

**НАЦІОНАЛЬНИЙ УНІВЕРСИТЕТ БІОРЕСУРСІВ І
ПРИРОДОКОРИСТУВАННЯ УКРАЇНИ**

Кафедра романо-германських мов і перекладу

**МЕТОДИЧНІ МАТЕРІАЛИ
HOME-READING – SHORT STORIES BY O. HENRY**
до практичних занять з дисципліни
**ПРАКТИЧНИЙ КУРС ДРУГОЇ ІНОЗЕМНОЇ МОВИ І ПЕРЕКЛАД
(АНГЛІЙСЬКОЇ)**
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CONTENTS

	Page
O. Henry	4
The Count and the Wedding Guest	5
School and Schools	19
Girl	33
Witches' Loaves	40
Lost on Dress Parade	47
The Trimmed Lamp	57
No Story	71
The Ransom of Red Chief	85
Cupid a la Carte	101

O. HENRY

The American short story writer O. Henry (1862 – 1910) was born under the name William Sydney Porter in Greensboro, North Carolina in 1862. His short stories are well known through the world; noted for their witticism, clever worldplay, and unexpected «twist» endings. Like many other writers, O. Henry's early career aspirations were unfixed and he wandered across different activities and professions before he finally found his calling as a short story writer. He started working in his uncle's drugstore in 1879 and became a licensed pharmacist by the age of 19. O. Henry moved to Texas in March of 1882 hoping to get rid of a persistent cough that he had developed. While there, he took up residence on a sheep ranch, learned shepherding, cooking, babysitting, and bits of Spanish and German from the many migrant farmhands. He had an active social life in Austin and was a fine musician, skilled with the guitar and mandolin. Over the next several years, Porter – as he was still known – took a number of different jobs, from pharmacy to drafting, journalism and banking.

But banking in particular was not to be O. Henry's calling; he was quite careless with his bookkeeping and may have crossed some ethical and legal boundaries. In 1894, the bank accused him of embezzlement. He lost his job but was not indicted.

He was always a lover of classic literature, and while pursuing these other ventures, O. Henry had begun writing as a hobby. When he lost his banking job he moved to Houston in 1895 and started writing for *The Post*, earning \$ 25 per month (an average salary at this time in American history was probably about \$ 300 a year, less than a dollar a day). O. Henry collected ideas for his column by loitering in hotel lobbies and observing and talking to people there.

O. Henry's prolific writing period began in 1902 in New York City, where he wrote 381 short stories. He wrote one story a week for *The New York World Sunday Magazine* for over a year.

Unfortunately, O. Henry's personal tragedy was heavy drinking and by 1908 his health had deteriorated and his writing dropped off accordingly. He died in 1910 of cirrhosis, complications of diabetes, and an enlarged heart. The funeral was held in New York City, but he was buried in North Carolina, the state where he was born. He was a gifted short story writer, and left us a rich legacy of great stories to enjoy.

THE COUNT AND THE WEDDING GUEST

Andy Donovan was a boarder at Mrs. Scott's boarding-house.

One evening when Andy Donovan went to dinner, Mrs. Scott introduced him to a new boarder, a young lady, Miss Conway. Miss Conway was small and quite simple. She wore a plain, brown dress. She lifted her diffident eyelids and shot one perspicuous, judicial glance at Mr. Donovan, politely murmured his name, and returned to her mutton. Mr. Donovan bowed with the grace and beaming smile that were rapidly winning for him social, business and political advancement, and erased the snuffy-brown one from the tablets of his consideration.

Two weeks later Andy was sitting on the front steps enjoying his cigar. There was a soft rustle behind and above him, and Andy turned his head...and had his head turned.

Just coming out the door was Miss Conway. She wore a night-black dress of crepe de__crepe de_ – oh, this thin black goods. Her hat was black, and from it drooped and fluttered an ebon veil, filmy as a spider's web. She stood on the top step and drew on black silk gloves. Not a speck of white or a spot of color about her dress anywhere. Her rich golden hair and her large grey eyes made her almost beautiful. She stood looking above the houses across the street into the sky. Her eyes were sad. All in black, and that sad far away looking and the golden hair shining under the black veil...

Mr. Donovan threw away his unfinished cigar.

«It's a fine, clear evening, Miss Conway», he said.

«Yes, it is,» answered Miss Conway, «but not for me, Mr. Donovan», said Miss Conway, with a sigh.

Mr. Donovan, in his heart, cursed fair weather. Heartless weather! It should hail and blow and snow to be consonant with the mood of Miss Conway.

«I hope none of your relatives – I hope you haven't sustained a loss?» ventured Mr. Donovan.

«Death has claimed», said Miss Conway, hesitating – «not a relative, but one who – but I will not intrude my grief upon you, Mr. Donovan».

«Intrude?» protested Mr. Donovan. «Why, say, Miss Conway, I'd be delighted, that is, I'd be sorry– I mean I'm sure nobody could sympathize with you truer than I would».

Miss Conway smiled a little smile. And oh, it was sadder than her expression in repose.

«Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and they give you the laugh», she quoted. «I have learned that, Mr. Donovan. I have no friends or acquaintances in this city. But you have been kind to me. I appreciate it highly.»

He had passed her the pepper twice at the table.

«It's hard to be alone in New York», said Mr. Donovan. «But, say – whenever this little old town does loosen up and get friendly it goes the limit. Say you took a little stroll in the park, Miss Conway – don't you think it might chase away some of your mullygrubs? And if you'd allow me...»

«Thanks, Mr. Donovan. I'd be pleased to accept of your escort if you think the company of one whose heart is filled with gloom could be anyways agreeable to you».

Through the open gates of the iron-railed, old, downtown park, where the elect once took the air, they strolled, and found a quiet bench.

There is this difference between the grief of youth and that of old age: youth's burden is lightened by as much of it as another shares; old age may give and give, but the sorrow remains the same.

«He was my fiance», confided Miss Conway, at the end of an hour. «We were going to be married next spring. I don't want you to think that I am stringing you, Mr. Donovan, but he was a real Count. He had an estate and a castle in Italy. Count Fernando Mazzini was his name. I never saw the beat of him for elegance. Papa objected, of course, and once we eloped, but papa overtook us, and took us back. I thought sure papa and Fernando would fight a duel».

«Finally, papa came 'round, all right, and said we might be married next spring. Fernando showed him proofs of his title and wealth, and then went over to Italy to get the castle fixed up for us. Papa's very proud, and when Fernando wanted to give me several thousand dollars for my trousseau he called him down something awful. He wouldn't even let me take a ring or any presents from him. And when Fernando sailed I came to the city and got a position as cashier in a candy store».

«Three days ago I got a letter from Italy, forwarded from P'kipsee, saying that Fernando had been killed in a gondola accident».

«That is why I am in mourning. My heart, Mr. Donovan, will remain forever in his grave. I guess I am poor company, Mr. Donovan, but I cannot take any interest in no one. I should not care to keep you from gayety and your friends who can smile and entertain you. Perhaps you would prefer to walk back to the house?»

Now, girls, if you want to observe a young man hustle out after a pick and shovel, just tell him that your heart is in some other fellow's grave. Young men are grave-robbers by nature. Ask any widow. Something must be done to restore that missing organ to weeping angels in *_crepe de Chine_*. Dead men certainly get the worst of it from all sides.

«I'm awfully sorry», said Mr. Donovan, gently. «No, we won't walk back to the house just yet. And don't say you haven't no friends in this city, Miss Conway. I'm awful sorry, and I want you to believe I'm your friend, and that I'm awful sorry».

«I've got his picture here in my locket», said Miss Conway, after wiping her eyes with her handkerchief. «I never showed it to anybody; but I will to you, Mr. Donovan, because I believe you to be a true friend».

Mr. Donovan gazed long and with much interest at the photograph in the locket that Miss Conway opened for him. The face of Count Mazzini was one to command interest. It was a smooth, intelligent, bright, almost a handsome face – the face of a strong, cheerful man who might well be a leader among his fellows.

«I have a larger one, framed, in my room», said Miss Conway. «When we return I will show you that. They are all I have to remind me of Fernando. But he ever will be present in my heart, that's a sure thing».

A subtle task confronted Mr. Donovan, – that of supplanting the unfortunate Count in the heart of Miss Conway. This his admiration for her determined him to do. But the magnitude of the undertaking did not seem to weigh upon his spirits. The sympathetic but cheerful friend was the role he essayed; and he played it so successfully that the next half-hour found them conversing pensively across two plates of ice-cream, though yet there was no diminution of the sadness in Miss Conway's large gray eyes.

Before they parted in the hall that evening she ran upstairs and brought down the framed photograph wrapped lovingly in a white silk scarf. Mr. Donovan surveyed it with inscrutable eyes.

«He gave me this the night he left for Italy», said Miss Conway. «I had the one for the locket made from this».

«A fine-looking man», said Mr. Donovan, heartily. «How would it suit you, Miss Conway, to give me the pleasure of your company to Coney next Sunday afternoon?»

A month later they announced their engagement to Mrs. Scott and the other boarders. Miss Conway continued to wear black.

A week after the announcement the two sat on the same bench in the downtown park, while the fluttering leaves of the trees made a dim kinetoscopic picture of them in the moonlight. But Donovan had worn a look of abstracted gloom all day. He was so silent to-night that love's lips could not keep back any longer the questions that love's heart propounded.

«What's the matter, Andy, you are so solemn and grouchy to-night?»

«Nothing, Maggie».

«I know better. Can't I tell? You never acted this way before. What is it?»

«It's nothing much, Maggie».

«Yes it is; and I want to know. I'll bet it's some other girl you are thinking about. All right. Why don't you go get her if you want her? Take your arm away, if you please».

«I'll tell you then," said Andy, wisely, «but I guess you won't understand it exactly. You've heard of Mike Sullivan, haven't you? 'Big Mike' Sullivan, everybody calls him».

«No, I haven't», said Maggie. «And I don't want to, if he makes you act like this. Who is he?»

«He's the biggest man in New York», said Andy, almost reverently. «He can about do anything he wants to with Tammany or any other old thing in the political line. He's a mile high and as broad as East River. You say anything against Big Mike, and you'll have a million men on your collarbone in about two seconds. Why, he made a visit over to the old country awhile back, and the kings took to their holes like rabbits.

«Well, Big Mike's a friend of mine. I ain't more than deuce-high in the district as far as influence goes, but Mike's as good a friend to a little man, or a poor man as he is to a big one. I met him to-day on the Bowery, and what do you think he does? Comes up and shakes hands. «Andy», says he, «I've been keeping cases on you. You've been putting in some good licks over on your side of the street, and I'm proud of you. What'll you take to drink»? He takes a cigar, and I take a highball. I told him I was going to get married in two weeks. «Andy», says he, «send me an invitation, so I'll keep in mind of it, and I'll come to the wedding». That's what Big Mike says to me; and he always does what he says.

«You don't understand it, Maggie, but I'd have one of my hands cut off to have Big Mike Sullivan at our wedding. It would be the proudest day of my life. When he goes to a man's wedding, there's a guy being married that's made for life. Now, that's why I'm maybe looking sore to-night».

«Why don't you invite him, then, if he's so much to the mustard?» said Maggie, lightly.

«There's a reason why I can't», said Andy, sadly. «There's a reason why he mustn't be there. Don't ask me what it is, for I can't tell you».

«Oh, I don't care», said Maggie. «It's something about politics, of course. But it's no reason why you can't smile at me».

«Maggie», said Andy, presently, «do you think as much of me as you did of your – as you did of the Count Mazzini?»

He waited a long time, but Maggie did not reply. And then, suddenly she leaned against his shoulder and began to cry – to cry and shake with sobs, holding his arm tightly, and wetting the *_crepe de Chine_* with tears.

«There, there, there»! soothed Andy, putting aside his own trouble. «And what is it, now?»

«Andy», sobbed Maggie. «I've lied to you, and you'll never marry me, or love me any more. But I feel that I've got to tell. Andy, there never was so much as the little finger of a count. I never had a beau in my life. But all the other girls had; and they talked about 'em; and that seemed to make the fellows like 'em more. And, Andy, I look swell in black--you know I do. So I went out to a photograph store and bought that picture, and had a little one made for my locket, and made up all that story about the Count, and about his being killed, so I could wear black. And nobody can love a liar, and you'll shake me, Andy, and I'll die for shame. Oh, there never was anybody I liked but you – and that's all».

But instead of being pushed away, she found Andy's arm folding her closer. She looked up and saw his face cleared and smiling.

«Could you – could you forgive me, Andy?»

«Sure», said Andy. «It's all right about that. Back to the cemetery for the Count. You've straightened everything out, Maggie. I was in hopes you would before the wedding-day. Bully girl!»

«Andy», said Maggie, with a somewhat shy smile, after she had been thoroughly assured of forgiveness, «did you believe all that story about the Count?»

«Well, not to any large extent», said Andy, reaching for his cigar case, «because it's Big Mike Sullivan's picture you've got in that locket of yours».

Glossary

- (to) need badly – сильно хотіти
- (to) draw attention – привернути увагу
- instead of going there – замість того, щоб піти туди
- (to) introduce Ricky to Kimy – познайомити (представити) Рікі з Кімі
- (to) come out of (the house) – виходити з дому
- (to) throw away – викинути
- (to) be sorry for – співчувати
- (to) come to an end – підходити до кінця
- (to) die for shame – умирати від сорому
- instead of leaving her – замість того, щоб кинути її
- put his arms about her – обійняв її
- (to earn) one's living – заробляти на життя

EXERCISES

1. Circle the correct answer.

1. During dinner Miss. Conway
 - a. showed interest in Andy Donovan.
 - b. seemed interested in what the guests were saying.
 - c. didn't show interest in what was happening.
 - d. had an interesting conversation with the guests.
2. After seeing Miss. Conway at dinner, Andy Donovan
 - a. couldn't stop thinking about her.
 - b. thought she was very beautiful.
 - c. didn't want to smile at her.
 - d. didn't think about her at all.
3. When Mr. Donovan saw Miss. Conway dressed in black, he was sure that
 - a. her eyes were blue.
 - b. she looked more beautiful in brown.
 - c. someone in her family had died.
 - d. she was sad.
4. Mr. Donovan wanted to speak to miss. Conway because he

- a. thought that she was an interesting person.
 - b. was attracted to her.
 - c. wanted to know who had died.
 - d. wanted to laugh with her.
5. According to Miss. Conway she
- a. was married to Count Mazzini.
 - b. was about to marry Count Mazzini.
 - c. ran away from Count Mazzini.
 - d. Her father wanted her to marry Count Mazzini.
6. Miss. Conway told Mr. Donovan that in the end her father
- a. had offered her money to buy her new clothes.
 - b. had gone to Italy.
 - c. had agreed to her and Count Mazzini's marriage.
 - d. had refused to come to their wedding.
7. Miss. Conway was wearing black because
- a. she had blue eyes.
 - b. she didn't have any other clothes.
 - c. she said that her husband to be had died.
 - d. Mr. Donovan liked the way she looked in black.
8. Miss. Conway showed Mr. Donovan Count Mazzini's picture because
- a. she believed him to be her friend.
 - b. he commanded her to show him the picture.
 - c. the count was intelligent.
 - d. she wanted him to help her.
9. Mr. Donovan wanted to
- a. see a larger picture of the count .
 - b. smile, but failed.
 - c. have dinner with Miss. Conway.
 - d. have a relationship with Miss Conway.
10. Mr. Donovan saw the small picture of the count in the locket
- a. and asked Miss Conway to see a larger one.
 - b. but thought he wasn't handsome.
 - c. but no one knew what he was thinking.
 - d. and smiled.

2. Match the beginning of the sentences in A with their ending in B.

A

1) When Maggie and Andy went to the park _____

- 2) Maggie thought that Andy was acting strange _____
- 3) Maggie asked Andy to take his arm away _____
- 4) Maggie said that she _____
- 5) When Maggie asked Andy who Mike Sullivan was _____
- 6) Andy told Maggie that Mike Sullivan _____
- 7) Maggie finally admitted that _____
- 8) Maggie made up the story about Count Mazzini _____
- 9) When Maggie finally told Andy the truth _____
- 10) Andy told Maggie that he did not believe her story
about the Count _____

B

- a) he said that Mike was the most important man in N.Y.
- b) she had been lying to Andy.
- c) she asked him why he was so sad.
- d) because she was angry with him.
- e) and she was sure it was because of another girl.
- f) had never heard of Mike Sullivan.
- g) wanted to come to their wedding.
- h) and that the picture she was wearing in her locket was Mike Sullivan's.
- i) to justify her wearing black all the time.
- j) she was sure Andy would be angry with her.

3. Fill in the blanks with words from the following list.

sadness, and, locket, plain, in, it, an, out, expression, same, of, as, the

Andy Donovan forgot all about Maggie Conway after their first meeting at Mrs. Scott's boarding house, probably because of Maggie's _____ brown dress and the fact that she wouldn't stand _____ in the crowd.

However, two weeks later Maggie drew Andy's attention. He thought she looked beautiful. She had thick golden hair and large gray eyes. She was dressed all in black and had a sad _____.

Maggie told Andy that she was about to be married to a count when she received a letter informing her that her husband to be had died in _____ accident. That explained her black clothes and _____. That night Maggie showed Andy a picture of the

“count”. Andy looked at _____ but didn’t say what he was thinking.

Andy decided to take _____ “Count’s” place in Maggie’s life and a month later they decided to get married.

A week later they returned to the _____ seat in the park where Maggie had told Andy about the “Count”. She asked him why he was so sad. Andy told her about Mike Sullivan. He also asked her if she had loved him _____ much as she had loved the “Count”. At that point Maggie started to cry and admitted that she had lied to him, yet Andy wasn’t surprised. He knew all along that the picture in Maggie’s _____ was Mike Sullivan’s.

4. Complete the sentences.

- 1) When Andy saw Maggie for the first time _____.
- 2) The second time he saw her _____.
- 3) Andy was sure Maggie was wearing black because _____.
- 4) At first Maggie’s father didn’t _____ his daughter to _____ the Count. Then he _____ to their _____.
- Maggie’s father refused to take the _____’s money because he was a _____ man.
- 5) According to Maggie she and the Count never got married because _____.
- 6) Maggie kept a _____ of “The Count” in her _____.
- 7) The second time Andy and Maggie went to the park Maggie did not understand why Andy _____.
- 8) Big Mike Sullivan was a nice person because _____.
- 9) Big Mike said that _____.
- 10) Finally Maggie told Andy the truth. The truth was _____.

Checking Comprehension

1. Say whether the statement is true or false. Correct the false one.

1. The story took place in one of the boarding-houses of Italy.
2. Fernando Mazzini owned this boarding-house.
3. Miss Conway was wearing black clothes because she looked very attractive in black.
4. When Andy Donovan was introduced to Miss Conway his head turned.

5. Miss Conway and Andy spent time together walking in the park.
6. When they decided to get married Miss Conway told Andy her sad story.
7. Andy recognized his friend in the photograph and got upset.
8. Miss Conway turned out to be Marry.
9. Andy forgave Miss Conway because he loved her.
10. Andy and Miss Conway invited Fernando Mazzini to their wedding.

2. Put the sentences in the right order.

1. She told him her sad story.
2. Two weeks later Andy noticed how beautiful Miss Conway looked.
3. Andy Donovan stayed at Mrs. Scott's boarding-house.
4. He was very sorry for her and invited her for a walk with him.
5. Once he was introduced to a new boarder, Miss Conway.
6. A month later Andy and Miss Conway decided to get married.
7. Miss Conway began crying and confessed that she had invented the story about Count Mazzini.
8. She was all in black and he thought somebody in her family might have died.
9. Andy told Miss Conway that his friend wanted to be present at their wedding.
10. When they got back to the house Miss Conway showed Andy a photograph of a fine-looking man.
11. Andy told Miss Conway that the photograph she had shown him was a photograph of his friend.
12. But Andy could not invite his friend to their wedding.
13. Andy assured her that he was her friend.

3. Answer the following questions.

1. How many people are mentioned in this story? Who are they?
2. In what kind of a place are they staying?
3. Where does the introduction take place?
4. What time of a day is it?
5. How is the girl dressed all the time?
6. What covers her head?
7. What does she tell Andy while walking in the park?
8. In what way does she look beautiful?

9. Who comes out when Andy is sitting on the front steps of the boarding-house?
10. What effect does this have on Andy?
11. What colour is the girl's hair?
12. How does Andy feel about what he has been told?
13. How much do they talk on the first day?
14. What takes place in the end?
15. What did Miss Conway badly need?
16. What did she do to draw Andy's attention to herself?
17. What does Andy do instead of leaving her?
18. What tells you that Miss Conway isn't a liar?

Working with vocabulary and Grammar

1. Say what the italicized words mean.

1. Andy and Miss Conway were *boarders* at Mrs. Scott's boarding-house.
2. She was wearing a black hat with a black *veil*.
3. It was a photograph of a *fine-looking* man.
4. She said that she *had lied* to him.
5. Nobody can love a *liar*.
6. Miss Conway said that she would be glad *to have his company*.

2. Say which noun goes with which adjective in this story. Use them in the situations from the story.

- | | |
|----------|---------------------|
| 1 face | a) small and simple |
| 2 girl | b) black |
| 3 leaves | c) golden |
| 4 night | d) grey |
| 5 veil | e) strong |
| 6 hair | f) clever |
| 7 man | g) clear |
| 8 eyes | h) green |
| 9 cigar | i) unfinished |

3. Fill in the gaps with prepositions.

1. Mrs. Scott introduced Andy Donovan _____ a young girl.

2. Seeing Miss Conway coming_____the house Andy Donovan threw___his unfinished cigar.
3. Andy was sorry_____the girl.
4. Miss Conway was standing_____the steps looking the houses_____the sky.
5. She thought she was alone_____the world.
6. Their conversation came_____an end.
7. Andy invited Miss Conway to go____to forget her trouble.
8. Miss Conway said Fernando had been killed_____a gondola accident.
9. Miss Conway said she could not take an interest_____anybody.
10. They came___the hall, she ran_____her room and brought_____a photograph___the dead man.
11. She thought he would leave her, and she would die_____shame.
12. But instead_____leaving her, Andy put his arms_____her and looked___her face.

4. Put the verbs in brackets into the correct tense form.

The new boarder (to be) a small and simple girl, and he (to forget) her at once. But once he (to see) her (to dress) in a beautiful black clothes with her golden hair under a black veil, and his head (to turn). He (to be) sorry to know about her trouble. To forget it he (to invite) her for a walk in the park. She (to say) she (to be going) to get married soon, but her beloved (to be killed) in an accident, and she (to be) quite alone in the world. Andy (to assure) her that she (not to be) alone, he (to be) her friend. Miss Conway (to invent) this story so that she (can) wear black. Black (to be) a good colour for her. She (to say) nobody (to love) her, nobody (to want) to marry her. But she (to want) to be loved and get married. She (to say) he (to be) the only man she (to love). But now she (to be afraid) that he (to leave) her and she (to die) for shame.

Discussing the Story

1. Say why:

1. Andy Donovan forgot Miss Conway immediately after the introduction.
2. His head turned when he saw Miss Conway coming out of the door.
3. Andy Donovan was sorry for Miss Conway.
4. Andy invited her to take a walk in the park.

5. Miss Conway showed Andy the photograph.
6. Andy looked at the photograph with much interest and for a long time.
7. Miss Conway continued to wear black after she and Andy had decided to get married.
8. Andy could not invite his friend for the wedding.
9. Miss Conway began to cry.
10. Miss Conway invented that story.

2. Add more information to these:

1. He turned his head ... and his head turned.
2. Once he invited her to take a walk in the park.
3. She told Andy her sad story.
4. He looked at the photograph.
5. He was so silent all day that she decided to ask him a question.
6. He asked her if she loved him as much as she had loved Count Mazzini.
7. There was nobody who loved her in all her life.

3. Make up and act out the talk between:

- Andy and Miss Conway (on the steps of the boarding-house).
- Andy and Miss Conway (after she told him her story).
- Andy and Miss Conway (a month later sitting in the park).

4. Imagine that you are:

- Mrs. Scott.
 - a) Introduce Andy to a new boarder.
 - b) Say what you think of a young girl.
 - c) Say what you think of Andy Donovan.
- Miss Conway. Say why:
 - a) you had come to New York;
 - b) you didn't talk to Andy after the introduction;
 - c) you invented your sad story.

5. What do you think?

1. Do you think Miss Conway invented her story to draw Andy's attention to herself or because she had loved him already, or you have your own idea?
2. Where do you think they have their wedding: at the boarding-house, at a fine restaurant, or some other place? Give your reasons.

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLS

Old Jerome Warren lived in a hundred-thousand-dollar house at 35 East Fifty-Soforth Street. He was a down-town broker, so rich that he could afford to walk – for his health – a few blocks in the direction of his office every morning, and then call a cab.

He had an adopted son, the son of an old friend named Gilbert – Cyril Scott could play him nicely – who was becoming a successful painter as fast as he could squeeze the paint out of his tubes. Another member of the household was Barbara Ross, a stepniece. Man is born to trouble; so, as old Jerome had no family of his own, he took up the burdens of others.

Gilbert and Barbara got along swimmingly. There was a tacit and tactical understanding all round that the two would stand up under a floral bell some high noon, and promise the minister to keep old Jerome's money in a state of high commotion. But at this point complications must be introduced.

Thirty years before, when old Jerome was young Jerome, there was a brother of his named Dick. Dick went West to seek his or somebody else's fortune. Nothing was heard of him until one day old Jerome had a letter from his brother. It was badly written on ruled paper that smelled of salt bacon and coffee-grounds. The writing was asthmatic and the spelling St. Vitusy.

It appeared that instead of Dick having forced Fortune to stand and deliver, he had been held up himself, and made to give hostages to the enemy. That is, as his letter disclosed, he was on the point of pegging out with a complication of disorders that even whiskey had failed to check. All that his thirty years of prospecting had netted him was one daughter, nineteen years old, as per invoice, whom he was shipping East, charges prepaid, for Jerome to clothe, feed, educate, comfort, and cherish for the rest of her natural life or until matrimony should them part.

Old Jerome was a board-walk. Everybody knows that the world is supported by the shoulders of Atlas; and that Atlas stands on a rail-fence; and that the rail-fence is built on a turtle's back. Now, the turtle has to stand on something; and that is a board-walk made of men like old Jerome.

I do not know whether immortality shall accrue to man; but if not so, I would like to know when men like old Jerome get what is due them?

They met Nevada Warren at the station. She was a little girl, deeply sunburned and wholesome good-looking, with a manner that was frankly unsophisticated, yet one that not even a cigar-drummer would intrude upon without thinking twice. Looking at her, somehow you would expect to see her in a short

skirt and leather leggings, shooting glass balls or taming mustangs. But in her plain white waist and black skirt she sent you guessing again. With an easy exhibition of strength she swung along a heavy valise, which the uniformed porters tried in vain to wrest from her.

“I am sure we will be the best of friends”, said Barbara, pecking at the firm, sunburned cheek.

“I hope so”, said Nevada.

“Dear little niece,” said old Jerome, “you are as welcome to my home as if it were your father's own”.

“Thanks”, said Nevada.

“And I am going to call you cousin”, said Gilbert, with his charming smile.

“Take the valise, please”, said Nevada. “It weighs a million pounds. It's got samples from six of dad's old mines in it”, she explained to Barbara. “I calculate they'd assay about nine cents to the thousand tons, but I promised him to bring them along”.

It is a common custom to refer to the usual complication between one man and two ladies, or one lady and two men, or a lady and a man and a nobleman, or – well, any of those problems – as the triangle. But they are never unqualified triangles. They are always isosceles – never equilateral. So, upon the coming of Nevada Warren, she and Gilbert and Barbara Ross lined up into such a figurative triangle; and of that triangle Barbara formed the hypotenuse.

One morning old Jerome was lingering long after breakfast over the dullest morning paper in the city before setting forth to his down-town fly-trap. He had become quite fond of Nevada, finding in her much of his dead brother's quiet independence and unsuspecting frankness.

A maid brought in a note for Miss Nevada Warren.

“A messenger-boy delivered it at the door, please”, she said. “He's waiting for an answer”.

Nevada, who was whistling a Spanish waltz between her teeth, and watching the carriages and autos roll by in the street, took the envelope. She knew it was from Gilbert, before she opened it, by the little gold palette in the upper left-hand corner.

After tearing it open she pored over the contents for a while, absorbedly. Then, with a serious face, she went and stood at her uncle's elbow.

“Uncle Jerome, Gilbert is a nice boy, isn't he”?

“Why, bless the child”! said old Jerome, crackling his paper loudly; “of course he is. I raised him myself”.

“He wouldn't write anything to anybody that wasn't exactly – I mean that everybody couldn't know and read, would he?”

"I'd just like to see him try it", said uncle, tearing a handful from his newspaper. "Why, what –"

"Read this note he just sent me, uncle, and see if you think it's all right and proper. You see, I don't know much about city people and their ways".

Old Jerome threw his paper down and set both his feet upon it. He took Gilbert's note and fiercely perused it twice, and then a third time.

"Why, child", said he, "you had me almost excited, although I was sure of that boy. He's a duplicate of his father, and he was a gilt-edged diamond. He only asks if you and Barbara will be ready at four o'clock this afternoon for an automobile drive over to Long Island. I don't see anything to criticise in it except the stationery. I always did hate that shade of blue".

"Would it be all right to go?" asked Nevada, eagerly.

"Yes, yes, yes, child; of course. Why not? Still, it pleases me to see you so careful and candid. Go, by all means".

"I didn't know", said Nevada, demurely. "I thought I'd ask you. Couldn't you go with us, uncle?"

"I? No, no, no, no! I've ridden once in a car that boy was driving. Never again! But it's entirely proper for you and Barbara to go. Yes, yes. But I will not. No, no, no, no!"

Nevada flew to the door, and said to the maid:

"You bet we'll go. I'll answer for Miss Barbara. Tell the boy to say to Mr. Warren, 'You bet we'll go'".

"Nevada", called old Jerome, "pardon me, my dear, but wouldn't it be as well to send him a note in reply? Just a line would do".

"No, I won't bother about that", said Nevada, gayly. "Gilbert will understand – he always does. I never rode in an automobile in my life; but I've paddled a canoe down Little Devil River through the Lost Horse Canon, and if it's any livelier than that I'd like to know!"

Two months are supposed to have elapsed.

Barbara sat in the study of the hundred-thousand-dollar house. It was a good place for her. Many places are provided in the world where men and women may repair for the purpose of extricating themselves from divers difficulties. There are cloisters, wailing-places, watering-places, confessionals, hermitages, lawyer's offices, beauty parlours, air-ships, and studies; and the greatest of these are studies.

It usually takes a hypotenuse a long time to discover that it is the longest side of a triangle. But it's a long line that has no turning.

Barbara was alone. Uncle Jerome and Nevada had gone to the theatre. Barbara had not cared to go. She wanted to stay at home and study in the study. If you, miss, were a stunning New York girl, and saw every day that a brown,

ingenuous Western witch was getting hobbles and a lasso on the young man you wanted for yourself, you, too, would lose taste for the oxidized-silver setting of a musical comedy.

Barbara sat by the quartered-oak library table. Her right arm rested upon the table, and her dextral fingers nervously manipulated a sealed letter. The letter was addressed to Nevada Warren; and in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope was Gilbert's little gold palette. It had been delivered at nine o'clock, after Nevada had left.

Barbara would have given her pearl necklace to know what the letter contained; but she could not open and read it by the aid of steam, or a pen-handle, or a hair-pin, or any of the generally approved methods, because her position in society forbade such an act. She had tried to read some of the lines of the letter by holding the envelope up to a strong light and pressing it hard against the paper, but Gilbert had too good a taste in stationery to make that possible.

At eleven-thirty the theatre-goers returned. It was a delicious winter night. Even so far as from the cab to the door they were powdered thickly with the big flakes downpouring diagonally from the east. Old Jerome growled good-naturedly about villanous cab service and blockaded streets. Nevada, colored like a rose, with sapphire eyes, babbled of the stormy nights in the mountains around dad's cabin. During all these wintry apostrophes, Barbara, cold at heart, sawed wood – the only appropriate thing she could think of to do.

Old Jerome went immediately upstairs to hot-water-bottles and quinine. Nevada fluttered into the study, the only cheerfully lighted room, subsided into an arm-chair, and, while at the interminable task of unbuttoning her elbow gloves, gave oral testimony as to the demerits of the “show”.

“Yes, I think Mr. Fields is really amusing – sometimes”, said Barbara. “Here is a letter for you, dear, that came by special delivery just after you had gone”.

“Who is it from?” asked Nevada, tugging at a button.

“Well, really”, said Barbara, with a smile, “I can only guess. The envelope has that queer little thing in one corner that Gilbert calls a palette, but which looks to me rather like a gilt heart on a school-girl's valentine”.

“I wonder what he's writing to me about”, remarked Nevada, listlessly.

“We're all alike”, said Barbara; “all women. We try to find out what is in a letter by studying the postmark. As a last resort we use scissors, and read it from the bottom upward. Here it is”.

She made a motion as if to toss the letter across the table to Nevada.

“Great catamounts”! exclaimed Nevada. “These centre-fire buttons are a nuisance. I'd rather wear buckskins. Oh, Barbara, please shuck the hide off that letter and read it. It'll be midnight before I get these gloves off”!

“Why, dear, you don't want me to open Gilbert's letter to you? It's for you, and you wouldn't wish any one else to read it, of course”!

Nevada raised her steady, calm, sapphire eyes from her gloves.

“Nobody writes me anything that everybody mightn't read”, she said. “Go on, Barbara. Maybe Gilbert wants us to go out in his car again tomorrow”.

Curiosity can do more things than kill a cat; and if emotions, well recognized as feminine, are inimical to feline life, then jealousy would soon leave the whole world catless. Barbara opened the letter, with an indulgent, slightly bored air.

“Well, dear”, she said, “I'll read it if you want me to”.

She slit the envelope, and read the missive with swift-travelling eyes; read it again, and cast a quick, shrewd glance at Nevada, who, for the time, seemed to consider gloves as the world of her interest, and letters from rising artists as no more than messages from Mars.

For a quarter of a minute Barbara looked at Nevada with a strange steadfastness; and then a smile so small that it widened her mouth only the sixteenth part of an inch, and narrowed her eyes no more than a twentieth, flashed like an inspired thought across her face.

Since the beginning no woman has been a mystery to another woman Swift as light travels, each penetrates the heart and mind of another, sifts her sister's words of their cunningest disguises, reads her most hidden desires, and plucks the sophistry from her wiliest talk like hairs from a comb, twiddling them sardonically between her thumb and fingers before letting them float away on the breezes of fundamental doubt. Long ago Eve's son rang the door-bell of the family residence in Paradise Park, bearing a strange lady on his arm, whom he introduced. Eve took her daughter-in-law aside and lifted a classic eyebrow.

“The Land of Nod”, said the bride, languidly flirting the leaf of a palm. “I suppose you've been there, of course”?

“Not lately”, said Eve, absolutely unstagged. “Don't you think the apple-sauce they serve over there is execrable? I rather like that mulberry-leaf tunic effect, dear; but, of course, the real fig goods are not to be had over there. Come over behind this lilac-bush while the gentlemen split a celery tonic. I think the caterpillar-holes have made your dress open a little in the back”.

So, then and there – according to the records – was the alliance formed by the only two who's-who ladies in the world. Then it was agreed that woman should

forever remain as clear as a pane of glass – though glass was yet to be discovered to other women, and that she should palm herself off on man as a mystery.

Barbara seemed to hesitate.

“Really, Nevada”, she said, with a little show of embarrassment, “you shouldn't have insisted on my opening this. I-I'm sure it wasn't meant for any one else to know.”

Nevada forgot her gloves for a moment.

“Then read it aloud”, she said. “Since you've already read it, what's the difference? If Mr. Warren has written to me something that any one else oughtn't to know, that is all the more reason why everybody should know it.”

“Well”, said Barbara, “this is what it says:

‘Dearest Nevada, come to my studio at twelve o'clock tonight. Do not fail’. Barbara rose and dropped the note in Nevada's lap. “I'm awfully sorry”, she said, “that I knew. It isn't like Gilbert. There must be some mistake. Just consider that I am ignorant of it, will you, dear? I must go upstairs now, I have such a headache. I'm sure I don't understand the note. Perhaps Gilbert has been dining too well, and will explain. Good night!”

Nevada tiptoed to the hall, and heard Barbara's door close upstairs. The bronze clock in the study told the hour of twelve was fifteen minutes away. She ran swiftly to the front door, and let herself out into the snow-storm. Gilbert Warren's studio was six squares away.

By aerial ferry the white, silent forces of the storm attacked the city from beyond the sullen East River. Already the snow lay a foot deep on the pavements, the drifts heaping themselves like scaling- ladders against the walls of the besieged town. The Avenue was as quiet as a street in Pompeii. Cabs now and then skimmed past like white-winged gulls over a moonlit ocean; and less frequent motor-cars – sustaining the comparison – hissed through the foaming waves like submarine boats on their jocund, perilous journeys.

Nevada plunged like a wind-driven storm-petrel on her way. She looked up at the ragged sierras of cloud-capped buildings that rose above the streets, shaded by the night lights and the congealed vapors to gray, drab, ashen, lavender, dun, and cerulean tints. They were so like the wintry mountains of her Western home that she felt a satisfaction such as the hundred-thousand-dollar house had seldom brought her.

A policeman caused her to waver on a corner, just by his eye and weight.

“Hello, Mabel!” said he. “Kind of late for you to be out, aren't it?”

“I-I am just going to the drug store”, said Nevada, hurrying past him.

The excuse serves as a passport for the most sophisticated. Does it prove that woman never progresses, or that she sprang from Adam's rib, full-fledged in intellect and wiles?

Turning eastward, the direct blast cut down Nevada's speed one-half. She made zigzag tracks in the snow; but she was as tough as a pinon sapling, and bowed to it as gracefully. Suddenly the studio-building loomed before her, a familiar landmark, like a cliff above some well-remembered canon. The haunt of business and its hostile neighbor, art, was darkened and silent. The elevator stopped at ten.

Up eight flights of Stygian stairs Nevada climbed, and rapped firmly at the door numbered '89'. She had been there many times before, with Barbara and Uncle Jerome.

Gilbert opened the door. He had a crayon pencil in one hand, a green shade over his eyes, and a pipe in his mouth. The pipe dropped to the floor.

"Am I late"? asked Nevada. "I came as quick as I could. Uncle and me were at the theatre this evening. Here I am, Gilbert!"

Gilbert did a Pygmalion-and-Galatea act. He changed from a statue of stupefaction to a young man with a problem to tackle. He admitted Nevada, got a whiskbroom, and began to brush the snow from her clothes. A great lamp, with a green shade, hung over an easel, where the artist had been sketching in crayon.

"You wanted me", said Nevada simply, "and I came. You said so in your letter. What did you send for me for?"

"You read my letter?" inquired Gilbert, sparring for wind.

"Barbara read it to me. I saw it afterward. It said: 'Come to my studio at twelve to-night, and do not fail'. I thought you were sick, of course, but you don't seem to be".

"Aha!" said Gilbert irrelevantly. "I'll tell you why I asked you to come, Nevada. I want you to marry me immediately – tonight. What's a little snow-storm? Will you do it?"

"You might have noticed that I would, long ago", said Nevada. "And I'm rather stuck on the snow-storm idea, myself. I surely would hate one of these flowery church noon-weddings. Gilbert, I didn't know you had grit enough to propose it this way. Let's shock 'em – it's our funeral, isn't it?"

"You bet"! said Gilbert. "Where did I hear that expression?" he added to himself. "Wait a minute, Nevada; I want to do a little phoning."

He shut himself in a little dressing-room, and called upon the lightnings of tile heavens – condensed into unromantic numbers and districts.

"That you, Jack? You confounded sleepyhead! Yes, wake up; this is me – or I – oh, bother the difference in grammar! I'm going to be married right away.

Yes! Wake up your sister – don't answer me back; bring her along, too – you must! Remind Agnes of the time I saved her from drowning in Lake Ronkonkoma – I know it's caddish to refer to it, but she must come with you. Yes. Nevada is here, waiting. We've been engaged quite a while. Some opposition among the relatives, you know, and we have to pull it off this way. We're waiting here for you. Don't let Agnes out-talk you – bring her! You will? Good old boy! I'll order a carriage to call for you, double-quick time. Confound you, Jack, you're all right!”

Gilbert returned to the room where Nevada waited.

“My old friend, Jack Peyton, and his sister were to have been here at a quarter to twelve”, he explained; “but Jack is so confoundedly slow. I've just phoned them to hurry. They'll be here in a few minutes. I'm the happiest man in the world, Nevada! What did you do with the letter I sent you today?”

“I've got it cinched here”, said Nevada, pulling it out from beneath her opera-cloak.

Gilbert drew the letter from the envelope and looked it over carefully. Then he looked at Nevada thoughtfully.

“Didn't you think it rather queer that I should ask you to come to my studio at midnight?” he asked.

“Why, no”, said Nevada, rounding her eyes. “Not if you needed me. Out West, when a pal sends you a hurry call – aren't that what you say here? – we get there first and talk about it after the row is over. And it's usually snowing there, too, when things happen. So I didn't mind”.

Gilbert rushed into another room, and came back burdened with overcoats warranted to turn wind, rain, or snow.

“Put this raincoat on”, he said, holding it for her. “We have a quarter of a mile to go. Old Jack and his sister will be here in a few minutes”. He began to struggle into a heavy coat. “Oh, Nevada”, he said, “just look at the head lines on the front page of that evening paper on the table, will you? It's about your section of the West, and I know it will interest you”.

He waited a full minute, pretending to find trouble in the getting on of his overcoat, and then turned. Nevada had not moved. She was looking at him with strange and pensive directness. Her cheeks had a flush on them beyond the color that had been contributed by the wind and snow; but her eyes were steady.

“I was going to tell you”, she said, “anyhow, before you – before we – before-well, before anything. Dad never gave me a day of schooling. I never learned to read or write a darned word. Now if...” Pounding their uncertain way upstairs, the feet of Jack, the somnolent, and Agnes, the grateful, were heard.

When Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Warren were spinning softly homeward in a closed carriage, after the ceremony, Gilbert said:

“Nevada, would you really like to know what I wrote you in the letter that you received tonight?”

“Fire away!” said his bride.

“Word for word”, said Gilbert, “it was this: ‘My dear Miss Warren, You were right about the flower. It was a hydrangea, and not a lilac’.

“All right”, said Nevada. “But let's forget it. The joke's on Barbara, anyway!”

EXERCISES

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the following questions.

1. How many people are mentioned in this story?
2. What were their names?
3. How old were they, you think?
4. In what relation to each other were the main characters?
5. Which of them formed a triangle?
6. Who was the hypotenuse of this triangle?
7. What did a messenger bring in?
8. What did it read?
9. Who was the letter for?
10. What told Nevada who the letter was from?
11. How did Nevada take the letter?
12. Did old Jerome accept the invitation? What reason did he give?
13. Had Nevada ever taken a ride in an automobile?
14. What kind of ride did she use to take instead?
15. Where was Nevada when another letter was brought?
16. Who received it?
17. Did Barbara do anything to find out what the letter read?
18. Who opened the letter and read it?
19. What reason did Nevada give for not reading the letter addressed to her?
20. What did Barbara read in the letter?
21. Did Nevada believe it? What tells you this?
22. What action did Nevada take?
23. What season was then?
24. Where did Nevada find Gilbert?
25. How did Gilbert take Nevada's arrival?
26. What special event took place that night?
27. Who were present at it?

2. Say whether the statement is true or false. Correct the false one.

1. Jerome's wife was dead, but he had a daughter.
2. Jerome had a brother named Jack.
3. Jerome's brother went West and died there.
4. Nevada was a good-looking little girl.
5. Nevada was Barbara's cousin.
6. Jerome's brother raised Gilbert.
7. Nevada did not read the letter from Gilbert since she thought he might have written something bad.
8. Nevada did not know much about city people and their manners.
9. Barbara and Nevada had a good time riding in an automobile.
10. Barbara did not want to interfere in Nevada's affairs.
11. Barbara did not care what was in the letter.
12. Barbara wanted to play a joke on Nevada.
13. Old Jerome was very much fond of Barbara.
14. Another letter was addressed to Barbara.
15. Nevada walked to the studio under a heavy rain.
16. There were many guests at Gilbert and Nevada's wedding.
17. Barbara played a joke on herself.

3. Put the sentences in the right order.

1. Nevada receives a letter from Gilbert.
2. Nevada finds an excuse not to write an answer.
3. Another letter addressed to Nevada arrives.
4. Barbara reads the letter for Nevada.
5. Nevada arrives at old Jerome's house.
6. Nevada goes out into the night.
7. One man and two women form a triangle.
8. The joke is on Barbara.
9. Jack and his sister arrive.
10. Nevada learns what the letter read.
11. Gilbert acts as a man of decision.
12. Old Jerome has to read the letter.
13. Old Jerome and Nevada at the theatre.
14. Barbara acts like a lady.

4. Who said these to whom?

1. "I'm sure we will be the best of friends".

2. "I'm going to call you cousin".
3. "You are as welcome to my home as if it were your father's own".
4. "A messenger has brought it. He is waiting for an answer".
5. "Will it be all right to go?"
6. "I hope you'll have a good time".
7. "Here is a letter for you, dear".
8. "We all alike".
9. "There must be some mistake".
10. "It's too late for such a little girl to be out".
11. "I came as quickly as I could".
12. "It will be nice to be married in a snowstorm at night".
13. "I knew you were a good friend".
14. "I'm going to tell you something".
15. "All right. But let's forget it".

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Say what you understand by these:

1. He was so rich that he could allow himself to walk to his office for his health.
2. Barbara was the hypotenuse of the triangle. It usually takes a hypotenuse a long time to discover that it is the longest side of the triangle.
3. At last Barbara began to understand that the beautiful Western Witch was getting a lasso on the young man she herself wanted.
4. The envelope has a little gold palette in the corner.

2. Say which adjective goes with which noun in the story. Use them in the situations from the text.

- | | | |
|---------------|----|------------|
| 1. adopted | a) | girl |
| 2. dying | b) | palette |
| 3. strong | c) | difficulty |
| 4. little | d) | witch |
| 5. gold | e) | son |
| 6. nice | f) | niece |
| 7. good | g) | man |
| 8. beautiful | h) | eyes |
| 9. young | i) | friend |
| 10. left-hand | j) | brother |
| 11. long | k) | boy |
| 12. great | l) | corner |

But Nevada even (not to touch) the paper. She (to get) nervous – how to tell him that she never (to go) to school.

Discussing the Story

1. Say why:

1. Nevada came to old Jerome's house.
2. Barbara was the hypotenuse of the triangle.
3. Nevada knew that the letters were from Gilbert.
4. Nevada found excuses not to read the letters.
5. Old Jerome refused to take a ride in Gilbert's automobile.
6. Barbara held the envelope up to a strong light.
7. Jerome went to bed as soon as they returned from the theatre.
8. Barbara did not read what was in the letter.
9. A policeman called to Nevada.
10. Nevada knew where Gilbert's window was.
11. Nevada walked to Gilbert's studio through a heavy snowstorm late at night.
12. Gilbert met her with his mouth open.
13. Gilbert agreed to what Nevada told him about the content of his letter.
14. Gilbert telephoned his friend after closing the door behind him.
15. Nevada was nervous when Gilbert gave her a paper to read.
16. The joke was on Barbara.

2. Prove that:

1. The story takes place in a big city.
2. Old Jerome takes care of his children.
3. Barbara cares for Gilbert.
4. Nevada is a kind-hearted girl.
5. Gilbert is a man of decision.
6. Gilbert has a true friend.
7. Jerome is sure that Gilbert is gentleman.

3. Add more information to these:

1. Old Jerome had no children of his own.
2. When Jerome was young he had a brother.
3. Soon there was a triangle formed.
4. Jerome took Gilbert's letter.
5. Barbara was holding a letter.
6. Old Jerome and Nevada returned from the theatre.

7. Barbara opened the envelope.
8. Nevada went out into the night.
9. Gilbert went to his bedroom and closed the door behind him.
10. Gilbert gave an evening paper to Nevada.

4. Act out the talk between:

- Nevada and old Jerome (with the letter from Gilbert).
- Nevada and Barbara.
- Nevada and Gilbert (before making a call).
- Gilbert and Jack (think of Jack's words).
- Nevada and Gilbert (after making a call).
- Gilbert and Nevada (after the wedding).

5. Imagine that you are:

- Uncle Jerome. Say:
 - a) the story of your brother;
 - b) how you raised Gilbert;
 - c) how you took the news of the wedding;
 - d) how once Gilbert took you for a ride.
- Barbara. Say:
 - a) how Gilbert came into your life;
 - b) how Nevada came into your life;
 - c) why you played a joke on Nevada;
 - d) if you guessed that Nevada could not read or write;
 - e) how you took Gilbert and Nevada's wedding.
- Nevada. Say:
 - a) what your life in the West was like;
 - b) something about your father;
 - c) how you liked a big city;
 - d) what you think of Gilbert;
 - e) what you think of Barbara;
 - f) what you think about your future education.
- Jack. Say:
 - a) how you took the news of the wedding when Gilbert woke you up late on a stormy night;
 - b) how you got to Gilbert's place.

GIRL

On the glass door of the office were the words: "Robbins & Hartley, Brokers". It was past five, and the clerks had already gone. The two partners – Robbins and Hartley – were going to leave the office too. Robbins was fifty; Hartley – twenty-nine, - serious, good-looking and nervous.

A man came in and went up to Hartley.

"I have found out where she lives", he said in a half-whisper. Hartley made a sign of silence to him. When Robbins had put on his coat and hat and left the office, the detective said: "Here is the address", and gave Hartley a piece of paper. There were only a few words on it.

Hartley took the paper and read: "Vivienne Arlington, No. 341, East Tenth Street". "She moved there a week ago", said the detective. "Now, if you want to know more about her, Mr. Hartley, I can try to find out. It will cost you only seven dollars a day. I can send you a report every day".

"Thank you", said the broker. "It is not necessary. I only wanted the address. How much shall I pay you?"

"One day's work", said the sleuth. "Ten dollars will be enough".

Hartley paid the man, sent him away and left the office. He went to find the address written on the paper the sleuth had given him. It took him about an hour to get to the place. It was a new building of a cheap flats. Hartley began to climb the stairs. On the fourth floor he saw Vivienne standing in an open door. She invited him inside with a bright smile. She put a chair for him near the window, and waited.

Hartley gave her a friendly look. He said to himself that she was a nice girl and dressed in good taste.

Vivienne was about twenty-one. She was of the Saxon type. Her hair was golden. Her eyes were sea-blue. She wore a white blouse and a dark skirt – a costume that looks well on any girl, rich or poor.

"Vivienne", said Hartley, "you didn't answer my last letter. It took me over a week to find your new address. Why did you take no notice of my letter? You knew very well that I wanted very much to see you and talk to you"!

The girl looked out of the window, thoughtfully.

"Mr. Hartley", she said at last, "I don't know what to say to you. The more I think of your offer – the less I know what to answer you. I understand you are doing it for my happiness. Sometimes I feel that I should say 'yes'. But at the same time I don't want to make a mistake. I was born in the city and I am afraid I shall not be happy in the country".

"My dear girl", answered Hartley, "I have told you many times that my house is situated only a little way from the city. I have also promised to give you everything

that you want. You will be able to come to the city, to go to the theatres and visit your friends as often as you wish. Do you believe that”?

“Yes, of course I believe you”, she said, turning her beautiful eyes on him with a smile. “I know you are a very kind man. The girl that you will get – will be a lucky one. I found out all about you when I was at the Montgomery's”.

“Ah”, cried Hartley, “I remember well the evening I first saw you at the Montgomery's. Mrs. Montgomery told me so much about you that evening. And she made no mistake. I shall never forget that supper. Come with me, Vivienne! Promise me! I need you so much. You will never be sorry for coming to me. No one will give you a home as good as mine”.

The girl said nothing.

Suddenly an idea came into his head.

“Tell me, Vivienne”, he asked, looking at her, “is there another – is there someone else”?

The girl blushed and answered very quickly:

“You shouldn't ask that, Mr. Hartley. But I will tell you. There is another – but he has no right – I have promised him nothing”.

“His name?” demanded Hartley.

“Townsend”.

“Rafford Townsend!” exclaimed Hartley angrily. “Where did you meet that man? I have done so much for him! How could he!”

“His car has just stopped at the house”, said Vivienne, looking out of the window. “He is coming for his answer. Oh, I don't know what to do!”

The bell rang. Vivienne hurried to open the door. “Stay here”, said Hartley. I will open the door myself”.

Townsend was surprised to see Hartley.

“Go back”, said Hartley.

“Hullo!” said Townsend, “What's up? What are you doing here, old man?”

“Go back”, repeated Hartley. “The Law of the Jungle. She is mine”.

“I came here to see her on business”, said Townsend bravely.

“Don't tell me any lies”, said Hartley, “go back!”

Townsend left very angry. Hartley returned to the girl.

“Vivienne”, he said, “I need you very much. Stop playing with me”!

“When do you need me?” she asked.

“Now. As soon as you are ready to go”.

She stood quietly and thought for a short time.

“Do you think for one moment”, she said, “that I shall enter your house while Helen is there?”

Hartley did not expect that. At first he did not know what to say.

Then he said bravely: “She will have to go. She is making my life miserable. I have never had a peaceful day since she came to my house. But this is the end. You are right, Vivienne, Helen must be sent away before I can take you home. She must go. I have decided. I will turn her out”.

“When will you do this?” asked the girl.

“Tonight”, said Hartley. “I will send her away tonight”.

“Then”, said Vivienne, “my answer is ‘yes’. Come for me when you wish”.

She looked into his eyes and smiled. Hartley was happy, but he was afraid to believe her.

“Promise me”, he said, “on your word of honor”.

“On my word of honor”, repeat Vivienne softly.

At the door he turned and looked at her happily.

“Tomorrow”, he said.

“Tomorrow”, she repeat with a smile.

It took Hartley an hour and forty minutes to get to his home in the country.

The door was opened by a young woman who kissed him as he came in.

“Mother is here,” she said. “She came for dinner, but there is no dinner”.

“I’ve something to tell you”, said Hartley, “some news”.

“What kind of news?” asked the woman, “Good or bad news?” He whispered something in her ear. Hartley's wife screamed. Her mother came running into the hall. His wife screamed again – it was a happy scream, very happy.

“Oh, Mother”, she cried, “what do you think? Vivienne has agreed to come and cook for us! She is the cook that worked for the Montgomery's a whole year. I am so happy! And now, Bill, dear, you must to go to the kitchen and send Helen away. She is drunk again”.

EXERCISES

Checking Compherension

1. Answer the following questions.

1. How many people are mentioned in this story?
2. What are their names and occupations?
3. Where do the events take place? What tells you about it?
4. How old are the main characters?
5. What is Vivienne like?
6. Who is looking for her and what for?
7. How does he find Vivienne?
8. How long does it take him to find her?
9. How does she receive him?

10. What does Hartley ask Vivienne to do?
11. Is she happy about his offer?
12. Who interrupts their conversation?
13. What does Hartley do about that?
14. What does Vivienne promise Hartley?
15. What does Hartley promise Vivienne?
16. Where is Hartley's home?
17. How long does it take to get there?
18. Who meets Hartley at home and how?

2. Say whether the statement is true or false. Correct the false one.

1. Robbins and Hartley worked as detectives.
2. Hartley left the office before closing hours to have time to find the girl.
3. It took him quite a long time to find the girl.
4. She lived in a new building of rather expensive flats.
5. The girl was glad to see Hartley.
6. She was dressed like a model and looked very attractive.
7. Hartley offered the girl to go to live in the country.
8. She was a country girl, and the offer pleased her very much.
9. Hartley and Vivienne first had met at their friends.
10. A friend of Vivienne interrupted their conversation.
11. Harley was very rude with him.
12. Hartley promised Vivienne to turn out his wife Helen.
13. Vivienne felt happy about this.
14. At home Hartley was met by his mother.

3. Put the sentences in the right order.

1. Vivienne meets Hartley at the door.
2. The detective gives him a piece of paper.
3. Hartley is alone in the office.
4. Hartley asks Vivienne to come to live in his country house.
5. Their conversation is interrupted.
6. Hartley promises to turn out Helen.
7. Hartley arrives at his country house.
8. Hartley pays the detective.
9. Hartley finds the place.
10. Vivienne doesn't know what to do.
11. Hartley settles the matter bravely.
12. Vivienne gives a positive answer.

4. Say what you have learned about:

- ✓ Robbins;
- ✓ Hartley;
- ✓ the detective;
- ✓ Vivienne;
- ✓ Townsend;
- ✓ Helen;
- ✓ Hartley's wife.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Say what the italicized words mean.

1. The *sleuth* handed Hartley a piece of paper.
2. Robbins and Hartley were *brokers*.
3. She was of the *Saxon type*.
4. I *found out* all about you when I was at the Montgomerys'.
5. She is making my life *miserable*.
6. I will *turn her out*.
7. Hartley's wife *screamed*, it was a happy *scream*.

2. Match the words which have the same or very close meaning. Use them in the situations from the story.

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| 1. to turn out | a) to need |
| 2. to want | b) to go away |
| 3. to go back | c) to send away |
| 4. to repeat | d) sleuth |
| 5. to leave | e) to return |
| 6. to enter | f) to say again |
| 7. to expect | g) to think |
| 8. to blush | h) to come in |
| 9. miserable | i) information |
| 10. peaceful | j) unhappy |
| 11. report | k) quiet |
| 12. offer | l) to turn red |
| 13. detective | m) proposal |

3. Fill in the gaps with the words from the box.

to look well; as...as; a friendly look; the more ... the less; to make a mistake; to take no notice of; a bright smile; in good taste

1. He promised to give her ___ many things ___ she wanted.
2. The blouse and the shirt _____, on her.
3. She was dressed _____.
4. She invited him inside with _____.
5. Hartley gave Vivienne _____.
6. He complained that she _____ his letter.
7. _____ she thought of his offer _____ she knew what to say.
8. The girl was doubting and afraid _____.

4. Match the verbs on the left with the adverbs on the right (according to the story) and use them in them in the situations from the text.

- | | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| 1. repeated | a) quietly |
| 2. looked | b) happily |
| 3. screamed | c) bravely |
| 4. stood | d) happily |
| 5. said | e) quickly |
| 6. answered | f) softly |
| 7. exclaimed | g) thoughtfully |
| 8. looked out | h) angrily |

Discussing the Story

1. Say why:

1. Hartley needed a detective.
2. Hartley paid the detective.
3. Vivienne hadn't taken notice of Hartley's last letter.
4. Vivienne was afraid to go to live in the country.
5. Townsend arrived at Vivienne.
6. Townsend left angry.
7. Hartley promised Vivienne to turn out Helen.
8. Hartley's wife was happy to hear the news.

2. Prove that:

1. Vivienne is a nice-looking girl.

2. Hartley is a young man looking for adventures.
3. Vivienne is not rich.
4. Hartley is rather rich.
5. Hartley might be hard on people.
6. Hartley's wife doesn't know him well.

3. Add more information to these:

1. A man went up to Hartley.
2. "If you want to know more about her".
3. Hartley climbed up the steps.
4. "I will give you everything you want".
5. The belt rang.
6. Hartley did not expect that.
7. A young woman opened the door.

4. Act out the talk between:

- Hartley and the detective.
- Hartley and Vivienne (when she is in doubts).
- Hartley and Vivienne (recalling their first meeting).
- Hartley and Townsend.
- Hartley and Vivienne (after Townsend had left).
- Hartley and his wife.

5. Imagine that you are:

- Robins. Say:
 - a) about your work;
 - b) what you feel about Harley.
- Harley. Say:
 - a) what you feel about Robbins;
 - b) what you feel about Vivienne;
 - c) what you feel about your wife;
 - d) what you feel about Helen.
- Vivienne. Say:
 - a) what you feel about Harley;
 - b) what you feel about Townsend;
 - c) what you feel about Harley's wife;
 - d) what you feel about Helen.

WITCHES' LOAVES

Miss Martha Meacham kept the little bakery on the corner (the one where you go up three steps, and the bell tinkles when you open the door).

Miss Martha was forty, her bank-book showed a credit of two thousand dollars, and she possessed two false teeth and a sympathetic heart. Many people have married whose chances to do so were much inferior to Miss Martha's.

Two or three times a week a customer came in in whom she began to take an interest. He was a middle-aged man, wearing spectacles and a brown beard trimmed to a careful point.

He spoke English with a strong German accent. His clothes were worn and darned in places, and wrinkled and baggy in others. But he looked neat, and had very good manners.

He always bought two loaves of stale bread. Fresh bread was five cents a loaf. Stale ones were two for five. Never did he call for anything but stale bread.

Once Miss Martha saw a red and brown stain on his fingers. She was sure then that he was an artist and very poor. No doubt he lived in a garret, where he painted pictures and ate stale bread and thought of the good things to eat in Miss Martha's bakery.

Often when Miss Martha sat down to her chops and light rolls and jam and tea she would sigh, and wish that the gentle-mannered artist might share her tasty meal instead of eating his dry crust in that draughty attic. Miss Martha's heart, as you have been told, was a sympathetic one.

In order to test her theory as to his occupation, she brought from her room one day a painting that she had bought at a sale, and set it against the shelves behind the bread counter.

It was a Venetian scene. A splendid marble palazzio (so it said on the picture) stood in the foreground – or rather forewater. For the rest there were gondolas (with the lady trailing her hand in the water), clouds, sky, and chiaro-oscuro in plenty. No artist could fail to notice it.

Two days afterward the customer came in.

“Two loafs of stale bread, if you please.

“You have here a fine picture, madame”, he said while she was wrapping up the bread.

“Yes”? says Miss Martha, reveling in her own cunning. “I do so admire art and” (no, it would not do to say “artists” thus early) “and paintings”, she substituted. “You think it is a good picture?”

“Der balance”, said the customer, “is not in good drawing. The perspective of it is not true. Goot morning, madame”.

He took his bread, bowed, and hurried out.

Yes, he must be an artist. Miss Martha took the picture back to her room.

How gentle and kindly his eyes shone behind his spectacles! What a broad brow he had! To be able to judge perspective at a glance – and to live on stale bread! But genius often has to struggle before it is recognized.

What a thing it would be for art and perspective if genius were backed by two thousand dollars in bank, a bakery, and a sympathetic heart to – But these were daydreams, Miss Martha.

Often now when he came he would chat for a while across the showcase. He seemed to crave Miss Martha's cheerful words. He kept on buying stale bread. Never a cake, never a pie, never one of her delicious Sally Luns.

She thought he began to look thinner and discouraged. Her heart ached to add something good to eat to his meagre purchase, but her courage failed at the act. She did not dare affront him. She knew the pride of artists.

Miss Martha took to wearing her blue-dotted silk waist behind the counter. In the back room she cooked a mysterious compound of quince seeds and borax. Ever so many people use it for the complexion.

One day the customer came in as usual, laid his nickel on the showcase, and called for his stale loaves. While Miss Martha was reaching for them there was a great tooting and clanging, and a fire-engine came lumbering past.

The customer hurried to the door to look, as any one will. Suddenly inspired, Miss Martha seized the opportunity.

On the bottom shelf behind the counter was a pound of fresh butter that the dairyman had left ten minutes before. With a bread knife Miss Martha made a deep slash in each of the stale loaves, inserted a generous quantity of butter, and pressed the loaves tight again.

When the customer turned once more she was tying the paper around them.

When he had gone, after an unusually pleasant little chat, Miss Martha smiled to herself, but not without a slight fluttering of the heart.

Had she been too bold? Would he take offense? But surely not. There was no language of edibles. Butter was no emblem of unmaidenly forwardness.

For a long time that day her mind dwelt on the subject. She imagined the scene when he should discover her little deception.

He would lay down his brushes and palette. There would stand his easel with the picture he was painting in which the perspective was beyond criticism.

He would prepare for his luncheon of dry bread and water. He would slice into a loaf – ah!

Miss Martha blushed. Would he think of the hand that placed it there as he ate? Would he –

The front door bell jangled viciously. Somebody was coming in, making a great deal of noise.

Miss Martha hurried to the front. Two men were there. One was a young man smoking a pipe – a man she had never seen before. The other was her artist.

His face was very red, his hat was on the back of his head, his hair was wildly ruffled. He clinched his two fists and shook them ferociously at Miss Martha. _At Miss Martha_.

“Dummkopf!” he shouted with extreme loudness; and then “Tausendonfer!” or something like that in German.

The young man tried to draw him away.

“I will not go”, he said angrily, “else I shall told her”.

He made a bass drum of Miss Martha's counter.

“You haf spoilt me,” he cried, his blue eyes blazing behind his spectacles. “I will tell you. You were a meddingsome old cat!”

Miss Martha leaned weakly against the shelves and laid one hand on her blue-dotted silk waist. The young man took the other by the collar.

“Come on”, he said, “you've said enough”. He dragged the angry one out at the door to the sidewalk, and then came back.

“Guess you ought to be told, ma'am”, he said, “what the row is about. That's Blumberger. He's an architectural draftsman. I work in the same office with him”.

“He's been working hard for three months drawing a plan for a new city hall. It was a prize competition. He finished inking the lines yesterday. You know, a draftsman always makes his drawing in pencil first. When it's done he rubs out the pencil lines with handfuls of stale bread crumbs. That's better than India rubber”.

“Blumberger's been buying the bread here. Well, today – well, you know, ma'am, that butter isn't – well, Blumberger's plan isn't good for anything now except to cut up into railroad sandwiches”.

Miss Martha went into the back room. She took off the blue-dotted silk waist and put on the old brown serge she used to wear. Then she poured the quince seed and borax mixture out of the window into the ash can.

EXERCISES

Checking comprehension

1. Answer the following questions.

1. How many people are mentioned in this story?
2. What were their names and occupations?
3. What kind of a woman was Miss Martha?
4. What kind of a man was the customer?
5. What did the customer always buy?
6. How much did it cost him?
7. What did he need it for?
8. What seemed unusual about him to Miss Martha?
9. In what way was the story for him?
10. What action did she take?
11. How did Miss Martha feel about what she had done?
12. What effect did this have on the customer?
13. In what way was the customer angry?
14. What effect did this have on Miss Martha?
15. Did she escape from his fists?
16. Who tried to explain the situation?
17. What is the end of the story?

2. Say whether the statement is true or false. Correct the false one.

1. Miss Martha owned a large bakery.
2. She was in good health and was going to get married soon.
3. One of the customers got interested in Miss Martha.
4. The customer had good manners and spoke good English.
5. He always bought a loaf of bread in Miss Martha's bakery.
6. One day he brought her a picture of an Italian master.
7. His manners told her that he was an artist.
8. Miss Martha made good use of various creams to look younger.
9. She managed to put butter into his loaves because he was short-sighted.
10. Miss Martha was sure she had done the right thing.
11. The customer brought a young man to encourage him since he was too shy to thank Miss Martha.
12. The young man explained the situation.
13. The customer had hoped to win the prize competition.
14. Miss Martha gave up the idea of getting married.

3. Put the sentences in the right order.

1. Miss Martha thought he was a poor artist.
2. She was ready to share everything she had with him.

3. She was almost sure that the customer would thank her in his heart.
4. The young man dragged the angry artist out into the street.
5. He explained the situation.
6. Miss Martha was shocked to see his raised fists by her face.
7. Miss Martha realized that she had spoiled everything.
8. When the moment came Miss Martha put a piece of butter into his loaves.
9. To make sure of that Miss Martha hung a picture on the wall of the bakery.
10. She got interested in one of her customers.
11. Miss Martha had a bakery, two thousand dollars in the bank, and a kind heart.

4. Say what you have learned about:

- Miss Martha
- Mr. Blumberger
- The young man

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Say what the italicized words mean.

1. Two of her teeth were *false*.
2. He usually bought two loaves of *stale* bread.
3. She saw red and brown *stains* on his hands.
4. Miss Martha wanted *to share* with him all the good things she had.
5. She *wrapped* the loaves in paper.
6. He raised his *fists* and shook them in her face.
7. He *dragged* the angry man *out* into the street.
8. He finished *inking* the lines.
9. *Draftsmen* always make their drawing in pencil first.

2. Make the sentences complete.

1. She brought a picture to her bakery so that _____.
2. She wanted to do something good for him so that _____.
3. She wrapped the loaves in paper so that _____.
4. The young man pulled the angry artist by the arm so that _____.
5. Mr. Blumberger worked hard at his plan so that _____.
6. He bought only stale bread so that _____.

3. Report the sentences in indirect speech.

1. "Two loaves of stale bread, please", he said.

2. "Do you think it is a good picture?" she asked.
3. "Good morning, Madam", he said and left.
4. "Let's go", he said. "You have said enough".
5. "I will not go", he shouted. "I want to tell her all".
6. "I want to explain everything", he said.

4. Fill in the gaps with prepositions.

1. Soon Miss Martha took an interest ___ the customer.
2. He spoke English _____ strong German accent.
3. Miss Martha was very sorry ___ the artist ___ good manners.
4. Miss Martha wanted to be ___ some help ___ him, to share ___ him everything she had.
5. She made a deep cut ___ each ___ the loaves ___ her bread knife and put a piece ___ butter ___ each cut, then she wrapped the loaves ___ paper.
6. Miss Martha was afraid that he would be angry ___ her.
7. His hat was ___ the back ___ his head; he looked angrily ___ her; he shook his fists ___ her face.
8. The young man held the artist ___ the hand and tried to pull him _____.
9. At last he managed to drag the artist ___ ___ the street, then he came ___ the bakery.
10. He said he worked ___ the same office ___ the artist.
11. He worked hard ___ the plan ___ a new building first making it ___ pencil.
12. He bought stale bread to rub ___ the pencil lines ___ it.

Discussing the Story

1. Say why:

1. Miss Martha took an interest in the customer who bought stale bread at her bakery.
2. She was sure that the customer was a poor artist.
3. She hung a picture on the wall of her bakery.
4. She was ready to share everything she had with him.
5. She began to wear a new dress, and she bought some cold cream.
6. She put butter into his stale loaves of bread.
7. The customer did not notice what she had done.
8. Miss Martha was sure that the customer would not be angry with her.
9. The customer soon returned making a lot of noise.
10. He came accompanied by a young man.
11. The customer was angry.
12. The customer cursed in Germany.

13. The customer always bought only stale bread.
14. Miss Martha took off the blue-dotted silk waist and put on the old brown serge she used to wear.

2. Prove that:

1. Miss Martha was rather rich.
2. Mr. Blumberger was too busy to notice Miss Martha's new dress.
3. Miss Martha had a kind heart.
4. Miss Martha might be a good wife.
5. Mr. Blumberger was too angry to think of his manners.
6. Miss Martha meant well putting butter into the loaves of bread.
7. Miss Martha's heart was broken.

3. Add more information to these:

1. Miss Martha was not young.
2. A middle-aged man always bought bread at her bakery.
3. Miss Martha saw red and brown stains on his hands.
4. Miss Martha brought a picture to her bakery.
5. Miss Martha often thought about the artist.
6. The customer heard the siren of a fire-engine.
7. Suddenly Miss Martha heard the door bell ringing loudly.
8. Miss Martha could not recognize her good-mannered artist.
9. The young man explained the situation.

4. Make up act out the talk between:

- Miss Martha and the customer (discussing the picture).
- Miss Martha and the young man (explaining the situation).

5. Imagine that you are:

- Miss Martha. Say:
 - a) what told you that the customer was an artist;
 - b) what you thought about him;
 - c) why you wanted to share your life with him;
 - d) what you felt after realizing the situation.
- The customer. Say:
 - a) why you bought bread at Miss Martha's bakery;
 - b) why you bought only stale bread;
 - c) why you never talked much with her.

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 ~habitués~ 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 scudded 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 too 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 a 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 favour. 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 will 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. Here she entered 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 my dressmaker 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”.

EXERCISES

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the following questions.

1. How many people are mentioned in this story?
2. Where does the story take place? What tells you this?
3. What did Towers Chandler look like?
4. In what way did Chandler look like a typical clubman?
5. What was Chandler's occupation?
6. In what way did he manage to accumulate money for a dinner'?
7. What kind of a restaurant was it?
8. How often did he dine there?
9. How much was the dinner?
10. How long did it take Chandler to spend his saving?
11. How was Chandler dressed on such occasions?
12. What happened one night on his way to the restaurant?
13. What did Chandler do to the girl?

14. What was the girl like?
15. How was she dressed?
16. What kind of an idea came into Chandler's head?
17. How did the girl take Chandler's idea?
18. What made the girl accept Chandler's invitation?
19. What was is the restaurant where Chandler and Marian came in like?
20. What kind of a man did Chandler play before the girl?
21. How did Marian listen to Chandler?
22. Did her ankle hurt Marian when the dinner was over?
23. Did Chandler go to the club to play bridge or did he go to his room?
24. What kind of a room was it?
25. What did Chandler do with his evening suit?
26. When was he going to wear it next?
27. What did Chandler think of himself after the dinner?
28. What did he feel about Marian?
29. What kind of a house did Marian live in?
30. What kind of a man would she love?

2. Say whether the statement is true or false. Correct the false one.

1. Chandler looked Wee 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. It took him a month to save money for a good dinner in a fashionable restaurant.
5. Chandler did not know what to do to the girl when she had slipped on the snow.
6. The girl was dressed like a model.
7. Chandler hurt his ankle while helping the girl to her feet.
8. Chandler decided to play a joke on the girl.
9. Chandler's story did not impress the girl.
10. Helen was Marian's sister.
11. Chandler lived an idle life.
12. Marian will never marry Chandler.

3. Put the sentences in the right order.

1. One night Chandler met a girl with a beautiful and kind face.
2. To make impression on Marian Chandler pretended to be a rich idler.
3. Marian, that was the girl's name, came from a rich family.
4. Chandler worked for eighteen dollars a week.
5. Chandler took Marian for a working girl.
6. To give a rest to her twisted ankle Marian accepted the invitation.

7. Marian confessed to her sister what kind of a man she could love.
8. In his cold room Chandler realised what a mistake he had made.
9. He invited her to dine with him at a restaurant.
10. Chandler went out to have a good time at a fashionable restaurant every ten weeks.
11. Marian returned to her house where her sister and mother worried about her.

4. Say which words and word combinations you would use to describe Chandler and which – to describe Marian.

rich, well-dressed, young, handsome, sure of oneself, typical clubman, poor, twenty-two years old, dressed in evening suit, beautiful, kind, dressed in simple clothes, shining dark-brown hair, nice speech and manners, clear blue eyes, happy, rich idler

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Match the verbs and phrases, which have the same or very close meaning. Use them in the situations from the story.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. to put aside | a) to use up |
| 2. to spend | b) to injure |
| 3. to start for | c) to have dinner |
| 4. to hurt | d) to be finished |
| 5. to be able | e) to manage |
| 6. to trouble | f) to save |
| 7. to dine | g) to walk to |
| 8. to be over | h) to bother |
| 9. to introduce oneself | i) to be anxious |
| 10. to face | j) to look toward |
| 11. to be worried | k) to be lazy |
| 12. to look for | l) to trifle in love |
| 13. to flirt | m) to seek |
| 14. to be idle | n) to make oneself known to another |

2. Make the questions complete and answer them.

1. Did Towers Chandler look like a poor clerk or did he look like _____?
2. Did Marian look like a rich girl or did she look like _____?
3. Did Marian's dress look like an evening one-or did it look like _____?
4. Did Marian's house look like a house of a poor family or did it look like _____?
5. Did Chandler look like a hard-working young man or did he look like _____?

**3. Fill in the gaps with the appropriate participle clauses from the box below.
Each participle clause can be used only once.**

helping her to her feet; feeling quite happy; playing the role of a rich idler; putting away his evening suit; looking out of the window; living an idle life; twisting her ankle; smiling to her; playing good music; looking at his evening suit; going out to have a good time; returning home

1. He looked like a typical clubman_____.
2. Chandler held the girl's arm _____.
3. _____the girl wondered how she could go to a restaurant in her old dress and hat.
4. Chandler ordered a good dinner_____.
5. There was a good orchestra _____.
6. He talked of clubs, and golf, and horses, and tours to Europe _____.
7. Chandler shook hands with her_____.
8. _____ he realised what a mistake he had made.
9. _____ Marian saw her sister _____.
10. Marian slipped in the street_____.
11. Marian did not like the men,_____.

4. Complete the sentences.

1. When Towers Chandler appeared in the streets of New York dressed in his evening suit people_____.
2. To be able to spend one night at a fashionable restaurant Chandler had to_____.
3. The girl sipped on the snow, fell down, and_____.
4. Her speech and manners showed that_____.
5. He introduced himself and said that he would_____.
6. Chandler invited her to a restaurant, which was_____.
7. In spite of her simple clothes he felt_____.
8. He said it would take_____.
9. The restaurant they came in was_____.
10. Playing the role of a rich idler he spoke of _____.
11. When the two young people came to the corner where they had met_____.
12. When Chandler came to his poor cold room he_____.
13. When Marian returned home her sister_____.
14. Marian said that she had only run down_____.
15. Marian dreamed of a handsome man with blue eyes but_____.

Discussing the Story

1. 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 looked like a working girl of the best type.
5. Chandler thought that Marian would remember the pleasure of being at a fashionable restaurant for a long time.
6. Marian was afraid that it was not right to have dinner with Chandler.
7. At last Marian accepted the invitation.
8. She had to hold Chandler's arm and walk slowly.
9. Some kind of madness came upon Chandler.
10. Chandler thought he had made a mistake.
11. Marian's mother was worried.
12. Marian wanted to go to her dressmaker.
13. Marian believed that she and her sister would not be left in peace.
14. Chandler lost his fortune.

2. 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.

3. Add more information to these:

1. Chandler started for the restaurant.
2. He saw the girl slip on the snow.
3. A sudden idea came into the young man's head.
4. "I think I will go with you", said the girl.
5. The two young people sat down at a table.
6. Chandler did not know what happened to him.
7. She thanked him for a nice time.
8. In his cheap cold room Chandler put away his evening suit.
9. Marian explained the situation to her sister.
10. Marian thought of the man she could love.

4. Act out the talk between:

- Chandler and Marian (after she fell down).
- Marian and Chandler (he invites the girl to the restaurant).
- Chandler and Marian (in the restaurant).
- Marian and her sister.

5. Imagine that you are:

- Chandler. Say:
 - a) something about yourself;
 - b) why you go to a fashionable restaurant;
 - c) how you met Marian;
 - d) what made you play the role of a rich idler.
- Marian. Say:
 - a) why you left your house that evening;
 - b) what happened to you in the street;
 - c) what you felt having dinner with Chandler;
 - d) what you liked about Chandler. Why?
 - e) what you do not like about him. Why?
- Marian's sister. Say:

what was happening in the house while Marian was away.

6. What do you think?

1. What do you think of Chandler? What kind of a husband might he be?
2. Do you think he will try to play the role of a rich idler again? Give reasons for your answer.
3. What do you think of Marian? Is she a spoilt girl? What makes you think so? Say what you like about her and what you do not like. Why?
4. Chandler worked in the office of an architect. Imagine some day Marian's family needs services of an architect to do some restoration work in the house. It is Chandler who comes to do the work. Chandler and Marian meet again. Go on with your imagination.

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 friends. 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.

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.

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.

"Aren't you cold, Nance?" said Lou. "Say, what a chump you are for working in that old store for \$8 a week! I made \$18.50 last week. Of course ironing isn'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 nice 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 am not 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 rickets. How about looking at stage diamonds since we can't shake hands with the real sparklers?"

The faithful squire tools 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.

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 window 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.

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 uncrewed 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. "Isn'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? Isn'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 them 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. In this atmosphere Nancy belonged. 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."

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 furthestmost stars.

EXERCISES

Checking Comprehension

1. Say who:

1. came to New York to make money.
2. was nineteen.
3. was twenty.
4. worked in a laundry.
5. was a sales-girl.
6. made ten (eighteen, thirty) dollars a week.
7. paid six dollars for the room and board.
8. fell in love with each other.
9. married a steel maker from Pittsburgh.
10. hoped to catch a millionaire some day.
11. was an electrician.
12. invited Nancy to have dinner at a fashionable cafe one day.
13. had no hair on his head.
14. wore a diamond ring.
15. asked Nancy to marry him.
16. did not want to have a millionaire's money only.

17. liked to wear bright clothes.
18. liked to be looked at.
19. kept the lamp trimmed and burning.
20. made Dan feel miserable.
21. felt sorry for him.
22. met three months later.
23. had become rich by that time.
24. had become happy by that time.

2. Answer the following questions.

1. How many people are mentioned in this story?
2. What are the names of the two girls?
3. How old are they?
4. What brought them to New York?
5. How did they earn their living?
6. Whose work paid more, Nancy's or Lou's?
7. What is Dan?
8. How did Dan and Lou meet?
9. How much did Dan make a week?
10. How often did Dan and Lou go out?
11. What was Nancy's reaction to the sales-girls' jokes?
12. What kind of a man asked Nancy to marry him? How did she take it?
13. What kind of a man did Nancy hope to marry?
14. In what way did Lou spend her week's salary?
15. What was it that Dan sometimes did not like about Lou?
16. How did Nancy spend her free time?
17. What made Dan feel miserable one evening?
18. What did Nancy feel about this?
19. What told Nancy that Lou had become rich when they met in three months?
20. What told Lou that Nancy was happy?
21. What kind of a catch had Nancy made?
22. What about Lou?

3. Say whether the statement is true or false. Correct the false one.

1. Lou and Nancy came to New York because they wanted to marry millionaires.
2. Nancy did not like her job because it did not pay.
3. Dan fell in love with Lou at first sight.
4. Dan was a rich man.
5. Dan liked when people looked at Lou.

6. Though Nancy often said that she would catch a millionaire, she did not mean money only.
7. Though Lou loved Dan, she did not want to marry him.
8. One day Lou went away with a millionaire.
9. Her disappearance was not a big blow for Dan.
10. In three months the millionaire left Lou.
11. Lou returned to Dan.

4. Put the sentences in the right order.

1. Lou and Dan fell in love with each other and went out several times a week.
2. Nancy often had a good time with Lou and Dan.
3. Though Lou went out with Dan, she did not want to marry him.
4. This made Dan feel miserable.
5. Nancy and Lou met again three months later.
6. Nancy had something better than money – she had happiness.
7. The policeman could not help the crying girl.
8. Lou and Nancy came to New York to find work.
9. One of them found work in a laundry, the other – in a store.
10. Nancy had no gentlemen friends.
11. Lou and Nancy hoped to catch a millionaire some day.
12. One day Lou disappeared.
13. Nancy was sorry for Dan, and went to the theatre with him.
14. Lou had diamond rings on her fingers, and was richly dressed.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Say what you understand by the following:

1. “I will make the biggest catch in the world, — or nothing at all!”
2. It was clear he was in love with Lou, he looked at her with the sad eyes of Romeo.
3. The rest of the money went for clothes.
4. His gray eyes were like steel.
5. “I have made my catch, the biggest catch in the world”.
6. The other girl was trying to console her.

2. Complete the sentences according to the story.

1. Lou and Dan spent a lot of time together because they _____ each other.
2. After work Nancy _____ to the laundry to meet Lou.
3. When Nancy heard somebody call her, she _____ and saw Lou.

4. Every free evening they_____ to have a good time together.
5. The sales-girls often_____ Nancy but she_____ their jokes.
6. The girls_____, and did not lose the hope to catch a millionaire some day.
7. The policeman_____, because he knew that he could not help the crying girl.
8. Though nobody _____ Nancy after work, she did not look sad.
9. Nancy said she was going to_____ Dan.
10. The fact that Lou was gone had nothing to_____ Nancy.

3. Say which noun goes with which adjective in the story. Use them in the situations from the text.

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 1. eyes | a) pretty |
| 2. people | b) big |
| 3. things | c) young |
| 4. arms | d) old |
| 5. men | e) beautiful |
| 6. fool | i) nice |
| 7. comedy | g) steel |
| 8. city | h) round |
| 9. girls | i) rich |
| 10. man | j) sad |
| 11. store | k) terrible |
| 12. clothes | l) bright |
| 13. look | m) musical |
| 14. maker | n) nervous |
| 15. girls | o) crying |

4. Say which word doesn't go with the others and why.

1. pretty, beautiful, happy, miserable
2. young, old, little, rich
3. terrible, independent, different, intelligent
4. working, selling, crying, ironing
5. bakery, house, store, laundry
6. bright, grey, white, round
7. starve, marry, console, comedy
8. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Sunday
9. worker, sales-girl, ironer, electrician
10. big, sad, nice, worst

5. Fill in the gaps using Present Perfect of the verbs in the box.

Catch, hear, select, see, be, do

1. I have not____much about you.
2. Have you____your millionaire, yet?
3. I have not____one, yet.
4. She has not____here since Monday.
5. Has anybody____her anywhere?
6. Do you think she has____it because of my jokes?

Discussing the Story

1. Say why:

1. Lou and Nancy left their homes.
2. Lou was sorry for Nancy.
3. Nancy liked her work.
4. Lou liked her work.
5. It was clear that Dan was in love with Lou.
6. Nancy had no gentlemen friends.
7. Nancy refused to the millionaire with a diamond ring.
8. Sales-girls were joking at Nancy.
9. Lou did not want to marry Dan.
10. There was a strange nervous look on Dan's face one evening.
11. Lou left Dan.
12. Lou was crying three months later.
13. Nancy's eyes shone brighter than stars.

2. Prove that:

1. Lou and Nancy were friends.
2. Lou and Nancy were different.
3. There were many tempting things in New York for simple pretty girls.
4. To catch a millionaire docs not always mean to find happiness.
5. Nancy has made her catch.

3. Add more information to these:

1. Lou and Nancy have already been in New York for six months.
2. Nancy has not made her big catch yet.
3. Lou has not been at the house where she lived since Monday.
4. Nancy has made the biggest catch in the world.

5. Lou worked on in the laundry.
6. Nancy worked on in the store selling gloves.
7. Three months have passed.
8. The policeman saw two young girls.
9. Once sales-girls invited Nancy to have dinner with their gentlemen friends.
10. When Nancy arrived at the laundry Dan was just coming out of it.

4. Make up and act out the talk between:

- Lou and Nancy (waiting for Dan).
- Nancy and Dan (after the introduction).
- Nancy and the millionaire proposing her.
- Nancy and one of the sales-girls (after Nancy's refusal).
- Lou and Nancy (talking about their future plans).
- Nancy and Dan (in the laundry after Lou had left).
- Nancy and Lou (three months later).

5. Imagine that you are:

- Lou. Say:
 - a) what made you leave home;
 - b) how you find life in New York;
 - c) what you feel about Dan;
 - d) what you feel about Nancy;
 - e) why you left Dan;
 - f) where you went after leaving Dan;
 - g) why you were crying when meeting Nancy three months later.
- Nancy. Say:
 - a) what made you leave home;
 - b) how you met Lou;
 - c) what you think of her;
 - d) what you think of New York;
 - e) what kept you in the store;
 - f) how you spent time with Lou and Dan;
 - g) why you think Dan is your biggest catch.
- Dan. Say:
 - a) how you found yourself in New York;
 - b) how you got work;
 - c) how you met Lou;
 - d) how you spent time with her;

- e) what you liked about Lou;
 - f) what you felt after her leaving;
 - g) how you came to love Nancy;
 - h) in what way you think the two girls are different.
- The millionaire with a diamond ring. Say:
 - a) what made you ask Nancy to marry you;
 - b) why you chose Lou;
 - c) where did you go with her;
 - d) what happened three months later;
 - e) why you were making your choice among working girls;
 - f) what your plans for future are.

6. What do you think?

1. Say what you feel about Lou, what you like about her, what you don't like. Can you imagine her future life? Give reasons for your answers.
2. Say what you feel about Nancy, her likes and dislikes. Do you think she made the right choice? What do you think her life with Dan could be? Say why you think this or that way.
3. Do you think Dan was lucky with Nancy? What kind of husband do you think he could be? What do you like (don't like) about him? Give reasons.
4. Compare salaries of Lou, Nancy and Dan with those of working young people nowadays. Lou could spend two-thirds of her salary on clothes. How much of her (his) salary can a young girl (man) spend on clothes nowadays? Do you think life is cheaper or more expensive now?
5. Compare the way Lou and Nancy spent their free time with the way young people do it nowadays. Are there any similarities? What are the differences?

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 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 working 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 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 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 high-growing 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”.

“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. You have never seen a girl like her. She is a flower... 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 left his village 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 – let me see – he's a short man with light-blue eyes, isn'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 saddle- and-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. 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 mouldy red-brick boarding-house. 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.

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.

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 isn't as bad as that – there aren'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 isn'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 mum 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, isn't he?”

“Of course I like him”, said Miss Lowery emphatically. “He'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 too 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.

"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, He'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 me 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 ferryboat, 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 across town”.

I steeled myself against his unexpressed but palpable desire. He should not 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, now 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.

EXERCISES

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the following questions.

1. How many people are mentioned in this story?
2. What are their names and occupation?
3. Where did the event take place? What tells you about it?
4. How old were the main characters?
5. What kind of work did the reporter do?
6. What was Tripp?
7. What told about his occupation?
8. How old did Trip look?
9. What made him look this age?
10. What kind of habit did Tripp have?
11. What made the reporter feel at peace with the world that day?
12. What did Tripp offer the author?
13. In what way did Tripp meet the girl?
14. What made Ada come to New York?
15. Where did Tripp take Ada to?
16. What was the price per day in the boarding-house?
17. How much did Tripp ask the reporter to give him? What for?
18. What kind of a man was Ada going to marry?
19. What kind of a lie did Ada tell her mother?
20. What kind of a story did Ada tell the reporter?
21. In what way did the reporter help the girl?
22. What made the reporter give one dollar to Tripp?

2. Say whether the statement is true or false. Correct the false one.

1. The conversation took place between the reporter and the girl.
2. Tripp looked older because of his beard.
3. Tripp always asked for a dollar.
4. Tripp gave the reporter some facts for a very interesting story.
5. Ada took the train to New York to find the man who had promised to marry her.
6. Ada stopped Tripp in the street to ask him the way to the boarding-house.
7. The woman did not let the reporter and Tripp come in before they had given her a dollar.
8. The young man, the girl was going to marry, was very good to her.
9. The young man, the girl was going to marry, was a policeman.
10. The girl had half of a dime in her hand.

11. It was difficult to make the girl agree to go back home.
12. The reporter did not give Tripp a dollar for whisky.
13. Tripp felt happy that the girl had left.
14. The reporter made an interesting story out of Tripp's facts.

3. Complete the sentences.

1. The reporter had no regular work, so ____.
2. Tripp's hands were always stained and burned with acids since he ____.
3. Tripp's ____ looked forty but ____.
4. Tripp's hands were shaking because ____.
5. Tripp said that the reporter would get a lot of money if ____.
6. Ada was going to marry a farmer but ____.
7. Ada paid her last cent for the railroad ticket, so ____.
8. The best thing to do for the girl was ____.
9. The girl said that George Brown had promised to ____.
10. Everybody was good to Ada because ____.
11. Ada realized that it had been silly to come up to New York ____.
12. Ada did not know ____.
13. Tripp was trying to be of help in order ____.
14. The reporter noticed a cheap watch-chain when ____.
15. Tripp told the story that ____.

4. Put the sentences in the right order.

1. Tripp tells the reporter a story of the girl from the village.
2. Ada tells her mother a lie in order to go to New York.
3. Tripp takes Ada to a boarding-house.
4. Tripp looks more miserable than ever.
5. Tripp asks the reporter to spend three dollars on the girl.
6. They see the girl sitting in the parlor and crying.
7. Ada says that she has never been to New York before.
8. On the day when George leaves the village they bring a hammer and chisel and cut a dime into two pieces.
9. They promise to be true to each other, and keep the pieces till they meet again.
10. The reporter sees half a dime hanging on a chain across Tripp's vest.
11. The reporter gives Tripp a dollar.
12. At last the girl agrees to go home.
13. She takes one half, and George takes the other.
14. Ada says that she is going to marry a farmer next Thursday.
15. The reporter is ashamed when Tripp calls him 'friend'.

16. Tripp used to live in a village.
17. Ada stops Tripp in the street and asks him where she can find George Brown.
18. Tripp comes to the reporter's room to tell a story.
19. The reporter is angry with Tripp because he finds no story in Tripp's story.
20. The reporter feels that he will spend three dollars for Ada.
21. Tripp and the reporter go to the boarding-house.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Say what you understand by these:

1. That day I had got five new silver dollars as an advance on a story.
2. I made everything clear.
3. "She is in the parlor", said the woman, turning her back on us.
4. Every train brings in and takes out hundreds of young girls.
5. He said he was going to be a policeman or a president of a railway company, or something like that.
6. Life is hard for all of us. We seldom marry those whom we first love.
7. We promised to be true to each other.
8. Tripp unbuttoned his coat to take a handkerchief out of his pocket.

2. Match the words in two columns (according to the text).

a)

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 1. to borrow | a) one's fortune |
| 2. to make | b) no idea |
| 3. to ring | e) money |
| 4. to have | d) one's coat |
| 5. to unbutton | e) the bell |
| 6. to keep | f) a lie |
| 7. to tell | g) place |
| 8. to turn | h) one's back |
| 9. to take | i) the pieces |

b)

- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| 1. regular | a) beard |
| 2. printing | b) dollar |
| 3. red | c) farmer |
| 4. shaking | d) department |
| 5. silver | e) work |
| 6. young | f) hands |

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 7. railroad | g) story |
| 8. beautiful | h) parlor |
| 9. boarding | i) station |
| 10. last | j) eyes |
| 11. newspaper | k) love |
| 12. true | i) cent |
| 13. dark | m) watch-chain |
| 14. old | n) storm |
| 15. clever | o) man |
| 16. spring | p) coat |
| 17. cheap | q) house |

3. Fill in *to look* or *to look like* in the right form.

1. Tripp was about twenty-five, but he ____ forty.
2. Tripp ____ a beggar in his old coat.
3. Tripp ____ pale, miserable and unhealthy.
4. His short red beard ____ a door-mat.
5. The girl was crying, and her beautiful eyes ____ more beautiful.
6. When the girl left Tripp ____ even more miserable.

4. Fill in the gaps with the word combinations from the box below. Use each one only once.

to be sorry for; to be ashamed; to be in love with; to be kind to; to be good to; to be over; to be glad; to be close; to be true to each other; to be of some help

1. The reporter ____ when Tripp called him 'friend'.
2. Though the reporter ____ Tripp he did not want to give him a dollar.
3. The reporter wanted to ____ to the girl.
4. When everything ____ at last, Tripp asked the reporter if he could make a story out of that.
5. They promised to ____ till they meet again.
6. When the wedding day ____ she began thinking of George.
7. She was so beautiful that all men ____ her.
8. George and Ada ____ each other when they were little children.
9. The girl said that Hiram Dodd ____ always ____ her.
10. The reporter ____ that Tripp was not going to borrow money from him.

5. Complete the sentences with clauses of time or condition.

1. Tripp said that the reporter would get a lot of money if _____.

2. Tripp said that it would cost the reporter a dollar or two if_____.
3. The farmer will give Ada an automobile and a motor-boat if _____.
4. Tripp said to the girl that the reporter would help her if_____.
5. The reporter was sure that the girl would be happy when_____.
6. George and Ada promised to each other that they would keep the pieces till_____.
7. The girl thought that George would never come back if_____.

6. Change the sentences to reported speech.

1. “Well, Tripp”, said I, looking up at him, “how are you?”
2. “Have you got a dollar?” asked Tripp.
3. “What could I do?” Tripp continued. “I never have money in the morning”.
4. “What are you talking about, Tripp?” I said.
5. “I am sorry you don't see what an interesting story you could write”, said Tripp.
6. “How will it cost me four dollars?” I asked him.
7. “One dollar to me, for whisky. Do you agree?”
8. “Give me one of the dollars – quick!” he said.
9. “Miss Lowery, this is my friend Mr. Chalmers”, said Tripp.
10. “Yes”, said Miss Lowery, “I can get along with him”.
11. “Can you make a story out of it?” he asked.
12. “Let's try to forget it”, I said.

Discussing the Story

1. Say why:

1. The reporter had very little money.
2. Tripp came up to the reporter's table that day.
3. The reporter knew that Tripp had something to do with pictures.
4. Tripp looked much older his age.
5. Tripp needed four dollars that day.
6. Ada came to New York.
7. Ada told a lie to her mother.
8. Tripp took Ada to a boarding-house.
9. The reporter was angry with Tripp.
10. The reporter went to the boarding-house.
11. The woman opened the door only a little when Tripp and the reporter arrived.
12. The girl was crying in the parlor.
13. The girl was sitting in the parlor, but not in the room of the boarding-house.
14. The reporter was ashamed.
15. Ada had no idea what a big city New York was.

16. The reporter was sure that men would always be good to Ada.
17. The reporter was glad that he was not Hiram.
18. George Brown had gone to the city.
19. Ada had never heard of him since then.
20. George and Ada had cut a dime into two halves.
21. Tripp looked more miserable than ever when Ada left for the village.
22. The reporter looked in surprise at Tripp.

2. 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.

3. Add more information to the following:

1. The reporter was doing some work for the newspaper.
2. The girl's name was Ada Lowery.
3. "I can give you some facts for the story".
4. The reporter began to feel sorry for the girl.
5. "I have never been to New York".
6. Her cry was like a beautiful spring storm.
7. They cut a dime into two halves.
8. At last Ada agreed to go home.
9. There was something hanging from the chain.

4. Make up and act out the talk between:

- The reporter and Tripp (in the reporter's room).
- Tripp and Ada (in the street).
- Tripp and Ada (in the boarding-house).
- Ada and the reporter (in the boarding-house).
- Ada and the reporter (at the railroad station).
- Ada and Tripp (at the railroad station).
- Tripp and the reporter (after Ada had left).

5. Imagine that you are:

- The reporter. Say:
 - a) what kind of work you did;

- b) how often you feel at peace with the world, and what makes you feel like that;
- c) what you felt about Tripp before knowing his story;
- d) what made you spend money on the girl;
- e) what you felt about the girl when she told you her story;
- f) what you felt about Tripp after knowing his story.

• Tripp. Say:

- a) what kind of life you had when living in the village;
- b) what Ada was for you at that time;
- c) how much free time you had, and in what way you and Ada spent your free time;
- d) what made you leave the village;
- e) how you find the life in the big city (compared to that of the village);
- f) how you met Ada in New York, and what you were feeling about that;
- g) how you took the news of her wedding;
- h) what you were feeling after she had left;
- i) what happened to you after Ada's departure.

• Ada. Say:

- a) what your life had been like before George left the village;
- b) what your life was like after he had left the village;
- c) how Hiram Dodd came into your life;
- d) what your mother felt about Hiram Dodd;
- e) what made you go to look for George;
- f) what you felt about Tripp when you met him;
- g) why you were so unhappy in the boarding-house;
- h) what you felt about the reporter;
- i) why you agreed to go home without finding George.

• The woman in the boarding-house. Say:

- a) why you were not very friendly with your boarders;
- b) what you felt about the crying girl.

6. What do you think?

1. Do you think life in the country and in a big city is different for young people? In what way is it different or similar?
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? Do you think people in the country are different from those living in a city? If so, what are the differences?

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.

Bill and I were in a small town in the state of Alabama when the idea of kidnapping came to us. Wee needed money. Kidnapping seemed to us the best way to get a lot of money. It did not take us Long to select a child for kidnapping.

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 colour 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 fire burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tail-feathers 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 yawps, 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 borne 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 then 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 doesn'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. Tonight 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 favourite Biblical character is?”

“Take it easy”, say 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”, say 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 am not 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 tonight 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 tonight 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", say 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", say 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 horse", says Black Scout. "Get down on your hands and knees. How can I ride to the stockade without a horse?"

"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 postoffice 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 wobbled 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 them 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 ask 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 isn't a palatable substitute. And then, for an hour I had to try to explain to him why there was nothing 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”, say 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”, say 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 kidnapers. 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 today 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!” say 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 aren't going to let the chance go, are you?”

“Tell you the truth, Bill”, say 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.

EXERCISES

Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the following questions.

1. How many people are mentioned in this story?
2. Where were they?
3. Who were the two persons who tried to kidnap a child?
4. What sort of ransom did they hope to get for the child?
5. Who was the boy and what was he like?
6. What happened before Sam and Bill managed to catch the boy?
7. Where did Sam and Bill take up the boy?
8. By what means did they get there?
9. What was the first thing the boy did to Bill?
10. Where was Sam at that time?
11. What did you learn about the boy from his dinner speech?
12. In what way did the boy terrorized Sam and Bill the first night in the cave?
13. Why did Sam wake up early in the morning?
14. What effect did this have on Bill? On Sam?
15. What else did the boy do to Bill?
16. What did the boy call the games he played while he was in the cave?
17. What names did Bill give to the boy?
18. Did the boy's father notice his disappearance? What tells you this?
19. In what way did Sam and Bill let the father know what they wanted to get for the kidnapped boy?
20. What sort of a proposition did they make?
21. What made Sam and Bill ask less ransom than they originally wanted?
22. What made Sam shake the boy until his freckles rattled?
23. On what occasion was there peace and happiness in Bill's face?
24. In what way did Sam get the answer from Ebenezer Dorset?
25. What was the counter-proposition?
26. How did Sam and Bill take the counter-proposition?
27. What happened to the boy in the end?
28. What happened to Sam and Bill in the end?
29. Who paid the ransom?

2. Say whether the statement is true or false. Correct the false one.

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. From Johnny's dinner speech Sam and Bill knew that he was a clever boy.
10. The first night in the cave with the boy was terrible.
11. The next morning Sam realised that the parents had already discovered their son's disappearance.
12. In the letter Bill and Sam demanded two thousand dollars for the boy's return.
13. Bill took the letter to the nearest post office.
14. On returning to the cave Sam found that the boy had gone.
15. Sam was afraid for Bill's mind when he received Mr. Dorset's counter-proposition.
16. Mr. Dorset almost agreed to the kidnapers' terms.
17. The father's messenger brought the answer to the cave.
18. Before taking the boy to his father the kidnapers went hunting with him.
19. The boy cost the kidnapers two hundred dollars.
20. Sam and Bill ran to the North.

3. Put the sentences on the left in the right order with the sentences (describing the punishment) on the right.

1. He rode Bill ninety miles making him walk on his hands and knees all the way. He kicked Bill's legs black and blue from the knees down, and bit Bill's hand very hard.	a) no punishment
2. Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest holding Bill's hair with one hand. In the other hand he had the knife. He was trying to take Bill's scalp.	b) Bill boxed the boy's ears.
3. He put a hot potato down Bill's back, then he pressed the potato to Bill's back with his foot.	c) Bill caught the boy and dragged him into the buggy.
4. The boy scratched Bill on his face, and arms, and legs, and Bill had to put plaster on the scratches.	d) Sam caught the boy and shook him until his freckles rattled.
5. With his sling the boy sent a stone as big as an egg and hit Bill behind his left ear.	e) no punishment
6. The boy threw a stone at Bill and hit him straight in	f) Bill took the boy by the

the eye.

ears and dragged him down
the mountain.

4. Complete the sentences.

1. The two desperate men took the boy to the cave, and then one of them_____.
2. After the boy's attempt to take Bill's scalp and his promise to burn Sam in the fire, both of them_____.
3. After Sam had shaken the boy until his freckles rattled, the boy_____.
4. As soon as the two desperate men wrote a letter to the boy's father, Sam_____.
5. When Sam returned from the post office_____.
6. When Bill turned round and saw the boy he_____.
7. Soon after Sam had come up to the tree and climbed it up he saw_____.
8. When Sam read the note to Bill_____.
9. The two desperate men brought Johnny to his house, knocked at the front door, and_____.
10. They left the boy in his father's hands and_____.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Match the words in two columns and say in what situations they are used in the story.

a)

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. to select | a) the ransom |
| 2. to hit | b) the kidnappers |
| 3. to drag | c) his ears |
| 4. to fight | d) his scalp |
| 5. to hire | e) like a bear |
| 6. to put | f) a buggy |
| 7. to raise | g) a stick |
| 8. to examine | h) plaster |
| 9. to burn | i) in the fire |
| 10. to terrorize | j) the scratches |
| 11. to take | k) in the eye |
| 12. to box | l) stones |
| 13. to kick | m) a child |
| 14. to lose | n) into the buggy |

b)

- | | |
|---------|---------|
| 1. bird | a) hair |
|---------|---------|

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| 2. red | b) speech |
| 3. dinner | c) war-cry |
| 4. loud | d) Bill |
| 5. terrible | e) post office |
| 6. little | f) sky-rocket |
| 7. frightened | g) box |
| 8. nearest | h) cat |
| 9. two-legged | i) devil |
| 10. freckled wild | j) screams |
| 11. paper | k) feather |
| 12. desperate | l) men |
| 13. dangerous | m) heart |
| 14. strong | n) night |
| 15. weak | o) wood |
| 16. miserable | p) door |
| 17. kind | q) eyes |
| 18. front | r) smile |
| 19. dark | s) plans |
| 20. thick | t) proposition |

2. Fill in the gaps with the word combinations from the box below. Use each only once in the right form.

make a speech; make peace; make plans; fall asleep; shake hands; play war; hunt bears; give a smile

1. It took time before Bill was able _____ the boy _____ and _____ with him.
2. Bill wanted to be kind to the boy and promised _____ with him.
3. The two desperate men began _____ how to get the ransom for the boy.
4. Sam had to be very hard on Red Chief to make him _____ with Bill and _____.
5. It was a terrible night and neither of them could _____.
6. Johnny did not want to go home before Sam and Bill had promised _____ with him the next morning.

3. 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. Sam agreed _____ Bill that they should demand less ransom for Red Chief.
3. It was very difficult for Bill to be kind _____ that freckled wild cat.
4. Sam tried to be as polite as he could _____ the boy when he talked _____ him.

5. They both agreed _____ the idea _____ kidnapping.
6. Bill had to be rude _____ the little devil for all he had done _____ Bill.
7. Kidnapping seemed _____ both them the best way to get a lot _____ money.
8. He was a boy _____ ten, _____ a face full _____ freckles.
9. A low mountain covered _____ a thick wood _____ a cave in it seemed a good place to keep the boy.
10. Bill was sitting at the entrance _____ the cave all covered _____ scratches.
11. Bill had never been afraid _____ the police or anything till the time when he had to stay _____ that two-legged skyrocket.
12. When at last Sam fell asleep, he had an awful dream that he was tied _____ a tree by a pirate _____ red hair.
13. Sam saw Bill standing _____ his back _____ the wall.

Discussing the Story

1. Say why:

1. The two men decided to kidnap a child.
2. They selected Johnny.
3. Sam and Bill were driving past Mr. Dorset house.
4. The boy was throwing stones at a cat.
5. The boy fought like a bear.
6. Red Chief had feathers in his hair.
7. Red Chief was going to burn Sam in the tire at sunrise.
8. Red Chief liked to stay in the cave.
9. Sam had an awful dream the first night with the boy in the cave.
10. Sam was awakened by terrible screams.
11. Bill knew no peace as long as Red Chief was with them.
12. Sam could not sleep either.
13. Sam went to the top of the mountain.
14. Bill was standing with his back to the wall when Sam returned.
15. The two men had no fear that Red Chief would run away.
16. Bill fell across the fire.
17. Bill was getting more and more nervous.
18. Bill asked Sam to make the ransom for the boy's return less than two thousand.
19. The two men wanted to get the ransom with a messenger, and not by post.
20. On returning to the cave Sam could find neither the boy nor Bill.
21. Bill thought that Red Chief was gone.
22. Sam was afraid for Bill's mind.
23. Sam was waiting for the messenger sitting up in the tree.

24. Johnny's father wrote that the men were' asking too much for his son.
25. Johnny's father advised the men to bring him back at night.
26. The two desperate men agreed to Mr. Dorset's proposal.
27. The two men thought that it was a kind proposition.
28. Johnny's father had to hold his son some ten or fifteen minutes.
29. The two men thought that it would take them that short time to cover that long distance.
30. Sam could hardly catch up with Bill.

2. 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. Johnny was not a stupid boy.
7. The two men were not very poor.
8. Mr. Dorset did not take risks when he made his counter-proposition.
9. The two men were happy to have Red Chief off their hands.

3. Add more information to the following:

1. The two men needed money.
2. There was a mountain about two miles away from the town.
3. Sam left the buggy in the village.
4. The boy was having a good time.
5. Now and then he remembered that he was Red Chief.
6. Sam went to the top of the mountain to look around.
7. Red Chief took a sling out of his pocket and went out of the cave.
8. The two men began to write the letter.
9. Sam walked to the town to post the letter.
10. Sam saw Bill walking softly towards the cave.
11. Bill turned round and saw the boy.
12. Sam went to the three trees in the road.
13. A young boy rode up lo the trees on a bicycle.
14. This is what his counter-proposition was.
15. Johnny's father opened the door.

4. Make up and act out the talk between:

- Sam and Bill (making plans of kidnapping).

- Sam and Bill examining his first scratches.
- Red Chief and Sam asking the boy if he wants to his home.
- Sam and Bill (after the first night with Red Chief in the cave).
- Red Chief and Sam getting the boy to make peace with Bill.
- Bill and Red Chief making peace.
- Red Chief and Sam punishing the boy for his shot from the sling.
- Sam and Bill (both discussing the letter to Johnny's father).
- Sam, Bill and Red Chief explaining how he is going to play the Black Scout.
- Sam and Bill after playing the Black Scout.
- Bill and Sam (after receiving the counter-proposition).
- Bill and Mr. Dorset.

5. Imagine that you are:

- Sam. Say:
 - a) how you got acquainted with Bill;
 - b) what makes you be together;
 - c) what you like (dislike) about him;
 - d) how good Bill was helping you in your dangerous plans;
 - e) what sort of plans they were;
 - f) whether it was the first time that the idea of kidnapping came to you;
 - g) whether you think it was the last one.
- Bill. Say:
 - a) whether Sam said everything about how you had got acquainted, or there is something else Sam did not mention;
 - b) what attracts you in Sam;
 - c) whether you had ever had a similar experience with a boy like Johnny, or it was the first time;
 - d) whether you like anything about Johnny. If you do, say what it is;
 - e) why you were so rude to the boy. He was only ten.
- Johnny. Say:
 - a) what your life at home is like, what you like (dislike about your life);
 - b) whether you had ever been kidnapped before, if you had, how it happened;
 - c) what you think of your neighbours, whether they are angry with you.
- Johnny's father. Say:
 - a) why your neighbours don't like your son;
 - b) what you feel about your son;
 - c) whether there is anything the neighbours don't know about Johnny, and if they knew they would not be angry with him;

d) whether you are going to change your ways about your son, and in what way, if so.

6. What do you think?

1. What do you think of Sam and Bill's background? Do you think their way of making their living was illegal (legal)? What tells you about this?

2. What do you feel 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. What do you think makes Johnny behave like that? What makes him be impolite (mildly speaking) to the people?

CUPID A LA CARTE

Jeff Peters was a man who travelled through the United States, selling cheap rings, bracelets, and other things of that kind.

Once he told me what happened to him at Guthrie, a small town in Oklahoma. “Guthrie was a boom town”, Jeff Peters began his story, “and most of the difficulties of life there were due to the boom. You had to stand in line to wash your face. If it took you more than ten minutes to eat at a restaurant, you had to pay more money for the extra time. If you slept on the floor in a hotel, you had to pay as much as for a bed.

As soon as I came to the town I found a good place to eat.

It was a restaurant tent which had just been opened by Mr. Dugan and his family. The tent was decorated with placards describing good things to eat: ‘Try Mother's Home-Made Biscuits’, ‘Hot Cakes Like Those You Ate When a Boy’ and others of that kind.

Old man Dugan did not like to work. All the work in the tent was done by his wife and his daughter. Mrs. Dugan did the cooking and her daughter Mame waited at table.

As soon as I saw Mame I knew that there was only one girl in the United States — Mame Dugan. She was full of life and fun ... No, you will have to believe me. Yes, there was no other girl like her. She was the only one.

I began to come to the tent to eat when most of the customers had gone and there were not many people there. Mame used to come in smiling and say: “Hello, Jeff, why don't you come a: meal-time?”

Every day I used to eat two or three dinners because I wanted to stay with Mame as long as possible.

Some time later another fellow began coming to eat after meal-time. His name was Ed Collier. He looked pleasant and talked very well. I liked him and sometimes after meals we left the tent together and talked.

“I notice you like coming to eat after mealtime”, I said to him one day.

“Well, yes”, said Collier, “I don't like the noise, that's why I try to eat when nobody is in the tent”.

“So do I”, said I. “Nice little girl, don't you think?”

“Yes, Mame is a very nice girl, I have noticed that”, he said.

“To tell you the truth”, I said, “I am in love with her”.

“So am I”, answered Collier, “and I am going to try to win her love”.

“Well”, I said, “we'll see which of us will win the race”.

So Collier and I began the race. We came to the tent to eat three or four times a day. The more we ate the more time we could spend in the tent. And the more time we

spent with Mame the more each of us hoped to win her. She was very nice to both Collier and me and she waited on each with a smile and a kind word.

One evening in September I asked Mame to take a walk with me after supper. We walked for some time and then I decided to open my heart to her. I made a long speech, telling her that I had been in love with her for a long long time; that I had enough money for both of us; that the name of Dugan should be changed for the name of Peters, and if she says not, — then why not?

Mame didn't answer right away. Then she gave a kind of shudder and said something that surprised me very much.

“Jeff”, she said, “I am sorry you spoke about it. I like you as well as other men who come and eat in our restaurant. But I shall never marry anyone of you. Do you know what a man is in my eyes? He is a machine for eating beefsteak and ham-and-eggs, and cakes and biscuits. He is a machine for eating and nothing more. For two years I have watched them. Men eat, eat, eat! A man is only something that is sitting in front of a knife and fork and plate at the table. When I think of men I see only their mouths moving up and down, eating, eating. No matter what they think of themselves, — they are only eating machines. No, Jeff! I do not want to marry a man and see him at the table eating his breakfast in the morning, eating his dinner at noon and eating his supper in the evening. Always eating, eating, eating!”

“But, Mame”, I said, “you are making a mistake. Men don't always eat”.

“As far as I know them they do, they eat all the time. No, I'll tell you what I am going to do. There is a girl named Susie Foster in Terre Haute. She is a good friend of mine. She waits at table in the railroad restaurant. Poor Susie hates men worse than I do, because the men at railroad stations do not eat, they gobble, as they have little time for their meals. They try to gobble and flirt at the same time. It's terrible! Susie and I have made a plan. We are saving money. When we save enough we are going to buy a small cottage. We are going to live together in that cottage and grow flowers for the market. And as long as we live we are not going to let any man with an appetite come near our cottage”.

“Do girls never eat?” I asked.

“No, they don't! They nibble a little sometimes. That's all”.

“I thought they liked candy...”

“For heaven's sake, change the subject”, said Mame.

I did not know what to do. I could not stop eating and I could not stop loving Mame. I had a good appetite and had to eat several times a day. So I continued to come to the tent hoping that Mame would be sorry for what she had said. But each time I put some food into my mouth I felt that I was losing my chance of winning Mame's love. The more I ate — the less chance I had.

I was sure that Collier had also spoken to Mame and got the same answer, because one day he ordered only a cup of coffee and a biscuit. He nibbled it like a girl in the parlor. As soon as I saw that I also ordered a cup of coffee and a biscuit.

The next day both Collier and I again ordered coffee and biscuits for breakfast, But then old Dugan came to our table with ham and eggs and other good things to eat.

“What is the matter, gentlemen?” he asked with a smile. “I’m afraid you have lost your appetite? You should eat more or you will lose your health”.

So Collier and I began eating more food again. I noticed that my appetite had never been so great as at that time — I ate and ate in spite of Mame who was there. I am sure she hated me for eating so much. Some time after I discovered that Collier had played a trick on me. He and I used to take drinks together. Well. Ed Collier had bribed the bartender to put a little Appetite Bitters in every glass of whisky I drank. That's why I ate more than before. But another trick that he played on me was harder to forget.

One day Collier did not come to eat at the tent. A man told me he had left the town that morning. A few days before he left Collier had given me a big bottle of fine whisky. I am sure now that it also had some Appetite Bitters in it. My appetite grew and grew. I ate more and more every day. In Mame's eyes I was simply an animal. About a week after Collier had left, a land of museum or exhibition came to the town. A tent was put up near the railroad. A lot of people went to see the freak show.

One evening when I asked for Mame her mother said that she and Thomas, her younger brother, had gone to the show. The same thing happened three evenings that week. On Saturday I caught her on her way and took her home. We sat down on the steps and talked for some time. I saw that Mame looked different. Her eyes were shining and her look was softer.

“Why do you go to the show three times a week?” I asked her. “Are you so fond of freaks?”

“Oh, yes”, said Mame, “I like freaks. When I see them I forget my work and the tent”.

“What kind of freaks are there?” I asked. “Do they eat?”

“Not all of them. Some of them are wax”.

“Look out, then. You may get stuck”, said I, trying to joke.

Mame blushed. I didn't know what to think.

On Monday I did not find Mame in the restaurant again. She had gone to the freak show with Thomas.

“Well”, I said to myself, “I'll have to go there and see for myself. What kind of a show can it be, that Mame goes to see three times a week?”

Next day before starting out for the show tent I called for Mame and found she was not at home. But she was not at the show with Thomas this time, because Thomas was at home.

“What will you give me, Jeff”, he said, “if I tell you something?”

“Anything you wish”, I said.

“Mame is in love with a freak at the show”, he said. “I don't like him but she does. She likes him very much. I know because I heard what they said to each other. I thought it would interest you. Oh, Jeff, could you give me two dollars for what I told you? I want to buy ...”

I gave Thomas two dollars for the information.

“Thank you, Thomas, thank you ... a freak, you said. Can you describe him to me?”

“You can read about him if you like”, said Thomas. “He took a yellow programme out of his pocket and read: HE DOES NOT EAT. I think that is why my sister is in love with him. He is going to starve for forty-nine days. Today is the sixth day”.

I looked at the name on the programme: ‘Professor Eduardo Collieri’.

“Ah!” said I, “that is not so bad, Ed Collier, I give you credit for the trick. But I am not going to give you Mame, oh, no!”

I went to the show tent. As I went up to the back door a man came out and by the light of the stars I saw it was Professor Eduardo Collieri himself. I caught him by the arm.

“Hello, freak”, I said. “Let me have a look at you! How do you like being a professor?”

“Jeff Peters”, said Collier, in a weak voice. “Let me go or you will be sorry! I am in a hurry! Hands off!”

“Oh no, Eddie”, I answered, holding him hard. “You can't fight me now. You have got a lot of nerve, that's true. But you also have an empty stomach. You are as weak as a cat”.

That was true. He was very weak and could not fight.

“Yes, Jeff, you are right. I made a mistake thinking I could go hungry for forty-nine days. Our conflict is over. You have won. You will find Miss Dugan inside. She is a fine girl. I am sorry that I've lost. I starved for six days and began to understand that love and business and family and religion are only words when a man is starving. I love Mame Dugan, but I can't go hungry. An empty stomach is a terrible thing. Now I'm going to eat tons of beefsteak and hundreds of eggs. Excuse me now, Jeff, I am in a hurry to get to a restaurant. Good-bye!”

“I hope you'll like your dinner, Ed”, I said, “and don't be angry with me!”

He disappeared at once, and I went inside the tent. I found Mame there and asked her to come for a walk with me. She did not say yes or no, but looked around the tent. I knew she was looking for her freak.

“I’ll tell you some news”, I said. “The freak that lives on wind has just run away. At this moment he is having a big meal at some restaurant, eating pork and beefsteak”.

“Are you speaking about Ed Collier?” asked Mame.

“Yes”, I answered. “I met him outside the tent a few minutes ago and he told me he was going out to eat all the food in the world”.

“Jeff”, said Mame, “don't say anything bad about Ed Collier. He stopped eating only to please me and I like him for this. Could you do what he did?”

“I don't know, Mame”, I answered. “I can't go hungry for a long time. I have to eat, I can't help it”.

“Ed Collier and I are good friends”, she said, “the same as you and I. I gave him the same answer that I gave you: I shall not marry anybody. I liked to be with Ed and I liked to talk to him. It was pleasant to know that here was a man who stopped eating because of me”.

“Are you in love with him?” I asked.

It was a mistake of course to ask this question. All of us make mistakes sometimes.

Mame got angry. “You have no right to ask me such a thing, Jeff”, she said. “If you go hungry for forty-nine days, — maybe I shall answer it”.

So, even after he had disappeared Collier was still in my way.

And then my business came to an end and I was ready to leave Guthrie. I decided to go to Oklahoma City. I came to the Dugans to say good-bye. I was surprised to see Mame in a blue travelling dress, holding her little suitcase in her hand. Her friend who lived in Terre Haute was going to get married next Thursday. Mame was leaving for a week's visit to be present at the wedding. I offered to take her there in my waggon. She agreed and thirty minutes later we started for Terre Haute.

It was a fine morning. Mame was full of talk, and I was full of joy. Not a word was said either about Ed Collier or about food. But at noon Mame looked and found that she had forgotten to take the basket with the food. I did not say anything because I was afraid to talk to Mame about food.

And then I discovered that I had lost my way. I think it happened because of Mame: she talked and I listened and didn't look where I was going. Then it began to rain. We were both very tired. Then we saw a small house a little way from the road and decided to take a rest there.

The house had two empty rooms. There was nobody in them. Mame and I sat on the waggon seats on the floor. Mame was having a good time, she laughed and talked all the time. It was a change for her.

When it became dark I brought my coat and blankets from the waggon and made a bed for Mame on the floor. She lay down and I sat in the other room smoking and thinking about her. Then I fell asleep.

I opened my eyes at sunrise. Mame stood looking at me.

“Good morning, Jeff!” she cried. “I’m so hungry! I could eat a ...”

I looked up at her and laughed. It seemed so funny to me, that I laughed and laughed. When I stopped and looked at Mame, she was sitting with her back to me.

“Don't be angry, Mame”, I said. “I could not help it. I laughed because I was glad to see you”.

“Don't tell me any lies, sir”, said Mame very angrily. “I know what you were laughing about... Why, Jeff, look outside!”

I opened the little window and looked out. The water in the river had risen. The land on which the house stood became an island in the middle of a sea of yellow water. And it was still raining hard. All we could do was to stay and wait.

We were hungry. We were very hungry. I imagined a table full of food. Very hungry people always see pictures of food in their mind.

Night came on again. The river was still rising and the rain was still falling. I looked at Mame and noticed a hungry look in her eyes. The poor girl was very hungry – maybe for the first time in her life.

“What would you like to eat, Mame?” I asked her.

“Beefsteak and potatoes and ham and eggs”, she answered. “Oh, Jeff, I could eat anything! I am so hungry!”

Next morning we found that the rain had stopped and the water around the house had gone. We found the road with difficulty. In two hours we were in Oklahoma City. The first thing we saw was a big restaurant. We hurried inside.

I ordered a banquet for ten, not for two, I looked across the table at Mame and smiled, because I remembered something. Mame was looking at the food as a boy looks at his first watch. Then she looked at me, and two big tears came into her eyes.

“Jeff”, she said. “I have been a foolish girl... I did not understand many things. But that is over now, I understand now that men get hungry every day like this. They are big and strong and they work hard. They must eat in order to work. You said once ... that is ... you asked me ... you wanted to be my ... Well, Jeff, if you still love me. – I will be glad to have you always sitting across the table from me. Now, give me something to eat, quick, please!”

EXERCISES

Checking Comprehension

1. a) Say what:

1. is Jeff Peters.
2. is Ed Collier.
3. is Mr. Dugan.
4. is Mrs. Dugan.
5. is Mame.
6. is Susie.
7. is Professor Eduardo Collieri.

b) Say who:

1. gobbles.
2. nibbles.
3. rides a waggon.
4. eats three-four dinners at a time.
5. goes hungry.
6. gives information.
7. does the cooking.
8. does not like the work.
9. talks well.
10. bribes the bartender.
11. waits on Jeff and Ed.
12. waits at table.
13. makes a long speech.
14. opens one's heart.
15. looks pleasant.
16. sleeps on the floor.
17. is fond of freaks.
18. gets married.
19. loses one's way.
20. changes.

c) Answer the questions:

1. Who loves Mame? Who does Mame love?
2. Who loves Jeff? Who does Jeff love?
3. Who loves Collier? Who does Collier love?

4. Who loves Susie? Who does Susie love?

2. Say if the statement is true or false. Correct the false one.

1. Most difficulties in Guthrie were due to poor service.
2. The restaurant tent was opened long ago.
3. Mrs. Dugan waited at table.
4. Mr. Dugan liked his work.
5. Jeff came to the restaurant after mealtime.
6. Jeff was glad to meet Collier.
7. Mame surprised Jeff with her speech.
8. Mame decided to go to live in the cottage.
9. Mr. Dugan did not like to see the men eating biscuits.
10. Collier went hungry to please Mame.
11. Hunger changed Collier.
12. All freaks did not eat at all.
13. Thomas introduced Jeff to the main freak.
14. Jeff could not give Collier credit for his trick.
15. Collier understood that hunger was the strongest feeling.
16. Mame left Guthrie.
17. Mame was very sad on the way to Oklahoma.
18. The whole place around the house was flooded.
19. The empty house was half ruined.
20. Jeff and Mame had a good meal on the way to Oklahoma.
21. The trip to Oklahoma was full of joy.

3. Put the sentences in the right order to make a summary.

1. Jeff and Ed begin the race.
2. A freak show comes to the town.
3. Jeff meets Ed Collier.
4. Guthrie is a boom town.
5. Jeff falls in love with Mame.
6. Jeff Peters arrives in Guthrie.
7. Jeff opens his heart to Mame.
8. Jeff and Collier try to win Mame in their own ways.
9. Mame surprises Jeff.
10. An empty stomach is a terrible thing.
11. Mame is in love with a freak.
12. Collier gets credit for his trick.
13. Jeff and Mame are caught in the rain.

14. Jeff and Mame are on the way to Oklahoma City.
15. Hunger changes Mame.
16. Jeff loses the way.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Match the words having the same or very close meaning.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---|
| 1. to decorate | a) to have a great dislike |
| 2. to do the cooking | b) to suffer from hunger |
| 3. to wait at table | c) to become red in the face from confusion |
| 4. to be full of life and fun | d) to make more beautiful |
| 5. to wait on somebody | e) to act as a waiter |
| 6. to surprise | d) to make meals |
| 7. to win | g) to look happy and cheerful |
| 8. to be full of talk | h) to discover something suddenly |
| 9. to be full of joy | i) to fetch and carry things for somebody |
| 10. to hate | j) to be talkative |
| 11. to gobble | k) to try to attract a person |
| 12. to flirt | l) to keep for future use |
| 13. to save money | m) to begin talking of other things |
| 14. to nibble | n) to take very small bites |
| 15. to change the subject | o) to succeed |
| 16. to bribe | p) to eat quickly, noisily, and greedily |
| 17. to blush | q) to be full of great pleasure |
| 18. to starve | r) to give a person something to get him do something (wrong) |

2. Which adjective goes with which noun in the text? Say in what situations they are used in the story.

- | | |
|---------------|------------|
| 1. boom | a) whisky |
| 2. extra | b) voice |
| 3. home-made | c) stomach |
| 4. eating | d) machine |
| 5. fine | e) water |
| 6. back | f) girl |
| 7. weak | g) look |
| 8. empty | h) door |
| 9. travelling | i) town |
| 10. yellow | j) time |

11. hungry

k) biscuits

12. foolish

l) dress

3. Say which word does not go with the others and why.

1. beefsteak, biscuit, pork, ham
2. plate, fork, coffee, knife
3. whisky, water, coffee, tea
4. floor, window, blanket, door
5. arm, stomach, foot, face
6. restaurant, cafe, dancing-hall, bar
7. gobble, nibble, swallow, see
8. bribe, kill, sell, steal
9. noise, whistle, silence, music
10. change, watch, surprise, eat

4. Complete the following sentences using the suitable word in brackets.

1. Jeff and Edd liked (to come, coming) to the tent after mealtime.
2. Both men tried (to win, winning) Mame's love.
3. They both hoped (to win, winning) the race.
4. Once Jeff decided (to open, opening) his heart to Mame.
5. Jeff wanted (to tell, telling) her how much he loved her.
6. The men at the railroad station tried (to gobble, gobbling) and (to flirt, flirting) at the same time.
7. Mame and Susie hoped (to buy, buying) a cottage.
8. They thought they would enjoy (to grow, growing) flowers.
9. Jeff could not stop (to eat, eating), and he could not stop (to love, loving) Mame.
10. Both men continued (to eat, eating) very much.
11. In a few days Jeff began (to eat, eating) beefsteak and eggs again.
12. The girls hated (to see, seeing) men gobbling food.
13. Jeff offered her (to travel, travelling) in his waggon.
14. Mame and Jeff enjoyed (to travel, travelling) in the waggon.
15. Mame forgot (to take, taking) her basket with food.
16. They decided (to take, taking) a rest in the house.
17. Jeff couldn't help (to laugh, laughing) looking at the hungry girl.

5. Complete the following sentences using the infinitive of purpose from the box below.

to win Mame's love; to work hard; to ask Mame for a walk; to talk to him; to eat all the
--

food in the world; to find the road; to eat (use twice); to say good-bye; to sell at the market; to be present at her friend's wedding; to grow flowers; to find a restaurant; to eat a big meal; to stay with the girl longer; to put food into; to see him gobbling food; to lose their health; to have a meal; to show a kind of exhibition; to make Jeff eat more; to drink; to see the freak show

1. Jeff was going to leave Guthrie, so he came to the Dugans _____.
2. As soon as Jeff arrived in the town he went out_____.
3. Jeff used to come to the restaurant _____.
4. The placards decorating the tent described good things _____.
5. Jeff used to eat two or three dinners _____.
6. Jeff and Edd came to the tent three or four times a day _____.
7. In her eyes all men were machines _____.
8. Mame did not like to marry a man _____.
9. The two girls decided to buy a cottage _____.
10. Mame and Susie wanted to grow flowers_____.
11. Old Dugan said that the two men should eat more not_____.
12. Collier bribed the bartender_____.
13. A tent was put up_____.
14. Collier gave Jeff a bottle of whisky_____.
15. A lot of people came_____.
16. One day Collier did not come_____.
17. Collier starved_____.
18. Jeff caught Collier by the arm_____.
19. Collier said that he was in a hurry_____.
20. Jeff went inside the tent_____.
21. Mame was going to Terre Haute_____.
22. The rain stopped, and Jeff went out_____.
23. Mame understood that men had to eat _____.

6. Make the sentences complete using *who, what, where, when, and why.*

1. Jeff listened to Mame, and did not see_____he was going.
2. He was listening to_____she was talking.
3. Mame could not understand_____men ate so much.
4. They found a place_____to hide from the rain.
5. Jeff did not know_____to say.
6. Jeff wondered_____Mame had gone.
7. He wanted to know_____her eyes were shining so brightly.
8. Mame knew _____Jeff was laughing.

9. Jeff knew_____she had told Collier.
- 10.He understood_____that freak was.
- 11.They did not notice_____the rain had stopped.

7. Complete the following sentences using *make* or *do* in the proper form.

1. It was Mr. Dugan who_____the cooking.
2. Jeff_____a long speech about how much he loved her.
3. Mame had to admit that she_____a mistake.
4. Mame and Susie_____plans for their future.
5. Jeff_____a bed for Mame on the floor.
6. Men have to_____hard work every day.
7. Collier_____his best to please Mame.
8. Collier used to come to the tent after mealtime because he did not like when people_____much noise.
9. Do you think Mame could_____cakes?
- 10.Jeff could not_____without food.

8. Match the two parts of the sentence.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Jeff travelled through the United States | a) thinking he could go hungry. |
| 2. Mame used to come out | b) trying to win the girl. |
| 3. Mame stood at the door | c) selling different decorative things. |
| 4. Jeff sat in the other room | d) holding her suitcase. |
| 5. She had a good time | e) smiling. |
| 6. Mame stood in the room | f) laughing and talking. |
| 7. Collier stopped eating beefsteaks | g) waiting on each with a smile. |
| 8. Mame was very nice to both of them | h) talking. |
| 9. They sat down on the steps | i) smoking and thinking about Mame. |
| 10. He made a mistake | j) looking at Jeff. |

9. Fill in the gaps with adverbs.

1. As_____as Jeff entered the restaurant he saw a beautiful girl.
2. Mame said that she loved Jeff as_____as other men coming to the restaurant.
3. It seemed to Mame that as_____as she knew men they ate all the time.
4. Mame and Susie thought that as_____as they lived they would not let any man enter their cottage.
5. As_____as Collier stopped eating much Jeff followed his example.

Discussing the Story

1. Say why:

1. Life was difficult in the town.
2. The tent was decorated with placards.
3. Mrs. Dugan did all the work in the tent.
4. Jeff thought that there was only one girl in the United States.
5. Jeff ate two or three dinners every day.
6. Collier came to eat after mealtime.
7. The two men began the race.
8. Both Jeff and Collier hoped to win Mame.
9. Mame's speech surprised Jeff very much.
10. Mame thought that men were only eating machines.
11. Mame saved money.
12. Jeff began to think that he was losing his chance.
13. Collier began ordering only a cup of coffee and a biscuit.
14. They both began eating much again.
15. Jeff's appetite was growing.
16. Collier bribed the bartender.
17. A tent was put up near the railroad.
18. Mame began to go to the show very often.
19. Jeff gave Thomas two dollars.
20. Collier was talking to Jeff in a weak voice.
21. Collier began starving.
22. Jeff could not go hungry for a long time.
23. Jeff decided to go to Oklahoma City.
24. Mame rode in Jeff's wagon.
25. Jeff lost his way.
26. Jeff and Mame had to stay in an empty house.
27. They both did not eat anything while they stayed in the house.
28. Mame said that she had been a foolish girl.

2. Prove that:

1. Guthrie was not a nice place to live in.
2. The restaurant tried to attract as many people as possible.
3. Jeff liked to stay with Mame.
4. Collier tried to do impossible to win the race.
5. Mame and Susie had their own opinion on men.
6. Collier was not honest on the race.
7. Hunger made Collier give up.

8. Hunger changed Mame.

3. Add more information to these:

1. The restaurant belonged to Mr. Dugan and his family.
2. Collier and Jeff began the race.
3. One evening Jeff went for a walk with Mame.
4. Mame liked Jeff as well as other men.
5. Jeff did not know what to do.
6. Collier ordered only a cup of coffee and a biscuit.
7. Collier gave Jeff a bottle of whisky.
8. Jeff did not find Mame at the restaurant.
9. Thomas gave Jeff a yellow programme.
10. Jeff saw Professor Eduardo Collieri.
11. Collier starved for six days.
12. Jeff's business came to an end.
13. Mame had a friend in Terre Haute.
14. Jeff discovered that he had lost his way.
15. Jeff opened the window and looked out.
16. The first thing they saw in Oklahoma City was a restaurant.

4. Make up and act out the talk between:

- Jeff and Mame (at the restaurant).
- Jeff and Collier (about Mame).
- Jeff and Mame (when Jeff opens his heart to Mame).
- Jeff, Collier and Mr. Dugan.
- Jeff and Mame (talking on the steps of the tent).
- Jeff and Thomas.
- Jeff and Professor Eduardo Collier.
- Jeff and Mame (inside the tent after Collier stopped starving).
- Jeff and Mame (starting out for Oklahoma).
- Jeff and Mame (in the empty house).
- Jeff and Mame (at the Oklahoma restaurant).

5. Imagine that you are:

- Jeff. Say:
 - a) why you came to Guthrie;
 - b) how you met Mame;
 - c) how you got acquainted with Collier;

- d) why you began the race;
- e) what you felt after knowing about Mame's dislikes;
- f) how you hoped to win the race;
- g) what you felt about starving Collier;
- h) how you won Mame.
- Collier. Say:
 - a) what was Mame for you;
 - b) what you felt about Jeff;
 - c) why you began starving;
 - d) why you gave up.
- Mame. Say:
 - a) what made you think of men that way;
 - b) what you felt about Jeff and Collier;
 - c) what made you change.
- Mr. Dugan. Say:
 - a) why you did not like to work;
 - b) what you did at the restaurant;
 - c) how you were able to open the restaurant.

6. What do you think?

1. Why do you think all men in Mame's eyes were only eating machines? Do you think it was because she saw them mainly at the restaurant where they only ate, and she seldom or never went out, or do you have your own ideas about this?
2. Do you think Mame and Susie bought a cottage one day? What makes you think so?
3. Do you think all men eat more than women do? What about the men in your family, your friends?
4. Do you think hunger is stronger than love? Can hunger and love be compared as feelings? Why? Why not?
5. Collier went to eat all the food in the world after starving for six days. What do you think of this? Is it all good to eat much right away after going hungry for a long time? Explain why?
6. There is an English proverb "The way to man's heart is through his stomach". Do you agree with this proverb? Why? Why not?

Навчальне видання

ІВАНОВА
Оксана Вікторівна

МЕТОДИЧНІ МАТЕРІАЛИ
HOME-READING – SHORT STORIES BY O. HENRY
до практичних занять з навчальної дисципліни
“Практичний курс другої іноземної мови і переклад (англійської)”
для підготовки фахівців ОКР “Бакалавр” за напрямом підготовки
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