draw the shade down."

"Couldn't you draw in the other room?" asked Johnsy, coldly.

"I'd rather be here by you," said Sue. "Beside, I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves."

“Tell me as soon as you have finished,” said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as fallen statue, “because I want to see the last one fall. I’m tired of waiting. I’m tired of thinking. I want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves.”

“Try to sleep,” said Sue. “I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I’ll not be gone a minute. Don’t try to move ’til I come back.”

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo’s Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along with the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress’s robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in any one, and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his dimly lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy’s fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away, when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker. Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and derision for such idiotic imaginings.

“Vass!” he cried. “Is dere people in de world mit der foolishness to die because leafs dey drop off from a confounded vine? I haf not heard of such a thing. No, I will not bose as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow dot silly pusiness to come in der brain of her? Ach, dot poor leetle Miss Johnsy.”

“She is very ill and weak,” said Sue, “and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care to pose for me, you needn’t. But I think you are a horrid old – old flibbertigibbet.”

“You are just like a woman!” yelled Behrman. “Who said I will not bose? Go on. I come mit you. For half an hour I haf peen trying to say dot I am ready to bose. Gott! dis is not any blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I vill baint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go away. Gott! yes.”

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill, and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour’s sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade.

“Pull it up; I want to see,” she ordered, in a whisper.

Wearily Sue obeyed

But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last one on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from the branch some twenty feet above the ground.

“It is the last one,” said Johnsy. “I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall to-day, and I shall die at the same time.”

“Dear, dear!” said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow, “think of me, if you won’t think of yourself. What would I do?”

But Johnsy did not answer. The lonesomest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to

possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

"I've been a bad girl, Sudie," said Johnsy. "Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring a me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and – no; bring me a hand-mirror first, and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook."

And hour later she said: "Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples."

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

"Even chances," said the doctor, taking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. "With good nursing you'll win. And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is - some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital today to be made more comfortable."

The next day the doctor said to Sue: "She's out of danger. You won. Nutrition and care now – that's all."

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woolen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

"I have something to tell you, white mouse," she said. "Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia today in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and – look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece – ohe painted it there the night that the last leaf fell."

Tasks

Comprehension

I. Make up fifteen questions on the text that can be used as a plan.

II. Are the following statements true or false. Correct the false ones:

1. In a little district east of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into great strips called «places».
2. At the top of a squatty, six-story brick Sam and Johnsy had their studio.
3. That was in May. In June a cold stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers.
4. Mr. Pneumonia was a chivalric old gentleman.
5. But Sue he smote and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead.
6. Old Behrman was a doctor who lived on the ground floor beneath the girls.
7. Johnsy thought that she would die when the last leaf fell.

8. When it was light enough Johnsy ordered Sue to open the curtains. The leaf was not there.
9. The doctor came in the afternoon and said Johnsy was in danger.
10. The leaf on the wall was the masterpiece painted by Mr. Behrman.

Vocabulary

III. Find English equivalents for the following sentences:

1. У них были одинаковые взгляды на жизнь и искусство.
2. Комната, пригодная для студии.
3. Холодный, невидимый пришелец, называемый докторами Пневмонией.
4. У нее один шанс, скажем, из десяти.
5. Если бы вы как-нибудь сумели сделать так, чтобы она поинтересовалась модными зимними шляпками.
6. Лежала, уставившись в окно.
7. По кирпичной стене до её середины вилась старая виноградная лоза.
8. Когда последний лист упадет, я умру.
9. На фоне кирпичной стены все еще виднелся один листок.
10. Он нарисовал его там ночью, когда упал последний листок.

IV. Fill in the gaps with prepositions:

1. She went quickly ... the bedside.
2. Old Behrman was a painter who lived ... the ground floor ... them
3. .... one corner was a black canvas ... an easel that had been waiting there ... twenty-five years to receive the first line ... the masterpiece.
4. Then they looked ... each other ... a moment ... speaking.
5. The doctor came ... the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go ... the hallway as he left.
6. There is no hope ... him; but he goes ... the hospital today to be made more comfortable.
7. … the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio.

8. … November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there …1 his icy fingers.

Speaking

V. Answer the questions:

1. Where did the two young painters live and why could not they get a better place to live in?
2. Why was Johnsy unfit to stand the strain of the suffering?
3. What chance did the doctor say Johnsy had? What was his advice?
4. Why did Johnsy want to see the last leaf fall?
5. Why did Sue and Behrman look at each other without speaking when they got back to the studio?
6. What did the girls see next morning?
7. What happened when Johnsy saw the lonely leaf hanging bravely from its branch against the brick wall?
8. Who guessed what had happened that night?
9. When do you think Sue understood what Mr. Behrman had done?
10. Why is the story called “The Last Leaf?” What other name could be given to the story?

VI. Describe the main characters of the story:

1. Retell the text as it would be told by: a) Sue; b) Johnsy; c) Mr. Behrman.
2. Comment on the title of the story.
3. Make up dialogues based on the text. Work in pairs.

Writing

1. Write a summary of the text.
2. Describe the life of the two young painters as you imagine it was.
3. Find in the text and write out words and expressions characterizing emotions. What is the difference between a feeling and an emotion? Describe an emotional scene taken from life or literature.

Text 2: No Story

TO AVOID HAVING THIS BOOK HURLED INTO CORNER OF THE ROOM by the suspicious reader, I will assert in time that this is not a newspaper story. You will encounter no shirt-sleeved, omniscient city editor, no prodigy «cub» reporter just off the farm, no scoop, no story – no anything. But if you will concede me the setting of the first scene in the reporters' room of the Morning Beacon, I will repay the favor by keeping strictly my promises set forth above. I was doing space-work on the Beacon, hoping to be put on a salary. Some one had cleared with a rake or a shovel a small space for me at the end of a long table piled high with exchanges, Congressional Records, and old files. There I did my work. I wrote whatever the city whispered or roared or chuckled to me on my diligent wanderings about its streets. My income was not regular. One day Tripp came in and leaned on my table. Tripp was something in the mechanical department - I think he had something to do with the pictures, for he smelled of photographers' supplies, and his hands were always stained and cut up with acids. He was about twenty-five and looked forty. Half of his face was covered with short, curly red whiskers that looked like a door-mat with the «welcome» left off. He was pale and unhealthy and miserable and fawning, and an assiduous borrower of sums ranging from twenty-five cents to a dollar. One dollar was his limit. He knew the extent of his credit as well as the Chemical National Bank knows the amount of H_20 that collateral will show on analysis. When he sat on my table he held one hand with the other to keep both from shaking. Whiskey. He had a spurious air of lightness and bravado about him that deceived no one, but was useful in his borrowing because it was so pitifully and perceptibly assumed.

This day I had coaxed from the cashier five shining silver dollars as a grumbling advance on a story that the Sunday editor had reluctantly accepted. So if I was not feeling at peace with the world, at least an armistice had been declared; and I was beginning with ardor to write a description of the Brooklyn Bridge by moonlight.

“Well, Tripp,” said I, looking up at him rather impatiently, “how goes it?” He was looking today more miserable, more cringing and haggard and downtrodden than I had ever seen him. He was at that stage of misery where he drew your pity so fully that you longed to kick him.

“Have you got a dollar?” asked Tripp, with his most fawning look and his dog-like eyes that blinked in the narrow space between his highgrowing matted beard and his low-growing matted hair.

“I have,” said I; and again I said, “I have,” more loudly and inhospitably, “and four besides. And I had hard work corkscrewing them out of old Atkinson, I can tell you. And I drew them,” I continued, «to meet a want – a hiatus – a demand – a need – an exigency – a requirement of exactly five dollars.”

I was driven to emphasis by the premonition that I was to lose one of the dollars on the spot.

“I don't want to borrow any,” said Tripp, and I breathed again. “I thought you'd like to get put onto a good story,” he went on. “I've got a rattling fine one for you. You ought to make it run a column at least. It'll make a dandy if you work it up right. It'll probably cost you a dollar or two to get the stuff. I don't want anything out of it myself.”

I became placated. The proposition showed that Tripp appreciated past favors, although he did not return them. If he had been wise enough to strike me for a quarter then he would have got it.

“What is the story?” I asked, poising my pencil with a finely calculated editorial air.

“I'll tell you,” said Tripp. “It's a girl. A beauty. One of the howlingest Amsden's Junes you ever saw. Rosebuds covered with dewviolets in their mossy bed - and truck like that. She's lived on Long Island twenty years and never saw New York City before. I ran against her on Thirty-fourth Street. She'd just got in on the East River ferry. I tell you, she's a beauty that would take the hydrogen out of all the peroxides in the world. She stopped me on the street and asked me

where she could find George Brown. Asked me where she could find George Brown in New York City! What do you think of that?

“I talked to her, and found that she was going to marry a young farmer named Dodd - Hiram Dodd – next week. But it seems that George Brown still holds the championship in her youthful fancy. George had greased his cowhide boots some years ago, and came to the city to make his fortune. But he forgot to remember to show up again at Greenburg, and Hiram got in as second-best choice. But when it comes to the scratch Ada - her name's Ada Lowery – saddles a nag and rides eight miles to the railroad station and catches the 6.45 A.M. train for the city. Looking for George, you know – you understand about women – George wasn't there, so she wanted him.

“Well, you know, I couldn't leave her loose in Wolftown-on-the-Hudson. I suppose she thought the first person she inquired of would say: 'George Brown? – why, yes – lemme see – he's a short man with light-blue eyes, ain't he? Oh yes – you'll find George on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, right next to the grocery. He's bill-clerk in a saddleand-harness store.' That's about how innocent and beautiful she is. You know those little Long Island water-front villages like Greenburg – a couple of duck-farms for sport, and clams and about nine summer visitors for industries. That's the kind of a place she comes from. But, say – you ought to see her!

“What could I do? I don't know what money looks like in the morning. And she'd paid her last cent of pocket-money for her railroad ticket except a quarter, which she had squandered on gum-drops. She was eating them out of a paper bag. I took her to a boarding-house on Thirty-second Street where I used to live, and hocked her. She's in soak for a dollar. That's old Mother McGinnis' price per day. I'll show you the house.”

“What words are these, Tripp?” said I. “I thought you said you had a story. Every ferryboat that crosses the East River brings or takes away girls from Long Island.”

The premature lines on Tripp's face grew deeper. He frowned seriously from his tangle of hair. He separated his hands and emphasized his answer with one shaking forefinger.

“Can't you see,” he said, “what a rattling fine story it would make? You could do it fine. All about the romance, you know, and describe the girl, and put a lot of stuff in it about true love, and sling in a few stickfuls of funny business – joshing the Long Islanders about being green, and, well - you know how to do it. You ought to get fifteen dollars out of it, anyhow. And it'll cost you only about four dollars. You'll make a clear profit of eleven.”

“How will it cost me four dollars?” I asked, suspiciously.

“One dollar to Mrs. McGinnis,” Tripp answered, promptly, “and two dollars to pay the girl's fare back home.”

“And the fourth dimension?” I inquired, making a rapid mental calculation.

“One dollar to me,” said Tripp. “For whiskey. Are you on?”

I smiled enigmatically and spread my elbows as if to begin writing again. But this grim, abject, specious, subservient, burr-like wreck of a man would not be shaken off. His forehead suddenly became shiningly moist.

“Don't you see,” he said, with a sort of desperate calmness, “that this girl has got to be sent home today - not tonight nor tomorrow, but today? I can't do anything for her. You know, I'm the janitor and corresponding secretary of the Down-and-Out Club. I thought you could make a newspaper story out of it and win out a piece of money on general results. But, anyhow, don't you see that she's got to get back home before night?”

And then I began to feel that dull, leaden, soul-depressing sensation known as the sense of duty. Why should that sense fall upon one as a weight and a burden? I knew that I was doomed that day to give up the bulk of my store of hard-wrung coin to the relief of this Ada Lowery. But I swore to myself that Tripp's whiskey dollar would not be forthcoming. He might play knight-errant at my ex-

pense, but he would indulge in no wassail afterward, commemorating my weakness and gullibility. In a kind of chilly anger I put on my coat and hat.

Tripp, submissive, cringing, vainly endeavoring to please, conducted me via the street-cars to the human pawn-shop of Mother McGinnis. I paid the fares. It seemed that the collodion-scented Don Quixote and the smallest minted coin were strangers.

Tripp pulled the bell at the door of the mouldly red-brick boardinghouse. At its faint tinkle he paled, and crouched as a rabbit makes ready to spring away at the sound of a hunting-dog. I guessed what a life he had led, terror-haunted by the coming footsteps of landladies.

“Give me one of the dollars – quick!” he said.

The door opened six inches. Mother McGinnis stood there with white eyes – they were white, I say – and a yellow face, holding together at her throat with one hand a dingy pink flannel dressing-sack. Tripp thrust the dollar through the space without a word, and it bought us entry.

“She's in the parlor,” said the McGinnis, turning the back of her sack upon us.

In the dim parlor a girl sat at the cracked marble centre-table weeping comfortably and eating gum-drops. She was a flawless beauty. Crying had only made her brilliant eyes brighter. When she crunched a gum-drop you thought only of the poetry of motion and envied the senseless confection. Eve at the age of five minutes must have been a ringer for Miss Ada Lowery at nineteen or twenty. I was introduced, and a gum-drop suffered neglect while she conveyed to me a naive interest, such as a puppy dog (a prize winner) might bestow upon a crawling beetle or a frog.

Tripp took his stand by the table, with the fingers of one hand spread upon it, as an attorney or a master of ceremonies might have stood. But he looked the master of nothing. His faded coat was buttoned high, as if it sought to be charitable to deficiencies of tie and linen.

I thought of a Scotch terrier at the sight of his shifty eyes in the glade between his tangled hair and beard. For one ignoble moment I felt ashamed of having been introduced as his friend in the presence of so much beauty in distress. But evidently Tripp meant to conduct the ceremonies, whatever they might be. I thought I detected in his actions and pose an intention of foisting the situation upon me as material for a newspaper story, in a lingering hope of extracting from me his whiskey dollar.

“My friend” (I shuddered), “Mr. Chalmers,” said Tripp, “will tell you, Miss Lowery, the same that I did. He's a reporter, and he can hand out the talk better than I can. That's why I brought him with me.” (Tripp, wasn't it the silver-tongued orator you wanted?) “He's wise to a lot of things, and he'll tell you now what's best to do.”

I stood on one foot, as it were, as I sat in my rickety chair.

“Why – er – Miss Lowery,” I began, secretly enraged at Tripp's awkward opening, “I am at your service, of course, but – er – as I haven't been apprized of the circumstances of the case, I – er – “

“Oh,” said Miss Lowery, beaming for a moment, “it ain't as bad as that – there ain't any circumstances. It's the first time I've ever been in New York except once when I was five years old, and I had no idea it was such a big town. And I met Mr. – Mr. Snip on the street and asked him about a friend of mine, and he brought me here and asked me to wait.”

“I advise you, Miss Lowery,” said Tripp, “to tell Mr. Chalmers all. He's a friend of mine” (I was getting used to it by this time), “and he'll give you the right tip.”

“Why, certainly,” said Miss Ada, chewing a gum-drop toward me. “There ain't anything to tell except that – well, everything's fixed for me to marry Hiram Dodd next Thursday evening. Hi has got two hundred acres of land with a lot of shore-front, and one of the best truck-farms on the Island. But this morning I had my horse saddled up – he's a white horse named Dancer – and I rode over to the

station. I told 'em at home I was going to spend the day with Susie Adams. It was a story, I guess, but I don't care. And I came to New York on the train, and I met Mr. – Mr. Flip on the street and asked him if he knew where I could find G – G – “

“Now, Miss Lowery,” broke in Tripp, loudly, and with much bad taste, I thought, as she hesitated with her word, «you like this young man, Hiram Dodd, don't you? He's all right, and good to you, ain't he?”

“Of course I like him,” said Miss Lowery emphatically. “Hi's all right. And of course he's good to me. So is everybody.”

I could have sworn it myself. Throughout Miss Ada Lowery's life all men would be to good to her. They would strive, contrive, struggle, and compete to hold umbrellas over her hat, check her trunk, pick up her handkerchief, buy for her soda at the fountain.

“But,” went on Miss Lowery, “last night got to thinking about G – George, and I – ”

Down went the bright gold head upon dimpled, clasped hands on the table. Such a beautiful April storm! Unrestrainedly sobbed. I wished I could have comforted her. But I was not George. And I was glad I was not Hiram – and yet I was sorry, too.

By-and-by the shower passed. She straightened up, brave and half-way smiling. She would have made a splendid wife, for crying only made her eyes more bright and tender. She took a gum-drop and began her story.

“I guess I'm a terrible hayseed,” she said between her little gulps and sighs, “but I can't help it. G – George Brown and I were sweethearts since he was eight and I was five. When he was nineteen – that was four years ago – he left Greenburg and went to the city. He said he was going to be a policeman or a railroad president or something. And then he was coming back for me. But I never heard from him any more. And I – I – liked him.”

Another flow of tears seemed imminent, but Tripp hurled himself into the crevasse and dammed it. Confound him, I could see his game. He was trying to make a story of it for his sordid ends and profit.

“Go on, Mr. Chalmers,” said he, “and tell the lady what's the proper caper. That's what I told her – you'd hand it to her straight. Spiel up.”

I coughed, and tried to feel less wrathful toward Tripp. I saw my duty. Cunningly I had been inveigled, but I was securely trapped. Tripp's first dictum to me had been just and correct. The young lady must be sent back to Greenburg that day. She must be argued with, convinced, assured, instructed, ticketed, and returned without delay. I hated Hiram and despised George; but duty must be done.

Noblesse oblige and only five silver dollars are not strictly romantic compatibles, but sometimes they can be made to jibe. It was mine to be Sir Oracle, and then pay the freight. So I assumed an air that mingled Solomon's with that of the general passenger agent of the Long Island Railroad.

“Miss Lowery,” said I, as impressively as I could, “life is rather a queer proposition, after all.”

There was a familiar sound to these words after I had spoken them, and I hoped Miss Lowery had never heard Mr. Cohan's song. “Those whom we first love we seldom wed. Our earlier romances, tinged with the magic radiance of youth, often fail to materialize.”

The last three words sounded somewhat trite when they struck the air. “But those fondly cherished dreams,” I went on, “may cast a pleasant afterglow on our future lives, however impracticable and vague they may have been. But life is full of realities as well as visions and dreams. One cannot live on memories. May I ask, Miss Lowery, if you think you could pass a happy - that is, a contented and harmonious life with Mr. – er – Dodd – if in other ways than romantic recollections he seems to – er – fill the bill, as I might say?”

“Oh, Hi's all right,” answered Miss Lowery. “Yes, I could get along with him fine. He's promised me an automobile and a motor-boat. But somehow, when it got so close to the time I was to marry him, I couldn't help wishing - well, just thinking about George. Something must have happened to him or he'd have written. On the day he left, he and me got a hammer and a chisel and cut a dime into two pieces. I took one piece and he took the other, and we promised to be true to each other and always keep the pieces till we saw each other again. I've got mine at home now in a ring-box in the top drawer of my dresser. I guess I was silly to come up here looking for him. I never realized what a big place it is.”

And then Tripp joined in with a little grating laugh that he had, still trying to drag in a little story or drama to earn the miserable dollar that he craved.

“Oh, the boys from the country forget a lot when they come to the city and learn something. I guess George, maybe, is on the bum, or got roped in by some other girl, or maybe gone to the dogs on account of whiskey or the races. You listen to Mr. Chalmers and go back home, and you'll be all right.”

But now the time was come for action, for the hands of the clock were moving close to noon. Frowning upon Tripp, I argued gently and philosophically with Miss Lowery, delicately convincing her of the importance of returning home at once. And I impressed upon her the truth that it would not be absolutely necessary to her future happiness that she mention to Hi the wonders or the fact of her visit to the city that had swallowed up the unlucky George.

She said she had left her horse (unfortunate Rosinante) tied to a tree near the railroad station. Tripp and I gave her instructions to mount the patient steed as soon as she arrived and ride home as fast as possible. There she was to recount the exciting adventure of a day spent with Susie Adams. She could “fix” Susie – I was sure of that – and all would be well.

And then, being susceptible to the barbed arrows of beauty, I warmed to the adventure. The three of us hurried to the ferry, and there I found the price of a ticket to Greenburg to be but a dollar and eighty cents. I bought one, and a red,

red rose with the twenty cents for Miss Lowery. We saw her aboard her ferry-boat, and stood watching her wave her handkerchief at us until it was the tiniest white patch imaginable. And then Tripp and I faced each other, brought back to earth, left dry and desolate in the shade of the sombre verities of life.

The spell wrought by beauty and romance was dwindling. I looked at Tripp and almost sneered. He looked more careworn, contemptible, and disreputable than ever. I fingered the two silver dollars remaining in my pocket and looked at him with the half-closed eyelids of contempt. He mustered up an imitation of resistance.

“Can't you get a story out of it?” he asked, huskily. “Some sort of a story, even if you have to fake part of it?”

“Not a line,” said I. “I can fancy the look on Grimes' face if I should try to put over any slush like this. But we've helped the little lady out, and that'll have to be our only reward.”

“I'm sorry,” said Tripp, almost inaudibly. “I'm sorry you're out your money. Now, it seemed to me like a find of a big story, you know - that is, a sort of thing that would write up pretty well.”

“Let's try to forget it,” said I, with a praiseworthy attempt at gayety, “and take the next car 'cross town.”

I steeled myself against his unexpressed but palpable desire. He should not coax, cajole, or wring from me the dollar he craved. I had had enough of that wild-goose chase.

Tripp feebly unbuttoned his coat of the faded pattern and glossy seams to reach for something that had once been a handkerchief deep down in some obscure and cavernous pocket. As he did so I caught the shine of a cheap silver-plated watch-chain across his vest, and something dangling from it caused me to stretch forth my hand and seize it curiously. It was the half of a silver dime that had been cut in halves with a chisel. “What!” I said, looking at him keenly.

“Oh yes,” he responded, dully. “George Brown, alias Tripp, what's the use?”

Barring the W. C. T. U., I'd like to know if anybody disapproves of my having produced promptly from my pocket Tripp's whiskey dollar and unhesitatingly laying it in his hand.

Tasks

Comprehension

I. Make up fifteen questions on the text that can be used as a plan.

II. Are the following statements true or false. Correct the false ones:

1. The conversation took place between the reporter and the girl.
2. Tripp looked older because of his beard.
3. Tripp always asked for two dollars.
4. Tripp gave the reporter some facts for a very interesting story.
5. Ada took the train to New York to find her old aunt.
6. Ada stopped Tripp in the street to ask him the way to the boarding-house.
7. The young man, the girl was going to marry, was very kind to her.
8. The girl had half a dime in her hand.
9. Tripp felt happy that the girl had left.
10. The reporter made an interesting story out of the facts given by Tripp.

Vocabulary

III. Give definitions of these lexical units relying on an English-English dictionary and make up sentences with them:

1. to have a spurious air;
2. premonition;
3. to hold the championship;
4. to leave somebody loose;
5. a flawless beauty;
6. to make a splendid wife;

7. to convince somebody of something.;
8. to swallow up;
9. to see somebody aboard;
10. to look contemptible.

IV. Translate the sentences into Russian paying attention to various stylistic devices:

1. Half of Tripp's face was covered with short, curly red whiskers that looked like a door-mat with the "welcome" left off.
2. He had a spurious air of lightness and bravado about him that deceived no one, but was useful in his borrowing because it was so pitifully and perceptibly assumed.
3. He was looking today more miserable, more cringing and haggard and down-trodden than I had ever seen him.
4. I was driven to emphasis by the premonition that I was to lose one of the dollars on the spot.
5. It seems that George Brown still holds the championship in her youthful fancy.
6. You know, I couldn't leave her loose in Wolftown-on-the-Hudson.
7. She was a flawless beauty. Crying had only made her brilliant eyes brighter.
8. She would have made a splendid wife, for crying only made her eyes more bright and tender.
9. Frowning upon Tripp, I argued gently and philosophically with Miss Lowery, delicately convincing her of the importance of returning home at once.
10. I impressed upon her the truth that it would be absolutely necessary to her future happiness that she should mention to Hi the fact of her visit to the city that had swallowed up the unlucky George.
11. We saw her aboard her ferry-boat, and stood watching her wave her handkerchief at us until it was the tiniest white patch imaginable.

12. Tripp looked more careworn, contemptible, and disreputable than ever.

Speaking

V. Answer the questions:

1. How many characters are mentioned in this story?
2. What are their names and occupation?
3. Where did the event take place?
4. What kind of work did the reporter do?
5. What was Tripp?
6. How old did Tripp look?
7. What bad habit did Tripp have?
8. In what way did Tripp meet the girl?
9. What made Ada come to New York?
10. What kind of a lie did Ada tell her mother?
11. In what way did the reporter help the girl?
12. What made the reporter give one dollar to Tripp?

VI. Say why:

1. The reporter had very little money.
2. Tripp came up to the reporter's table that day.
3. Tripp looked much older than his age.
4. Ada came to New York.
5. The reporter was angry with Tripp.
6. The girl was crying in the parlor.
7. Ada had no idea what a big city New York was.
8. George Brown had gone to the city.
9. George and Ada had cut a dime into two halves.
10. Tripp looked more miserable than ever when Ada had left for the village.

VII. Prove that:

1. Ada is not still indifferent to George.
2. Ada is a country girl.

3. George is unhappy about Ada's wedding.
4. The reporter likes Ada.
5. Life is hard in a big city.
6. George's dream to make a fortune in the city is not likely to come true.

VIII. Comment on the title of the story.

IX. Compose the dialogues between: a) Tripp and the reporter; b) Tripp and Ada; c) Ada and the reporter; d) Tripp and the reporter (after Ada had left).

Writing

1. Analyze the main idea of the story. Make the written analysis of the text.
2. Do you think young people have similar problems when coming to a big city as they had in the days of the writer? What do you think are similarities and differences?
3. What do you think are advantages and disadvantages of living in the country and in a big city (take into account jobs, education, entertainment, pollution, transportation, food)?

Text 3: Lost on Dress Parade

MR. TOWERS CHANDLER WAS PRESSING HIS EVENING SUIT in his hall bedroom. One iron was heating on a small gas stove; the other was being pushed vigorously back and forth to make the desirable crease that would be seen later on extending in straight lines from Mr. Chandler's patent leather shoes to the edge of his low-cut vest. So much of the hero's toilet may be intrusted to our confidence. The remainder may be guessed by those whom genteel poverty has driven to ignoble expedient. Our next view of him shall be as he descends the steps of his lodging-house immaculately and correctly clothed; calm, assured, handsome--in appearance the typical New York young clubman setting out, slightly bored, to inaugurate the pleasures of the evening. Chandler's honorarium was $18 per week. He was employed in the office of an architect. He was twenty-two years old; he considered architecture to be truly an art; and he honestly believed –

though he would not have dared to admit it in New York – that the Flatiron Building was inferior to design to the great cathedral in Milan.

Out of each week's earnings Chandler set aside $1. At the end of each ten weeks with the extra capital thus accumulated, he purchased one gentleman's evening from the bargain counter of stingy old Father Time. He arrayed himself in the regalia of millionaires and presidents; he took himself to the quarter where life is brightest and showiest, and there dined with taste and luxury. With ten dollars a man may, for a few hours, play the wealthy idler to perfection. The sum is ample for a well-considered meal, a bottle bearing a respectable label, commensurate tips, a smoke, cab fare and the ordinary etceteras.

This one delectable evening culled from each dull seventy was to Chandler a source of renascent bliss. To the society bud comes but one debut; it stands alone sweet in her memory when her hair has whitened; but to Chandler each ten weeks brought a joy as keen, as thrilling, as new as the first had been. To sit among bon vivants under palms in the swirl of concealed music, to look upon the habitues of such a paradise and to be looked upon by them – what is a girl's first dance and short-sleeved tulle compared with this?

Up Broadway Chandler moved with the vespertine dress parade. For this evening he was an exhibit as well as a gazer. For the next sixty-nine evenings he would be dining in cheviot and worsted at dubious table d’hotes, at whirlwind lunch counters, on sandwiches and beer in his hall-bedroom. He was willing to do that, for he was a true son of the great city of razzle-dazzle, and to him one evening in the limelight made up for many dark ones.

Chandler protracted his walk until the Forties began to intersect the great and glittering primrose way, for the evening was yet young, and when one is of the beau monde only one day in seventy, one loves to protract the pleasure. Eyes bright, sinister, curious, admiring, provocative, alluring were bent upon him, for his garb and air proclaimed him a devotee to the hour of solace and pleasure.

At a certain corner he came to a standstill, proposing to himself the question of turning back toward the showy and fashionable restaurant in which he usually dined on the evenings of his especial luxury. Just then a girl scuddled lightly around the corner, slipped on a patch of icy snow and fell plump upon the sidewalk.

Chandler assisted her to her feet with instant and solicitous courtesy. The girl hobbled to the wall of the building, leaned against it, and thanked him demurely.

“I think my ankle is strained,” she said. “It twisted when I fell.”

“Does it pain you much?” inquired Chandler.

“Only when I rest my weight upon it. I think I will be able to walk in a minute or two.”

“If I can be of any further service,” suggested the young man, “I will call a cab, or –“

“Thank you,” said the girl, softly but heartily. “I am sure you need not trouble yourself any further. It was so awkward of me. And my shoe heels are horridly common-sense; I can't blame them at all.”

Chandler looked at the girl and found her swiftly drawing his interest. She was pretty in a refined way; and her eye was both merry and kind. She was inexpensively clothed in a plain black dress that suggested a sort of uniform such as shop girls wear. Her glossy dark-brown hair showed its coils beneath a cheap hat of black straw whose only ornament was a velvet ribbon and bow. She could have posed as a model for the self-respecting working girl of the best type. A sudden idea came into the head of the young architect. He would ask this girl to dine with him. Here was the element that his splendid but solitary periodic feasts had lacked. His brief season of elegant luxury would be doubly enjoyable if he could add to it a lady's society. This girl was lady, he was sure - her manner and speech settled that. And in spite of her extremely plain attire he felt that he would be pleased to sit at table with her.

These thoughts passed swiftly through his mind, and he decided to ask her. It was a breach of etiquette, of course, but oftentimes wage- earning girls waived formalities in matters of this kind. They were generally shrewd judges of men; and thought better of their own judgment than they did of useless conventions. His ten dollars, discreetly expended, would enable the two to dine very well indeed. The dinner would no doubt be a wonderful experience thrown into the dull routine of the girl's life; and her lively appreciation of it would add to his own triumph and pleasure.

“I think,” he said to her, with frank gravity, “that your foot needs a longer rest than you suppose. Now, I am going to suggest a way in which you can give it that and at the same time do me a favor. I was on my way to dine all by my lonely self when you came tumbling around the corner. You come with me and we'll have a cozy dinner and a pleasant talk together, and by that time your game ankle will carry you home very nicely, I am sure.”

The girl looked quickly up into Chandler's clear, pleasant countenance. Her eyes twinkled once very brightly, and then she smiled ingenuously.

“But we don't know each other - it wouldn't be right, would it?” she said, doubtfully.

“There is nothing wrong about it,” said the young man, candidly. “I'll introduce myself – permit me – Mr. Towers Chandler. After our dinner, which I will try to make as pleasant as possible, I will bid you good-evening, or attend you safely to your door, whichever you prefer.”

“But, dear me!” said the girl, with a glance at Chandler's faultless attire. “In this old dress and hat!”

“Never mind that,” said Chandler, cheerfully. “I'm sure you look more charming in them than any one we shall see in the most elaborate dinner toilette.”

“My ankle does hurt yet,” admitted the girl, attempting a limping step. “I think I will accept your invitation, Mr. Chandler. You may call me - Miss Marian.”

“Come then, Miss Marian,” said the young architect, gaily, but with perfect courtesy; “you will not have far to walk. There is a very respectable and good restaurant in the next block. You will have to lean on my arm – so – and walk slowly. It is lonely dining all by one's self. I'm just a little bit glad that you slipped on the ice.”

When the two were established at a well-appointed table, with a promising waiter hovering in attendance, Chandler began to experience the real joy that his regular outing always brought to him.

The restaurant was not so showy or pretentious as the one further down Broadway, which he always preferred, but it was nearly so. The tables were well filled with Prosperous-looking diners, there was a good orchestra, playing softly enough to make conversation a possible pleasure, and the cuisine and service were beyond criticism. His companion, even in her cheap hat and dress, held herself with an air that added distinction to the natural beauty of her face and figure. And it is certain that she looked at Chandler, with his animated but self-possessed manner and his kindling and frank blue eyes, with something not far from admiration in her own charming face.

Then it was that the Madness of Manhattan, the frenzy of Fuss and Feathers, the Bacillus of Brag, the Provincial Plague of Pose seized upon Towers Chandler. He was on Broadway, surrounded by pomp and style, and there were eyes to look at him. On the stage of that comedy he had assumed to play the one-night part of a butterfly of fashion and an idler of means and taste. He was dressed for the part, and all his good angels had not the power to prevent him from acting it.

So he began to prate to Miss Marian of clubs, of teas, of golf and riding and kennels and cotillions and tours abroad and threw out hints of a yacht lying at Larchmont. He could see that she was vastly impressed by this vague talk, so he endorsed his pose by random insinuations concerning great wealth, and mentioned familiarly a few names that are handled reverently by the proletariat. It

was Chandler's short little day, and he was wringing from it the best that could be had, as he saw it. And yet once or twice he saw the pure gold of this girl shine through the mist that his egotism had raised between him and all objects.

“This way of living that you speak of,” she said, “sounds so futile and purposeless. Haven't you any work to do in the world that might interest you more?”

“My dear Miss Marian,” he exclaimed – “work! Think of dressing every day for dinner, of making half a dozen calls in an afternoon - with a policeman at every corner ready to jump into your auto and take you to the station, if you get up any greater speed than a donkey cart's gait. We do-nothings are the hardest workers in the land.”

The dinner was concluded, the waiter generously fed, and the two walked out to the corner where they had met. Miss Marian walked very well now; her limp was scarcely noticeable.

“Thank you for a nice time,” she said, frankly. “I must run home now. I liked the dinner very much, Mr. Chandler.”

He shook hands with her, smiling cordially, and said something about a game of bridge at his club. He watched her for a moment, walking rather rapidly eastward, and then he found a cab to drive him slowly homeward.

In his chilly bedroom Chandler laid away his evening clothes for a sixty-nine days' rest. He went about it thoughtfully.

“That was a stunning girl,” he said to himself. “She's all right, too, I'd be sworn, even if she does have to work. Perhaps if I'd told her the truth instead of all that razzle-dazzle we might -but, confound it! I had to play up to my clothes.”

Thus spoke the brave who was born and reared in the wigwams of the tribe of the Manhattans.

The girl, after leaving her entertainer, sped swiftly cross-town until she arrived at a handsome and sedate mansion two squares to the east, facing on that avenue which is the highway of Mammon and the auxiliary gods. Here she en-

tered hurriedly and ascended to a room where a handsome young lady in an elaborate house dress was looking anxiously out the window.

“Oh, you madcap!” exclaimed the elder girl, when the other entered. “When will you quit frightening us this way? It is two hours since you ran out in that rag of an old dress and Marie's hat. Mamma has been so alarmed. She sent Louis in the auto to try to find you. You are a bad, thoughtless Puss.”

The elder girl touched a button, and a maid came in a moment.

“Marie, tell mamma that Miss Marian has returned.”

“Don't scold, sister. I only ran down to Mme. Theo's to tell her to use mauve insertion instead of pink. My costume and Marie's hat were just what I needed. Every one thought I was a shopgirl, I am sure.”

“Dinner is over, dear; you stayed so late.”

“I know. I slipped on the sidewalk and turned my ankle. I could not walk, so I hobbled into a restaurant and sat there until I was better. That is why I was so long.”

The two girls sat in the window seat, looking out at the lights and the stream of hurrying vehicles in the avenue. The younger one cuddled down with her head in her sister's lap.

“We will have to marry some day,” she said dreamily – “both of us. We have so much money that we will not be allowed to disappoint the public. Do you want me to tell you the kind of a man I could love, Sis?”

“Go on, you scatterbrain,” smiled the other.

“I could love a man with dark and kind blue eyes, who is gentle and respectful to poor girls, who is handsome and good and does not try to flirt. But I could love him only if he had an ambition, an object, some work to do in the world. I would not care how poor he was if I could help him build his way up. But, sister dear, the kind of man we always meet – the man who lives an idle life between society and his clubs – I could not love a man like that, even if his eyes were blue and he were ever so kind to poor girls whom he met in the street.

Tasks

Comprehension

I. Are the following statements true or false. Correct the false ones:

1. Chandler looked like a typical working man.
2. At the end of each week Chandler went out to have a good time.
3. He had to iron his suit every week.
4. Chandler did not know what to do to the girl when she had slipped on the snow.
5. The girl was dressed like a model.
6. Chandler hurt his ankle while helping the girl to her feet.
7. Chandler decided to play a joke on the girl.
8. Chandler's story did not impress the girl.
9. Chandler lived an idle life.
10. Marian will never marry Chandler.

II. Explain and expand on the following:

1. So much of the hero's toilet may be entrusted to our confidence. The remainder may be guessed by those whom genteel poverty has driven to ignoble expedient.
2. He purchased one gentleman's evening from the bargain counter of stingy old Father Time.
3. For the next sixty-nine evenings he would be dining in cheviot and worsted at dubious table d'hotes, at whirlwind lunch counters.
4. Chandler looked at the girl and found her swiftly drawing his interest. She was pretty in a refined way; and her eye was both merry and kind.
5. Then it was that the Madness of Manhattan, the frenzy of Fuss and Feathers, the Bacillus of Brag, the Provincial Plague of Pose seized upon Towers Chandler.
6. On the stage of that comedy he had assumed to play the one-night part of a butterfly of fashion and an idler of means and taste.

7. And yet once or twice he saw the pure gold of this girl shine through the mist that his egotism had raised between him and all objects.
8. We do-nothings are the hardest workers in the land.
9. Thus spoke the brave who was born and reared in the wigwams of the tribe of the Manhattans.
10. She arrived at a handsome and sedate mansion two squares to the east, facing on that avenue which is the highway of Mammon and the auxiliary gods.

Vocabulary

III. Give the translation of the following phrases:

1. a wealthy idler;
2. commensurate tips;
3. a delectable evening;
4. a vespertine dress parade;
5. glossy hair;
6. wage-earning girls;
7. a regular outing;
8. a self-possessed manner;
9. a sedate mansion.

IV. Give as many English equivalents as possible:

1. наносить визит;
2. компенсировать;
3. сомнительный;
4. быть в центре внимания;
5. вежливость;
6. холодный прием;
7. оживлённый разговор.

Speaking

V. Discuss the following questions and use them as a plan for retelling:

1. Where was Mr. Chandler employed?
2. How much did he earn?
3. What did he do at the end of each week?
4. How did he spend the next sixty-nine evenings?
5. How did the evening described in the story begin?
6. How did Mr. Chandler happen to make the girl's acquaintance?
7. How did the girl look like?
8. What idea came into the young architect's head?
9. What did Mr. Chandler suggest they should do?
10. Why did the girl hesitate?
11. Describe the restaurant they went to.
12. How did the atmosphere influence Towers Chandler?
13. What did he begin telling the girl?
14. What was the girl's reaction?
15. What happened after the dinner was concluded?
16. Where did the girl go to after the dinner?
17. How did she explain her long absence?
18. Could the girl have loved Chandler if she had known the truth?

VI. Say why:

1. People took Towers Chandler for a rich young man.
2. Chandler put aside one dollar out of his salary.
3. Marian twisted her ankle.
4. Marian was afraid that it was not right to have dinner with Chandler.
5. At last Marian accepted the invitation.
6. Some kind of madness came upon Chandler.
7. Chandler realized he had made a mistake.
8. Marian's mother was worried.

9. Marian believed that she and her sister would not be left in peace.
10. Chandler lost his fortune.

VII. Prove that:

1. Chandler is not rich.
2. Chandler is a kind young man.
3. Marian is rich and lives in a family.
4. Marian is a serious girl.
5. Chandler might have won a fortune.

VIII. Act out the talk between:

1. Chandler and Marian (after she fell down).
2. Marian and Chandler (he invites the girl to the restaurant).
3. Chandler and Marian (in the restaurant).
4. Marian and her sister.

IX. Imagine that you are:

Chandler. Say:

1. Something about yourself.
2. Why you go to a fashionable restaurant.
3. How you met Marian.
4. What made you play the role of a rich idler.

Marian. Say:

1. Why you left your house that evening.
2. What happened to you in the street.
3. What you felt having dinner with Chandler.
4. What you liked about Chandler. Why?
5. What you did not like about him. Why?

X. Speak on the following:

1. Give your impression of Towers Chandler. Were his evenings out a form of escape from dull routine of everyday life?
2. What other forms of escape can you think of?

Writing

1. Write out all word combinations that describe the personages and say how they characterize them.
2. Make a written translation of the extract trying to keep close to the style of O. Henry.

Я работаю, – объявил м-р Паркенстэкер, – в одном ресторане.

Девушка слегка вздрогнула (to give a start, to look somewhat startled).

- Но не в качестве официанта? – спросила она почти умоляюще.

- Нет, я не официант. Я кассир в …– Напротив, на улице, идущей вдоль парка (facing the park), сияли электрические буквы вывески “Ресторан.” – Я служу кассиром вон в том ресторане.

Девушка взглянула на крохотные часики на браслете тонкой работы и поспешно встала.

- Почему вы не на работе? – спросила девушка

- Я сегодня в ночной смене. (night shift), – сказал молодой человек. – В моём распоряжении ещё целый час. Но ведь это не последняя наша – встреча? Могу я надеяться? ...

- Не знаю. Возможно. Я должна спешить. Меня ждёт званый обед, а потом ложа в театре. Вы, вероятно, когда шли сюда, заметили автомобиль на углу возле парка? Весь белый?

- И с красными колёсами? – спросил молодой человек, задумчиво сдвинув брови.

- Да. Я всегда приезжаю сюда в этом авто.

3. Think of the story from life or literature that proves the proverb “Appearances are deceptive.”

Text 4: A Retrieved Reformation

IN THE PRISON SHOE-SHOP, JIMMY VALENTINE was busily at work making shoes. A prison officer came into the shop, and led Jimmy to the prison office. There Jimmy was given an important paper. It said that he was free.

Jimmy took the paper without showing much pleasure or interest. He had been sent to prison to stay for four years. He had been there for ten months. But he had expected to stay only three months. Jimmy Valentine had many friends outside the prison. A man with so many friends does not expect to stay in prison long.

"Valentine," said the chief prison officer, "you'll go out tomorrow morning. This is your chance. Make a man of yourself. You're not a bad fellow at heart. Stop breaking **safes** open, and live a better life."

"Me?" said Jimmy in surprise. "I never broke open a safe in my life."

"Oh, no," the chief prison officer laughed. "Never. Let's see. How did you happen to get sent to prison for opening that safe in Springfield? Was it because you didn't want to tell where you really were? Perhaps because you were with some lady, and you didn't want to tell her name? Or was it because the judge didn't like you? You men always have a reason like that. You never go to prison because you broke open a safe."

"Me?" Jimmy said. His face still showed surprise. "I was never in Springfield in my life."

"Take him away," said the chief prison officer. "Get him the clothes he needs for going outside. Bring him here again at seven in the morning. And think about what I said, Valentine."

At a quarter past seven on the next morning, Jimmy stood again in the office. He had on some new clothes that did not fit him, and a pair of new shoes that hurt his feet. These are the usual clothes given to a prisoner when he leaves the prison.

Next they gave him money to pay for his trip on a train to the city near the prison. They gave him five dollars more. The five dollars were supposed to help him become a better man.

Then the chief prison officer put out his hand for a handshake. That was the end of Valentine, Prisoner 9762. Mr. James Valentine walked out into the sunshine.

He did not listen to the song of the birds or look at the green trees or smell the flowers. He went straight to a restaurant. There he tasted the first sweet joys of being free. He had a good dinner. After that he went to the train station. He gave some money to a blind man who sat there, asking for money, and then he got on the train.

Three hours later he got off the train in a small town. Here he went to the restaurant of Mike Dolan.

Mike Dolan was alone there. After shaking hands he said, “I’m sorry we couldn’t do it sooner, Jimmy my boy. But there was that safe in Springfield, too. It wasn’t easy. Feeling all right?”

“Fine,” said Jimmy. “Is my room waiting for me?”

He went up and opened the door of a room at the back of the house. Everything was as he had left it. It was here they had found Jimmy, when they took him to prison. There on the floor was a small piece of cloth. It had been torn from the coat of the cop, as Jimmy was fighting to escape.

There was a bed against the wall. Jimmy pulled the bed toward the middle of the room. The wall behind it looked like any wall, but now Jimmy found and opened a small door in it. From this opening he pulled out a dust-covered bag.

He opened this and looked lovingly at the tools for breaking open a safe. No finer tools could be found any place. They were complete; everything needed was here. They had been made of a special material, in the necessary sizes and shapes. Jimmy had planned them himself, and he was very proud of them.

It had cost him over nine hundred dollars to have these tools made at a place where they make such things for men who work at the job of safe-breaking.

In half an hour Jimmy went downstairs and through the restaurant. He was now dressed in good clothes that fitted him well. He carried his dusted and cleaned bag.

"Do you have anything planned?" asked Mike Dolan.

"Me?" asked Jimmy as if surprised. "I don't understand. I work for the New York Famous Bread and Cake Makers Company. And I sell the best bread and cake in the country."

Mike enjoyed these words so much that Jimmy had to take a drink with him. Jimmy had some milk. He never drank anything stronger.

A week after Valentine, 9762, left the prison, a safe was broken open in Richmond, Indiana. No one knew who did it. Eight hundred dollars were taken.

Two weeks after that, a safe in Logansport was opened. It was a new kind of safe; it had been made, they said, so strong that no one could break it open. But someone did, and took fifteen hundred dollars.

Then a safe in Jefferson City was opened. Five thousand dollars were taken. This loss was a big one. Ben Price was a cop who worked on such important matters, and now he began to work on this.

He went to Richmond, Indiana, and to Logansport, to see how the safe-breaking had been done in those places. He was heard to say: "I can see that Jim Valentine has been here. He is in business again. Look at the way he opened this one. Everything easy, everything clean. He is the only man who has the tools to do it. And he is the only man who knows how to use tools like this. Yes, I want Mr. Valentine. Next time he goes to prison, he's going to stay there until his time is finished."

Ben Price knew how Jimmy worked. Jimmy would go from one city to another far away. He always worked alone. He always left quickly when he was finished. He enjoyed being with nice people. For all these reasons, it was not easy to catch Mr. Valentine.

People with safes full of money were glad to hear that Ben Price was at work trying to catch Mr. Valentine.

One afternoon Jimmy Valentine and his bag arrived in a small town named Elmore. Jimmy, looking as young as a college boy, walked down the street toward the hotel.

A young lady walked across the street, passed him at the corner, and entered a door. Over the door was the sign, “The Elmore Bank.”

Jimmy Valentine looked into her eyes, forgetting at once what he was. He became another man. She looked away, and brighter color came into her face. Young men like Jimmy did not appear often in Elmore.

Jimmy saw a boy near the bank door, and began to ask questions about the town. After a time the young lady came out and went on her way. She seemed not to see Jimmy as she passed him.

“Isn’t that young lady Polly Simpson?” asked Jimmy.

“No,” said the boy. “She’s Annabel Adams. Her father owns this bank.”

Jimmy went to the hotel, where he said his name was Ralph D. Spencer. He got a room there. He told the hotel man he had come to Elmore to go into business. How was the shoe business? Was there already a good shoe-shop?

The man thought that Jimmy’s clothes and manners were fine. He was happy to talk to him.

Yes, Elmore needed a good shoe-shop. There was no shop that sold just shoes. Shoes were sold in the big shops that sold everything. All business in Elmore was good. He hoped Mr. Spencer would decide to stay in Elmore. It was a pleasant town to live in and the people were friendly.

Mr. Spencer said he would stay in the town a few days and learn something about it. No, he said, he himself would carry his bag up to his room. He didn’t want a boy to take it. It was very heavy.

Mr. Ralph Spencer remained in Elmore. He started a shoe-shop. Business was good.

Also he made many friends. And he was successful with the wish of his heart. He met Annabel Adams. He liked her better every day.

At the end of a year everyone in Elmore liked Mr. Ralph Spencer. His shoe-shop was doing very good business. And he and Annabel were going to be married in two weeks. Mr. Adams, the small-town banker, liked Spencer. Annabel was very proud of him. He seemed already to belong to the Adams family.

One day Jimmy sat down in his room to write this letter, which he sent to one of his old friends:

Dear Old Friend:

I want you to meet me at Sullivan's place next week, on the evening of the 10th. I want to give you my tools. I know you'll be glad to have them. You couldn't buy them for a thousand dollars. I finished with the old business – a year ago. I have a nice shop. I'm living a better life, and I'm going to marry the best girl on earth two weeks from now. It's the only life – I wouldn't ever again touch another man's money. After I marry, I'm going to go further west, where I'll never see anyone who knew me in my old life. I tell you, she's a wonderful girl. She trusts me.

Your old friend, Jimmy.

On the Monday night after Jimmy sent this letter, Ben Price arrived quietly in Elmore. He moved slowly about the town in his quiet way, and he learned all that he wanted to know. Standing inside a shop, he watched Ralph D. Spencer walk by.

"You're going to marry the banker's daughter, are you, Jimmy?" said Ben to himself. "I don't feel sure about that!"

The next morning Jimmy was at the Adams home. He was going to a nearby city that day to buy new clothes for the **wedding**. He was also going to buy a gift for Annabel. It would be his first trip out of Elmore. It was more than a year now since he had done any safe-breaking.

Most of the Adams family went to the bank together that morning. There were Mr. Adams, Annabel, Jimmy, and Annabel's married sister with her two little girls, aged five and nine. They passed Jimmy's hotel, and Jimmy ran up to his room and brought along his bag. Then they went to the bank.

All went inside – Jimmy, too, for he was one of the family. Everyone in the bank was glad to see the good looking, nice young man who was going to marry Annabel. Jimmy put down his bag.

Annabel, laughing, put Jimmy's hat on her head and picked up the bag. "How do I look?" she asked. "Ralph, how heavy this bag is! It feels full of gold."

"It's full of some things I don't need in my shop," Jimmy said. "I'm taking them to the city, to the place where they came from. That saves me the cost of sending them. I'm going to be a married man. I must learn to save money.

The Elmore bank had a new safe. Mr. Adams was very proud of it, and he wanted everyone to see it. It was as large as a small room, and it had a very special door. The door was controlled by a clock. Using the clock, the banker planned the time when the door should open. At other times no one, not even the banker himself, could open it. He explained about it to Mr. Spencer. Mr. Spencer seemed interested but he did not seem to understand very easily. The two children, May and Agatha, enjoyed seeing the shining heavy door, with all its special parts.

While they were busy like this, Ben Price entered the bank and looked around. He told a young man who worked there that he had not come on business; he was waiting for a man.

Suddenly there was a cry from the women. They had not been watching the children. May, the nine-year-old girl, had playfully but firmly closed the door of the safe. And Agatha was inside.

The old banker tried to open the door. He pulled at it for a moment. "The door can't be opened," he cried. "And the clock – I hadn't started it yet."

Agatha's mother cried out again.

"Quiet!" said Mr. Adams, raising a shaking hand. "All be quiet for a moment. Agatha!" he called as loudly as he could. "Listen to me." They could hear, but not clearly, the sound of the child's voice. In the darkness inside the safe, she was wild with fear.

"My baby!" her mother cried. "She will die of fear! Open the door! Break it open! Can't you men do something?"

"There isn't a man nearer than the city who can open that door," said Mr. Adams, in a shaking voice. "My God! Spencer, what shall we do? That child – she can't live long in there. There isn't enough air. And the fear will kill her."

Agatha's mother, wild too now, beat on the door with her hands. Annabel turned to Jimmy, her large eyes full of pain, but with some hope, too. A woman thinks that the man she loves can somehow do anything.

"Can't you do something, Ralph? Try, won't you?"

He looked at her with a strange soft smile on his lips and in his eyes.

"Annabel," he said, "give me that flower you are wearing, will you?"

She could not believe that she had really heard him. But she put the flower in his hand. Jimmy took it and put it where he could not lose it. Then he pulled off his coat. With that act, Ralph D. Spencer passed away and Jimmy Valentine took his place.

"Stand away from the door, all of you," he commanded.

He put his bag on the table, and opened it flat. From that time on, he seemed not to know that anyone else was near. Quickly he laid the shining strange tools on the table. The others watched as if they had lost the power to move.

In a minute Jimmy was at work on the door. In ten minutes – faster than he had ever done it before – he had the door open.

Agatha was taken into her mother's arms.

Jimmy Valentine put on his coat, picked up the flower and walked toward the front door. As he went he thought he heard a voice call, “Ralph!” He did not stop.

At the door a big man stood in his way.

“Hello, Ben!” said Jimmy, still with his strange smile. “You’re here at last, are you? Let’s go. I don’t care, now.”

And then Ben Price acted rather strangely

“I guess you’re wrong about this, Mr. Spencer,” he said. “I don’t believe I know you, do I?”

And Ben Price turned and walked slowly down the street.

Tasks

Comprehension

I. Make up fifteen questions on the text that can be used as a plan.

II. Are the following statements true or false? Correct the false ones:

1 Jimmy Valentine was released from prison after 10 years.
2 The warden asked Jimmy to make a man of himself.
3 Jimmy promised to stop cracking safes and to live honestly.
4 A week after the release of Jimmy Valentine there was a case of shoplifting in Indiana.
5 One evening Jimmy saw a young lady who entered a door over which was the sign "The Elmore Bank".
6 The lady's name was Annabel Adams and her father owned that bank.
7 Jimmy decided to change his name for Ralph D. Spencer.
8 At the end of the year Mr. Ralph Spencer proposed to Annabel.
9 One day a nine-year -old girl shut her sister Agatha in the vault.
10 Nobody could rescue the child but Ben Price.

Vocabulary

III. Give the translation of the following phrases and make up sentences with them:

1. an innocent victim;
2. to be pardoned by Governor;
3. to go into business;
4. to be captivated by someone's charms;
5. to win the respect;
6. to say in a shaky voice;
7. to be under a spell;
8. to break a record;
9. to take someone's place;
10. to stand in someone's way.

IV. Fill in the gaps with prepositions:

1. ... a quarter past seven ... the next morning Jimmy stood in the warden's office.
2. Jimmy headed straight ... a restaurant to taste the first sweet joys of liberty.
3. On entering his room Jimmy Valentine gazed fondly ... the finest set of burglar's tools in the East.
4. Soon Ben Price was convinced ... Jimmy's autograph.
5. Jimmy fell in love ... Annabel Adams on seeing her in the street.
6. He went ... the Planters' Hotel and registered as Ralph D. Spencer.
7. Mr. Adams, the typical country banker, approved ... Spencer as his future son-in-law.
8. The Elmore Bank had just built a new vault and Mr. Adams was very proud ... it.
9. In a deep silence the others watched Jimmy as if ... a spell.
10. .... the door a big man was waiting ... Jimmy.

Speaking

V. Answer the questions:

1. Who was released from prison after serving nearly ten months of a four year sentence?
2. What is safe-cracking?
3. Where was Elmore situated?
4. What was the name of the banker's beautiful daughter?
5. Was Ben Price an ex-convict?
6. Why did Jimmy Valentine decide to give up his criminal career?
7. Did Jimmy move into the town taking up the identity of Ben Price, a police officer?
8. Who were May and Agatha?
9. Why was Jimmy convinced of being arrested?
10. What kind of man did Ben Price turn out to be in that situation?

VI. Say why:

1. A guard came to the prison shoe-shop where Jimmy Valentine was working hard.
2. Jimmy headed straight for a restaurant.
3. Jimmy dragged out a dust -covered suitcase.
4. Jimmy Valentine and his suitcase came to Elmore.
5. Jimmy Valentine went to the hotel and registered as Ralph D. Spencer.
6. Jimmy wrote a letter to his friend.
7. Jimmy took breakfast at the Adamses the next morning.
8. Mr. Adams was very proud of a new vault.
9. Agatha's mother was crying.
10. Ben Price pretended that he had never met Mr. Spencer.

VII. Prove that:

1. Jimmy Valentine was far from being an honest fellow.
2. Jimmy Valentine was pardoned by Governor.

3. Jimmy Valentine was not planning to start a new life.
4. The new crimes were committed by Jimmy Valentine.
5. Ben Price was eager to catch Jimmy red-handed.
6. Jimmy fell in love with Annabel Adams at first sight.
7. Jimmy and Annabel were made for each other.
8. Jimmy decided to get rid of his burglar's tools.
9. Nobody could save little Agatha.
10. Ben Price recognized Mr. Spencer.

VIII. Comment on:

1. The title of the story.
2. The idiom “To catch red-handed”
3. The proverb “Can the leopard change his spots?”
4. The climax of the story.
5. The main idea of the story.

Writing

1. Make character sketches of Jimmy Valentine; Annabel Adams; Ralph D. Spencer; Ben Price.
2. Write a letter to Ben Price as if you were Jimmy Valentine.
3. Make the written analysis of the story.

Text 5: The Gift of the Magi

ONE DOLLAR AND EIGHTY-SEVEN CENTS. THAT WAS ALL. AND SIXTY CENTS of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one’s cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing left to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniff-les, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the se-cond, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at $8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the look-out for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric but-ton from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name “Mr. James Dillingham Young.”

The “Dillingham” had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid $30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to $20, the letters of “Dillingham” looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called “Jim” and greatly hug-ged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twen-ty dollars a week doesn’t go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only $1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling - something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an $8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by ob-

serving his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out of the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she cluttered out of the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One Eight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take your hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

“Give it to me quick,” said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim’s present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation – as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim’s. It was like him. Quietness and value - the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 78 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task dear friends – a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

“If Jim doesn’t kill me,” she said to herself, “before he takes a second look at me, he’ll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do – oh! What could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?”

At 7 o’clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment.

She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: “Please, God, make him think I am still pretty.”

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two - and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was with out gloves.

Jim stepped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

“Jim, darling,” she cried, “don’t look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn’t have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It’ll grow out again - you won’t mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say “Merry Christmas!” Jim, and let’s be happy. You don’t know what a nice - what a beautiful, nice gift I’ve got for you.”

“You’ve cut off your hair?” asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet, even after the hardest mental labor.

“Cut it off and sold it,” said Della. “Don’t you like me just as well, any-how? I’m me without my hair, ain’t I?”

Jim looked about the room curiously.

“You say your hair is gone?” he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

“You needn’t look for it,” said Della. “It’s sold, I tell you - sold and gone, too. It’s Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered,” she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, “but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?”

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year - what is the difference?

A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. I his dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

“Don’t make any mistake, Dell,” he said, “about me. I don’t think there’s anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you’ll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first.”

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs – the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise-shell, with jeweled rims - just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: “My hair grows so fast, Jim!”

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, “Oh, oh!”

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

“Isn’t it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You’ll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it.”

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

“Dell,” said he, “let’s put our Christmas presents away and keep ’em a while. They’re too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on.”

The magi, as you know, were wise men – wonderfully wise men-who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

Tasks

Comprehension

I. Are the following statements true or false. Correct the false ones:

1. Della saved some money begging in the street.
2. The family lived in a very big flat.
3. Della wanted to buy a very good present for her husband.
4. Della sold her hair for 20 dollars.
5. Della bought a platinum fob chain for her husband.
6. Della paid 20 dollars for the fob chain.
7. When Della curled her hair she looked like a schoolboy.
8. Jim was twenty-three years old.
9. Jim was very angry when he saw that Della had cut off her hair.
10. Jim earned some money to buy expensive combs for his wife.

Vocabulary

II. Give the translation of the phrases and translate the sentences they were used in:

1. to be made up of;
2. to fall full length;
3. to lose color;
4. to take pride;
5. on the sly;
6. a mammoth task;
7. to take a second look at;
8. to turn white;
9. to have a habit (of);
10. to wake out of trance.

III. Translate the following sentences into Russian. Comment on *similes*:

1. So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining ***like a cascade of brown waters***.
2. Jim stepped inside the door, ***as immovable as a setter*** at the scent of quail.
3. And then Della leaped up ***like a little singed cat*** and cried, "Oh, oh!"
4. Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her ***look*** wonderfully ***like a truant schoolboy***.
5. "If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I ***look like a Coney Island chorus girl***."

IV. Match adjectives with their definitions:

1. unassuming	a. not wanting to draw attention to yourself or to your abilities or status;
2. modest	b. careful in what you say or do, in order to keep smth. secret or to avoid causing embarrassment or difficulty for smb.; tactful;
3. sterling	c. not very large, expensive, important;
4. agile	d. of excellent quality;
5. chilly	e. in which nothing interesting, unusual or exciting happens;
6. chaste	f. not friendly;
7. meretricious	g. simple and plain in style; not decorated;
8. discreet	h. very enthusiastic and showing strong feelings about smth./smb.; passionate;
9. ardent	i. able to move quickly and easily;
10.uneventful	j. seeming attractive, but in fact having no real value;

V. Fill in the gaps with prepositions:

1. There was clearly nothing left to do but flop down … the shabby little couch and howl.
2. Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks … the powder rag.
3. Suddenly she whirled … the window and stood … the glass.
4. … that chain … his watch Jim might be properly anxious … the time … any company.
5. Jim drew a package … his overcoat pocket and threw it … the table.
6. Then she heard his step … the stair away down … the first flight, and she turned white … just a moment.
7. It surely had been made … Jim and no one else.
8. And here I have lamely related … you the uneventful chronicle … two foolish children … a flat who most unwisely sacrificed … each other the greatest treasures … their house.
9. Instead … obeying, Jim tumbled down … the couch and put his hands … the back of his head and smiled.

10. Twenty-one dollars they took … her … it, and she hurried home … the 78 cents.

Speaking

VI. Answer the questions:

1. What did Della want to buy for her husband for Christmas? How much money did she have to start with?
2. What did Della sell to get the $20.00 she needed to buy her husband's present?
3. What did Jim buy for his wife for Christmas?
4. How much money did Jim make a week at his job?
5. Where does Della work? Give the reference that's made in the story.
6. What do we learn about the relationship between Della and Jim? Do they love each other still after the events of the story?
7. How do the magi and their significance relate to the meaning of the story?

VII. Explain why:

1. Della decided that life was made up of sobs and smiles.
2. She had to save some money.
3. Della spent much time planning to buy something nice for her husband.
4. She visited many shops.
5. Jim advised to put their presents away and keep them a while.

VIII. Comment on:

1. The eight themes that O. Henry uses: Beauty, Family, Giving, Identity, Love, Money, Sacrifice, Wisdom.
2. The number "Three" that figures prominently in the story. Give examples.
3. Allusions: The Queen of Sheba and King Solomon, the Magi. Who were they?

Writing

1. An implied paradox in the story is that Della and Jim Young are both poor and rich – poor in material things but rich in love. Explain how a related figure of speech, irony, plays a role in the story.
2. "Sudden serious sweetness" is an example of alliteration in the story. An example of a simile is "Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail." Write an essay focusing on O. Henry's use of figures of speech to enhance his narrative.
3. It is interesting to see that Jim is not described much in the story. Re-write the story from Jim's point of view.
4. Write what happens after the ending of the original story.
5. What is the wisest gift to give to the one that you love? Explain your point of view.

Text 6: The Ransom of Red Chief

IT LOOKED LIKE A GOOD THING: but wait till I tell you. We were down South, in Alabama – Bill Driscoll and myself – when this kidnapping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterward expressed it, "during a moment of temporary mental apparition"; but we didn't find that out till later.

There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel-cake, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of as undeleterious and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

Bill and me had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a fraudulent town-lot scheme in Western Illinois with. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel. Philoprogenitiveness, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities; therefore and for other reasons, a kidnapping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn't get after us with anything stronger than constables

and maybe some lackadaisical bloodhounds and a diatribe or two in the Weekly Farmers' Budget. So, it looked good.

We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern, upright collection-plate passer and forecloser. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the color of the cover of the magazine you buy at the news-stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait till I tell you.

About two miles from Summit was a little mountain, covered with a dense cedar brake. On the rear elevation of this mountain was a cave. There we stored provisions.

One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset's house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence.

“Hey, little boy!” says Bill, “would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride?”

The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick.

“That will cost the old man an extra five hundred dollars,” says Bill, climbing over the wheel.

That boy put up a fight like a welter-weight cinnamon bear; but, at last, we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up to the cave and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove the buggy to the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.

Bill was pasting court-plaster over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was a burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tailfeathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I come up, and says:

“Ha! cursed paleface, do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?”

“He's all right now,” says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. “We're playing Indian. We're making Buffalo Bill's show look like magic-lantern views of Palestine in the town hall. I'm Old Hank, the Trapper, Red Chief's captive, and I'm to be scalped at daybreak. By Geronimo! That kid can kick hard.”

Yes, sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. The fun of camping out in a cave had made him forget that he was a captive, himself. He immediately christened me Snake-eye, the Spy, and announced that, when his braves returned from the warpath, I was to be broiled at the stake at the rising of the sun.

Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon and bread and gravy, and began to talk. He made a during-dinner speech something like this:

“I like this fine. I never camped out before; but I had a pet 'possum once, and I was nine last birthday. I hate to go to school. Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy Talbot's aunt's speckled hen's eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods? I want some more gravy. Does the trees moving make the wind blow? We had five puppies. What makes your nose so red, Hank? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I whipped Ed Walker twice, Saturday. I don't like girls. You dassent catch toads unless with a string. Do oxen make any noise? Why are oranges round? Have you got beds to sleep on in this cave? Amos Murray has got six toes. A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can't. How many does it take to make twelve?”

Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky redskin, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to rubber for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a war-whoop that made Old Hank the Trapper shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

“Red Chief,” says I to the kid, “would you like to go home?”

“Aw, what for?” says he. “I don't have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won't take me back home again, Snake-eye, will you?”

“Not right away,” says I. “We'll stay here in the cave a while.”

“All right!” says he. “That'll be fine. I never had such fun in all my life.”

We went to bed about eleven o'clock. We spread down some wide blankets and quilts and put Red Chief between us. We weren't afraid he'd run away. He kept us awake for three hours, jumping up and reaching for his rifle and screeching: “Hist! pard,” in mine and Bill's ears, as the fancied crackle of a twig or the rustle of a leaf revealed to his young imagination the stealthy approach of the outlaw band. At last, I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that I had been kidnapped and chained to a tree by a ferocious pirate with red hair.

Just at daybreak, I was awakened by a series of awful screams from Bill. They weren't yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or yalps, such as you'd expect from a manly set of vocal organs - they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars. It's an awful thing to hear a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently in a cave at daybreak.

I jumped up to see what the matter was. Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest, with one hand twined in Bill's hair. In the other he had the sharp case-knife we used for slicing, bacon; and he was industriously and realistically trying to take Bill's scalp, according to the sentence that had been pronounced upon him the evening before.

I got the knife away from the kid and made him lie down again. But, from that moment, Bill's spirit was broken. He laid down on his side of the bed, but he never closed an eye again in sleep as long as that boy was with us. I dozed off for a while, but along toward sun-up I remembered that Red Chief had said I was to be burned at the stake at the rising of the sun. I wasn't nervous or afraid; but I sat up and lit my pipe and leaned against a rock.

“What you getting up so soon for, Sam?” asked Bill.

“Me?” says I. “Oh, I got a kind of a pain in my shoulder. I thought sitting up would rest it.”

“You're a liar!” says Bill. “You're afraid. You was to be burned at sunrise, and you was afraid he'd do it. And he would, too, if he could find a match. Ain’t it awful, Sam? Do you think anybody will pay out money to get a little imp like that back home?”

“Sure,” said I. “A rowdy kid like that is just the kind that parents dote on. Now, you and the Chief get up and cook breakfast, while I go up on the top of this mountain and reconnoitre.”

I went up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over toward Summit I expected to see the sturdy yeomanry of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for the dastardly kidnappers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man ploughing with a dun mule. Nobody was dragging the creek; no couriers dashed hither and yon, bringing tidings of no news to the distracted parents. There was a sylvan attitude of somnolent sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view. “Perhaps,” says I to myself, “it has not yet been discovered that the wolves have home away the tender lambkin from the fold. Heaven help the wolves!” says I, and I went down the mountain to breakfast.

When I got to the cave I found Bill backed up against the side of it, breathing hard, and the boy threatening to smash him with a rock half as big as a cocoanut.

“He put a red-hot boiled potato down my back,” explained Bill, “and the mashed it with his foot; and I boxed his ears. Have you got a gun about you, Sam?”

I took the rock away from the boy and kind of patched up the argument. “I'll fix you,” says the kid to Bill. “No man ever yet struck the Red Chief but what he got paid for it. You better beware!”

After breakfast the kid takes a piece of leather with strings wrapped around it out of his pocket and goes outside the cave unwinding it.

“What's he up to now?” says Bill, anxiously. “You don't think he'll run away, do you, Sam?”

“No fear of it,” says I. “He don't seem to be much of a home body. But we've got to fix up some plan about the ransom. There don't seem to be much excitement around Summit on account of his disappearance; but maybe they haven't realized yet that he's gone. His folks may think he's spending the night with Aunt Jane or one of the neighbours. Anyhow, he'll be missed to-day. To-night we must get a message to his father demanding the two thousand dollars for his return.”

Just then we heard a kind of war-whoop, such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath. It was a sling that Red Chief had pulled out of his pocket, and he was whirling it around his head.

I dodged, and heard a heavy thud and a kind of a sigh from Bill, like a horse gives out when you take his saddle off. A niggerhead rock the size of an egg had caught Bill just behind his left ear. He loosened himself all over and fell in the fire across the frying pan of hot water for washing the dishes. I dragged him out and poured cold water on his head for half an hour.

By and by, Bill sits up and feels behind his ear and says: “Sam, do you know who my favorite Biblical character is?”

“Take it easy,” says I. “You'll come to your senses presently.”

“King Herod,” says he. “You won't go away and leave me here alone, will you, Sam?”

I went out and caught that boy and shook him until his freckles rattled.

“If you don't behave,” says I, “I'll take you straight home. Now, are you going to be good, or not?”

“I was only funning,” says he sullenly. “I didn't mean to hurt Old Hank. But what did he hit me for? I'll behave, Snake-eye, if you won't send me home, and if you'll let me play the Black Scout today.”

“I don't know the game,” says I. “That's for you and Mr. Bill to decide. He's your playmate for the day. I'm going away for a while, on business. Now, you come in and make friends with him and say you are sorry for hurting him, or home you go, at once.”

I made him and Bill shake hands, and then I took Bill aside and told him I was going to Poplar Cove, a little village three miles from the cave, and find out what I could about how the kidnapping had been regarded in Summit. Also, I thought it best to send a peremptory letter to old man Dorset that day, demanding the ransom and dictating how it should be paid.

“You know, Sam,” says Bill, “I've stood by you without batting an eye in earthquakes, fire and flood – in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnapped that two-legged skyrocket of a kid. He's got me going. You won't leave me long with him, will you, Sam?”

“I'll be back some time this afternoon,” says I. “You must keep the boy amused and quiet till I return. And now we'll write the letter to old Dorset.”

Bill and I got paper and pencil and worked on the letter while Red Chief, with a blanket wrapped around him, strutted up and down, guarding the mouth of the cave. Bill begged me tearfully to make the ransom fifteen hundred dollars instead of two thousand.

“I ain’t attempting,” says he, “to decry the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection, but we're dealing with humans, and it ain’t human for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for that forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat. I'm willing to take a chance at fifteen hundred dollars. You can charge the difference up to me.”

So, to relieve Bill, I acceded, and we collaborated a letter that ran this way:

Ebenezer Dorset, Esq.:

We have your boy concealed in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you or the most skilful detectives to attempt to find him. Absolutely, the only terms on which you can have him restored to you are these: We demand fifteen hundred dollars in large bills for his return; the money to be left at midnight to-night at the same spot and in the same box as your reply - as hereinafter described. If you agree to these terms, send your answer in writing by a solitary messenger to-night at half-past eight o'clock. After crossing Owl Creek, on the road to Poplar Cove, there are three large trees about a hundred yards apart, close to the fence of the wheat field on the right-hand side. At the bottom of the fence-post, opposite the third tree, will be found a small pasteboard box. The messenger will place the answer in this box and return immediately to Summit.

If you attempt any treachery or fail to comply with our demand as stated, you will never see your boy again.

If you pay the money as demanded, he will be returned to you safe and well within three hours. These terms are final, and if you do not accede to them no further communication will be attempted.

TWO DESPERATE MEN.

I addressed this letter to Dorset, and put it in my pocket. As I was about to start, the kid comes up to me and says:

“Aw, Snake-eye, you said I could play the Black Scout while you was gone.”

“Play it, of course,” says I. “Mr. Bill will play with you. What kind of a game is it?”

“I'm the Black Scout,” says Red Chief, “and I have to ride to the stockade to warn the settlers that the Indians are coming. I'm tired of playing Indian myself. I want to be the Black Scout.”

“All right,” says I. “It sounds harmless to me. I guess Mr. Bill will help you foil the pesky savages.”

“What am I to do?” asks Bill, looking at the kid suspiciously.

“You are the hoss,” says Black Scout. “Get down on your hands and knees. How can I ride to the stockade without a hoss?”

“You'd better keep him interested,” said I, “till we get the scheme going. Loosen up.”

Bill gets down on his all fours, and a look comes in his eye like a rabbit's when you catch it in a trap.

“How far is it to the stockade, kid?” he asks, in a husky manner of voice.

“Ninety miles,” says the Black Scout. “And you have to hump yourself to get there on time. Whoa, now!”

The Black Scout jumps on Bill's back and digs his heels in his side.

“For Heaven's sake,” says Bill, “hurry back, Sam, as soon as you can. I wish we hadn't made the ransom more than a thousand. Say, you quit kicking me or I'll get up and warm you good.”

I walked over to Poplar Cove and sat around the post-office and store, talking with the chawbacons that came in to trade. One whiskerando says that he hears Summit is all upset on account of Elder Ebenezer Dorset's boy having been lost or stolen. That was all I wanted to know. I bought some smoking tobacco, referred casually to the price of black-eyed peas, posted my letter surreptitiously and came away. The postmaster said the mail-carrier would come by in an hour to take the mail on to Summit.

When I got back to the cave Bill and the boy were not to be found. I explored the vicinity of the cave, and risked a yodel or two, but there was no response.

So I lighted my pipe and sat down on a mossy bank to await developments.

In about half an hour I heard the bushes rustle, and Bill wabbled out into the little glade in front of the cave. Behind him was the kid, stepping softly like a scout, with a broad grin on his face. Bill stopped, took off his hat and wiped his face with a red handkerchief. The kid stopped about eight feet behind him.

“Sam,” says Bill, “I suppose you'll think I'm a renegade, but I couldn't help it. I'm a grown person with masculine proclivities and habits of self-defense, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I have sent him home. All is off. There was martyrs in old times,” goes on Bill, “that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of 'em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of depredation; but there came a limit.”

“What's the trouble, Bill?” I asks him.

“I was rode,” says Bill, “the ninety miles to the stockade, not barring an inch. Then, when the settlers was rescued, I was given oats. Sand ain't a palatable substitute. And then, for an hour I had to try to explain to him why there was nothin' in holes, how a road can run both ways and what makes the grass green. I tell you, Sam, a human can only stand so much. I takes him by the neck of his clothes and drags him down the mountain. On the way he kicks my legs black-and-blue from the knees down; and I've got to have two or three bites on my thumb and hand cauterized.”

“But he's gone” – continues Bill – “gone home. I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there at one kick. I'm sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse.”

Bill is puffing and blowing, but there is a look of ineffable peace and growing content on his rose-pink features.

“Bill,” says I, “there isn't any heart disease in your family, is there?”

“No,” says Bill, “nothing chronic except malaria and accidents. Why?”

“Then you might turn around,” says I, “and have a took behind you.”

Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the round and begins to pluck aimlessly at grass and little sticks. For an hour I was afraid for his mind. And then I told him that my scheme was to put the whole job through immediately and that we would get the ransom and be off with it by midnight if old Dorset fell in with our proposition. So Bill braced up enough to

give the kid a weak sort of a smile and a promise to play the Russian in a Japanese war with him is soon as he felt a little better.

I had a scheme for collecting that ransom without danger of being caught by counterplots that ought to commend itself to professional kidnappers. The tree under which the answer was to be left - and the money later on – was close to the road fence with big, bare fields on all sides. If a gang of constables should be watching for any one to come for the note they could see him a long way off crossing the fields or in the road. But no, sirree! At half-past eight I was up in that tree as well hidden as a tree toad, waiting for the messenger to arrive.

Exactly on time, a half-grown boy rides up the road on a bicycle, locates the pasteboard box at the foot of the fence-post, slips a folded piece of paper into it and pedals away again back toward Summit.

I waited an hour and then concluded the thing was square. I slid down the tree, got the note, slipped along the fence till I struck the woods, and was back at the cave in another half an hour. I opened the note, got near the lantern and read it to Bill. It was written with a pen in a crabbed hand, and the sum and substance of it was this:

Two Desperate Men.

Gentlemen: I received your letter to-day by post, in regard to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands. You had better come at night, for the neighbours believe he is lost, and I couldn't be responsible for what they would do to anybody they saw bringing him back.

Very respectfully,

EBENEZER DORSET.

“Great pirates of Penzance!” says I; “of all the impudent – “

But I glanced at Bill, and hesitated. He had the most appealing look in his eyes I ever saw on the face of a dumb or a talking brute.

“Sam,” says he, “what's two hundred and fifty dollars, after all? We've got the money. One more night of this kid will send me to a bed in Bedlam. Besides being a thorough gentleman, I think Mr. Dorset is a spendthrift for making us such a liberal offer. You ain't going to let the chance go, are you?”

“Tell you the truth, Bill,” says I, “this little he ewe lamb has somewhat got on my nerves too. We'll take him home, pay the ransom and make our get-away.”

We took him home that night. We got him to go by telling him that his father had bought a silver-mounted rifle and a pair of moccasins for him, and we were going to hunt bears the next day.

It was just twelve o'clock when we knocked at Ebenezer s front door. Just at the moment when I should have been abstracting the fifteen hundred dollars from the box under the tree, according to the original proposition, Bill was counting out two hundred and fifty dollars into Dorset's hand.

When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl like a calliope and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill's leg. His father peeled him away gradually, like a porous plaster.

“How long can you hold him?” asks Bill.

“I'm not as strong as I used to be,” says old Dorset, “but I think I can promise you ten minutes.”

“Enough,” says Bill. “In ten minutes I shall cross the Central, Southern and Middle Western States, and be legging it trippingly for the Canadian border.”

And, as dark as it was, and as fat as Bill was, and as good a runner as I am, he was a good mile and a half out of Summit before I could catch up with him.

Tasks

Comprehension

I. Are the following statements true or false. Correct the false ones:

1. The idea of kidnapping came to Bill first.
2. Bill and Sam hoped to make fortune by kidnapping.
3. The cave where they thought to keep the boy was not far from the house.
4. Bill and Sam caught the boy when he was throwing stones at them.
5. Johnny felt happy at the cave.
6. The boy called Sam Red Chief.
7. The boy was going to burn Sam in the fire at sunrise.
8. Bill had a good time playing Indian with Johnny.
9. The first night in the cave with the boy was terrible.
10. The next morning Sam realized that the parents had already discovered their son's disappearance.
11. In the letter Bill and Sam demanded two thousand dollars for the boy's return.
12. On returning to the cave Sam found that the boy had gone.
13. Mr. Dorset almost agreed to the kidnapper's terms.
14. The father's messenger brought the answer to the cave.
15. The boy cost the kidnappers two hundred dollars.

Vocabulary

II. Give the translation of the phrases and make up sentences with them:

1. осенила блестящая идея;
2. совместный капитал;
3. поставить синяк под глазом;
4. повеселиться на славу;
5. испускать боевой клич;
6. сломить чей-либо дух;
7. надрать уши;

8. домосед;
9. “Не обращай внимания”;
10. прийти в чувство;
11. и глазом не моргнув;
12. потерять самообладание;
13. родительская любовь;
14. рискнуть;
15. целый и невредимый;
16. на четвереньках;
17. сплошь в синяках;
18. действовать на нервы.

III. Translate the following sentences into Russian. Comment on *similes* and ***hyperboles/exaggerations*:**

1. There was a town down there, ***as flat as a flannel-cake***, and called Summit, of course.
2. That boy put up a fight ***like a welter-weight cinnamon bear***; but, at last, we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away.
3. We're making Buffalo Bill's show look ***like magic-lantern views of Palestine*** in the town hall.
4. When I got to the cave I found Bill backed up against the side of it, breathing hard, and the boy threatening to smash him with a rock ***half as big as a cocoanut***.
5. I went out and caught that boy and ***shook him until his freckles rattled***.
6. "You know, Sam," says Bill, "I've stood by you without batting an eye in ***earthquakes, fire and flood*** - in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnapped that ***two-legged skyrocket*** of a kid.
7. Bill gets down on his all fours, and a look comes in his eye ***like a rabbit's*** when you catch it in a trap.

8. Behind him was the kid, stepping softly ***like a scout***, with a broad grin on his face.
9. There was martyrs in old times," goes on Bill, "that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. ***None of 'em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been***.
10. At half-past eight I was up in that tree ***as well hidden as a tree toad***, waiting for the messenger to arrive.
11. When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl ***like a calliope*** and fastened himself ***as tight as a leech*** to Bill's leg. His father peeled him away gradually, ***like a porous plaster***.
12. "***In ten minutes I shall cross the Central, Southern and Middle Western States, and be legging it trippingly for the Canadian border.***"

IV. Match the phrasal verbs with their definitions:

1. to talk smth. over	a. to succeed in doing smth. difficult;
2. to pull smth. off	b. to continue with and complete a plan, program, etc.;
3. to let smth. out	c. to live outside for a short time;
4. to fix smth. up	d. to feel and show great love for smb., ignoring their faults;
5. to put smth. through	e. to give a cry;
6. to stir smth. up	f. to try to cause arguments or problems;
7. to camp out	g. to repair, decorate or make smth. ready;
8. to dote on	h. to find and punish smb. after some time (especially the police or authorities);
9. to catch up with	i. to discuss smth. thoroughly, especially in order to reach an agreement or make a decision;

V. Fill in *with, to* or *of*:

1. The two men were so tired … their little friend that they were ready to agree … any of Mr. Dorset's proposals.
2. It was very difficult for Bill to be kind … that freckled wild cat.

3. Sam tried to be as polite as he could … the boy when he talked … him.
4. Bill had to be rude … the little devil for all he had done … Bill.
5. Kidnapping seemed … both … them the best way to get a lot … money.
6. He was a boy … ten, … a face full … freckles.
7. A low mountain covered … a thick wood … a cave in it seemed a good place to keep the boy.
8. Bill was sitting at the entrance … the cave all covered … scratches.
9. Bill had never been afraid … the police or anything till the time when he had to stay … that two-legged skyrocket.
10. When at last Sam fell asleep, he had an awful dream that he was tied … a tree by a pirate ... red hair.

Speaking

VI. Answer the questions:

1. Who were the two persons who tried to kidnap a child?
2. What sort of ransom did they hope to get for the child?
3. Who was the boy and what was he like?
4. Where did Sam and Bill take up the boy?
5. What was the first thing the boy did to Bill?
6. What did you learn about the boy from his dinner speech?
7. In what way did the boy terrorized Sam and Bill the first night in the cave?
8. What else did the boy do to Bill?
9. Did the boy's father notice his disappearance?
10. In what way did Sam and Bill let the father know what they wanted to get for the kidnapped boy?
11. What sort of proposition did they make?
12. What made Sam and Bill ask less ransom than they originally wanted?
13. In what way did Sam get the answer from Ebenezer Dorset?
14. What was the counter-proposition?
15. What happened to Sam and Bill in the end?

16. Who paid the ransom?

VII. Prove that:

1. Sam and Bill were not rich.
2. Sam and Bill were friends.
3. Kidnapping Johnny was not their first adventurous idea.
4. It was Sam who mainly gave ideas.
5. Johnny was not an ordinary boy.
6. The two men were not very poor.
7. Mr. Dorset did not take risks when he made his counter-proposition.
8. The two men were happy to have Red Chief off their hands.

VIII. What do you think:

1. of Sam's and Bill's background? Do you think their way of making their living was illegal/legal? What tells you about this?
2. about Johnny? Is there anything that you like about him? Is he as bad as that? What tells you about this?
3. Does Johnny remind you of your own childhood in this or that way? What are similarities and differences?
4. What kind of a man do you think Johnny will make?
5. Would you like to have a son like Johnny? Why? Why not? If you had the son like Johnny, what would you do?
6. makes Johnny behave like that? What makes him impolite (mildly speaking) to the people?

Writing

1. Write Character sketches of Bill Driscoll, Sam Howard and Johnny Dorset.
2. What is a hyperbole and comic language used in this story?
3. O. Henry is known for writing stories with unexpected twists and turns. Use details from the Ransom of Red Chief to explain how the story illustrates this description.

Text 7: Babes in the Jungle

MONTAGUE SILVER, the finest street man and art grafter in the West, says to me once in Little Rock: “If you ever lose your mind, Billy, and get too old to do honest swindling among grown men, go to New York. In the West a sucker is born every minute; but in New York they appear in chunks of roe – you can't count 'em!”

Two years afterward I found that I couldn't remember the names of the Russian admirals, and I noticed some gray hairs over my left ear; so I knew the time had arrived for me to take Silver's advice.

I struck New York about noon one day, and took a walk up Broadway. And I run against Silver himself, all encompassed up in a spacious kind of haberdashery, leaning against a hotel and rubbing the half-moons on his nails with a silk handkerchief.

“Paresis or superannuated?” I asks him.

“Hello, Billy,” says Silver; “I'm glad to see you. Yes, it seemed to me that the West was accumulating a little too much wiseness. I've been saving New York for dessert. I know it's a low-down trick to take things from these people. They only know this and that and pass to and fro and think ever and anon. I'd hate for my mother to know I was skinning these weak-minded ones. She raised me better.”

“Is there a crush already in the waiting rooms of the old doctor that does skin grafting?” I asks.

“Well, no,” says Silver; “you needn't back Epidermis to win today. I've only been here a month. But I'm ready to begin; and the members of Willie Manhattan's Sunday School class, each of whom has volunteered to contribute a portion of cuticle toward this rehabilitation, may as well send their photos to the Evening Daily.”

“I've been studying the town,” says Silver, “and reading the papers every day, and I know it as well as the cat in the City Hall knows an O'Sullivan. People

here lie down on the floor and scream and kick when you are the least bit slow about taking money from them. Come up in my room and I'll tell you. We'll work the town together, Billy, for the sake of old times."

Silver takes me up in a hotel. He has a quantity of irrelevant objects lying about.

"There's more ways of getting money from these metropolitan hayseeds," says Silver, "than there is of cooking rice in Charleston, S. C. They'll bite at anything. The brains of most of 'em commute. The wiser they are in intelligence the less perception of cognizance they have. Why, didin't a man the other day sell J. P. Morgan an oil portrait of Rockefeller, Jr., for Andrea del Sarto's celebrated painting of the young Saint John!"

"You see that bundle of printed stuff in the corner, Billy? That's gold mining stock. I started out one day to sell that, but I quit it in two hours. Why? Got arrested for blocking the street. People fought to buy it. I sold the policeman a block of it on the way to the station-house, and then I took it off the market. I don't want people to give me their money. I want some little consideration connected with the transaction to keep my pride from being hurt. I want 'em to guess the missing letter in Chic-go, or draw to a pair of nines before they pay me a cent of money."

"Now there's another little scheme that worked so easy I had to quit it. You see that bottle of blue ink on the table? I tattooed an anchor on the back of my hand and went to a bank and told 'em I was Admiral Dewey's nephew. They offered to cash my draft on him for a thousand, but I didn't know my uncle's first name. It shows, though, what an easy town it is. As for burglars, they won't go in a house now unless there's a hot supper ready and a few college students to wait on 'em. They're slugging citizens all over the upper part of the city and I guess, taking the town from end to end, it's a plain case of assault and Battery."

"Monty," says I, when Silver had slacked, up, "you may have Manhattan correctly discriminated in your perorative, but I doubt it. I've only been in town

two hours, but it don't dawn upon me that it's ours with a cherry in it. There ain't enough rus in urbe about it to suit me. I'd be a good deal much better satisfied if the citizens had a straw or more in their hair, and run more to velveteen vests and buckeye watch charms. They don't look easy to me."

"You've got it, Billy," says Silver. "All emigrants have it. New York's bigger than Little Rock or Europe, and it frightens a foreigner. You'll be all right. I tell you I feel like slapping the people here because they don't send me all their money in laundry baskets, with germicide sprinkled over it. I hate to go down on the street to get it. Who wears the diamonds in this town? Why, Winnie, the Wiretapper's wife, and Bella, the Buncosteerer's bride. New Yorkers can be worked easier than a blue rose on a tidy. The only thing that bothers me is I know I'll break the cigars in my vest pocket when I get my clothes all full of twenties."

"I hope you are right, Monty," says I; "but I wish all the same I had been satisfied with a small business in Little Rock. The crop of farmers is never so short out there but what you can get a few of 'em to sign a petition for a new post office that you can discount for $200 at the county bank. The people hear appear to possess instincts of self-preservation and illiberality. I fear me that we are not cultured enough to tackle this game."

"Don't worry," says Silver. "I've got this Jayville-near-Tarrytown correctly estimated as sure as North River is the Hudson and East River ain't a river. Why, there are people living in four blocks of Broadway who never saw any kind of a building except a skyscraper in their lives! A good, live hustling Western man ought to get conspicuous enough here inside of three months to incur either Jerome's clemency or Lawson's displeasure."

"Hyperbole aside," says I, "do you know of any immediate system of buncoing the community out of a dollar or two except by applying to the Salvation Army or having a fit on Miss Helen Gould's doorsteps?"

"Dozens of 'em," says Silver. "How much capital have you got, Billy?"

"A thousand," I told him.

“I've got $1,200,” says he. “We'll pool and do a big piece of business. There's so many ways we can make a million that I don't know how to begin.”

The next morning Silver meets me at the hotel and he is all sonorous and stirred with a kind of silent joy.

“We're to meet J. P. Morgan this afternoon,” says he. “A man I know in the hotel wants to introduce us. He's a friend of his. He says he likes to meet people from the West.”

“That sounds nice and plausible,” says I. “I'd like to know Mr. Morgan.”

“It won't hurt us a bit,” says Silver, “to get acquainted with a few finance kings. I kind of like the social way New York has with strangers.”

The man Silver knew was named Klein. At three o'clock Klein brought his Wall Street friend to see us in Silver's room. "Mr. Morgan" looked some like his pictures, and he had a Turkish towel wrapped around his left foot, and he walked with a cane.

“Mr. Silver and Mr. Pescud,” says Klein. “It sounds superfluous,” says he, “to mention the name of the greatest financial –“

“Cut it out, Klein,” says Mr. Morgan. “I'm glad to know you gents; I take great interest in the West. Klein tells me you're from Little Rock. I think I've a railroad or two out there somewhere. If either of you guys would like to deal a hand or two of stud poker I –“

“Now, Pierpont,” cuts in Klein, “you forget!”

“Excuse me, gents!” says Morgan; “since I've had the gout so bad I sometimes play a social game of cards at my house. Neither of you never knew One-eyed Peters, did you, while you was around Little Rock? He lived in Seattle, New Mexico.”

Before we could answer, Mr. Morgan hammers on the floor with his can and begins to walk up and down, swearing in a loud tone of voice.

“They have been pounding your stocks today on the Street, Pierpont?” asks Klein, smiling.

“Stocks! No!” roars Mr. Morgan. “It's that picture I sent an agent to Europe to buy. I just thought about it. He cabled me to-day that it ain't to be found in all Italy. I'd pay $50,000 to-morrow for that picture - yes, $75,000. I give the agent a la carte in purchasing it. I cannot understand why the art galleries will allow a De Vinchy to –“

“Why, Mr. Morgan,” says klein; “I thought you owned all of the De Vinchy paintings.”

“What is the picture like, Mr. Morgan?” asks Silver. “It must be as big as the side of the Flatiron Building.”

“I'm afraid your art education is on the bum, Mr. Silver,” says Morgan. “The picture is 27 inches by 42; and it is called 'Love's Idle Hour.' It represents a number of cloak models doing the two-step on the bank of a purple river. The cablegram said it might have been brought to this country. My collection will never be complete without that picture. Well, so long, gents; us financiers must keep early hours.”

Mr. Morgan and Klein went away together in a cab. Me and Silver talked about how simple and unsuspecting great people was; and Silver said what a shame it would be to try to rob a man like Mr. Morgan; and I said I thought it would be rather imprudent, myself. Klein proposes a stroll after dinner; and me and him and Silver walks down toward Seventh Avenue to see the sights. Klein sees a pair of cuff links that instigate his admiration in a pawnshop window, and we all go in while he buys 'em.

After we got back to the hotel and Klein had gone, Silver jumps at me and waves his hands.

“Did you see it?” says he. “Did you see it, Billy?”

“What?” I asks.

“Why, that picture that Morgan wants. It's hanging in that pawnshop, behind the desk. I didn't say anything because Klein was there. It's the article sure as you live. The girls are as natural as paint can make them, all measuring 36 and

25 and 42 skirts, if they had any skirts, and they're doing a buck-and-wing on the bank of a river with the blues. What did Mr. Morgan say he'd give for it? Oh, don't make me tell you. They can't know what it is in that pawnshop."

When the pawnshop opened the next morning me and Silver was standing there as anxious as if we wanted to soak our Sunday suit to buy a drink. We sauntered inside, and began to look at watch-chains.

"That's a violent specimen of a chromo you've got up there," remarked Silver, casual, to the pawnbroker. "But I kind of enthuse over the girl with the shoulderblades and red bunting. Would an offer of $2.25 for it cause you to knock over any fragile articles of your stock in hurrying it off the nail?"

The pawnbroker smiles and goes on showing us plate watch-chains.

"That picture," says he, "was pledged a year ago by an Italian gentleman. I loaned him $500 on it. It is called 'Love's Idle Hour,' and it is by Leonardo de Vinchy. Two days ago the legal time expired, and it became an unredeemed pledge. Here is a style of chain that is worn a great deal now."

At the end of half an hour me and Silver paid the pawnbroker $2,000 and walked out with the picture. Silver got into a cab with it and started for Morgan's office. I goes to the hotel and waits for him. In two hours Silver comes back.

"Did you see Mr. Morgan?" I asks. "How much did he pay you for it?"

Silver sits down and fools with a tassel on the table cover.

"I never exactly saw Mr. Morgan," he says, "because Mr. Morgan's been in Europe for a month. But what's worrying me, Billy, is this: The department stores have all got that same picture on sale, framed, for $3.48. And they charge $3.50 for the frame alone - that's what I can't understand."

Tasks

Comprehension

I. Are the following statements true or false. Correct the false ones:

1. When the author came to New York he took a walk up Broadway.
2. Silver invited the author to his house.
3. Silver was arrested for selling the printed stuff in the street.
4. Silver tattooed an anchor on the back of his hand and went to a bank and told them he was Admiral Dewey's nephew.
5. Mr. Morgan had a Turkish towel wrapped around his right foot, and he walked with a cane.
6. Da Vinchy's painting was called "Love's Idle Hour."
7. The painting represented a number of cloak models doing the two-step on the bank of a sea.
8. Silver wanted to buy the picture at the pawnshop for $ 3.25.
9. Silver and the author paid the pawnbroker $ 2,000 for the painting.
10. Silver met Mr. Morgan at the hotel.

Vocabulary

II. Give the translation of the phrases and make up sentences with them:

1. to lose mind;
2. a low-down trick;
3. ever and anon;
4. for the sake of;
5. instinct of self-preservation;
6. to take interest in;
7. to walk up and down;
8. on the bum;
9. to see the sights;
10. an unredeemed pledge.

III. Translate the following sentences into Russian. Comment on *similes, an oxymoron* and *a pun*:

1. Montague Silver, the finest street man and art grafter in the West, says to me once in Little Rock: "If you ever lose your mind, Billy, and get too old to do ***honest swindling*** among grown men, go to New York.
2. "I've been studying the town," says Silver, "and reading the papers every day, and I know it ***as well as the cat in the City Hall*** knows an O'Sullivan.
3. They're slugging citizens all over the upper part of the city and I guess, taking the town from end to end, it's a plain case of ***assault and Battery***."
4. "What is the picture like, Mr. Morgan?" asks Silver. "It must be ***as big as the side of the Flatiron Building***."
5. The girls are ***as natural as paint*** can make them, all measuring 36 and 25 and 42 skirts, if they had any skirts, and they're doing a buck-and-wing on the bank of a river with the blues.

IV. Match the words with their definitions:

1. illiberality	a. the crime of attacking smb. physically;
2. sucker	b. a disease that causes painful swelling in the joints, especially of the toes, knees and fingers;
3. haberdashery	c. a person who enters a building illegally in order to steal;
4. paresis	d. a person who is easily tricked or persuaded to do so:
5. cognizance	e. selfishness, miserliness;
6. clemency	f. kindness shown to smb. when they are being punished; willingness not to punish smb. so severely;
7. displeasure	g. partial paralysis;
8. burglar	h. (old-fashioned) men’s clothes;
9. gout	i. knowledge or understanding smth;
10.assault	j. the feeling of being upset and annoyed;

V. Fill in the gaps with a necessary word or word-combination and translate the sentences:

meets me at the hotel
to introduce
the next morning
to keep my pride from
a good deal
up and down

1. I want some little consideration connected with the transaction … being hurt.
2. “I’d be … much better satisfied if the citizens had a straw or more in their hair. They don’t look easy to me.”
3. The next morning Silver … and he is all sonorous and stirred with a kind of silent joy.
4. “A man I know in the hotel wants … us.”
5. Before we could answer, Mr. Morgan hammers on the floor with his cane and began to walk … .
6. When the pawnshop opened … me and Silver was standing there as anxious as if we wanted to soak our Sunday suit to buy a drink

VI. Find in the text the sentences with the following word-combinations and translate them into Russian:

1. it frightens a foreigner;
2. any kind of a building except a skyscraper;
3. I take great interest in the West;
4. complete without that picture;
5. smiles and goes on showing us;
6. been in Europe for a month.

Speaking

VII. Answer the questions:

1. Who was Montague Silver?
2. Why did the author come to New York?
3. Why did Sliver call the people of New York “metropolitan hayseeds?”
4. Who was J.P. Morgan? How did he look like?
5. What was the name of the picture Mr. Morgan wanted to buy?
6. Where did Silver see the picture?
7. How much did Silver and the author pay for the picture?
8. Why wasn’t Mr. Morgan at the hotel?

VII. Comment on:

1. The title of the story.
2. The expression: “concrete jungle.” How does it relate to the story?
3. The proverb: if in doubt, leave it out.

Writing

1. Analyze the main idea of the story.
2. Make the written analysis of the text.
3. The role of hyperbole in the story.

Text 8: A Service of Love

WHEN ONE LOVES ONES ART no service seems too hard.

That is our premise. This story shall draw a conclusion from it, and show at the same time that the premise is incorrect. That will be a new thing in logic, and a feat in story-telling somewhat older than the Great Wall of China.

Joe Larrabee came out of the post-oak flats of the Middle West pulsing with a genius for pictorial art. At six he drew a picture of the town pump with a prominent citizen passing it hastily. This effort was framed and hung in the drug store window by the side of the ear of corn with an uneven number of rows. At

twenty he left for New York with a flowing necktie and a capital tied up somewhat closer.

Delia Caruthers did things in six octaves so promisingly in a pine-tree village in the South that her relatives chipped in enough in her chip hat for her to go `North' and `finish.' They could not see her f –, but that is our story.

Joe and Delia met in an atelier where a number of art and music students had gathered to discuss chiaroscuro, Wagner, music, Rembrandt's works pictures, Waldteufel, wall-paper, Chopin, and Oolong.

Joe and Delia became enamoured one of the other or each of the other, as you please, and in a short time were married – for (see above), when one loves one's Art no service seem too hard.

Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee began housekeeping in a flat. It was a lonesome flat - something like the A sharp way down at the left-hand end of the keyboard. And they were happy; for they had their Art and they had each other. And my advice to the rich young man would be – sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor – janitor for the privilege of living in a flat with your Art and your Delia.

Flat-dwellers shall endorse my dictum that theirs is the only true happiness. If a home is happy it cannot fit too close – let the dresser collapse and become a billiard table; let the mantel turn to a rowing machine, the escritoire to a spare bedchamber, the washstand to an upright piano; let the four walls come together, if they will, so you and your Delia are between. But if home be the other kind, let it be wide and long – enter you at the Golden Gate, hang your hat on Hatteras, your cape on Cape Horn, and go out by Labrador.

Joe was painting in the class of the great Magister – you know his fame. His fees are high; his lessons are light – his high-lights have brought him renown. Delia was studying under Rosenstock you know his repute as a disturber of the piano keys.

They were mighty happy as long as their money lasted. So is every – but I will not be cynical. Their aims were very clear and defined. Joe was to become

capable very soon of turning out pictures that old gentlemen with thin side-whiskers and thick pocketbooks would sandbag one another in his studio for the privilege of buying. Delia was to become familiar and then contemptuous with Music, so that when she saw the orchestra seats and boxes unsold she could have sore throat and lobster in a private dining-room and refuse to go on the stage.

But the best, in my opinion, was the home life in the little flat the ardent, voluble chats after the day's study; the cosy dinners and fresh, light breakfasts; the interchange of ambitions – ambitions interwoven each with the other's or else inconsiderable – the mutual help and inspiration; and – overlook my artlessness stuffed olives and cheese sandwiches at 11 p.m.

But after awhile Art flagged. It sometimes does, even if some switchman doesn't flag it. Everything going out and nothing coming in, as the vulgarians say. Money was lacking to pay Mr. Magister and Herr Rosenstock their prices. When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard. So, Delia said she must give music lessons to keep the chafing dish bubbling.

For two or three days she went out canvassing for pupils. One evening she came home elated.

“Joe, dear,” she said gleefully, “I've a pupil. And, oh, the loveliest people! General – General A. B. Pinkney's daughter – on Seventy-first Street. Such a splendid house, Joe – you ought to see the front door! Byzantine I think you would call it. And inside! Oh, Joe, I never saw anything like it before. My pupil is his daughter Clementina. I dearly love her already. She's a delicate thing – dresses always in white; and the sweetest, simplest manners! Only eighteen years old. I'm to give three lessons a week; and, just think, Joe! $5 a lesson. I don't mind it a bit; for when I get two or three more pupils I can resume my lessons with Herr Rosenstock. Now, smooth out that wrinkle between your brows, dear, and let's have a nice supper.”

“That's all right for you, Dele,' said Joe, attacking a can of peas with a carving knife and a hatchet, `but how about me? Do you think I'm going to let

you hustle for wages while I philander in the regions of high art? Not by the bones of Benvenuto Cellini! I guess I can sell papers or lay cobblestones, and bring in a dollar or two."

Delia came and hung about his neck.

"Joe, dear, you are silly. You must keep on at your studies. It is not as if I had quit my music and gone to work at something else. While I teach I learn. I am always with my music. And we can live as happily as millionaires on $15 a week. You mustn't think of leaving Mr. Magister."

"All right," said Joe, reaching for the blue scalloped vegetable dish. "But I hate for you to be giving lessons. It isn't Art. But you're a trump and a dear to do it."

"When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard," said Delia.

"Magister praised the sky in that sketch I made in the. park," said Joe. "And Tinkle gave me permission to hang two of them in his window. I may sell one if the right kind of a moneyed idiot sees them."

"I'm sure you will," said Delia sweetly. "And now let's be thankful for General Pinkney and this veal roast."

During all of the next week the Larrabees had an early breakfast. Joe was enthusiastic about some morning-effect sketches he was doing in Central Park, and Delia packed him off breakfasted, coddled, praised, and kissed at seven o'clock. Art is an engaging mistress. It was most times seven o'clock when he returned in the evening.

At the end of the week Delia, sweetly proud but languid, triumphantly tossed three five-dollar bills on the 8 by 10 (inches) centre table of the 8 by 10 (feet) flat parlour.

"Sometimes," she said, a little wearily, "Clementina tries me. I'm afraid she doesn't practise enough, and I have to tell her the same things so often. And then she always dresses entirely in white, and that does get monotonous. But General Pinkney is the dearest old man! I wish you could know him, Joe. He comes in

sometimes when I am with Clementina at the piano – he is a widower, you know – and stands there pulling his white goatee. “And how are the semiquavers and the demi-semiquavers progressing?” he always asks.”

“I wish you could see the wainscoting in that drawing-room, Joe! And those Astrakhan rug portieres. And Clementina has such a funny little cough. I hope she is stronger than she looks. Oh, I really am getting attached to her, she is so gentle and high bred. General Pinkney's brother was once Minister to Bolivia.”

And then Joe, with the air of a Monte Cristo, drew forth a ten, a five, a two and a one – all legal tender notes – and laid them beside Delia's earnings.

“Sold that water-color of the obelisk to a man from Peoria,” he announced overwhelmingly.

“Don't joke with me,” said Delia – “not from Peoria!”

“All the way. I wish you could see him, Dele. Fat man with a woollen muffler and a quill toothpick. He saw the sketch in Tinkle's window and thought it was a windmill at first. He was game, though, and bought it anyhow. He ordered another - an oil sketch of the Lackawanna freight depot - to take back with him. Music lessons! Oh, I guess Art is still in it.”

“I'm so glad you've kept on,” said Delia heartily. “You're bound to win, dear. Thirty-three dollars! We never had so much to spend before. We'll have oysters to-night.”

“And filet mignon with champignons,” said Joe. “Where is the olive fork?”

On the next Saturday evening Joe reached home first. He spread his $18 on the parlor table and washed what seemed to be a great deal of dark paint from his hands.

Half an hour later l5elia arrived, her right hand tied up in a shapeless bundle of wraps and bandages.

“How is this?'” asked Joe after the usual greetings

Delia laughed, but not very joyously

“Clementina,” she explained, “insisted upon a Welsh rabbit after her lesson. She is such a queer girl. Welsh rabbits at five in the afternoon. The General was there. You should have seen him run for the chafing dish, Joe, just as if there wasn't a servant in the house. I know Clementina isn't in good health; she is so nervous. In serving the rabbit she spilled a great lot of it, boiling hot, over my hand and wrist. It hurt awfully, Joe. And the dear girl was so sorry! But General Pinkney! – Joe, that old man nearly went distracted. He rushed downstairs and sent somebody - they said the furnace man or somebody in the basement - out to a drug store for some oil and things to bind it up with. It doesn't hurt so much now.”

“What's this?” asked Joe, taking the hand tenderly and pulling at some white strands beneath the bandages.

“It's something soft,” said Delia, “that had oil on it. Oh, Joe, did you sell another sketch?” She had seen the money on the table.

“Did I?” said Joe. “Just ask the man from Peoria. He got his depot today, and he isn't sure but he thinks he wants another parkscape and a view on the Hudson. What time this afternoon did you burn your hand, Dele?”

“Five o'clock, I think,” said Dele plaintively. “The iron - I mean the rabbit came off the fire about that time. You ought to have seen General Pinkney, Joe, when – ”

“Sit down here a moment, Dele,” said Joe. He drew her to the couch, sat down beside her and put his arm across her shoulders.

“What have you been doing for the last two weeks, Dele?” he asked.

She braved it for a moment or two with an eye full of love and stubbornness, and murmured a phrase or two vaguely of General Pinkney; but at length down went her head and out came the truth and tears.

“I couldn't get any pupils,” she confessed. “And I couldn't bear to have you give up your lessons; and I got a place ironing shirts in that big Twenty-fourth Street laundry. And I think I did very well to make up both General Pinkney and

Clementina, don't you, Joe? And when a girl in the laundry set down a hot iron on my hand this afternoon I was all the way home making up that story about the Welsh rabbit. You're not angry are you, Joe? And if I hadn't got the work you mightn't have sold your sketches to that man from Peoria."

"He wasn't from Peoria," said Joe slowly

"Well, it doesn't matter where he was from. How clever you are Joe – and – kiss me, Joe – and what made you ever suspect that I wasn't giving music lessons to Clementina?"

"I didn't," said Joe, "until tonight. And I wouldn't have then only I sent up this cotton waste and oil from the engine-room this afternoon for a girl upstairs who had her hand burned with a smoothing-iron. I've been firing the engine in that laundry for the last two weeks."

"And then you didn't – "

"My purchaser from Peoria," said Joe, "and General Pinkney are both creations of the same art – but you wouldn't call it either painting or music."

And then they both laughed, and Joe began:

"When one loves one's Art no service seems – "

But Delia stopped him with her hand on his lips. "No," she said "just "When one loves.""

Tasks

Comprehension

I. Choose the right variant:

1. Delia did in music so well that her relatives were sure she should:

a) stay at home village and teach her neighbor's children;

b) go "North" and "finish";

c) change her hobby.

2. Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee were very happy because:

a) they had their Art and they had each other;

b) they had a large and spacious flat;

c) they gave their money to the poor.

3. Famous teachers usually have:

a) fees that are high and lessons that are light;

b) a lot of pupils;

c) much time for rest.

4. Joe was going to draw pictures that:

a) would make him famous;

b) would be a good example for art students;

c) would be bought by rich old gentlemen.

5. Delia was to become familiar with Music so that:

a) she could earn enough money;

b) she could have sore throat and lobster and refuse to go on the stage;

c) she could choose where to play her Music.

6. During all of the next week the Larrabees had:

a) sleepless nights;

b) an early breakfast;

c) quarrels every day.

7. One evening Delia came home elated because she:

a) gave music lessons to the General;

b) gave music lessons to the General's daughter;

c) cleaned the General's house.

8. Joe sold his water-color of the obelisk to a man from:

a) Bolivia;

b) Wales;

c) Peoria.

9. In fact Delia burned her hand with:

a) an iron;

b) a Welsh rabbit;

c) boiling water.

10.Joe suspected that Delia wasn't giving music lessons because:

a) he was a very clever man;

b) someone had told him the truth;

c) it was him, who sent up the cotton waste and oil for a girl who had her hand burned.

Vocabulary

II. Give the translation of the following phrases and make up sentences with them:

1. pictorial art;
2. to become enamored of;
3. for the privilege of doing something;
4. to keep the chafing dish bubbling;
5. to hustle for wages;
6. to be enthusiastic about;
7. to be game;
8. to be bound to;
9. a Welsh rabbit;
10. to go distracted;

III. Match the words with their transcription and translate them into Russian:

1. atelier	a. [ˈdepəʊ]
2. chiaroscuro	b. [ˌpɔːtɪˈɛə]
3. oolong	c. [tʃæmˈpɪnjən]
4. escritoire	d. [ˌfɪleɪ ˈmiːnjɔ̃ːŋ]
5. portiere	e. [kiˌɑːrəˈskʊərəʊ]
6. filet mignon	f. [ˌeskrɪˈtwɑː]
7. champignon	g. [əˈteliеɪ]
8. depot	h. [ˈuːlɒŋ]

IV. Fill in the gaps with definite, indefinite or no articles:

1. That will be a new thing in logic, and a feat in story-telling somewhat older than … Great Wall of China.
2. At twenty he left for … New York with a flowing necktie and a capital tied up somewhat closer.
3. Delia Caruthers did things in six octaves so promisingly in a pine-tree village in … South that her relatives chipped in enough in her chip hat for her to go `North' and `finish.'
4. Joe Larrabee came out of the post-oak flats of … Middle West pulsing with a genius for pictorial art.
5. But if home be the other kind, let it be wide and long – enter you at … Golden Gate, hang your hat on … Hatteras, your cape on … Cape Horn, and go out by … Labrador.
6. “I've a pupil. And, oh, the loveliest people! General – General A. B. Pinkney's daughter – on … Seventy-first Street …”
7. During all of the next week … Larrabees had an early breakfast. Joe was enthusiastic about some morning-effect sketches he was doing in … Central Park …
8. “General Pinkney's brother was once Minister to … Bolivia.”
9. And then Joe, with the air of … Monte Cristo, drew forth a ten, a five, a two and a one – all legal tender notes – and laid them beside Delia's earnings.
10. He got his depot today, and he isn't sure but he thinks he wants another parkscape and a view on … Hudson.

V. Match the adjectives with their definitions:

1. prominent	a. speaking a lot, with confidence and enthusiasm;
2. lonesome	b. of high birth or social position;
3. ardent	c. lacking energy, or causing a lack of energy or enthusiasm;
4. voluble	d. unfrequented; desolate;
5. mutual	e. very small and therefore not important or not worth considering;
6. languid	f. very noticeable, important, or famous;
7. queer	g. expressing or feeling a lack of respect;
8. contemptu-ous	h. (of two or more people or groups) feeling the same emotion, or doing the same thing to or for each other;
9. highbred	i. showing strong feelings; eager
10. inconsider-ble	j. unusual or strange;

Speaking

VI. Answer the following questions:

1. Where do Joe and Delia meet for the first time?
2. What are Joe and Delia's ambition?
3. Where do they live after marriage?
4. What happens shortly after their marriage?
5. How do they account for their earnings?
6. What stories do Joe and Delia concoct to protect each other?
7. How does Joe find out the truth?
8. Why do Joe and Delia lie to each other?
9. How do they both feel when the truth is revealed?
10. What do you think will happen to Joe and Delia in the future?

VII. Retell the text as if you were:

1. Delia;
2. Joe;

3. The author.

VIII. Comment on:

1. The main themes in “A service of love”;
2. The setting of the story;
3. The title of the story.

Writing

1. Make character sketches of Joe Larrabee and Delia Larrabee.
2. Explain the following quotation: “When one loves one’s art no service seems so hard”.
3. How do acts of service show love?

Supplementary reading

Text 9: The Trimmed Lamp

OF COURSE THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION. Let us look at the other. We often hear “shop-girls” spoken of. No such persons exist.

There are girls who work in shops. They *make their living* that way. But why turn their occupation into an adjective? Let us be fair. We do not refer to the girls who live on Fifth Avenue as “marriage-girls.”

Lou and Nancy were *chums*. They came to the big city to find work because there was not enough to eat at their homes to go around. Nancy was nineteen; Lou was twenty. Both were pretty, active, country girls who had no ambition to go on the stage.

The little *cherub* that sits up aloft guided them to a cheap and respectable boarding-house. Both found positions and became wage-earners. They remained chums. It is at the end of six months that I would beg you to step forward and be introduced to them. Meddlesome Reader: My Lady friends, Miss Nancy and Miss Lou. While you are shaking hands please take notice – cautiously – of heir *attire*.

Yes, cautiously; for they are as quick to resent a stare as a lady in a box at the horse show is.

Lou is a piece-work ironer in a hand laundry. She is clothed in a badly-fitting purple dress, and her hat plume is four inches too long; but her *ermine muff* and scarf cost $25, and its fellow beasts will be ticketed in the windows at $7.98 before the season is over. Her cheeks are pink, and her light blue eyes bright. Contentment radiates from her.

Nancy you would call a shop-girl – because you have the habit. There is no type; but a *perverse generation* is always seeking a type; so this is what the type should be. She has the high-ratted *pompadour*, and the exaggerated straight-front. Her skirt is *shoddy*, but has the correct flare. No furs protect her against the bitter spring air, but she wears her short broadcloth jacket as jauntily as though it were Persian lamb! On her face and in her eyes, remorseless type-seeker, is the typical shop-girl expression. It is a look of silent but contemptuous *revolt against* cheated womanhood; of sad *prophecy* of the *vengeance* to come. When she laughs her loudest the look is still there. The same look can be seen in the eyes of Russian peasants; and those of us left will see it some day on Gabriel's face when he comes to blow us up. It is a look that should *wither* and *abash* man; but he has been known to smirk at it and offer flowers – with a string tied to them.

Now lift your hat and come away, while you receive Lou's cheery “See you again,” and the sardonic, sweet smile of Nancy that seems, somehow, to miss you and go fluttering like a white moth up over the housetops to the stars.

The two waited on the corner for Dan. Dan was Lou's steady company. Faithful? Well, he *was on hand* when Mary would have had to hire a dozen *subpoena* servers to find her lamb.

“Ain't you cold, Nance?” said Lou. “Say, what a chump you are for working in that old store for $8 a week! I made $l8.50 last week. Of course ironing ain't as swell work as selling lace behind a counter, but it pays. None of us ironers make less than $10. And I don't know that it's any less respectful work, either.”

"*You can have it*," said Nancy, with uplifted nose. "I'll take my eight a week and hall bedroom. I like to be among nice things and *swell* people. And look what a chance I've got! Why, one of our glove girls married a Pittsburg – steel maker, or blacksmith or something – the other day worth a million dollars. I'll catch a swell myself some time. I ain't bragging on my looks or anything; but I'll *take my chances* where there's big prizes offered. What show would a girl have in a laundry?"

"Why, that's where I met Dan," said Lou, triumphantly. "He came in for his Sunday shirt and collars and saw me at the first board, ironing. We all try to get to work at the first board. Ella Maginnis was sick that day, and I had her place. He said he noticed my arms first, how round and white they was. I had my sleeves rolled up. Some nice fellows come into laundries. You can tell 'em by their bringing their clothes in suit cases; and turning in the door sharp and sudden."

"How can you wear a waist like that, Lou?" said Nancy, gazing down at the offending article with sweet scorn in her heavy-lidded eyes. "It shows fierce taste."

"This waist?" cried Lou, with wide-eyed indignation. "Why, I paid $16 for this waist. It's worth twenty-five. A woman left it to be laundered, and never called for it. The boss sold it to me. It's got yards and yards of *hand embroidery* on it. Better talk about that ugly, plain thing you've got on."

"This ugly, plain thing," said Nancy, calmly, "was copied from one that Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher was wearing. The girls say her bill in the store last year was $12,000. I made mine, myself. It cost me $1.50. Ten feet away you *couldn't tell it from* hers."

"Oh, well," said Lou, good-naturedly, "if you want to starve and *put on airs*, go ahead. But I'll take my job and good wages; and after hours give me something as fancy and attractive to wear as I am able to buy."

But just then Dan came – a serious young man with a ready-made necktie, who had escaped the city's brand of frivolity – an electrician earning 30 dollars per week who looked upon Lou with the sad eyes of Romeo, and thought her embroidered waist a web in which any fly should delight to be caught.

“My friend, Mr. Owens – shake hands with Miss Danforth,” said Lou.

“I'm mighty glad to know you, Miss Danforth,” said Dan, with outstretched hand. “I've heard Lou speak of you so often.”

“Thanks,” said Nancy, touching his fingers with the tips of her cool ones, “I've heard her mention you – a few times.”

Lou giggled.

“Did you get that handshake from Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher, Nance?” she asked.

“If I did, you can feel safe in copying it,” said Nancy.

“Oh, I couldn't use it, at all. It's too stylish for me. It's intended to set off diamond rings, that high shake is. Wait till I get a few and then I'll try it.”

“Learn it first,” said Nancy wisely, “and you'll be more likely to get the rings.”

“Now, to settle this argument,” said Dan, with his ready, cheerful smile, “let me make a proposition. As I can't take both of you up to Tiffany's and do the right thing, what do you say to a little *vaudeville*? I've got the tickets. How about looking at stage diamonds since we can't shake hands with the real sparklers?”

The faithful squire took his place close to the curb; Lou next, a little peacocky in her bright and pretty clothes; Nancy on the inside, slender, and soberly clothed as the sparrow, but with the true Van Alstyne Fisher walk – thus they set out for their evening's moderate *diversion*.

I do not suppose that many look upon a great department store as an educational institution. But the one in which Nancy worked was something like that to her. She was surrounded by beautiful things that breathed of taste and *refinement*.

If you live in an atmosphere of luxury, luxury is yours whether your money pays for it, or another's.

The people she served were mostly women whose dress, manners, and position in the social world were quoted as criterions. From them Nancy began to *take toll* – the best from each according to her view.

From one she would copy and practice a gesture, from another an *eloquent* lifting of an eyebrow, from others, a manner of walking, of carrying a purse, of smiling, of greeting a friend, of addressing "inferiors in station." From her best beloved model, Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher, she made requisition for that excellent thing, a soft, low voice as clear as silver and as perfect in articulation as the notes of a thrush. *Suffused in the aura* of this high social refinement and good breeding, it was impossible for her to escape a deeper effect of it. As good habits are said to be better than good principles, so, perhaps, good manners are better than good habits. The teachings of your parents may not keep alive your New England conscience; but if you sit on a straight-back chair and repeat the words "prisms and pilgrims" forty times the devil will flee from you. And when Nancy spoke in the Van Alstyne Fisher tones she *felt the thrill* of *_noblesse oblige_ to her very bones*.

There was another source of learning in the great departmental school. Whenever you see three or four shop-girls gather in a bunch and jingle their wire bracelets as an accompaniment to apparently frivolous conversation, do not think that they are there for the purpose of criticizing the way Ethel does her back hair. The meeting may lack the dignity of the deliberative bodies of man; but it has all the importance of the occasion on which Eve and her first daughter first *put their heads together* to make Adam understand his proper place in the household. It is Woman's Conference for Common Defense and Exchange of Strategical Theories of Attack and Repulse upon and against the World, which is a Stage, and Man, its Audience who Persists in Throwing Bouquets Thereupon. Woman, the most helpless of the young of any animal – with the fawn's grace but without its fleet-

ness; with the bird's beauty but without its power of flight; with the honey-bee's burden of sweetness but without its – Oh, let's drop that simile – some of us may have been stung.

During this council of war they pass weapons one to another, and exchange *stratagems* that each has devised and formulated out of the tactics of life. “I says to 'im,” says Sadie, “ain't you the fresh thing! Who do you suppose I am, to be addressing such a remark to me? And what do you think he says back to me?”

The heads, brown, black, flaxen, red, and yellow bob together; the answer is given; and the *parry* to the thrust is decided upon, to be used by each thereafter in passages-at-arms with the common enemy, man.

Thus Nancy learned the art of defense; and to women successful defense means victory.

The curriculum of a department store is a wide one. Perhaps no other college could have fitted her as well for her life's ambition – the drawing of a *matrimonial* prize.

Her station in the store was a favored one. The music room was near enough for her to hear and become familiar with the works of the best composers – at least to acquire the familiarity that passed for appreciation in the social world in which she was vaguely trying to set a *tentative* and *aspiring* foot. She absorbed the educating influence of art wares, of costly and *dainty* fabrics, of *adornments* that are almost culture to women.

The other girls soon became aware of Nancy's ambition. “Here comes your millionaire, Nancy,” they would call to her whenever any man who looked the role approached her counter. It got to be a habit of men, who were hanging about while their women folk were shopping, to stroll over to the handkerchief counter and *dawdle over* the *cambric* squares. Nancy's imitation high-bred air and genuine dainty beauty was what attracted. Many men thus came to display their graces before her. Some of them may have been millionaires; others were certainly no more than their *sedulous* apes. Nancy learned to *discriminate*. There was a win-

dow at the end of the handkerchief counter; and she could see the rows of vehicles waiting for the shoppers in the street below. She looked and perceived that automobiles differ as well as do their owners.

Once a fascinating gentleman bought four dozen handkerchiefs, and wooed her across the counter with a King Cophetua air. When he had gone one of the girls said:

“What's wrong, Nance, that you didn't warm up to that fellow. He looks the swell article, all right, to me.”

“Him?” said Nancy, with her coolest, sweetest, most impersonal, Van Alstyne Fisher smile; “not for mine. I saw him drive up outside. A 12 H. P. machine and an Irish *chauffeur*! And you saw what kind of handkerchiefs he bought – silk! And he's got *dactylis* on him. Give me the real thing or nothing, if you please.”

Two of the most “refined” women in the store – a *forelady* and a *cashier* – had a few “swell gentlemen friends” with whom they now and then dined. Once they included Nancy in an invitation. The dinner took place in a spectacular cafe whose tables are engaged for New Year's eve a year in advance. There were two “gentlemen friends” – one without any hair on his head – high living ungrew it; and we can prove it – the other a young man whose worth and *sophistication* he impressed upon you in two convincing ways – he swore that all the wine was corked; and he wore diamond cuff buttons. This young man perceived *irresistible* excellencies in Nancy. His taste ran to shop-girls; and here was one that added the voice and manners of his high social world to the franker charms of her own caste. So, on the following day, he appeared in the store and made her a serious proposal of marriage over a box of hem-stitched, grass-bleached Irish linens. Nancy declined. A brown pompadour ten feet away had been using her eyes and ears. When the rejected suitor had gone she heaped carboys of upbraidings and horror upon Nancy's head.

“What a terrible little fool you are! That fellow's a millionaire – he's a nephew of old Van Skittles himself. And he was talking on the level, too. Have you gone crazy, Nance?”

“Have I?” said Nancy. “I didn't take him, did I? He isn't a millionaire so hard that you could notice it, anyhow. His family only allows him $20,000 a year to spend. The bald-headed fellow was guying him about it the other night at supper.”

The brown pompadour came nearer and narrowed her eyes.

“Say, what do you want?” she inquired, in a voice hoarse for lack of chewing-gum. “Ain't that enough for you? Do you want to be a Mormon, and marry Rockefeller and Gladstone Dowie and the King of Spain and the whole bunch? Ain't $20,000 a year good enough for you?”

Nancy flushed a little under the level gaze of the black, shallow eyes.

“It wasn't altogether the money, Carrie,” she explained. “His friend caught him in a rank lie the other night at dinner. It was about some girl he said he hadn't been to the theater with. Well, I can't stand a liar. Put everything together – I don't like him; and that settles it. When I sell out it's not going to be on any bargain day. I've got to have something that sits up in a chair like a man, anyhow. Yes, I'm looking out for a catch; but it's got to be able to do something more than make a noise like a toy bank.”

“The *physiopathic* ward for yours!” said the brown pompadour, walking away.

These high ideas, if not ideals – Nancy continued to cultivate on $8 per week. She *bivouacked* on the trail of the great unknown “catch,” eating her dry bread and tightening her belt day by day. On her face was the faint, soldierly, sweet, grim smile of the *preordained* man-hunter. The store was her forest; and many times she raised her rifle at game that seemed broad-antlered and big; but always some deep unerring instinct- perhaps of the huntress, perhaps of the woman-made her hold her fire and take up the trail again.

Lou flourished in the laundry. Out of her $18.50 per week she paid $6 for her room and board. The rest went mainly for clothes. Her opportunities for bettering her taste and manners were few compared with Nancy's. In the steaming laundry there was nothing but work, work and her thoughts of the evening pleasures to come. Many costly and showy fabrics passed under her iron; and it may be that her growing fondness for dress was thus transmitted to her through the conducting metal.

When the day's work was over Dan awaited her outside, her faithful shadow in whatever light she stood.

Sometimes he cast an honest and troubled glance at Lou's clothes that increased in conspicuity rather than in style; but this was no disloyalty; he *deprecated* the *attention* they *called to* her in the streets.

And Lou was no less faithful to her chum. There was a law that Nancy should go with them on whatsoever outings they might take. Dan bore the extra burden heartily and in good cheer. It might be said that Lou furnished the color, Nancy the tone, and Dan the weight of the distraction-seeking trio. The escort, in his neat but obviously ready-made suit, his ready-made tie and unfailing, genial, ready-made wit never startled or clashed. He was of that good kind that you are likely to forget while they are present, but remember distinctly after they are gone.

To Nancy's superior taste the flavor of these ready-made pleasures was sometimes a little bitter: but she was young; and youth is a *gourmand*, when it cannot be a *gourmet*.

“Dan is always wanting me to marry him right away,” Lou told her once. “But why should I? I'm independent. I can do as I please with the money I earn; and he never would agree for me to keep on working afterward. And say, Nance, what do you want to stick to that old store for, and half starve and half dress yourself? I could get you a place in the laundry right now if you'd come. It seems

to me that you could afford to be a little less stuck-up if you could make a good deal more money."

"I don't think I'm stuck-up, Lou," said Nancy, "but I'd rather live on half rations and stay where I am. I suppose I've got the habit. It's the chance that I want. I don't expect to be always behind a counter. I'm learning something new every day. I'm right up against refined and rich people all the time – even if I do only wait on them; and I'm not missing any pointers that I see passing around."

"Caught your millionaire yet?" asked Lou with her teasing laugh.

"I haven't selected one yet," answered Nancy. "I've been looking them over."

"Goodness! the idea of picking over 'em! Don't you ever let one get by you Nance – even if he's a few dollars shy. But of course you're joking – millionaires don't think about working girls like us."

"It might be better for them if they did," said Nancy, with cool *wisdom*. "Some of us could teach them how to take care of their money."

"If one was to speak to me," laughed Lou, "I know I'd have a duck-fit."

"That's because you don't know any. The only difference between swells and other people is you have to watch 'em closer. Don't you think that red silk lining is just a little bit too bright for that coat, Lou?"

Lou looked at the plain, dull olive jacket of her friend.

"Well, no I don't – but it may seem so beside that faded-looking thing you've got on."

"This jacket," said Nancy, complacently, "has exactly the cut and fit of one that Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher was wearing the other day. The material cost me $3.98. I suppose hers cost about $100 more."

"Oh, well," said Lou lightly, "it don't strike me as millionaire bait. Shouldn't wonder if I catch one before you do, anyway."

Truly it would have taken a philosopher to decide upon the values of the theories held by the two friends. Lou, lacking that certain pride and *fastidiousness*

that keeps stores and desks filled with girls working for the barest living, thumped away gaily with her iron in the noisy and stifling laundry. Her wages supported her even beyond the point of comfort; so that her dress profited until sometimes she cast a sidelong glance of impatience at the neat but inelegant apparel of Dan – Dan the constant, the *immutable*, the *undeviating.*

As for Nancy, her case was one of tens of thousands. Silk and jewels and laces and ornaments and the perfume and music of the fine world of good-breeding and taste – these were made for woman; they are her *equitable* portion. Let her keep near them if they are a part of life to her, and if she will. She is no traitor to herself, as Esau was; for she keeps he birthright and the *pottage* she earns is often very *scant*.

In this atmosphere Nancy belonged; and she throve in it and ate her *frugal* meals and schemed over her cheap dresses with a determined and contented mind. She already knew woman; and she was studying man, the animal, both as to his habits and eligibility. Some day she would bring down the game that she wanted; but she promised herself it would be what seemed to her the biggest and the best, and nothing smaller.

Thus she kept her lamp trimmed and burning to receive the bridegroom when he should come.

But, another lesson she learned, perhaps unconsciously. Her standard of values began to shift and change. Sometimes the dollar-mark grew blurred in her *mind's eye*, and shaped itself into letters that spelled such words as “truth” and “honor” and now and then just “kindness.” Let us make a likeness of one who hunts the moose or elk in some mighty wood. He sees a little dell, mossy and embowered, where a rill trickles, babbling to him of rest and comfort. At these times the spear of Nimrod himself grows blunt.

So, Nancy wondered sometimes if Persian lamb was always quoted at its market value by the hearts that it covered.

One Thursday evening Nancy left the store and turned across Sixth Avenue westward to the laundry. She was expected to go with Lou and Dan to a musical comedy.

Dan was just coming out of the laundry when she arrived. There was a queer, strained look on his face.

“I thought I would drop around to see if they had heard from her,” he said.

“Heard from who?” asked Nancy. “Isn't Lou there?”

“I thought you knew,” said Dan. “She hasn't been here or at the house where she lived since Monday. She moved all her things from there. She told one of the girls in the laundry she might be going to Europe.”

“Hasn't anybody seen her anywhere?” asked Nancy.

Dan looked at her with his jaws set grimly, and a steely gleam in his steady gray eyes.

“They told me in the laundry,” he said, harshly, “that they saw her pass yesterday – in an automobile. With one of the millionaires, I suppose, that you and Lou were forever busying your brains about.”

For the first time Nancy quailed before a man. She laid her hand that trembled slightly on Dan's sleeve.

“You've no right to say such a thing to me, Dan – as if I *had anything to do with* it!”

“I didn't mean it that way,” said Dan, softening. He fumbled in his vest pocket.

“I've got the tickets for the show tonight,” he said, with a gallant show of lightness. “If you – ”

Nancy admired *pluck* whenever she saw it.

“I'll go with you, Dan,” she said.

Three months went by before Nancy saw Lou again.

At twilight one evening the shop-girl was hurrying home along the border of a little quiet park. She heard her name called, and wheeled about in time to catch Lou rushing into her arms.

After the first embrace they drew their heads back as serpents do, ready to attack or to charm, with a thousand questions trembling on their *swift tongues*. And then Nancy noticed that *prosperity* had descended upon Lou, manifesting itself in costly furs, flashing gems, and creations of the tailors' art.

“You little fool!” cried Lou, loudly and affectionately. “I see you are still working in that store, and as shabby as ever. And how about that big catch you were going to make – nothing doing yet, I suppose?”

And then Lou looked, and saw that something better than prosperity had descended upon Nancy – something that shone brighter than gems in her eyes and redder than a rose in her cheeks, and that danced like electricity anxious to be loosed from *the tip of her tongue*.

“Yes, I'm still in the store,” said Nancy, “but I'm going to leave it next week. I've made my catch – the biggest catch in the world. You won't mind now Lou, will you? – I'm going to be married to Dan – to Dan! – he's my Dan now – why, Lou!"

Around the corner of the park strolled one of those new-crop, smooth-faced young policemen that are making the force more endurable – at least to the eye. He saw a woman with an expensive fur coat, and diamond-ringed hands crouching down against the iron fence of the park sobbing turbulently, while a slender, plainly-dressed working girl leaned close, trying to console her. But the Gibsonian cop, being of the new order, passed on, pretending not to notice, for he was wise enough to know that these matters are beyond help so far as the power he represents is concerned, though he rap the pavement with his nightstick till the sound goes up to the furthermost stars.

Text 10: Squaring the circle

AT THE HAZARD OF WEARING YOU THIS TALE OF VEHEMENT EMOTIONS MUST BE PREFACED BY A DISCOURSE ON GEOMETRY.

Nature moves in circles; Art in straight lines. The natural is rounded; the *artificial* is made up of angles. A man lost in the snow wanders, in spite of himself, in perfect circles; the city man's feet, denaturalized by *rectangular* streets and floors, carry him ever away from himself.

The round eyes of childhood *typify innocence*; the narrowed line of the flirt's optic proves the invasion of art. The horizontal mouth is the mark of determined cunning; who has not read Nature's most *spontaneous* lyric in lips rounded for the *candid* kiss?

Beauty is Nature in perfection; *circularity* is its chief attribute. Behold the full moon, the enchanting golf ball, the domes of splendid temples, the huckleberry pie, the wedding ring, the circus ring, the ring for the waiter, and the "round" of drinks.

On the other hand, straight lines show that Nature has been deflected. Imagine *Venus's girdle* transformed into a "straight front"!

When we begin to move in straight lines and turn sharp corners our natures begin to change. The consequence is that Nature, being more adaptive than Art, tries to conform to its sterner regulations. The result is often a rather curious product – for instance: A prize *chrysanthemum*, wood alcohol whiskey, a Republican Missouri, cauliflower *au gratin*, and a New Yorker,

Nature is lost quickest in a big city. The cause is geometrical, not moral. The straight lines of its streets and architecture, the *rectangularity* of its laws and social customs, the undeviating pavements, the hard, severe, depressing, uncompromising rules of all its ways – even of its recreation and sports – coldly exhibit a sneering *defiance* of the curved line of Nature.

Wherefore, it may be said that the big city has demonstrated the problem of *squaring the circle*. And it may be added that this mathematical introduction pre-

cedes an account of the fate of a Kentucky *feud* that was imported to the city that *has a habit of* making its importations conform to its angles.

The feud began in the Cumberland Mountains between the Folwell and the Harkness families. The first victim of the *homespun vendetta* was a ‘possum dog belonging to Bill Harkness. The Harkness family evened up this *dire loss* by laying out the chief of the Folwell clan. The Folwells were prompt at *repartee*. They oiled up their squirrel rifles and made it *feasible* for Bill Harkness to follow his dog to a land where the ‘possums come down when treed without the stroke of an ax.

The feud *flourished* for forty years. Harknesses were shot at the plough, through their lamp-lit cabin windows, coming from camp-meeting, asleep, in *duello*, *sober* and otherwise, singly and in family groups, prepared and unprepared. Folwells had the branches of their family tree lopped off in similar ways, as the traditions of their country prescribed and authorized.

By and by the *pruning* left but a single member of each family. And then Cal Harkness, probably reasoning that further pursuance of the controversy would give a too decided personal flavor to the feud, suddenly disappeared from the relieved Cumberlands, baulking the *avenging hand* of Sam, the ultimate opposing Folwell.

A year afterward Sam Folwell learned that his *hereditary*, unsuppressed enemy was living in New York City. Sam turned over the big iron washpot in the yard, scraped off some of the soot, which he mixed with lard and shined his boots with the com- pound. He put on his store clothes of butternut dyed black, a white shirt and collar, and packed a carpet-sack with *Spartan lingerie*. He took his squirrel rifle from its hooks, but put it back again with a sigh. However ethical and *plausible* the habit might be in the Cumberlands, perhaps New York would not swallow his pose of hunting squirrels among the skyscrapers along Broadway. An ancient but reliable *Colt’s revolver* that he *resurrected from* a bureau drawer seemed to proclaim itself the pink of weapons for metropolitan adventure

and vengeance. This and a hunting-knife in a *leather sheath*, Sam packed in the carpet-sack. As he started, muleback, for the lowland railroad station the last Folwell turned in his saddle and looked grimly at the little cluster of white-pine *slabs* in the clump of cedars that marked the Folwell burying-ground.

Sam Folwell arrived in New York in the night. Still moving and living in the free circles of nature, he did not perceive the *formidable*, pitiless, restless, fierce angles of the great city waiting in the dark to close about the *rotundity* of his heart and brain and mould him to the form of its millions of re-shaped victims. A cabby picked him out of the whirl, as Sam himself had often picked a nut from a bed of wind-tossed autumn leaves, and whisked him away to a hotel *commensurate* to his boots and carpet-sack.

On the next morning the last of the Folwells made his sortie into the city that sheltered the last Harkness. The Colt was thrust beneath his coat and secured by a narrow leather belt; the hunting-knife hung between his shoulder-blades, with the haft an inch below his coat collar. He knew this much – that Cal Harkness drove an express wagon somewhere in that town, and that he, Sam Folwell, had come to kill him. And as he stepped upon the sidewalk the *red came into his eye* and the feud-hate into his heart.

The *clamor* of the central avenues drew him *thitherward*. He had half expected to see Cal coming down the street in his shirt-sleeves, with a jug and a whip in his hand, just as he would have seen him in Frankfort or Laurel City. But an hour went by and Cal did not appear. Perhaps he was waiting in ambush, to shoot him from a door or a window. Sam *kept a sharp eye on* doors and windows for a while.

About noon the city tired of *playing with its mouse* and suddenly squeezed him with its straight lines.

Sam Folwell stood where two great, rectangular arteries of the city cross. He looked four ways, and saw the world burled from its orbit and reduced by spirit level and tape to an edged and cornered plane. All life moved on tracks, in

grooves, according to system, within boundaries, by rote. The root of life was the cube root; the measure of existence was square measure. People streamed by in straight rows; the horrible din and crash *stupefied* him.

Sam leaned against the sharp corner of a stone building. Those faces passed him by thousands, and none of them were turned toward him. A sudden foolish fear that he had died and was a spirit, and that they could not see him, seized him. And then the city smote him with loneliness.

A fat man dropped out of the stream and stood a few feet distant, waiting for his car. Sam crept to his side and shouted above the *tumult* into his ear:

"The Rankinses' hogs weighed more'n ourn a whole passel, but the mast in thar neighborhood was a fine chance better than what it was down – "

The fat man moved away unostentatiously, and bought roasted chestnuts to cover his alarm.

Sam felt the need of a *drop of mountain dew*. Across the street men passed in and out through swinging doors. Brief glimpses could be had of a glistening bar and its *bedeckings*. The feudist crossed and essayed to enter. Again had Art eliminated the familiar circle. Sam's hand found no door-knob – it slid, *in vain*, over a rectangular brass plate and polished oak with nothing even so large as a pin's head upon which his fingers might close. *Abashed*, reddened, heartbroken, he walked away from the bootless door and sat upon a step. A *locust club tickled him in the ribs*.

"Take a walk for yourself," said the policeman. You've been loafing around here long enough."

At the next corner a shrill whistle sounded in Sam's ear. He wheeled around and saw a black-browed villain scowling at him over peanuts heaped on a steaming machine. He started across the street. An immense engine, running without mules, with the voice of a bull and the smell of a smoky lamp, whizzed past, grazing his knee. A cab-driver bumped him with a hub and explained to him that kind words were in- vented to be used on other occasions. A motorman

clanged his bell wildly and, for once in his life, corroborated a cab-driver. A large lady in a changeable silk waist dug an elbow into his back, and a newsy pensively pelted him with banana rinds, murmuring, "I hates to do it – but if anybody seen me let it pass!"

Cal Harkness, his day's work over and his express wagon stabled, turned the sharp edge of the building that, by the cheek of architects, is modelled upon a safety razor. Out of the mass of hurrying people his eye picked up, three yards away, the surviving bloody and implacable foe of his kith and kin.

He stopped short and wavered for a moment, being unarmed and sharply surprised. But the keen mountaineer's eye of Sam Folwell had picked him out.

There was a sudden spring, a ripple in the stream of passersby and the sound of Sam's voice crying:

"Howdy, Cal! I'm durned glad to see ye."

And in the angles of Broadway, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street the Cumberland feudists shook hands.

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