МИНИСТЕРСТВО НАУКИ И ВЫСШЕГО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ

МИНИСТЕРСТВО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ СТАВРОПОЛЬСКОГО КРАЯ

ГОСУДАРСТВЕННОЕ БЮДЖЕТНОЕ ОБРАЗОВАТЕЛЬНОЕ УЧРЕЖДЕНИЕ
ВЫСШЕГО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ
«СТАВРОПОЛЬСКИЙ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ ПЕДАГОГИЧЕСКИЙ ИНСТИТУТ»

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Книга разделена на пять глав, каждая из которых содержит краткий теоретический обзор, вопросы. Последние представляют собой отрывки различной длины, взятые из прозы XIX-XX вв., написанной на английском языке. Длина и сложность фрагментов для анализа возрастает к концу каждой главы. Образец анализа предлагается в конце книги.

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СОДЕРЖАНИЕ

PART ONE

CHAPTER I. LEXICAL LEVEL

Word and its Semantic Structure. Connotational Meanings of a Word. The Role of the Context in the Actualization of Meaning. Stylistic Differentiation of the Vocabulary. Literary Stratum of Words. Colloquial Words. Lexical Stylistic Devices. Metaphor. Metonymy. Synecdoche. Play on Words. Irony. Epithet. Hyperbole. Understatement. Oxymoron

You know by now that among multiple functions of the word the main one is to denote, denotational meaning thus being the major semantic characteristic of the word. In this paragraph we shall deal with the foregrounding of this particular function, i.e. with such types of denoting phenomena that create additional expressive, evaluative, subjective connotations. We shall deal in fact with the substitution of the existing names approved by long usage and fixed in dictionaries by new, occasional, individual ones, prompted by the speaker's subjective original view and evaluation of things. This act of name-exchange, of substitution is traditionally referred to as *transference,* for, indeed, the name of one object is transferred onto another, proceeding from their similarity (of shape, colour, function, etc.), or closeness (of material existence, cause/effect, instrument/result, part/whole relations, etc.).

Each type of intended substitution results in a *stylistic device (SD)* called also a *trope.* The most frequently used, well known and elaborated among them is a *metaphor* - transference of names based on the associated likeness between two objects, as in the "pancake", or "ball", or "volcano" for the "sun"; "silver dust", "sequins" for "stars"; "vault", "blanket", "veil" for the "sky".

From previous study you know that nomination - the process of naming reality by means of the language - proceeds from choosing one of the features characteristic of the object which is being named, for the representative of the object. The connection between the chosen feature, representing the object, and the word is especially vivid in cases of transparent "inner form" when the name of the object can be easily traced to the name of one of its characteristics. Cf.: "railway", "chairman", "waxen". Thus the semantic structure of a word reflects, to a certain extent, characteristic features of the piece of reality which it denotes (names). So it is only natural that similarity between real objects or phenomena finds its reflection in the semantic structures of words denoting them: both words possess at least one common semantic component. In the above examples with the "sun" this common semantic component is "hot" (hence - "volcano", "pancake" which are also "hot"), or "round" ("ball", "pancake" which are also of round shape).

The expressiveness of the metaphor is promoted by the implicit simultaneous presence of images of both objects - the one which is actually named and the one

which supplies its own "legal" name. So that formally we deal with the name transference based on the similarity of one feature common to two different entities, while in fact each one enters a phrase in the complexity of its other characteristics. The wider is the gap between the associated objects the more striking and unexpected - the more expressive - is the metaphor.

If a metaphor involves likeness between inanimate and animate objects, we deal with *personification,* as in "the face of London", or "the pain of the ocean".

Metaphor, as all other SDs, is *fresh, orginal, genuine,* when first used, and *trite, hackneyed, stale* when often repeated. In the latter case it gradually loses its expressiveness becoming just another entry in the dictionary, as in the "*leg* of a table" or the *"sunrise",* thus serving a very important source of enriching the vocabulary of the language.

Metaphor can be expressed by all notional parts of speech, and functions in the sentence as any of its members.

When the speaker (writer) in his desire to present an elaborated image does not limit its creation to a single metaphor but offers a group of them, each supplying another feature of the described phenomenon, this cluster creates a *sustained (prolonged)* metaphor.

Metonymy, another lexical SD, - like metaphor - on losing its originality also becomes instrumental in enriching the vocabulary of the language, though metonymy is created by a different semantic process and is based on contiguity (nearness) of objects or phenomena. Transference of names in metonymy does not involve a necessity for two different words to have a common component in their semantic structures, as is the case of metaphor, but proceeds from the fact that two objects (phenomena) have common grounds of existence in reality. Such words as "cup" and "tea" have no linguistic semantic nearness, but the first one may serve the container of the second, hence - the conversational cliche "Will you have another cup?", which is a case of metonymy, once original, but due to long use, no more accepted as a fresh SD.

"My brass will call your brass," says one of the characters of A. Hailey's *Airport* to another, meaning "My boss will call your boss." The transference of names is caused by both bosses being officers, wearing uniform caps with brass cockades.

The scope of transference in metonymy is much more limited than that of metaphor, which is quite understandable: the scope of human imagination identifying two objects (phenomena, actions) on the grounds of commonness of one of their innumerable characteristics is boundless while actual relations between objects are more limited. This is why metonymy, on the whole,- is a less frequently observed SD, than metaphor.

Similar to singling out one particular type of metaphor into the self-contained SD of personification, one type of metonymy - namely, the one, which is based on the relations between a part and the whole - is often viewed independently as *synecdoche.*

As a rule, metonymy is expressed by nouns (less frequently - by substantivized numerals) and is used in syntactical functions characteristic of nouns (subject, object, predicative).

EXERCISES

1. Define the stylistic device.

1. Each of them carried a notebook in which whenever the great man spoke, he desperately scribbled. Straight from the horse's mouth.
2. She narrowed her eyes a trifle at me and said I looked exactly like Celia Briganza's boy. Around the mouth.
3. A hawk, serene, flows in the narrowing circle above.
4. I have to beg you for money. Daily!
5. And Fleur – charming in her jade-green wrapper – tucked a corner of her lip behind a tooth, and went back to her room to finish dressing.
6. He slapped me on the back with an enthusiastic horny hand, not knowing his own strength. Jik Cassavetes, long-time friend, my opposite in almost everything.

Bearded, which I was not. Exuberant, noisy, extravagant, unpredictable; qualities I envied. Blue eyes and sun-blond hair. Muscles which left mine gasping. An outrageous way with girls. An abrasive tongue; and a wholehearted contempt for the thing I painted.

2. Analyse the stylistic effect created by parenthesis:

1. No one seemed to take proper pride in his work: from plumbers who were simply thieves to, say, newspapermen (he seemed to think them a specially intellectual class) who never by any chance gave a correct version of the simplest affair.
2. "…The day on which I take the happiest and best step of my life – the day on which I shall be a man more exulting and more enviable than any other man in the world – the day on which I give Bleak House its little mistress – shall be next month, then", said my guardian.
3. "On the way up here", I said, "Maisie told me everything (but everything) of the way she came to buy her picture.

3. Analyse the given cases of metaphor from all sides mentioned above - semantics, originality, expressiveness, syntactic function, vividness and elaboration of the created image. Pay attention to the manner in which two objects (actions) are identified: with both named or only one - the metaphorized one – presented explicitly:

1. America is a melting pot.
2. My father is a rock.

3. “I wish you’d let go of me, Myra. Your hands are positively *running*with sweat.” /Stephen King *Needful Things*/ (= *her hands were very sweaty*)

4. How could he marry a snake like that!

5. The policeman let him off with a yellow card.

6. Her voice is music to his ears.

7. …he said, blasting the ball into the wintry *skeleton*of the rose bushes. / Tony Parson *Man and Boy*/ (= *the rose bushes were leafless because of winter time*)

8. The minutes *snailed*by. /J. Rowling *Harry Porter and The Chamber ofSecrets*/ (= *time went very slowly*).

9. Hooked to Fig’s belt was a radio – his ever-present electronic *IV bottle*. (Dean Koontz *False Memory)* (= *the radio was an indispensable part of fig’s life*)

10. My brother was boiling mad.

11. The assignment was a breeze.

12. He swam in the sea of diamonds.

13. Horrified, she stared down into the darkness, waiting for the *ocean* of beetles to close over her. /Dean Koontz *Whispers*/ (= *there were a great deal of beetles around her*).

14. You are my sunshine.

15. He has a heart of gold.

16. This pie is heaven!

17. That child is a bear when he is sleepy.

18. Let me throw some light on this subject of philosophy.

19. I was lost in a sea of nameless faces.

20. The computer in the classroom was an old dinosaur.

4. Indicate metonymies, state the type of relations between the object named and the object implied, which they represent, pay attention to the degree of their originality, and to their syntactical function:

1. She was the only Asian girl in the house. There were a few black women in here but mostly the girls were blondes, either by birth or *bottle*. /Tony Parson *Man and Boy*/ (*of hair bleach*)

2. Clown paintings and Rodeo Drive *oils* of rainy Paris street scenes said all talent should not be encouraged. /J. Kellerman *The Clinic*/ (pictures executed in oil)

3. I couldn’t be sure, but I thought it was a *Modigliani*, a portrait of a girl’s face. /James Herbert *Others*/ (*a picture made by this painter*)

4. Then Cruvic saw the press and said something to the *uniforms*. / Jonathan Kellerman *The Clinic*/ (*the policemen*)

5. As the cops held the *microphones* at bay, Cruvic jogged, head down, to his car. /Jonathan Kellerman *The Clinic*/ (*the journalists*)

6. Well, Mr. Weller, you’re a good *whip* and can do what you like with your horses. /Ch. Dickens *Pickwick Papers*/

7. This particular mayor was invested with *chain* almost immediately. / A. Bennett *The Heroism of Thomas Chadwick*/ (*he was elected Mayor*)

8. “I needed a hug too.”

9. “You did?”

10. “Everyone could use *a teddy bear* now and then.”

11. /Dean Koontz *The Servants of Twilight*/ (*everyone needs sympathy and comforting*)

12. Inside was a waiting room full of perfect-body *hopefuls* of both sexes, fantasizing about fame and fortune. /Jonathan Kellerman *The Clinic*/ (*actors who were hopeful to be given a part in the film*).

13. The pen is mightier than the sword. (Edward Bulwer Lytton).

14. ”Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.” (W. Shakespeare).

15. The hall applauded.

16. I spent the evening reading Shakespeare.

17. The bucket has spilled.

18. Pen - for the written word.

19. Sword - for military might.

20. “I’m mighty glad Georgia waited till after Christmas before it secedes or it would have ruined the Christmas parties.”

21. “I drink to the general joy o’ the whole table.

22. Hollywood has been releasing a surprising amount of sci-fi movies lately.

23. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark (Hamlet by William Shakespeare).

24. For never was a story of more woe, than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

25. ‘He is a man of cloth’, which means he belongs to a religious order.

26. ‘We have always remained loyal to the crown’, that means the people are loyal to the king or the ruler of their country.

27. The library has been very helpful to the students this morning.

5. Analyse the synecdoche

1. The compassionate ***eyes*** seemed to watch me as I crossed the room. / James Herbert *Others*/ (*a person watched him*)

2. A small shudder, a little wince of obvious pain were all it took to still curious ***tongues***. /Vera Cowie *Face Value*/ (*people who gossiped about her*)

3. The buyer chooses the qualitative products.

4. And was heard before dawn, as jubilant Frenchman”. (M.Lermontov).

5. We are people of lowly.

6. It would cost me a pretty penny.

7. Not a single familiar face.

8. Take thy face hence.” Macbeth, Shakespeare.

9. The word “bread” refers to food or money as in “Writing is my bread and butter” or “sole breadwinner”.

10. The phrase “gray beard” refers to an old man.
11. The word “sails” refers to a whole ship.
12. The word “suits” refers to businessmen.
13. Boots on the ground—refers to soldiers
14. New wheels—refers to a new car
15. The White House—can refer to statements made by individuals within the United States government
16. A boy has been admitted to the hospital. The nurse says, “He’s in good hands.”
17. The ship was lost with all hands. (sailors)

6. In the following excerpts you will find mainly examples of irony. Explain what conditions made the realization of the opposite evaluation possible. Pay attention to the part of speech which is used in irony, also its syntactical function:

1. It must be *delightful* to find oneself in a foreign country without a penny in one’s pocket.
2. At Breakfast Christine asked her son: “How about cereal and peanut butter toast? … Or I could put one of your old shoes in the microwave and cook it up nice and tender for you. How about that? Nothing is quite *as tasty as an old shoe for breakfast. Mmmmmmm! Really sticks to your ribs!*” /Dean Koontz *The Servants of Twilight*/ (humour)
3. “Isn’t she a gem?” “A miracle worker,” Lou said. “It’s a miracle when she works.” /Dean Koontz *The Vision*/ (irony)
4. It’s a lovely day (when the weather is nasty).
5. He turned with the sweet smile of an alligator.
6. How clever you are!
7. I knew vaguely that the first Chapter of Genesis was not quite true, but I did not know why.
8. How clever of you to have lost it.
9. The audience knows that a killer is hiding in the closet, but the girl in the horror movie does not.
10. The reader knows that a storm is coming, but the children playing on the playground do not.
11. Verbal irony: “What a pleasant day” (when it is raining heavily)
12. Situational irony: Referring to WWI as “the war to end all wars” (“The Gift of the Magi” by O. Henry).
13. In this short story, a young, poor couple struggle with what to buy each other for Christmas. The woman cuts her hair and sells it to buy a watchband for her husband. Meanwhile, the husband sells his watch face to buy combs for his wife’s hair. This is an example of situational irony, since the outcome is the opposite of what both parties expect.
14. Looking at her son’s messy room, Mom says, “Wow, you could win an award for cleanliness!”

15. On the way to school, the school bus gets a flat tire and the bus driver says, “Excellent! This day couldn’t start off any better!”

16. When in response to a foolish idea, we say, “what a great idea!”

17. The butter is as soft as a marble piece.

18. “Oh great! Now you have broken my new camera.”

7. Discuss the structure and semantics of epithets in the following examples. Define the type and function of epithets:

1. *dark* forest; *careful* attention; *fantastic* terrors.
2. A *heart-burning* smile; *sullen* earth; *voiceless* sands
3. He just stared at her with those *gas flame-blue* eyes. /Dean Koontz *Cold Fire*/
4. (of a very bright blue colour)
5. a *stone cold dead* trail /James Herbert *Others*/
6. Jim looked at me with a *what-can-you-do?*grin. /T. Parson *Man and Boy*/
7. the *melancholy mask* of a bloodhound /Dean Koontz *Whispers*/
8. a *big bruiser* of a man /James Herbert *Others*/
9. Lazy road, sweet melodies, tired landscape;
10. Soft repentant moan (W. Blake)
11. “I retired Into a silent bay, or sportively Glanced sideway” (by W. Wordsworth)
12. A magnificent season of happiness and enjoyment;
13. “His view is that a sermon nowadays should be a bright, brisk, straight-from-the-shoulder address, never lasting more than ten or twelve minutes**.”** (P.G. Wodehouse).
14. In the face of such a tragedy, his laughing happiness seemed queer.
15. I had reached a delicate corner.
16. The idle road stretched for miles.
17. Catherine the Great.
18. Richard the Lion-Heart.
19. The Great Emancipator (Abraham Lincoln)
20. Star-crossed lovers-describes Romeo and Juliet in Romeo and Juliet
21. Man’s best friend
22. “I’ve come, As you surmise, with comrades on a ship, Sailing across the wine-dark sea to men Whose style of speech is very different...” - The Odyssey by Homer.

8. Compare several groups of isolated words. State the type of these words.

water, at, go, very, how
chap, daddy, Nick, gee
hereof, whereupon, aforecited
sawbones, grub, oof, corcing

morn, sylvan, ne'er
corroborate, commencement, proverbialism
protoplasm, introvert, cosine, phonemic

9. State the type and function of literary and colloquial words in the following examples:

1. If manners maketh man, then manner and grooming maketh poodle. (J.Steinbeck)

2. "They're real!" he murmured. "My God, they are absolutely real!" Eric turned. "Didn't you believe that the neutron existed?" "Oh, I believed," Fabermacher shrugged away the praise. "To me neutrons were symbols n with a mass of mn=1.008. But until now I never saw them." (M. Wilson)

3. "You know Brooklyn?" "No. I was never there. But I had a buddy at Myer was from Brooklyn." (J. Jones)

4. "Here we are now," she cried, returning with the tray. "And don't look so miz." (J.B. Priestley)

5. "All those medical bastards should go through the ops they put other people through. Then they wouldn't talk so much bloody nonsense or be so damnably unutterably smug." (D.Cusack)

6. "So you'll both come to dinner? Eight fifteen. Dinny, we must be back to lunch. Swallows," added lady Mont round the brim of her hat and passed out through the porch. "There's a house-party," said Dinny to the young man's elevated eyebrows. "She means tails and a white tie."

7. "Oh! Ah! Best bib and tucker, Jean." (Galsworthy)

10. State the type and function of words in the following examples:

1. He is a fagg*t. Get over it. Nobody has checked his sexual preference or to comment on his fagginess. His choice of who to sleep with has no bearing on his art, so what's it matter?

2. "I've worked for this company for ten years, but I still don't have beans." "Can I borrow some bread?"

3. "Stalone has a great bod!"
"If you drink and drive, you'll end up spending time in the cooler."
"Dave's ESL Cafe is really fab!"
"Sorry, but I'm outta here, dude."
It's easy to buy pot in the big city.
My dog finally kicked off.
We saw your new video on the box last night. Triffic! Liked the glitzy look.

4. "He hadn't time bairn: he was gone in a minute, was your father. He began a bit of a heaviness in his head – that is, a fortnight sin' – and he went to sleep and niver wakened: he wor a'most stark when your brother went into t' chamber and fand him. Ah, childer!

5. For in much wisdom is much grief, and he who increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

6. He that believeth and baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.

7. Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That has deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.

8. Riding back I saw the Greeks lined up in column of march. They were all still there. Also, all armed. On long marches when no action threatened, they had always piled their armour, helmets and weapons in their carts, keeping only their swords; wearing their short tunics (made from all kinds of stuff, they had been so long from home)…, and their round shields hung at their backs. (M. R.)

9. 'They are real!' he murmured. 'My God, they are absolutely real!' Erik turned 'Didn't you believe that the neutron existed?' 'Oh, I believed,' Fabermacher shrugged away the praise. 'To me neutrons were symbols n with a mass $m_n = 1.008$. But until now I never saw them.' (M. W.)

10. It's all right. Easy, lad.

11. On the surgical floor three stories above the atmosphere was more relaxed. With temperature and humidity carefully controlled throughout the whole operating section, staff surgeons, interns, and nurses, stripped down to their underwear beneath green scrub suits, could work in comfort.

12. An atom consists of a positive charged atomic nucleus where you can find protons and neutrons and it consists of a negative charged atomic shell with electrons. In every atom the number of the electrons is equal to the number of the protons so it is neutral. The number of the protons decides which chemical element the atom is.

13. 'Father Knickerbocker met them at the ferry giving one a right-hander on the nose and the other an uppercut with his left just to let them know that the fight was on.'

14. Going down the stairs he overheard one beanied freshman he knew talking to another. 'Did you see that black cat with the black whiskers who had those binocks in front of us? That's my comp prof.' (B. M.)

15. All those medical bastards should go through the ops they put other people through. Then they wouldn't talk so much bloody nonsense or be so damnably unutterably smug.' (D. C.)

16. 'How long did they cook you?' Dongeris stopped short and looked at him. 'How long did they cook you?'

'Since eight this morning. Over twelve hours.'

'You didn't unbutton then? After twelve hours of it?'

'Me? They got a lot of dancing to do before they get anything out of me.' (T. H.)

17. 'Nix on that,' said Roy. 'I don't need a shyster quack to shoot me full of confidence juice. I want to go through on my own steam.' (B.M.)

18. Frank soon picked up all the technicalities of the situation. A “bull”, he learned, was one who bought in anticipation of a higher price to come; and if he was “loaded” up with a “line” of stocks he was said to be “long”. He sold to “realize” his profit, or if his margins were exhausted he was “wiped out”. A “bear” was one who sold stocks which most frequently he did not have, in anticipation of a lower price at which he could buy and satisfy his previous sales. He was “short” when he had sold what he did not Own, and he was “covered” when he bought to satisfy his sales and to realize his profits or to protect himself against further loss in the case prices advanced instead of declining. He was in a “corner” when he found that he could not buy in order to make good the stock he had borrowed for delivery and the return of which had been demanded. He was then obliged to settle practically at a price fixed by those to whom he and other “shorts” had sold.

19. ‘The little boy, too, we observed, had a famous appetite, and consumed schinken, and braten, and kartoffeln, and cranberry jam… with a gallantry that did honour to his nation.’

20. ‘She had said ‘Au revoir!’ Not good-buy!’

21. ‘Mrs. Burlacomble: Zurely! I give ‘im nummit afore’e gets up; an’ ’e ’as ’is brekjus reg’lar at nine. Must feed un up. He’m on ’is feet all day, going’ to zee an angel, they’m that busy; an’ when ’e comes in ’e ’ll play ’s flute there. He’m wastin’ away for want of ’is wife. That’s what’ tis. On’ ’im so zweet-spoken, tu, ’tis a pleasure to year ’im – Never zays a word!’

11. Speak about the difference between the contextual and the dictionary meanings of italicized words:

1. Mr. James Duffy lived in Chapelizod because he wished to live as far as possible from the city of which he was the citizen and because he found all the other suburbs of Dublin mean, modern and pretentious. (J.J.)

2. He does all our insurance examining and they say he’s some doctor. (S.L.)

3. He seemed prosperous, extremely married and unromantic. (S.L.)

4. “What do you think?” The question pops their heads up. (K.K.)

5. We tooled the car into the street and eased it into the ruck of folks. (R.W.)

6. He inched the car forward. (A.H.)

7. “Of course it was considered a great chance for me, as he is so rich. And - and - we drifted into a sort of understanding - I suppose I should call it an engagement -”

“You may have drifted into it; but you will bounce out of it, my pettikins, if I am to have anything to do with it.” (B.Sh.)

8. He sat with the strike committee for many hours in a smoky room and agonized over ways and means. (M.G.)

9. Betty loosed fresh tears. (Jn.B.)

10. When the food came, they wolfed it down rapidly. (A.M.)

11. He had seen many places and been many things railroad foreman, plantation overseer, boss mechanic, cow-puncher, and Texas deputy-sheriff. (J.R.)

12 Station platforms were such long, impersonal, dirty, ugly things, with too many goodbyes, lost hearts, and tears stamped into the concrete paving. (A. S.)

13. "Let me say, Virginia, that I consider your conduct most unbecoming. Nor at all that of a pure young widow."

"Don't be an idiot. Bill. Things are happening."

"What kind of things?"

"Queer things." (Ch.)

14. I need young critical things like you to punch me up. (S.L.)

15. Oh! the way the women wear their prettiest every thing' (T.C.)

12. In the following examples concentrate on cases of hyperbole and understatement. Pay attention to their originality or stateness, to other SDs promoting their effect, to exact words containing the foregrounded emotive meaning:

1. It rained a bit more than usual" while describing an area being flooded after heavy rainfall.
2. I have not seen you for ages.
3. "It takes some doing nowadays." (Osborne, LBA)
4. I have got heaps of time
5. I have told you it a thousand times.
6. Can't we rest now? -the boy asked.
7. -"My legs feel all funny. As if they are turning to water. (Wain).
8. I like his wife ...(A. Cruttenden).
9. On describing the discovery of DNA: "This structure has novel features which are of considerable biological interest." Watson and Crick
10. After wrecking your car: "There's a little scratch."
11. I think it will take a hundred years to change.
12. Mercutio in Romeo and Juliet describes his death wound as "a scratch, a scratch."
13. I lost my sense of humor in 127 B.C, to be precise
14. He is as skinny as a toothpick.
15. This car goes faster than the speed of light.
16. That new car costs a bazillion dollars. Her brain is the size of a pea
17. The ancient castle was so big that it took a week to walk from one end to the other.
18. Ages have passed since I last saw you.
19. "He is not too thin" while describing an obese person.
20. Your suitcase weighs a ton!
21. After coming home to find that your dog has torn apart couch cushions and strewn stuffing all over the floor: "Well, you had a little fun while I was gone."
22. I am trying to solve a million issues these days.

23. Telling a friend about the expensive trip you just took to Disney World: “It’s a little pricy.”

24. Deserts are sometimes hot, dry and sandy” while describing deserts of the world.

25. I ate a ton of food for dinner.

26. I don’t think a herd of elephants would be as noisy as this class is today!

13. Analyse the litotes.

1. Mickey was not an impolite youth.
2. It is not an uncommon occurrence.
3. We receive letters from him every week: he never fails to write.
4. I assure you, I don’t at all disbelieve you.
5. It’s not intolerable ,you know, to see a colleague, perhaps, a rival, made a fool of.
6. He is not the cleverest person I have ever met.
7. She is not unlike her mother.
8. She’s not the brightest girl in the class.
9. The food is not bad.
10. You are not as young as you used to be.
11. “not too bad” for “very good”
12. “She is not a beauty queen,” means “She is ugly”
13. “I am not as young as I used to be” in order to avoid saying “I am old”
14. Your apartment is not unclean.
15. The casserole wasn’t too bad.

14. In the following sentences pay attention to the structure and semantics of oxymorons. Also indicate which of their members conveys the individually viewed feature of the object and which one reflects its generally accepted characteristic:

1. The suffering was sweet!
2. Horribly beautiful.
3. Deafening silence.
4. The crowded loneliness of the barracks.
5. A likeable young man with a pleasantly ugly face.
6. Pretty cruel.
7. Definitely maybe.
8. Living dead.
9. Walking dead.
10. Only choice.
11. Awfully pretty.
12. Foolish wisdom.
13. Old news.
14. “Nothing was stolen. I had an honest thief.” – Donald Trump.
15. “I am a deeply superficial person.” – Andy Warhol.

CHAPTER II. SYNTACTICAL LEVEL

Main Characteristics of the Sentence. Syntactical SDs. Sentence Length. One-Word Sentences. Sentence Structure. Punctuation. Arrangement of Sentence Members. Rhetorical Question. Types of Repetition. Parallel Constructions. Chiasmus. Inversion. Detachment. Ellipsis. Apokoinu Constructions. Break. Types of Connection. Polysyndeton. Asyndeton. Attachment. Lexico-Syntactical Stylistic Devices. Antithesis. Climax. Anticlimax. Simile. Litotes. Periphrasis.

EXERCISES

1. Compare the neutral and the colloquial (or literary) modes of expression:

1. "Also it will cost him a hundred bucks as a retainer."

"Huh?" Suspicious again. Stick to basic English.

"Hundred dollars," I said. "Iron men. Fish. Bucks to the number of one hundred. Me no money, me no come. Savvy?" I began to count a hundred with both hands. (R.Ch.)

2. "...some thief in the night boosted my clothes whilst I slept. I sleep awful sound on the mattresses you have here." "Somebody boosted...?" "Pinched. Jobbed. Swiped. Stole," he says happily. (K.K.)

3. "Now take fried, crocked, squiffed, loaded, plastered, blotto, tiddled, soaked, boiled, stinko, viled, polluted."

"Yes," I said.

"That's the next set of words I am decreasing my vocabulary by", said Atherton. "Tossing them all out in favor of-"

"Intoxicated?" I supplied.

"I favor fried," said Atherton. "It's shorter and monosyllabic, even though it may sound a little harsher to the squeamish-minded."

"But there are degrees of difference," I objected. "Just being tiddled isn't the same as being blotto, or-"

"When you get into the vocabulary-decreasing business," he interrupted, "you don't bother with technicalities. You throw out the whole kit and caboodle - I mean the whole bunch," he hastily corrected himself. (P.G.W.)

4. "Do you talk?" asked Bundle. "Or are you just strong and silent?" "Talk?" said Anthony. "I, burble. I murmur. I gurgle - like a running brook, you know. Sometimes I even ask questions." (Ch.)

5. "So you'll both come to dinner? Eight fifteen. Dinny, we must be back to lunch. Swallows," added Lady Mont round the brim of her hat and passed out through the porch.

"There's a house-party," said Dinny to the young man's elevated eyebrows. "She means tails and a white tie."

"Oh! Ah! Best bib and tucker, Jean." (G.)

6. “What do you really contemplate doing?” “No Plaza? Not even when so rich?” (J.O’H.)

7. “Obviously an emissary of Mr. Bunyan had obtained clandestine access to her apartment in her absence and purloined the communication in question.” It took Lord Uffenham some moments to work this out, but eventually he unravelled it and was able to translate it from his butler’s language. What the man was trying to say was that some low blister, bought with Bunyan’s gold, had sneaked into the girl’s flat and pinched the bally things. (P.G.W.)

8. ‘’I say, old boy, where do you hang out?” Mr. Pickwick responded that he was at present suspended at the George and Vulture. (D.)

9. “The only thing that counts in his eyes is solid achievement. Sometimes I have been prostrate with fatigue. He calls it idleness. I need the stimulation of good company. He terms this riff-raff. The plain fact is, I am misunderstood.” (D. du M.)

10. “The scheme I would suggest cannot fail of success, but it has what may seem to you a drawback, sir, in that it requires a certain financial outlay.”

“He means,” I translated to Corky, “that he has a pippin of an idea but it’s going to cost a bit.” (P.G.W.)

11. Mrs. Sunbury never went to bed - she retired, but Mr. Sunbury who was not quite so refined as his wife always said: “Me for Bedford.” (S.M.)

12. “He tried those engineers. But no soap. No answer.” (J.O’H.)

13. “You want to know what I think? I think you’re nuts. Pure plain crazy. Goofy as a loon. That’s what I think.” (J.)

14. The famous Alderman objected to the phrase in Canning’s inscription for a Pitt Memorial “He died poor” and wished to substitute “He expired in indigent circumstances.” (Luc.)

15. “I am Alpha and Omega - the first and the last,” the solemn voice would announce. (D. du M.)

16. The tall man ahead of him half-turned saying “Gre’t God! I never, I never in all my days seen so many folks.” Mr. Munn thought that he, too, had never seen so many people, never before. (R.W.)

17. It may sound to some like cold-blooded murder of the English tongue, but American kids have been speaking a language of their own since they annoyed their Pilgrim parents at Plymouth Rock.

2. From the following examples yon will get a better idea of the functions of various types of repetition, and also of parallelism and chiasmus:

1. I am nobody! Who are you? Are you nobody too? Then there’s a pair of us-don’t kill! They’d banish us you know.

2. Because I do not hope to turn again. Because I do not hope. Because I do not hope to turn.

3. I looked upon the rotting sea, And drew my eyes away; I looked upon the rotting deck, And there the dead men lay.

4. My conscience hath a thousand several tongues, and every tongue brings in a several tale, and every tale condemns me for a villain.

5. A hawse is a horse, of course, of course, And no one can talk to a horse of course That is, of course, unless the hourse is the Famous Mr. Ed

6. Moore's sentence imposed the maximum 24-month sentence under federal sentencing guidelines."

7. My favorite painting is the painting I did of my dog in that painting in my den.

1. Alice ran into room, into the garden, and into our hearts.
2. Whenever you need me, wherever you need me, I will be there for you.
3. Easy come, easy go.
4. Whether in class, at work or at home, Shasta was always busy.
5. To err is human: to forgive divine.
6. The nightly news is full of stories about missing children or stories that someone tried to abduct some children at a bus stop.
7. "Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven!—
8. Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
9. Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
10. Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
11. Hopes, sapped, name blighted, Life's life lied away?"
12. "And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
13. And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot."
14. "It is the mob that labour in your fields and serve in your houses—that man your navy and recruit your army,—that have ena¬bled you to defy all the world, and can also defy you when neglect and calamity have driven them to despair."

1. Never let a Fool kiss You or a kiss Fool You.
2. It is not the earth that makes us believe the man, but the man the oath.
3. His time a moment, and a point his space (Alexander Pope, Essay on Man)
4. Do I love you because you're beautiful? Or are you beautiful because I Love you?
5. In his face. Divine compassion visibly appeared, Love without end , and without measure Grace.
6. He rose up and down sat she
7. "If they'd done anything to you – after all you've done for me I'd – Oh! I'd have killed that old President." J. Cronin
8. "It looks to me,"continued Soames, "as if she were sweeter on him than he is on her. She's always following him about." J. Galsworthy

3. Discuss different types of stylistic devices dealing with the completeness of the sentence:

1. In manner, close and dry. In voice, husky and low. In face, watchful behind a blind. (D.)

2. Malay Camp. A row of streets crossing another row of streets. Mostly narrow streets. Mostly dirty streets. Mostly dark streets. (P. A.)

3. His forehead was narrow, his face wide, his head large, and his nose all on one side. (D.)

4. A solemn silence: Mr. Pickwick humorous, the old lady serious, the fat gentleman cautious and Mr. Miller timorous. (D.)

5. He, and the falling light and dying fire, the time-worn room, the solitude, the wasted life, and gloom, were all in fellowship. Ashes, and dust, and ruin! (D.)

6. She merely looked at him weakly. The wonder of him! The beauty of love! Her desire toward him! (Dr.)

7. Ever since he was a young man, the hard life on Earth, the panic of 2130, the starvation, chaos, riot, want. Then bucking through the planets, the womanless, loveless years, the alone years. (R.Br.)

8. *H.* The waves, how are the waves? *C.:* The waves? Lead. *H.:* And the sun? C.: Zero.

H.: But it should be sinking. Look again. *C.:* Damn the sun. *H.:* Is it night already then? C: No.

H.: Then what is it? C: Grey! Grey! GREY! *H.:* Grey! Did I hear you say grey? *C.:* Light black. From pole to pole. (S. B.)

9. I'm a horse doctor, animal man. Do some farming, too. Near Tulip, Texas. (T.C.)

10. "I'll go, Doll! I'll go!" This from Bead, large eyes larger than usual behind his hornrimmed glasses. (J.)

4. Find and analyse cases of detachment and inversion

1. How wonderful the weather is today
2. Where in the world were you!
3. What a beautiful picture it is!
4. To the store, I will go
5. Not in the legions horrid hell can come a devil more damned in it is to top Macbeth
6. Never before have I seen such beauty
7. There may be another problem
8. "We were all ready tomorrow bout to start a new" (M. Lermontov)
9. I Have to beg you for money. Daily (S. Lewis)
10. She was crazy about you. In the beginning. (R.P. Warren)
11. I have to beg you nearly killed, ingloriously, in a jeep accident (I. Shaw)
12. «I want to go» he said, miserable (J.Gatsworthy)
13. She was gone. For good

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9. I'm a horse doctor, animal man. Do some farming, too. Near Tulip, Texas. (T.C.)

10. "I'll go, Doll! I'll go!" This from Bead, large eyes larger than usual behind his hornrimmed glasses. (J.)

11. A black February day. Clouds hewn of ponderous timber weighing down on the earth: an irresolute dropping of snow specks upon the trampled wastes. Gloom but no veiling of angularity. The second day of Kennicott's absence. (S.L.)

12. And we got down at the bridge. White cloudy sky, with mother-of-pearl veins. Pearl rays shooting through, green and blue-white. River roughed by a breeze. White as a new file in the distance. Fish-white streak on the smooth pin-silver upstream. Shooting new pins. (J. C.)

13. This is a story how a Baggins had an adventure. He may have lost the neighbours' respect, but he gained - well, you will see whether he gained anything in the end. (A. T.)

14. "People liked to be with her. And —" She paused again, " - and she was crazy about you." (R.W.)

15. What I had seen of Patti didn't really contradict Kitty's view of her: a girl who means well, but. (D.U.)

16. “He was shouting out that he’d come back, that his mother had better have the money ready for him. Or else! That is what he said: “Or else!” It was a threat.” (Ch.)

17. “Listen, I’ll talk to the butler over that phone and he’ll know my voice. Will that pass me in or do I have to ride on your back?”

“I just work here,” he said softly. “If I didn’t —” he let the rest hang in the air, and kept on smiling. (R.Ch.)

18. I told her, “You’ve always acted the free woman, you’ve never let any thing stop you from —” He checks himself, goes on hurriedly. “That made her sore.” (J.O’H.)

19. “Well, they’ll get a chance now to show -” Hastily: “I don’t mean - But let’s forget that.” (O’N.)

20. And it was unlikely that anyone would trouble to look there -until - until - well. (Dr.)

21. There was no breeze came through the door. (H.)

22. I love Nevada. Why, they don’t even have mealtimes here. I never met so many people didn’t own a watch. (A. M.)

23. Go down to Lord and Taylors or someplace and get yourself something real nic&to impress the boy invited you. (J. K.)

24. There was a whisper in my family that it was love drove him out and not love of the wife he married. (J. St.)

6. Discuss the semantic centers and structural peculiarities of antithesis:

1. Now or never
2. Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice.
3. Some people have much to live on, and little to live for. (O. Wilde)
4. Mrs. Nork had a large home and small husband. (S. Lewis)
5. Don’t use big words. They mean so little. (O. Wilde)
6. Most of the children here have had measles. Those that haven’t are sure to have it sooner or later. A.J. Cronin
7. His cigar bobbed up and down, discharging ash partly on himself, partly on the polished linoleum floor.
8. It was a signal of tuberculosis; whether old or recent they would know in a moment.
9. “Storm or not, contracts decreed that air freight perishables must arrive at destination fresh, and swiftly”.
10. Youth is lovely, age is lonely. Lovely and lonely are not antonyms.

7. Indicate the type of climax and anticlimax. Pay attention to its structure and the semantics of its components:

1. I wanted to explain, I wanted to come down from the witness box and tell them that I’d loved Joey. I’d worshiped Joey. I’d do anything to make him come alive again

2. And abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

3. Let a man acknowledge his obligations to himself, his family, his country, and his God.

4. When you step out into the jungle, the are three things that you need to be aware of, the of day, your whereabouts and wild animals.

5. He is uncomplicated, upright, strict, austere and inspirational.

6. He was sick, shattered, on the verge of a complete collapse. J. Cronin

7. His startled sisters looked, and before the servant girl could get there, the bread plate wobbled, slid, flew to the floor, and broke into shivers. K. Mansfield

8. "They looked at hundreds of houses; they climed thousands of stairs; they inspected innumerable kitchens." S.Maugham

9. "It was a lovely city, a beautiful city, a fair city, a veritable gem of a city."

10. "No barrier wall, no river deep and wide, No horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul."

11. "And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

12. Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again

13. That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul

14. Is but a little way above our heads,"(In William Shakespeare's play "Romeo and Juliet")

15. "Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good

16. The plane that Jane was planning to board from Singapore crashed. Almost everyone got injured and their baggage got misplaced.

17. The fire burnt Peter's house down and he lost his cell phone.

18. Yesterday I had good sleep but I have to meet my brother today.

19. The enemies had conquered about three fourth of the Empire and the Emperor realized he didn't have his breakfast.

20. Not only is there no God, but try getting a plumber on weekends.

21. The children began upon the chocolate biscuits and ended with a fight for the last piece of bread.

22. They were going to give him a free hand, back him up with their immense authority, turn him loose on his clinical research. "But, gentlemen", Billy suddenly pipped, shuffling himself a new deal from his coat pockets, "before Doctor Manson goes on with this problem, before we can feel ourselves at liberty to allow him to concentrate his efforts upon it, there is another and, more pressing matter, which I feel he ought to take up."

23. "Perhaps it's a call, Chris! Think of it! My first Aberalaw case."

8. Discuss the following cases of simile.

1. The boy seems to be as clever as his mother.

2. Encyclopaedias are like gold mines. (simile A. Ortony).

3. "Old as a coat on a chair; and his crushed hand as inexpressive as a bird's face." (Terence Tiller).

4. “Rage is like a volcano” (Jake Atchinson).
5. He was like a branch that severed itself from the parental tree.
6. “as happy as a clam” (to be content and satisfied, like a clam at high tide, safe from being eaten)
7. “As light as a feather” (emphasizing that something is extremely light)
8. “as blind as a bat” (it used to be thought that bats cannot see well) Our soldiers are as brave as lions.
9. Her cheeks are red like a rose.
10. He is as funny as a monkey.
11. John is as slow as a snail.
12. The water well was as dry as a bone.
13. He is as cunning as a fox
14. He eats like a pig.
15. That little girl is as sweet as sugar.

9. Analyse the structure, the semantics and the functions of litotes:

1. Little harm will be done by that
2. Her face war not unpretty (K. Kesey)
3. The idea was not totally emoneous . The though did not displease me (I. Murdoch)
4. Soames, with his lips and his squared chip was not unlike a bull dog. (J. Galsworthy)
5. This is no minor matter.
6. The weather is not unpleasant at all.
7. She’s no doll.
8. That was no small issue.
9. The city is not unclean.
10. Once he’s led you to Achilles’ hut,that man will not kill you—he’ll restrain
11. all other men. For he’s not stupid,blind, or disrespectful of the gods. He’ll spare a suppliant, treat him kindly. (The Iliad by Homer, as translated by Ian Johnston)
12. Lament her fate when morning came
13. And the light broke on her murdered dears? (Beowulf as translated by Seamus Heaney)
14. I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.
15. I lived at West Egg, the — well, the less fashionable of the two, though this is a most superficial tag to express the bizarre and not a little sinister contrast between them. (The Great Gatsby by F. Scott Fitzgerald)

10. Analyse the given periphrases from the viewpoint of their semantic type, structure, function and originality:

1. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, this ruthless destroyer of, this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell street! (Charles Dickens).
2. The habit of saluting the dawn with a bend of the elbow was a hangover from college fraternity days. **(**Joan Barth).
3. His face was red, the back of his neck overflowed his collar and there had recently been published a second edition of his chin. (Pelham Grenville Wodehouse).
4. When I saw him again, there were silver dollars weighing down his eyes. (Paul Case).
5. I took my obedient feet away from him.
6. When that fell arrest.
7. Without all bail shall carry me away.
8. 'In my humble opinion, I think… (redundant)
9. Now, at this point in time… (redundant)
10. The hair of the dog (could say "t
11. In Harry Potter, the main villain Voldemort is referred to as - "He Who Must Not Be Named."
12. In The Great Gatsby, Daisy is referred to as - 'the girl who leaves the top down in a borrowed convertible'.
13. It is not that James is welcome or otherwise, or that he is sometimes here or not. I do wonder, though, if he might be thinking what it's all about. (= I don't like James)
14. When I am with you, my toes tingle and my knees are weak. The world is a better place altogether and I find myself giving my fortune to beggars, and I am a beggar before you, craving a smile, a whim. (= I love you)
15. The big man upstairs hears your prayers.

CHAPTER III. TYPES OF NARRATION
Author's Narrative. Dialogue. Interior Speech. Represented Speech. Compositional Forms.

Author's Narrative. Dialogue. Interior Speech. Represented Speech. Compositional Forms

A work of creative prose is never homogeneous as to the form and essence of the information it carries. Both very much depend on the viewpoint of the addresser, as the author and his personages may offer different angles of perception of the same object. Naturally, it is the author who organizes this effect of polyphony, but we, the readers, while reading the text, identify various views with various personages, not attributing them directly to the writer. The latter's views and emotions are most explicitly expressed in the author's speech ***(or the author's narrative).***

The uhfoldinof me plot is mainly concentrated here, personages are given characteristics, the time and the pla'ce of action are also described here, as the author sees them. The author's narrative supplies the reader with direct information about the author's preferences and objections, beliefs and contradictions, i.e. serves the major source of shaping up the *author's image.*

In contemporary prose, in an effort to make his writing more plausible, to impress the reader with the effect of authenticity of the described events, the writer entrusts some fictitious character (who might also participate in the narrated events) with the task of story-telling. The writer himself thus hides behind the figure of the narrator, presents all the events of the story from the latter's viewpoint and only sporadically emerges in the narrative with his own considerations, which may reinforce or contradict those expressed by the narrator. This form of the author's speech is called ***entrusted narrative.*** The structure of the entrusted narrative is much more complicated than that of the author's narrative proper, because instead of one commanding, organizing image of the author, we have the hierarchy of the narrator's image seemingly arranging the pros and cons of the related problem and, looming above the narrator's image, there stands the image of the author, the true and actual creator of it all, responsible for all the views and evaluations of the text and serving the major and predominant force of textual cohesion and unity.

Entrusted narrative can be carried out in the 1st person singular, when the narrator proceeds with his story openly and explicitly, from his own name, as, e.g., in *The Catcher in the Rye* by J.D. Salinger, or *The Great Gatsby* by Sc. Fitzgerald, *or All the King's Men by R.f.Warren.* In the first book Holden Caulfield himself retells about the crisis in his own life which makes the focus of the novel. In the second book Nick Carraway tells about Jay Gatsby, whom

he met only occasionally, so that to tell Gatsby's life-story he had to rely on the knowledge of other personages too. And in the third book Jack Burden renders the dramatic career of Willie Stark, himself being one of the closest associates of the man. In the first case the narration has fewer deviations from the main line, than in the other two in which the narrators have to supply the reader also with the information about themselves and their connection with the protagonist.

Entrusted narrative may also be *anonymous.* The narrator does not openly claim responsibility for the views and evaluations but the manner of presentation, the angle of description very strongly suggest that the story is told not by the author himself but by some of his factotums, which we see, e.g., in the prose of Fl. O'Connor, C. McCullers, E. Hemingway, E. Caldwell.

The narrative, both the author's and the entrusted, is not the only type of narration observed in creative prose. A very important place here is occupied by ***dialogue,*** where personages express their minds in the form of uttered speech. In their exchange of remarks the participants of the dialogue, while discussing other people and their actions, expose themselves too. So dialogue is one of the most significant forms of the personage's self-characterization, which allows the author to seemingly eliminate himself from the process.

Another form, which obtained a position of utmost significance in contemporary prose, is ***interior speech of the personage,*** which allows the author (and the readers) to peep into the inner world of the character, to observe his ideas and views in the. making. Interior speech is best known in the form *of interior monologue,* a rather lengthy piece of the text (half a page and over) dealing with one major topic of the character's thinking, offering causes for his past, present or future actions. *Short insets of interior speech* present immediate mental and emotional reactions of the personage to the remark or action of other *characters.*

The workings of our brain are not intended for communication and are, correspondingly, structured in their own unique way. The imaginative reflection of mental processes, presented in the form of interior speech, being a part of the text, one of the major functions of which is communicative, necessarily undergoes some linguistic structuring to make it understandable to the readers. In extreme cases, though, this desire to be understood by others is outshadowed by the author's effort to portray the disjointed, purely associative manner of thinking, which makes interior speech almost or completely incomprenensible. These cases exercise the so-called ***stream-of-consciousness technique*** which is especially popular with representatives of modernism in contemporary literature.

So the personage's viewpoint can be realized in the uttered (dialogue) and inner (interior) speech forms. Both are introduced into the text by the *author's remarks* containing indication of the personage (his name or the name-substitute) and of the act of speaking (thinking) expressed by such verbs as "to say", "to think" and their numerous synonyms.

To separate and individualize the sphere of the personage, language means employed in the dialogue and interior speech differ from those used in the author's narrative and, in their unity and combination, they constitute the personage's *speech characteristic* which is indispensable in the creation of his image in the novel.

The last - the fourth - type of narration observed in artistic prose is a peculiar blend of the viewpoints and language spheres of both the author and the character. It was first observed and analysed almost a hundred years ago, with the term ***represented (reported) speech-*** attached to it. Represented speech serves to show either the mental reproduction of a once uttered remark, or the character's thinking. The first case is known as *represented uttered speech,* the second one as *represented inner speech.* The latter is close to the personage's interior speech in essence, but differs from it in form: it is rendered in the third person singular and may have the author's qualitative words, i.e. it reflects the presence of the author's viewpoint alongside that of the character, while interior speech belongs to the personage completely, formally too, which is materialized through the first-person pronouns and the language idiosyncrasies of the character.

The four types of narration briefly described above are singled out on the basis of the viewpoint commanding the organization of each one. If it is semantics of the text that is taken as the foundation of the classification then we shall deal with the three ***narrative compositional forms*** traditionally singled out in poetics and stylistics. They are: ***narrative proper*** where the unfolding of the plot is concentrated. This is the most dynamic compositional form of the text. Two other forms - ***description*** and a***rgumentation*** - are static. The former supplies the details of the appearance of people and things "populating" the book, of the place and time of action, the latter offers causes and effects of the personage's behaviour, his (or the author's) considerations about moral, ethical, ideological and other issues. It is rather seldom that any of these compositional forms is used in a "pure", uninterrupted way. As a rule they intermingle even within the boundaries of a paragraph.

All the compositional forms can be found in each of the types of narration but with strongly varying frequences.

EXERCISES

1. Find examples of various types of narration and narrative compositional forms. Pay attention to language means used in each one. State their functions. Discuss correlations existing between the type of narration, compositional form and the language of the discourse:

1. Novelists write for countless different reasons: for money, for fame, for reviewers, for parents, for friends, for loved ones; for vanity, for pride, for curiosity, for amusement; as skilled furniture-makers enjoy making furniture, as drunkards like drinking, as judges like judging, as Sicilians like emptying a

shotgun into an enemy's back. I could fill a book with reasons, and they would all be true, though not true of all. Only one same reason is shared by all of us: we wish to create worlds as real as, but other than the world that is. Or was. This is why we cannot plan. We know a world is an organism, not a machine. We also know that a genuinely created world must be independent of its creator: a planned world (a world that fully reveals its planning) is a dead world. It is only when our characters and events begin to disobey us that they begin to live. (J.F.)

2. He refused a taxi. Exercise, he thought, and no drinking at least a month. That's what does it. The drinking. Beer, martinis, have another. And the way your head felt in the morning. (I.Sh.)

3. Now she come my room, he thought. "What you want?" he demanded.

"May I come in?"

"This house," he said slowly, "she yours."

"Tell me your name," she said. "You," he burst out. "This long time and no know my name - and no ask! What my name? Who me? You no care." (R.W.)

4. His mind gathered itself out of the wreckage of little things: out of all that the world had shown or taught him he could remember now only the great star above the town, and the light that had swung over the hill, and the fresh sod upon Ben's grave and the wind, and the far sounds and music, and Mrs. Pert.

Wind pressed the boughs, the withered leaves were shaking. A star was shaking. A light was waking. Wind was quaking. The star was far. The night, the light. The light was bright. A chant, a song, the slow dance of the little things within him. The star over the town, the light over the hill, the sod over Ben, night all over. His mind fumbled with little things. Over us all is some thing. Star night, earth, light... light... O lost!... a stone... a leaf... a door... O ghost!... a light... a song... a light... a light... a light awnings over the hill... over us all... a star shines over the town... over us all... a light.

We shall not come again. We never shall come back again. But over us all over us all... is - something.

A light swings over the hill. (We shall not come again.) And over the town a star. (Over us all, over us all that shall not come again.) And over the day the dark. But over the darkness - what?

We shall not come again. We never shall come back again.

Over the dawn a lark. (That shall not come again.) And wind and music far. O lost! (It shall not come again.) And over your mouth the earth. O ghost! But over the darkness - what? (T.W.)

5. "Honestly. I don't feel anything. Except ashamed." "Please. Are you sure? Tell me the truth. You might have been killed." "But I wasn't. And thank you. For saving my life. You're wonderful. Unique. I love you." (T.C.)

6. "What's your Christian name, Sir?" angrily inquired the little Judge. "Nathaniel, Sir." "Daniel - any other name?" "Nathaniel, Sir - my Lord, I mean."

“Nathaniel Daniel or Daniel Nathaniel?” “No, my Lord, only Nathaniel - not Daniel at all.” “What did you tell me it was Daniel for then, Sir?” inquired the Judge. (D.)

7. “Now I know you lying,” Sam was emphatic. “You lying as fast as a dog can trot,” Fishbelly said. “You trying to pull wool over our eyes,” Tony accused. (Wr.)

8. “She thought he could be persuaded to come home.” “You mean a dinge?”

“No, a Greek.”

“Okey,” Nulty said and spit into the wastebasket. “Okey. You met the big guy how? You seem to pick up awful easy.”

“All right,” I said. “Why argue? I’ve seen the guy and you haven’t. In the morning I was a well man again.” (R.Ch.)

9. “She’s home. She’s lying down.”

“She all right?” “She’s tired. She went to see Fonny.”

“How’s Fonny taking it?”

“Taking it.”

“She see Mr. Hayword?”

“No. She’s seeing him on Monday.”

“You going with her?”

“I think I better.” (J.B.)

10. “Ah, fine place,” said the stranger, “glorious pile - frowning walls - tottering arches - dark nooks - crumbling staircases - old cathedral too - earthy smell - pilgrim’s feet worn away the old steps - little Saxon doors - confessionals like money-taker’s boxes at theatres - queer customers those monks - Popes and Lord Treasurers and all sort of old fellows, with great red faces, and broken noses turning up every day buff jerkins too - match-locks - Sarcophagus - fine place - old legends too - strange stories: capital.” (D.)

11. “She’s a model at Bergdorf Goodman’s.” “She French?”

“She’s about as French as you are -” “That’s more French than you think.” (J.O’H.)

12. ...and the wineshops open at night and the castanets and the night we missed the boat at Algeciras the watchman going about with his lamp and O that awful deepdown torrent O and the sea crimson sometimes like fire and the glorious sunsets and the figtrees in the Alameda gardens yes and all the queer little streets and pink and blue and yellow houses and the rosegardens and the jessamine and geraniums and cactuses and Gibraltar as a girl where I was a flower of the mountains yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a red yes how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me yes.... (J.J.)

13. ...Thou lost one. All songs on that theme. Yet more Bloom stretched his string. Cruel it seems. Let people get fond of each other: lure them on. Then tear asunder. Death. Explos. Knock on head. Outohellout of that. Human life.

Dignam. Ugh, that rat's tail wriggling! Five bob I gave. Corpus paradisum. Corncrake croaker: belly like a poisoned pup. Gone. Forgotten. I too. And one day she with. Leave her: get tired. Suffer then. Snivel. Big Spanishy eyes goggling at nothing. Her wavyavyeavyheavyeavyevyevy hair uncombe'd. (J.J.)

14. The young man's name was Eddy Little John, but over dinner he said, look here, would they call him Ginger: everyone else did. So they began to call him Ginger, and he said wouldn't it be a good idea if they had another bottle of fizz, and Nina and Adam said yes, it would, so they had a magnum and got very friendly. (E.W.)

15. Every morning she was up betimes to get the fire lit in her gentlemen's sitting room so that they needn't eat their breakfasts simply perishin' with the cold, my word it's bitter this morning. (S.M.)

16. The girl noted the change for what she deemed the better. He was so nice now, she thought, so white-skinned and clear-eyed and keen. (Dr.)

17. But in any case, in her loving she was also re-creating herself, and she had gone upstairs to be in the dark. While downstairs Adam and I sat in the swing on the gallery, not saying a word. That was the evening Adam got counted out for all the other evenings, and out you go, you dirty dishrag, you. (R. W.)

18. And then he laughed at himself. He was getting nervy and het up like everybody else m the house. (Ch.)

19. Sometimes he wondered if he'd ever really known his father. Then out of the past would come that picture of a lithe, active young feller who was always good for an argument, always ready to bring company home, especially the kind of company that gives food for thought in return for a cup of tea and something to go with it. (St.B.)

20. Well, I'll tell you. A man I know slightly, he was one of the smartest traders in Wall Street. You wouldn't know his name, because I don't think I ever had occasion to mention it except perhaps to your mother and it wouldn't have interested you. He was a real plunger, that fellow. The stories they told downtown about him, they were sensational. Well, as I say he's always been a pretty smart trader. They say he was the only one that called the turn in 1929. He got out of the market in August 1929, at the peak. Everybody told him, why, you're crazy, they said. Passing up millions. Millions, they told him. Sure, he said. Well, I'm willing to pass them up and keep what I have, he told them, and of course they all laughed when he told them he was going to retire and sit back and watch the ticker from a cafe in Paris. Retire and only thirty-eight years of age? Huh. They never heard such talk, the wisenheimers downtown. Him retire? No, it was in his blood, they said. He'd be back. He'd go to France and make a little whoopee, but he'd be back and in the market just as deeply as ever. But he fooled them. He went to France all right, and I suppose he made whoopee because I happen to know he has quite a reputation that way. And they were

right saying he'd be back, but not the way they thought. He came back first week in November, two years ago, right after the crash. Know what he did? He bought a Rolls-Royce Phantom that originally cost eighteen thousand dollars, he bought that for a thousand-dollar bill. He bought a big place out on Long Island. I don't know exactly what he paid for it, but one fellow told me he got it for not a cent more than the owner paid for one of those big indoor tennis courts they have out there. For that he got the whole estate, the land house proper, stables, garages, everything. Yacht landing. Oh, almost forget. A hundred and eighty foot yacht for eighteen thousand dollars. The figure"! do know because I remember hearing a hundred dollars a foot was enough for any yacht. And mind you, the estate was with all the furniture. And because he got out in time and had the cash. Everything he had was cash. Wouldn't lend a cent. Not one red cent for any kind of interest. Just wasn't interested, he said. Buy, yes. He bought cars, houses, big estates, paintings worth their weight in radium, practically, but lend money? No. He said it was his way of getting even with the wisenheimers that laughed at him the summer before when he said he was going to retire. (J.O'H.)

21. Holmes was certainly not a difficult man to live with He was quiet in his ways and his habits were regular. It was rare for him to be up after ten at night and he had invariably breakfasted and gone out before I rose in the morning. His very person and appearance were such as to strike the attention of the most casual observer. In height he was rather over six feet and so excessively lean that he seemed to be considerably taller. His eyes were sharp and piercing save during those intervals of torpor to which I have alluded; and his thin hawklike nose gave his whole expression an air of alertness and decision. His chin, too, had the prominence and squareness which mark the man of determination. (C.D.)

CHAPTER IV. FUNCTIONAL STYLES
Colloquial vs. Literary Type of Communication. Oral vs Written Form of Communication

EXERCISES

1. Define the functional style and point to its peculiarities.

1. Every precaution shall be taken by the Seller to have the goods properly packed to withstand storage, overseas and overland transport and transhipment by cranes and/or other means.

All disputes and differences which may arise from the present Contract or in connection with the same are to be referred to the Foreign Trade arbitration Commission at Russian Chamber of Commerce and Industry, Moscow in compliance with the rules and procedure of the said Commission, the decisions of which are final and binding upon both parties. The applications to the State courts are excluded.

All the amendments and addenda to the Contract shall be valid only when issued in writing and signed by both parties.

Neither party shall be entitled to transfer their rights and obligations under this Contract to a third party without written consent of the other contracting party. All taxes, dues and custom expenses on the territory of the Seller's country shall be borne by the Seller.

2. 'Pre-cise-ly!' was the answer; 'and comme cela', she charmed my English gold out of my British breeches pocket. I have been green, too, Miss Eyre - ay, grass green: not a more vernal tint freshens you now that once freshened me. My Spring is gone, however, but it has left me that French floweret on my hands, which, in some moods, I would fain be rid of. Not valuing now the root whence it sprang; having found that it was of a sort which nothing but gold dust could manure, I have but half a liking to the blossom, especially when it looks so artificial as that now. I keep it and rear it on the Roman Catholic principle of expiating numerous sins, great or small, by one good work. I'll explain all this some day. Good-night.'

3. Gosh, yeah that was a laugh. I used to hang out in a grotty pub called 'The Ship'. It really was the pits. As usual I was dead broke and was even thinking of flogging my guitar to get some lolly. But then this posh kid arrives, parks his roller in front of the place and comes in for a pint.

'Wow!' I thought, 'It's my old school chum Matt.' At first I just wanted to ask him for a fag and a couple of quid, but then we got rabbitting. It turned out that he had this band and they were rolling in the lolly by the millions and all they needed now was a guy like me. "Well, here I am', I said, got on the blower and told the missus that I'd be gone for a couple of months making mega bucks in the US.

Kylie Minoguy is naff. Michael Jackson's getting barmy, most of the stuff is either for grannies or for tots. Those record company geezers are a bunch of loonies. Beats me how they have the bottle to dish up this rubbish.

4. Laser beams carry surprisingly intense amounts of energy and so they can be dangerous to living tissue. The tissue absorbs the light in the beam and converts it into heat. If heat is generated in living tissue more quickly then it can be dissipated, then local heating of the tissue will occur. This local Heating can be severe enough to kill the cells the beam imprints on. It is therefore necessary to protect the human eye, which is very sensitive to this kind of damage when laser beams are being used. The damage can be done very quickly, so protection from accident is very necessary.

5. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury. Forget everything you've seen on television. There's not going to be any surprise, last minute witnesses. Nobody's going to break down on the stand with a tearful confession. You're going to be presented with a simple fact: Andrew Beckett was fired. You'll hear two explanations as to why he was fired. Ours, and theirs. It's up to you to sit through layer upon layer of truth until you determine for yourself which version sounds the most true. There's certain points I must prove to you. Point number one: Andrew Beckett is a brilliant lawyer, a great lawyer. Point number two: Andrew Beckett is inflicted with a debilitating disease and it may be understandable. Maybe even personable, that he made the legal choice to keep the fact of his secret to himself. Point number three: His employers discovered his illness and ladies and gentlemen, the illness I'm referring to is AIDS. Point number four: They panicked. And in their panic, they did what most of us would like to do with AIDS which is to get it and everybody who has it, as far away from the rest of us as possible. Now, the behavior of Andrew Beckett's employers may seem reasonable. It does to me. But no matter how you come to judge Charles Wheeler and his partners in ethical, moral, and inhuman terms, the fact of the matter is, when they fired Andrew Beckett because he has AIDS, they broke the law.

6. 23 Convent Street Newcastle
Mr. Slatty & Sons, Inc March 21, 1992
12 Park Lane, London
Gentlemen,

We acknowledge receipt of your favour of 18. inst. By the present we beg to remit you two bills of £3410 together requesting you to get them accepted. If the drawees, contrary to all probability, should refuse acceptance, please return the bills without protest debiting us for your expenses.

Awaiting your reply we are, Gentlemen, Yours very truly
Johnson & Co.

7. **Wallet snatched during robbery**

A man was punched in the chest and robbed as he made his way home from work at just after midnight on 6 September when he was attacked just outside Asda in East Street.

He was approached from behind by a man who searched his pockets and stole items including his wallet.

The suspect is described as white, aged in his early 20s, about 5ft 11ins, of medium to slim build with dark greased hair.

He was wearing a white jumper with a large tick on the front, blue jeans and white trainers.

8. All machines in this range feature a N ||- of technical aspects that lie behind their international market success, also as a result of the completeness of the range and first-rate design.

The machine is CNC controlled and driven by a PC with colour LCD monitor that is particularly easy to use. In addition to simple data entry, this machine comes complete with a diagnostic system to monitor its functions and any errors messages that helps the user to operate the machine properly. The extremely simple setting of multiple bevels is also a plus factor.

4 CNC controlled axis are used to process small work-pieces (up to 40x40mm), as well as extremely wide bevels (up to 60 mm).

The back track, which is the technological heart of the machine because of the complexity of bevelling, was designed with utmost care. The sliding guides, made of fully-hardened steel alloy, the steel guide blocks and the fully automatic CNC controlled.

9. Thank you all very much. Thank you all so very much for that warm welcome. It's such an honor to be here. Especially pleased to be traveling today with a great First Lady, Laura Bush. We really appreciate your welcome and we're proud to be with the Marines and sailors and families of Camp Lejeune. There's no finer sight, no finer sight, than to see 12,000 United States Marines and Corpsmen – unless you happen to be a member of the Iraqi Republican Guard.

For more than 60 years, Marines have gone forth from Camp Lejeune to fight our country's battles. Now America has entered a fierce struggle to protect the world from a grave danger and to bring freedom to an oppressed people. As the forces of our coalition advance, we learn more about the atrocities of the Iraqi regime and the deep fear that Saddam Hussein has instilled in the Iraqi people. Yet, no scheme of this enemy, no crime of a dying regime will divert us from our mission. We will not stop until Iraq is free.

10. An atom consists of a positive charged atomic nucleus where you can find protons and neutrons and it consists of a negative charged atomic shell with electrons. In every atom the number of the electrons is equal to the number of the protons so it is neutral. The number of the protons decides which chemical element the atom is. The first element in the "Periodic table of the elements" is hydrogen. The elements in the "Periodic table of the elements" are sorted by the number of the protons. The atomic nucleus of a hydrogen atom consists of only one proton. But there are a few isotops of every element. Isotops are atoms with the same number of protons, but another number of neutrons. The different isotops of one element do not differ in their chemical properties. There are for example three isotops of hydrogen. The first isotop is the one I wrote about. The second isotop of hydrogen is deutrium with one proton and one neutron in his atomic nucleus and the third isotop is tritium which has got one proton and two neutrons in his atomic nucleus. In the atomic nucleus of a tritiumatom there is no balance between the protons and the neutrons so it is instable and decays. The particle which is emited from this decay is radioaktiv and it is charged. You can make ions of atoms. We can say that an ion is an atom which has got less or more electrons than protons. An ion is not neutral an so it is radioactif.

11. The Trustees of Columbia University in the City of New York

To all persons to whom these presents may come greetings be it known that Pearl M.K. having completed the studies and satisfied the requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts

has accordingly been admitted to that degree with all the rights and immunities thereunto appertaining in witness whereof we have caused this diploma to be signed by the President of the University and by the Dean of Teachers College and our corporate seal to be hereto affixed in the City of New York on the third day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty one:

Dean President

12. Although the trouble in Henan was among the worse ethnic violence known to have taken place in China in recent years, it was not unprecedented. A dispatch from Hong Kong by Asia Times Online reported several cases of domestic unrest stemming from anger over unfair government policies and illegal actions.

At least some government officials in China are smart enough to know that pouring in thousands of police to suppress violence is only a temporary and interim solution. They know the violence that disturbs their country and threatens its stability will end, if at all, only with an end to the conditions that breed it: the official corruption and incompetence (especially in the provinces), the poverty, the disease, the ignorance, and perhaps above all the absence of the rale of law.

The recognition of these facts helps explain why, at least on occasion, the Beijing government has encouraged the press to report on government corruption in the provinces, why the government holds reasonably free elections in some provinces and why the government is trying to bring law down to the local level.

But the process of democratization in China is very uneven, and it is often interrupted. The violence in Henan and elsewhere in China also proves that it has not reached deeply enough or strongly enough into the central and western regions of the country. Clearly, the government needs to make more strenuous efforts to deal with these social and ethnic tensions in a creative way before they flash out in violence.

2. State the type and function of literary words in the following examples:

1. "I must decline to pursue this painful discussion. It is not pleasant to my feelings; it is repugnant to my feelings." (D.)

2. "I am not in favour of this modern mania for turning bad people into good people at a moment's notice. As a man sows so let him reap." (O. W.)

3. "Thou art the Man," cried Jabes, after a solemn pause leaning over his cushion. "Seventy times didst thou gapingly contort thy visage-sevently times seven did I take council with my soul-Lo! this is human weakness: this also may be absolved. The first of the seventy first is come. Brethren- execute upon him the judgement written. Such honour have all His saints." (E. Br.)

4. There wasn't a man-boy on this ground tonight did not have a shield he cast, riveted or carved himself on his way to his first attack, compounded of remote but nonetheless firm and fiery family devotion, flag-blown patriotism and cocksure immortality strengthened by the touchstone of very real gunpowder, ramrod minnie-ball and flint. (R. Br.)

5. Isolde the Slender had suitors in plenty to do her lightest hest. Feats of arms were done daily for her sake. To win her love suitors were willing to vow themselves to perdition. But Isolde the Slender was heedless of the court thus paid to her. (L.)

6. "He of the iron garment," said Daigety, entering, "is bounden unto you, MacEagh, and this noble lord shall be bounden also." (W. Sc.)

7. If manners maketh man, then manner and grooming maketh poodle. (J. St.)

8. At noon the hooter and everything died. First, the pulley driving the punch and shears and emery wheels stopped its lick and slap. Simultaneously the compressor providing the blast for a dozen smith-fires went dead. (S. Ch.)

9. If any dispassionate spectator could have beheld the countenance of the illustrious man, whose name forms the leading feature of the title of this work, during the latter part of this conversation, he would have been almost induced to wonder that the indignant fire that flashed from his eyes, did not melt the glasses of his spectacles – so majestic was his wrath. His nostrils dilated, and his

fists clenched involuntarily, as he heard himself addressed by the villain. But he restrained himself again – he did not pulverize him.

10. “Here”, continued the hardened traitor, tossing the licence at Mr. Pickwik’s feet; “get the name altered – take home the lady – do for Tuppy.” (D.)

11. Riding back I saw the Greeks lined up in column of march. They were all still there. Also, all armed. On long marches when no action threatened, they had always piled their armour, helmets and weapons in their carts, keeping only their swords; wearing their short tunics (made from all kinds of stuff, they had been so long from home) and the wide straw hats Greeks travel in, their skins being tender to sun. Now they had on corselets or cuirasses, helmets, even grades if they owned them, and their round shields hung at their backs. (M. R.)

PART TWO

TEXT 1

Kyoto Protocol to the United Nations Framework Convention on Climate Change, U.N. Doc. FCCC/CP/1997/7/Add.1, Dec. 10, 1997, 37 I.L.M. 22 (1998), *entered into force* Feb. 16, 2005.

http://www1.umn.edu/humanrts/kyotoprotocol.html

KYOTO PROTOCOL TO THE UNITED NATIONS FRAMEWORK CONVENTION ON CLIMATE CHANGE

KYOTO PROTOCOL TO THE UNITED NATIONS FRAMEWORK CONVENTION ON CLIMATE CHANGE

The Parties to this Protocol,

Being Parties to the United Nations Framework Convention on Climate Change, hereinafter referred to as "the Convention",

In pursuit of the ultimate objective of the Convention as stated in its Article 2,

Recalling the provisions of the Convention,

Being guided by Article 3 of the Convention,

Pursuant to the Berlin Mandate adopted by decision 1/CP.1 of the Conference of the Parties to the Convention at its first session,

Have agreed as follows:

Article 3

1. The Parties included in Annex I shall, individually or jointly, ensure that their aggregate anthropogenic carbon dioxide equivalent emissions of the greenhouse gases listed in Annex A do not exceed their assigned amounts, calculated pursuant to their quantified emission limitation and reduction commitments inscribed in Annex B and in accordance with the provisions of this Article, with a view to reducing their overall emissions of such gases by at least 5 per cent below 1990 levels in the commitment period 2008 to 2012.

2. Each Party included in Annex I shall, by 2005, have made demonstrable progress in achieving its commitments under this Protocol.

3. The net changes in greenhouse gas emissions by sources and removals by sinks resulting from direct human-induced land-use change and forestry activities, limited to afforestation, reforestation and deforestation since 1990, measured as verifiable changes in carbon stocks in each commitment period, shall be used to meet the commitments under this Article of each Party included in Annex I. The greenhouse gas emissions by sources and removals by sinks

associated with those activities shall be reported in a transparent and verifiable manner and reviewed in accordance with Articles 7 and 8.

TEXT 2

(Extract # 2)

Kyoto Protocol to the United Nations Framework Convention on Climate Change, U.N. Doc. FCCC/CP/1997/7/Add.1, Dec. 10, 1997, 37 I.L.M. 22 (1998), *entered into force* Feb. 16, 2005.

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KYOTO PROTOCOL TO THE UNITED NATIONS FRAMEWORK CONVENTION ON CLIMATE CHANGE

The Parties to this Protocol,

Being Parties to the United Nations Framework Convention on Climate Change, hereinafter referred to as "the Convention",

In pursuit of the ultimate objective of the Convention as stated in its Article 2,

Recalling the provisions of the Convention,

Being guided by Article 3 of the Convention,

Pursuant to the Berlin Mandate adopted by decision 1/CP.1 of the Conference of the Parties to the Convention at its first session,

Have agreed as follows:

Article 5

Methodologies for estimating anthropogenic emissions by sources and removals by sinks of all greenhouse gases not controlled by the Montreal Protocol shall be those accepted by the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change and agreed upon by the Conference of the Parties at its third session. Where such methodologies are not used, appropriate adjustments shall be applied according to methodologies agreed upon by the Conference of the Parties serving as the meeting of the Parties to this Protocol at its first session. Based on the work of, inter alia, the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change and advice provided by the Subsidiary Body for Scientific and Technological Advice, the Conference of the Parties serving as the meeting of the Parties to this Protocol shall regularly review and, as appropriate, revise such methodologies and adjustments, taking fully into account any relevant decisions by the Conference of the Parties. Any revision to methodologies or adjustments shall be used only for the purposes of ascertaining compliance with commitments under Article 3 in respect of any commitment period adopted subsequent to that revision.

TEXT 3

How To See It

by Robert Hardman Daily Mail,
August 4, 2004

But the Royal Engineers had enough riders already and Mr Allingham's widowed mother was unwell.

So he remained at home until her death the following year when he promptly entered the Royal Naval Air Service.

The fourth member of this morning's gallant quartet will be Jack Oborne, who was a 14-year-old apprentice carpenter on the day that war broke out.

It would be another three years before he put on a uniform, although he would still have more than enough time to experience the very worst that the Western Front had to offer.

This morning may be the anniversary of the day it all began.

But August 4, 1914, will not be uppermost in the minds of these men.

As a bugler sounds the Last Post, they will be remembering what happened next.

Fred Lloyd, the youngest of 16 orphaned children, wanted to follow his three older brothers into the Army but was turned down by the local Sussex Regiment for being too short.

He was, though, allowed to join the Royal Artillery to look after the horses which were still vital to trench warfare.

Despite an attack of meningitis which nearly killed him, Private Lloyd made it out to northern France, where it was his task to take fresh horses up to the line and bring the sick ones back.

To this day, he is baffled by the number which lost their sight.

"Hundreds of horses went blind in that war, but I don't think anyone ever worked out why that was."

He remains very reluctant to discuss the sights he saw, so much so that he has never even shared them with his family.

"He opened up to me once about it, telling me how everything from thoroughbreds to old nags were just blown to pieces.

"But it made him very distressed," says Dee Johnson, who looks after Mr. Lloyd at the Thornbury Residential Home in East Sussex.

Of his three brothers, one was killed at Arras, one died at the Somme and the third returned home with shrapnel in his head.

Mr. Lloyd still regards himself as one of the lucky ones. So, too, does Mr. Stone.

"Every day, I think what a bloody lucky man I am to be here," he tells me from the Oxfordshire home where he still lives alone, doing his daily exercises with his chest expanders and handgrips: "I've got such a strong handshake, people won't shake hands with me."

By the time he joined the Royal Navy, the war was nearly over, although he still remembers seeing the German fleet scuttled at Scapa Flow.

But if his youth was an asset in the First World War, it did him no favours when the Second broke out.

Just as he should have been retiring, he was sent back to sea in 1940.

He made five desperate trips to Dunkirk, watching his sister ship and her cargo of fleeing soldiers blown to pieces.

Chief Petty Officer Stone was red the horrors of the Russian convoys.

And still, he cannot believe his good fortune

"I survived the first war, then the influenza which killed even more people, then the second war. That's why I trust in God. You won't hear much grumbling from any of this lot.

TEXT 4
How to catch a liar at the office

The Extract from:

How to catch a liar at the office

Bryan Borzykowski

24 March 2015

One little lie nearly lost Andrew Bauer his most valuable client.

Tell-tell clues

People can accurately determine whether or not someone is lying only 54% of the time, said Dr Gordon Wright, a London-based behavioural scientist, citing research.

Everyone lies differently, he explained, and we also tend to think everyone is being truthful.

"We all have a truth bias," Wright said. "If we didn't assume people were being honest with us, then the whole communication process would break down."

One can beat those odds by looking for certain behaviours, Wright said. Surprisingly, they're not the behaviours that people expect.

Most people believe liars avoid eye contact or think they switch their gaze rapidly left and right when they're being untruthful, but there's no evidence to suggest that this is the case, said Leanne ten Brinke, a professor of psychology at the University of California, Berkeley.

In fact, liars often have no trouble looking people in the eye, because they know that if they looked elsewhere, people would be less likely to believe them.

Instead, people should pay attention to facial expressions. Feelings don't lie, she said. When people are making something up, they often try to replicate emotions, but the muscles in our faces won't react unless those emotions are real.

A smile is a good example, she said. A genuine smile activates muscles that create crow's feet around the eye. With a fake smile, you'll turn your mouth upward, but eye muscles won't move. It's not easy to tell, but it's not impossible either. "[The smile] looks incomplete and disingenuous," ten Brinke said.

Lying also takes great mental effort. You need a coherent and plausible story that doesn't give too many details, but also doesn't leave too much out. Liars tend to give out less information than truth tellers and they may pause more or hesitate often, especially if they haven't rehearsed their lie in advance, she said.

Bryan Borzykowski
http://www.bbc.com/capital/story/20150324-how-to-catch-a-liar-out

TEXT 5
How to catch a liar at the office (part 2)
The Extract from:
How to catch a liar at the office
Bryan Borzykowski
24 March 2015

One little lie nearly lost Andrew Bauer his most valuable client.

The CIA way

You can also tell if someone is lying by how they react to questions.

After years of interrogations and interviews, Floyd and his CIA colleagues developed a lie detection method that analyses how people respond to questions. They came up with five signals.

First, non-verbal hints are particularly important. People who make big gestures, put their hands to their face or clear their throat often could be lying, he said.

Another sign: when someone avoids answering a question.

Making persuasive statements — saying convincing things to give off the impression that everything is fine — is also a red flag.

Being aggressive or attacking someone is an indication of lying, too.

Then there's manipulation, where people try and control the situation by repeating questions or by giving non-answer statements, such as "that's a good question".

Floyd needs to see at least two of these behaviors before he can say someone is being deceptive, and the more that show up the better. When he sees several of these kinds of responses, he said he is fairly certain that someone isn't telling the truth.

Context matters too, Wright said. If a company's financials are suffering yet the boss says no jobs will be lost, you might want to think hard about whether that person is being truthful. Managers are well served by keeping a close eye on how disgruntled employees react to questions, and whether or not they're showing some of those signs of lying.

Still, it remains tough to tell if someone is being dishonest if you aren't constantly looking for it. Most people aren't monitoring for these verbal and visual cues on a daily basis.

Although burned once by a lie, Royce Leather CEO Bauer doesn't want to scrutinise every word his employees say, but he is trying to be cognisant of how his staff are talking to him. He hopes that by building trust and improving relationships with his workers, no one will need to be deceitful.

"Relationships eliminate dishonesty," he said. "Run your company with integrity, openness and honesty yourself and people won't have a reason to lie."

http://www.bbc.com/capital/story/20150324-how-to-catch-a-liar-out

TEXT 6

A Tale of two districts

(Extract from: The Economist May 29, 1993)

Deer Park and North Forest are two independent school districts. Both, are in Houston, a mere 15 miles apart. There the similarity ends. The two districts, one rich, one struggling, exemplify the difficulties in providing equal money for Texan public schools. A federal court has ordered that this must be done by June 1st, voters have already turned down one plan. The harried state legislature hops from one Robin-Hood scheme to the next.

The oil industry underpins Deer Park. The area, down by the Ship Channel, is full of large petrochemical plants (Shell, Occidental, Rohm & Haas), producing millions in tax revenue each year. Its 11,000 schoolchildren are 78% white, 13% Hispanic and 1% black. Academically, this is one of the country's top school districts. Its schools are set in green-lawned campuses, and for years its teachers have been among the highest-paid in Texas. Crime and drugs are virtually unknown.

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North Forest school district, with 13,000 students, is another world. The wooded area is nice enough but the schools have a long history of desegregation problems, and are now 88% black and 10% Hispanic. Nearly 60% of the district's students are "economically disadvantaged" (the state average is 42%). North Forest has a history of administrative instability, near-insolvency and crime, one high school was partly burnt down. The FBI has been summoned several times to tackle problems the local police could not handle.

TEXT 7

Things are looking up a bit at the moment. A new, no-nonsense superintendent, Carrel Thomas, has been appointed. Thanks to the interim school-financing plan, North Forest is not burdened by a large deficit. Leaking roofs have been repaired, and there is no longer a shortage of school supplies. Several big companies - including Exxon and Southwestern Bell Telephone - have set up links between schools and business. North Forest starting salaries ($23,100) are approaching those of Deer Park ($24,650).

Yet much has not changed. Property taxes in North Forest remain among the highest in the state, discouraging industrial development. Drugs remain freely available, and teenage pregnancy is widespread. Test scores are still well below the not-too-high state average. Current spending per student is $4,600 a year, against $5,470 at Deer Park. At Deer Park, the affably polished superintendent, David Hicks, worries outloud what five years of more equal school finance could do to his budgets.

Two years ago, the Texas Supreme Court declared that money had to be spread equally between rich districts and poor, and that rich schools should send some of their revenues to the state *to be shared out*. Under the interim school-financing plan Deer Park already provides $22m, out of its budget of $52m, to go to poorer schools. What will happen if more money has to be found? Pupils are still pouring into Deer Park, and parents are nervous. It is unclear, too, whether any plan would satisfy the poorer districts.

On some issues, residents of both Deer Park and North Forest agree. Neither wants any kind of school- district consolidation, a dreaded policy leading to loss of local control. Deer Park, which has already lost tens of millions of dollars in academic revenue sharing, will reluctantly give up a bit more. Otherwise, it wants no part of North Forest's manifold problems. There is little contact between the two districts. Administrators meet from time to time. But the students rarely do, except occasionally for athletic contests. Fiscal equality is not expected to reduce racial isolation.

The Economist May 29, 1993

TEXT 8
TOM TIT TOT

ONCE upon a time there was a woman, and she baked five pies. And when they came out of the oven, they were that overbaked the crusts were too hard to eat. So she says to her daughter: 'Darter,' says she, 'put you them there pies on the shelf, and leave 'em there a little, and they'll come again.' — She meant, you know, the crust would get soft. But the girl, she says to herself: 'Well, if they'll come again, I'll eat 'em now.' And she set to work and ate 'em all, first and last. Well, come supper-time the woman said: 'Go you, and get one o' them there pies.

I dare say they've come again now.' The girl went and she looked, and there was nothing but the dishes. So back she came and says she: 'Noo, they ain't come again.' 'Not one of 'em?' says the mother. 'Not one of 'em,' says she. 'Well, come again, or not come again,' said the woman, 'I'll have one for supper.' 'But you can't, if they ain't come,' said the girl. 'But I can,' says she. 'Go you, and bring the best of 'em.' 'Best or worst,' says the girl, 'I've ate 'em all, and you can't have one till that's come again.' Well, the woman she was done, and she took her spinning to the door to spin, and as she span she sang:"My darter ha' ate five, five pies today. My darter ha' ate five, five pies today."

The king was coming down the street, and he heard her sing, but what she sang he couldn't hear, so he stopped and said: 'What was that you were singing, my good woman?' The woman was ashamed to let him hear what her daughter had been doing, so she sang, instead of that: 'My darter ha' spun five, five skeins today. My darter ha' spun five, five skeins today.'

'Stars o' mine!' said the king, 'I never heard tell of anyone that could do that.' Then he said: 'Look you here, I want a wife, and I'll marry your daughter. But look you here,' says he, 'eleven months out of the year she shall have all she likes to eat, and all the gowns she likes to get, and all the company she likes to keep; but the last month of the year she'll have to spin five skeins every day, and if she don't I shall kill her.' 'All right,' says the woman; for she thought what a grand marriage that was. And as for the five skeins, when the time came, there'd be plenty of ways of getting out of it, and likeliest, he'd have forgotten all about it. Well, so they were married. And for eleven months the girl had all she liked to eat, and all the gowns she liked to get, and all the company she liked to keep. But when the time was getting over, she began to think about the skeins and to wonder if he had 'em in mind. But not one word did he say about 'em, and she thought he'd wholly forgotten 'em.

However, the last day of the last month he takes her to a room she'd never set eyes on before. There was nothing in it but a spinning-wheel and a stool. And says he: 'Now, my dear, here you'll be shut in tomorrow with some victuals and some flax, and if you haven't spun five skeins by the night, your head'll go off.' And away he went about his business. Well, she was that frightened, she'd always been such a gatless girl, that she didn't so much as know how to spin, and what was she to do tomorrow with no one to come nigh her to help her? She sat down on a stool in the kitchen, and law! how she did cry!

However, all of a sudden she heard a sort of a knocking low down on the door. She upped and oped it, and what should she see but a small little black thing with a long tail. That looked up at her right curious, and that said: 'What are you a-crying for?'

'What's that to you?' says she. 'Never you mind,' that said, 'but tell me what you're a-crying for.' 'That won't do me no good if I do,' says she. 'You don't

know that,' that said, and twirled that's tail round. 'Well,' says she, 'that won't do no harm, if that don't do no good,' and she upped and told about the pies, and the skeins, and everything. 'This is what I'll do,' says the little black thing. 'I'll come to your window every morning and take the flax and bring it spun at night.' 'What's your pay?' says she. That looked out of the corner of that's eyes, and that said: 'I'll give you three guesses every night to guess my name, and if you haven't guessed it before the month's up you shall be mine.'

Well, she thought, she'd be sure to guess that's name before the month was up. 'All right,' says she, 'I agree.' 'All right,' that says, and law! how that twirled that's tail. Well, the next day, her husband took her into the room, and there was the flax and the day's food. 'Now, there's the flax,' says he, 'and if that ain't spun up this night, off goes your head.' And then he went out and locked the door. He'd hardly gone, when there was a knocking against the window. She upped and she oped it, and there sure enough was the little old thing sitting on the ledge. 'Where's the flax?' says he. 'Here it be,' says she. And she gave it to him. Well, come the evening a knocking came again to the window. She upped and she oped it, and there was the little old thing with five skeins of flax on his arm. 'Here it be,' says he, and he gave it to her. 'Now, what's my name?' says he. 'What, is that Bill?' says she. 'Noo, that ain't,' says he, and he twirled his tail. 'Is that Ned?' says she. 'Noo, that ain't,' says he, and he twirled his tail. 'Well, is that Mark?' says she. 'Noo, that ain't,' says he, and he twirled his tail harder, and away he flew.

Well, when her husband came in, there were the five skeins ready for him. 'I see I shan't have to kill you tonight, my dear,' says he; 'you'll have your food and your flax in the morning,' says he, and away he goes. Well, every day the flax and the food were brought, and every day that there little black thing used to come mornings and evenings. And all the day the girl sat trying to think of names to say to it when it came at night. But she never hit on the right one. And as it got towards the end of the month, the thing began to look so maliceful, and that twirled that's tail faster and faster each time she gave a guess.

At last it came to the last day but one. The thing came at night along with the five skeins, and that said: 'What, ain't you got my name yet?' 'Is that Nicodemus?' says she. 'Noo, 't ain't,' that says. 'Is that Sammle?' says she. 'Noo, 't ain't,' that says. 'A-well, is that Methusalem?' says she. 'Noo, 't ain't that neither,' that says. Then that looks at her with that's eyes like a coal of fire, and that says: 'Woman, there's only tomorrow night, and then you'll be mine!' And away it flew.

Well, she felt that horrid. However, she heard the king coming along the passage. In he came, and when he sees the five skeins, he says, says he: 'Well, my dear,' says he. 'I don't see but what you'll have your skeins ready tomorrow night as well, and as I reckon I shan't have to kill you, I'll have supper in here tonight.' So they brought supper, and another stool for him, and down the two sate. Well, he hadn't eaten but a mouthful or so, when he stops and begins to laugh.

‘What is it?’ says she. ‘A-why,’ says he, ‘I was out a-hunting today, and I got away to a place in the wood I’d never seen before. And there was an old chalk-pit. And I heard a kind of a sort of humming. So I got off my hobby, and I went right quiet to the pit, and I looked down. Well, what should there be but the funniest little black thing you ever set eyes on. And what was that doing, but that had a little spinning-wheel, and that was spinning wonderful fast, and twirling that’s tail. And as that span that sang: ‘Nimmy nimmy not My name’s Tom Tit Tot.’

Well, when the girl heard this, she felt as if she could have jumped out of her skin for joy, but she didn’t say a word. Next day that there little thing looked so maliceful when he came for the flax. And when the night came she heard that knocking against the window panes. She oped the window, and that come right in on the ledge. That was grinning from ear to ear, and Oo! that’s tail was twirling round so fast.

‘What’s my name?’ that says, as that gave her the skeins. ‘Is that Solomon?’ she says, pretending to be afeard. ‘Noo, ‘tain’t,’ that says, and that came further into the room. ‘Well, is that Zebedee?’ says she again. ‘Noo, ‘tain’t,’ says the thing. And then that laughed and twirled that’s tail till you couldn’t hardly see it. ‘Take time, woman,’ that says; ‘next guess, and you’re mine.’ And that stretched out that’s black hands at her. Well, she backed a step or two, and she looked at it, and then she laughed out, and says she, pointing her finger at it: ‘Nimmy nimmy not

Your name’s Tom Tit Tot.’ Well, when that heard her, that gave an awful shriek and away that flew into the dark, and she never saw it any more

TEXT 9
PEARL
BY JOHN STEINBECK

“In the town they tell the story of the great pearl - how it was found and how it was lost again. They tell of Kino, the fisherman, and of his wife, Juana, and of the baby, Coyotito. And because the story has been told so often, it has taken root in every man’s mind. And, as with all retold tales that are in people’s hearts, there are only good and bad things and black and white things and good and evil things and no in-between anywhere. If this story is a parable, perhaps everyone takes his own meaning from it and reads his own life into it. In any case, they say in the town that...”

Kino awakened in the near dark. The stars still shone and the day had drawn only a pale wash of light in the lower sky to the east. The roosters had been crowing for some time, and the early pigs were already beginning their ceaseless turning of twigs and bits of wood to see whether anything to eat had been overlooked. Outside the brush house in the tuna clump, a covey of little birds chittered and flurried with their wings.

Kino’s eyes opened, and he looked first at the lightening square which was the door and then he looked at the hanging box where Coyotito slept. And last

he turned his head to Juana, his wife, who lay beside him on the mat, her blue head shawl over her nose and over her breasts and around the small of her back. Juana's eyes were open too. Kino could never remember seeing them closed when he awakened. Her dark eyes made little reflected stars. She was looking at him as she was always looking at him when he awakened.

Kino heard the little splash of morning waves on the beach. It was very good - Kino closed his eyes again to listen to his music. Perhaps he alone did this and perhaps all of his people did it. His people had once been great makers of songs so that everything they saw or thought or did or heard became a song. That was very long ago. The songs remained; Kino knew them, but no new songs were added. That does not mean that there were no personal songs. In Kino's head there was a song now, clear and soft, and if he had been able to speak of it, he would have called it the Song of the Family.

His blanket was over his nose to protect him from the dank air. His eyes flicked to a rustle beside him. It was Juana arising, almost soundlessly. On her hard-bare feet, she went to the hanging box where Coyotito slept, and she leaned over and said a little reassuring word. Coyotito looked up for a moment and closed his eyes and slept again.

TEXT 10
THE BOGEY-BEAST BY FLORA ANNIE STEEL

There was once a woman who was very, very cheerful, though she had little to make her so; for she was old, and poor, and lonely. She lived in a little bit of a cottage and earned a scant living by running errands for her neighbours, getting a bite here, a sup there, as reward for her services. So she made shift to get on, and always looked as spry and cheery as if she had not a want in the world.

Now one summer evening, as she was trotting, full of smiles as ever, along the high road to her hovel, what should she see but a big black pot lying in the ditch!

"Goodness me!" she cried, "that would be just the very thing for me if I only had something to put in it! But I haven't! Now who could have left it in the ditch?"

And she looked about her expecting the owner would not be far off; but she could see nobody.

"Maybe there is a hole in it," she went on, "and that's why it has been cast away. But it would do fine to put a flower in for my window; so I'll just take it home with me."

And with that she lifted the lid and looked inside. "Mercy me!" she cried, fair amazed. "If it isn't full of gold pieces. Here's luck!"

And so it was, brimful of great gold coins. Well, at first she simply stood stock-still, wondering if she was standing on her head or her heels. Then she began saying:

"Lawks! But I do feel rich. I feel awful rich!"

After she had said this many times, she began to wonder how she was to get her treasure home. It was too heavy for her to carry, and she could see no better way than to tie the end of her shawl to it and drag it behind her like a go-cart.

"It will soon be dark," she said to herself as she trotted along. "So much the better! The neighbours will not see what I'm bringing home, and I shall have all the night to myself, and be able to think what I'll do! Mayhap I'll buy a grand house and just sit by the fire with a cup o' tea and do no work at all like a queen. Or maybe I'll bury it at the garden foot and just keep a bit in the old china teapot on the chimney-piece. Or maybe—Goody! Goody! I feel that grand I don't know myself."

By this time she was a bit tired of dragging such a heavy weight, and, stopping to rest a while, turned to look at her treasure.

And lo! it wasn't a pot of gold at all! It was nothing but a lump of silver.

She stared at it, and rubbed her eyes, and stared at it again.

"Well! I never!" she said at last. "And me thinking it was a pot of gold! I must have been dreaming. But this is luck! Silver is far less trouble—easier to mind, and not so easy stolen. Them gold pieces would have been the death o' me, and with this great lump of silver—"

So she went off again planning what she would do, and feeling as rich as rich, until becoming a bit tired again she stopped to rest and gave a look round to see if her treasure was safe; and she saw nothing but a great lump of iron!

"Well! I never!" says she again. "And I mistaking it for silver! I must have been dreaming. But this is luck! It's real convenient. I can get penny pieces for old iron, and penny pieces are a deal handier for me than your gold and silver. Why! I should never have slept a wink for fear of being robbed. But a penny piece comes in useful, and I shall sell that iron for a lot and be real rich—rolling rich."

So on she trotted full of plans as to how she would spend her penny pieces, till once more she stopped to rest and looked round to see her treasure was safe. And this time she saw nothing but a big stone.

"Well! I never!" she cried, full of smiles. "And to think I mistook it for iron. I must have been dreaming. But here's luck indeed, and me wanting a stone terrible bad to stick open the gate. Eh my! but it's a change for the better! It's a fine thing to have good luck."

So, all in a hurry to see how the stone would keep the gate open, she trotted off down the hill till she came to her own cottage. She unlatched the gate and then turned to unfasten her shawl from the stone which lay on the path behind her. Aye! It was a stone sure enough. There was plenty light to see it lying there, douce and peaceable as a stone should.

So she bent over it to unfasten the shawl end, when—"Oh my!" All of a sudden it gave a jump, a squeal, and in one moment was as big as a haystack.

Then it let down four great lanky legs and threw out two long ears, nourished a great long tail and romped off, kicking and squealing and whinnying and laughing like a naughty, mischievous boy!

The old woman stared after it till it was fairly out of sight, then she burst out laughing too.

"Well!" she chuckled, "I am in luck! Quite the luckiest body hereabouts. Fancy my seeing the Bogey-Beast all to myself; and making myself so free with it too! My goodness! I do feel that uplifted—that GRAND!"—

So she went into her cottage and spent the evening chuckling over her good luck.

TEXT 11
NOVEL SEVENTEEN
CHAPTER IV

All day Sunday Jane drifted around the house in a happy glow, humming Love Me On Monday and hovering near the telephone, because she was sure Stan would call. Monday she stopped humming and hated the telephone, because she was sure he would never, never call. Tuesday he called.

"Hello, Jane? This is Stan," and to Jane he spoke the most welcome words in the world. "Hello, Stan," she answered happily. "I have to go to work in a little while, but I wondered if I could stop by for a few minutes." "I' m sorry, Stan," Jane was forced to say. "I was just about to leave for a baby- sitting job." But of course she could not let him get away, not after waiting two long days for his call. "Could you – could you come over some other time?" she asked "Do you have to go far?" Stan asked. "About eight blocks." "Why don't I come now and run over to your job?" he suggested. "I have the truck." "Oh, that would be wonderful," said Jane sincerely, because she was going to see him now instead of waiting for another call. "See you in about two minutes," said Stan.

"Mom, Stan is going to drive me to my baby- sitting job," Jane informed her mother when she had hung up. Then, fearful that her mother might object to this short ride with a boy, she waited through an anxious moment of silence until her mother answered, "All right, dear." Jane flew to her room, combed her hair, decided to change from her yellow dress into a dress Stan had never seen, decided against changing, because she might not have time, and wished her mother were wearing stockings. And all the while she wondered if Stan was coming to ask her for another date. In a few minutes the red Doggie Diner stopped in front of the Purdys' and Stan bounded up the steps. "Hi, Stan," Jane called through the open front door. "I' m ready. Bye, Mom." "Hello Stan,' said Mrs Purdy pleasantly. Good for Mom, thought Jane: she isn't behaving badly at all, even though she isn't wearing stockings. Seated beside Stan in the Doggie Diner truck, Jane found that once more she felt shy, painfully shy. Stan seemed

like a stranger, her mouth felt dry, and she couldn't think of a thing to say. "Where to?" she wanted to know. "Sandra's again?" "Not today, thank goodness." Jane was able to laugh naturally. "This afternoon it is Joey Dithridge." She gave an address and Stan started the truck. Jane felt a thrill of pleasure just to be riding beside him. Of course, the Doggie Diner truck, with the back filled with packages of horse meat wasn't exactly the same as a convertible, but since Stan was the driver she did not care. "Is Joey as bad as Sandra?" Stan asked.

"No, Joey's different," Jane said. "He's medium-hard to sit with, but not like Sandra. It's just that he's three years old and into everything, so he takes a lot of chasing. His mother doesn't keep anything around that can hurt, and that helps. She's not like some mothers, who can't make their own children mind, but expect a sitter to be able to. I just have to keep pulling him out of drawers and off the backs of chairs and things. Sometimes I can get him interested in trying to fill a shoebox with worms he digs out of the yard with an old tablespoon, and that keeps him busy. Or I can always read him The Night before Christmas." Stan laughed. "In August?"

"Oh, yes," answered Jane. "It's his favorite book." Stan stopped the truck in front of the Dithridges', one of the new houses in a long row on a straight street. Stan turned to Jane and grinned at her. "I like that yellow dress on you," he said. "You were wearing it that day when you were with Sandra, and you looked cute with your hair all mussed up." Jane felt herself flush with pleasure. Stan had remembered what she was wearing the first time they met. This was most significant. Now he would surely ask her for a date. "Hi!" Little Joey Dithridge came running out of the house to meet Jane..

TEXT 12
A MARKET FOR THE PAST

BRITAIN is notoriously good at selling heritage and tradition.

So good that it can do it almost without help from history: it manages to turn 20th-century products into cult objects of British tradition.

The world laps them up.

Take the Mini car, first produced in 1959.

In Japan it still sells more than all other British cars put together.

Or take the black cab, designed in the 1950s.

Some 27,000 classic cabs are still roaming the streets of Britain, 17,500 of them in London.

Popular at home (the Duke of Edinburgh recently bought one), for foreigners they offer cheap chic: a cab dismissed after ten years' service sells for around 1,500 p ($2,250).

Or consider the "hop on, hop off" red bus, officially known as the Routemaster.

Designed in 1954 and built until 1968, the model has remained so popular that London Transport is currently refurbishing 500 of them, at a cost of 1m.p.

Those which are being discarded, usually after 30 years and around 750,000 miles (1,200,000 km) of service, are sold at 8,000 p. each and go on to another life overseas. Sri Lanka has 41 of them. Japan 38, Canada 24, Belgium 15, France ten. Some are used for public transport. Others advertise English school, beer, discotheques, even politicians.

The most popular British cult object, however, has no wheels and would not have moved at all if it was not for British Telecom. It is the red telephone box. In the past five years BT has replaced some 47,000 of them by glass kiosks which are supposed to provide "better lighting" and a "smell-free environment".

The Economist May 29th 1993

TEXT 13
LONELINESS
BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

In Loneliness by Sherwood Anderson we have the theme of paralysis, letting go, insecurity, control, freedom, loneliness and connection. Taken from his Winesburg, Ohio collection the story is narrated in the third person by an unnamed narrator and after reading the story the reader realises that Anderson may be exploring the theme of paralysis. Not only has Enoch ended up back in Winesburg, going full circle but throughout the story he makes very little movement. He spends most of his time when he is in New York living in his room, talking to his imaginary companions. It is as if he finds peace and solace talking to imaginary people rather than engaging constructively with the real world. There is also a sense that Enoch is not understood. Something that is noticeable from the time he allowed some fellow artists into his room. Despite his strong desire for them to see exactly what it is he has painted. They remain none the wiser though Enoch has very little difficulty interpreting his art (paintings of Winesburg). The fact that Enoch is painting scenes from Winesburg may also be important as it suggests that he may not necessarily have the ability to let go of his past. He may be living in New York but he is still somewhat rooted in Winesburg.

Anderson also appears to be exploring the theme of insecurity. Enoch rather than facing the real world creates an imaginary world. One that is usually associated with a child and not an adult. Though we know very little about Enoch's childhood we do know that he liked to be in control. Considering himself to be right all the time. Which suggests that Enoch (as a child) considered himself to be better than others. A trait he seems to have carried through to adulthood. It is as if no one has the capacity to reach the standards that Enoch

expects of others. It is also interesting that Enoch, though no reason is given, felt uncomfortable as both a husband and a father. Preferring to get divorced and move back to Washington Square. Not only would many critics consider this to be a backward step (and as such suggest a paralysis in Enoch's life) but it is also possible that he wishes to have no responsibilities. He does not wish to be answerable to others, like his wife and children. If anything marriage and children seem to mean a lack of freedom to Enoch. While married he is unable to live his life as he sees fit. Though the reader is aware that how Enoch lives his life is not progressive.

He is allowing himself to live a life of loneliness. Despite having the opportunity to stay married and raise his children Enoch prefers to retreat into an imaginary world in which he is in command. He has total control over his life while he is living in Washington Square. He is undisturbed by the outside world. Though at the same time he appears to be unaware of just how dysfunctional his life is. As any life would be should an individual chose to shut themselves off from the outside world. It may also be important that Anderson makes no mention of Enoch staying in touch with his ex-wife or children. Though he may be divorced he would still have a responsibility to his children. If anything Enoch has never grown in life. Though again the reader is unaware as to what the trigger may have been to stunt Enoch's development. It is possible that Anderson is suggesting that Enoch, having lived in Winesburg, has never sufficiently developed due to the fact he lived in a small town. However he has had ample opportunity to grow as a person after he left Winesburg but he never has.

The end of the story is also interesting. By including George Willard into the story Anderson may be suggesting that Enoch can connect with George. He may see in George what he once saw in himself. The aspiration and hopes of a young man to leave Winesburg and succeed. There is also a sense when Enoch is telling George about the woman who came into his room. That Enoch lacked the maturity to fully engage properly with the woman. It is clear that he liked her but it is also noticeable that he may have felt threatened by what she could do to him. If anything the woman brought confusion into Enoch's life. No longer was he in control of his environment. It is for this reason that Enoch may have lost the ability to escape into his own world. He may have realised that the woman who came into his room had the ability to help him reconnect with reality and rather than being able to forget about the woman. Enoch may have realised that everything he held dear, his imaginary world, was just that imaginary. For the first time since he was a child Enoch is left alone in a very real world. A world that he is unable to deal with and one that he cannot escape from. If anything there is a sense at the end of the story that Enoch is paralyzed by fear. He is fully aware of the crisis that exists in his life.

TEXT 14
NOBODY KNOWS
BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Looking cautiously about, George Willard arose from his desk in the office of the Winesburg Eagle and went hurriedly out at the back door. The night was warm and cloudy and although it was not yet eight o`clock, the alleyway back of the Eagle office was pitch dark. A team of horses tied to a post somewhere in the darkness stamped on the hardbaked ground. A cat sprang from under George Willard`s feet and ran away into the night. The young man was nervous. All day he had gone about his work like one dazed by a blow. In the alleyway he trembled as though with fright.

In the darkness George Willard walked along the alleyway, going carefully and cautiously. The back doors of the Winesburg stores were open and he could see men sitting about under the store lamps. In Myerbaum`s Notion Store Mrs. Willy the saloon keeper`s wife stood by the counter with a basket on her arm. Sid Green the clerk was waiting on her. He leaned over the counter and talked earnestly.

George Willard crouched and then jumped through the path of light that came out at the door. He began to run forward in the darkness. Behind Ed Griffith`s saloon old Jerry Bird the town drunkard lay asleep on the ground. The runner stumbled over the sprawling legs. He laughed brokenly.

George Willard had set forth upon an adventure. All day he had been trying to make up his mind to go through with the adventure and now he was acting. In the office of the Winesburg Eagle he had been sitting since six o`clock trying to think.

There had been no decision. He had just jumped to his feet, hurried past Will Henderson who was reading proof in the printshop and started to run along the alleyway.

Through street after street went George Willard, avoiding the people who passed. He crossed and recrossed the road. When he passed a street lamp he pulled his hat down over his face. He did not dare think. In his mind there was a fear but it was a new kind of fear. He was afraid the adventure on which he had set out would be spoiled, that he would lose courage and turn back.

George Willard found Louise Trunnion in the kitchen of her father`s house. She was washing dishes by the light of a kerosene lamp. There she stood behind the screen door in the little shedlike kitchen at the back of the house. George Willard stopped by a picket fence and tried to control the shaking of his body. Only a narrow potato patch separated him from the adventure. Five minutes passed before he felt sure enough of himself to call to her. “Louise! Oh, Louise!” he called. The cry stuck in his throat. His voice became a hoarse whisper.

Louise Trunnion came out across the potato patch holding the dish cloth in her hand. “How do you know I want to go out with you,” she said sulkily. “What makes you so sure?”

George Willard did not answer. In silence the two stood in the darkness with the fence between them. “You go on along,” she said. “Pa`s in there. I`ll come along. You wait by Williams` barn.”

The young newspaper reporter had received a letter from Louise Trunnion. It had come that morning to the office of the Winesburg Eagle. The letter was brief. “I`m yours if you want me,” it said. He thought it annoying that in the darkness by the fence she had pretended there was nothing between them. “She has a nerve! Well, gracious sakes, she has a nerve,” he muttered as he went along the street and passed a row of vacant lots where corn grew. The corn was shoulder high and had been planted right down to the sidewalk.

When Louise Trunnion came out of the front door of her house she still wore the gingham dress in which she had been washing dishes. There was no hat on her head. The boy could see her standing with the doorknob in her hand talking to someone within, no doubt to old Jake Trunnion, her father. Old Jake was half deaf and she shouted. The door closed and everything was dark and silent in the little side street. George Willard trembled more violently than ever.

In the shadows by Williams` barn George and Louise stood, not daring to talk. She was not particularly comely and there was a black smudge on the side of her nose. George thought she must have rubbed her nose with her finger after she had been handling some of the kitchen pots.

The young man began to laugh nervously. “It`s warm,” he said. He wanted to touch her with his hand. “I`m not very bold,” he thought. Just to touch the folds of the soiled gingham dress would, he decided, be an exquisite pleasure. She began to quibble. “You think you`re better than I am. Don`t tell me, I guess I know,” she said drawing closer to him.

A flood of words burst from George Willard. He remembered the look that had lurked in the girl`s eyes when they had met on the streets and thought of the note she had written. Doubt left him. The whispered tales concerning her that had gone about town gave him confidence. He became wholly the male, bold and aggressive. In his heart there was no sympathy for her. “Ah, come on, it`ll be all right. There won`t be anyone know anything. How can they know?” he urged.

They began to walk along a narrow brick sidewalk between the cracks of which tall weeds grew. Some of the bricks were missing and the sidewalk was rough and irregular. He took hold of her hand that was also rough and thought it delightfully small. “I can`t go far,” she said and her voice was quiet, unperturbed.

They crossed a bridge that ran over a tiny stream and passed another vacant lot in which corn grew. The street ended. In the path at the side of the road they were compelled to walk one behind the other. Will Overton`s berry field lay beside the road and there was a pile of boards. “Will is going to build a shed to store berry crates here,” said George and they sat down upon the boards.

When George Willard got back into Main Street it was past ten o`clock and had begun to rain. Three times he walked up and down the length of Main Street. Sylvester West`s Drug Store was still open and he went in and bought a cigar. When Shorty Crandall the clerk came out at the door with him he was pleased. For five minutes the two stood in the shelter of the store awning and talked. George Willard felt satisfied. He had wanted more than anything else to talk to some man. Around a corner toward the New Willard House he went whistling softly.

On the sidewalk at the side of Winney`s Dry Goods Store where there was a high board fence covered with circus pictures, he stopped whistling and stood perfectly still in the darkness, attentive, listening as though for a voice calling his name. Then again he laughed nervously. “She hasn`t got anything on me. Nobody knows,” he muttered doggedly and went on his way.

TEXT 15
THE FUN THEY HAD
BY ISAAC ASIMOV

Margie even wrote about it that night in her diary. On the page headed May 17, 2155, she wrote, “Today Tommy found a real book!”

It was a very old book. Margie’s grandfather once said that when he was a little boy his grandfather told him that there was a time when all stories were printed on paper.

They turned the pages, which were yellow and crinkly, and it was awfully funny to read words that stood still instead of moving the way they were supposed to-on a screen, you know. And then, when they turned back to the page before, it had the same words on it that it had had when they read it the first time.

“Gee,” said Tommy, “what a waste. When you’re through with the book, you just throw it away, I guess. Our television screen must have had a million books on it and it’s good for plenty more. I wouldn’t throw it away.”

“Same with mine,” said Margie. She was eleven and hadn’t seen as many telebooks as Tommy had. He was thirteen.

She said, “Where did you find it?”

“In my house.” He pointed without looking, because he was busy reading. “In the attic.”

“What’s it about?”

“School.”

Margie was scornful. “School? What’s there to write about school? I hate school.” Margie always hated school, but now she hated it-more than ever. The mechanical teacher had been giving her test after test in geography and she had been doing worse and worse until her mother had shaken her head sorrowfully and sent for the County Inspector.

He was a round little man with a red face and a whole box of tools with dials and wires. He smiled at her and gave her an apple, then took the teacher apart. Margie had hoped he wouldn't know how to put it together again, but he knew how all right and, after an hour or so, there it was again, large and black and ugly with a big screen on which all the lessons were shown and the questions were asked. That wasn't so bad. The part she hated most was the slot where she had to put homework and test papers. She always had to write them out in a punch code they made her learn when she was six years old, and the mechanical teacher calculated the mark in no time.

The inspector had smiled after he was finished and patted her head. He said to her mother, "It's not the little girl's fault, Mrs. Jones. I think the geography sector was geared a little too quick. Those things happen sometimes. I've slowed it up to an average ten-year level. Actually, the over-all pattern of her progress is quite satisfactory." And he patted Margie's head again.

Margie was disappointed. She had been hoping they would take the teacher away altogether. They had once taken Tommy's teacher away for nearly a month because the history sector had blanked out completely.

So she said to Tommy, "Why would anyone write about school?"

Tommy looked at her with very superior eyes. "Because it's not our kind of school, stupid. This is the old kind of school that they had hundreds and hundreds of years ago." He added loftily, pronouncing the word carefully, "Centuries ago."

Margie was hurt. "Well, I don't know what kind of school they had all that time ago." She read the book over his shoulder for a while, then said, "Anyway, they had a teacher."

"Sure they had a teacher, but it wasn't a regular teacher. It was a man."

"A man? How could a man be a teacher?"

Well, he just told the boys and girls things and gave them homework and asked them questions."

"A man isn't smart enough."

"Sure he is. My father knows as much as my teacher."

"He can't. A man can't know as much as a teacher."

"He knows almost as much I betcha."

Margie wasn't prepared to dispute that. She said, "I wouldn't want a strange man in my house to teach me."

Tommy screamed with laughter, "You don't know much, Margie. The teachers didn't live in the house. They had a special building and all the kids went there."

"And all the kids learned the same thing?"

"Sure, if they were the same age."

"But my mother says a teacher has to be adjusted to fit the mind of each boy and girl it teaches and that each kid has to be taught differently."

"Just the same, they didn't do it that way then. If you don't like it, you don't have to read the book."

"I didn't say I didn't like it," Margie said quickly. She wanted to read about those funny schools.

They weren't even half finished when Margie's mother called, "Margie! School!"

Margie looked up. "Not yet, mamma."

"Now," said Mrs. Jones. "And it's probably time for Tommy, too."

Margie said to Tommy, "Can I read the book some more with you after school?"

"Maybe," he said, nonchalantly. He walked away whistling, the dusty old book tucked beneath his arm.

Margie went into the schoolroom. It was right next to her bedroom, and the mechanical teacher was on and waiting for her. It was always on at the same time every day except Saturday and Sunday, because her mother said little girls learned better if they learned at regular hours.

The screen was lit up, and it said: "Today's arithmetic lesson is on the addition of proper fractions. Please insert yesterday's homework in the proper slot."

Margie did so with a sigh. She was thinking about the old schools they had when her grandfather's grandfather was a little boy. All the kids from the whole neighborhood came, laughing and shouting in the schoolyard, sitting together in the schoolroom, going home together at the end of the day. They learned the same things so they could help one another on the homework and talk about it.

And the teachers were people ....

The mechanical teacher was flashing on the screen: "When we add the fractions 1/2 and 1/4 . . ."

Margie was thinking about how the kids must have loved it in the old days. She was thinking about the fun they had.

TEXT 16
SNOW
BY ANN BEATTIE

I remember the cold night you brought in a pile of logs and a chipmunk jumped off as you lowered your arms. «What do you think ***you're*** doing in here?" you said, as it ran through the living room. It went through the library and stopped at the front door as though it knew the house well. This would be difficult for anyone to believe, except perhaps as the subject of a poem. Our first week in the house was spent scraping, finding some of the house's secrets, like wallpaper underneath wallpaper. In the kitchen, a pattern of white-gold trellises supported purple grapes as big and round as Ping-Pong balls. When we painted the walls yellow, I thought of the bits of grape that remained underneath and imagined the vine popping through, the way some plants can tenaciously push through anything.

The day of the big snow, when you had to shovel the walk and couldn't find your cap and asked me how to wind a towel so that it would stay on your head – you, in white towel turban, like a crazy king of snow. People liked the idea of our being together leaving the city for the country. So many people visited, and the fire place made all of them want to tell amazing stories: the child who happened to be standing on the right corner when the door of the ice-cream truck came open and hundreds of Popsicles crashed out; the man standing on the beach, sand sparkling in the sun, one bit glinting more than the rest, stooping to find a diamond ring. Did they talk about amazing things because they thought we'd run into one of them? Now I think they probably guessed it wouldn't work it was as hopeless as giving a child a matched cup and saucer. Remember the night, out on the lawn, knee-deep in snow, chins pointed at the sky as the wind whirled down all that whiteness? It seemed that the world had been turned upside down, and we were looking into an enormous field of Queen Anne's lace. Later, headlights off, our car was the first to ride through the newly fallen snow. The world outside the car looked solarised.

You remember it differently. You remember that the cold settled in stages, that a small curve of light was shaved from the moon night after night, until you were no longer surprised the sky was black, that the chipmunk ran to hide in the dark, not simply to a door that led to its escape. Our visitors told the same stories people always tell. One night, giving me lessons in storytelling, you said, "Any life will seem dramatic if you omit mention of most of it"

This, then, for drama: I drove back to that house not long ago. It was April, and Allen had died. In spite of all the visitors, Allen, next door, had been the good friend in bad times. I sat with his wife in their living room looking out the grass doors to the backyard, and there was Allen's pool, still covered with black plastic that had been stretched across it for winter. It had rained, and as the rain fell, the cover collected more and more water until it finally spilled onto the concrete. When I left that day, I drove past what had been our house. Three or four crocuses were blooming in the front – just a few dots of white, no field of snow. I felt embarrassed for them. They couldn't compete.

This is a story, told the way you say stories should be told: Somebody grew up, fell in love, and spent a winter with her lover in the country. This, of course, is the barest outline, and futile to discuss. It as pointless as throwing birdseed on the ground while snow still falls fast. Who expects small things to survive when even the largest get lost? People forget years and remember moments. Seconds and symbols are left to sum things up: the black shroud over the pool. Love, in its shortest form, becomes a word. What I remember about all that time is one winter. The snow. Even now, saying "snow", my lips move so that they kiss the air.

No mention has been made of the snowplow that seemed always to be there, scraping snow off our narrow road – an artery cleared, though neither of us could have said where the heart was.

TEXT 17
THE STORY OF AN HOUR
BY KATE CHOPIN

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will--as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been. When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly

parted lips. She said it over and over under hte breath: “free, free, free!” The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial. She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him--sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

“Free! Body and soul free!” she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhold, imploring for admission. “Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door--you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven’s sake open the door.”

“Go away. I am not making myself ill.” No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister’s importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister’s waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine’s piercing cry; at Richards’ quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease of the joy that kills.

TEXT 18
THE FORSYTE SAGA
BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

He woke in the morning so unrefreshed and strengthless that he sent for the doctor. After sounding him, the fellow pulled a face as long as your arm, and ordered him to stay in bed and give up smoking. That was no hardship; there was nothing to get up for, and when he felt ill, tobacco always lost its savour. He spent the morning languidly with the sun-blinds down, turning and re-turning The Times, not reading much, the dog Balthasar lying beside his bed. With his lunch they brought him a telegram, running thus:

'Your letter received coming down this afternoon will be with you at four-thirty. Irene.'

Coming down! After all! Then she did exist—and he was not deserted. Coming down! A glow ran through his limbs; his cheeks and forehead felt hot. He drank his soup, and pushed the tray-table away, lying very quiet until they had removed lunch and left him alone; but every now and then his eyes twinkled. Coming down! His heart beat fast, and then did not seem to beat at all. At three o'clock he got up and dressed deliberately, noiselessly. Holly and Mam'zelle would be in the schoolroom, and the servants asleep after their dinner, he shouldn't wonder. He opened his door cautiously, and went downstairs. In the hall the dog Balthasar lay solitary, and, followed by him, old Jolyon passed into his study and out into the burning afternoon. He meant to go down and meet her in the coppice, but felt at once he could not manage that in this heat. He sat down instead under the oak tree by the swing, and the dog Balthasar, who also felt the heat, lay down beside him. He sat there smiling. What a revel of bright minutes! What a hum of insects, and cooing of pigeons! It was the quintessence of a summer day. Lovely! And he was happy—happy as a sand-boy, whatever that might be. She was coming; she had not given him up! He had everything in life he wanted—except a little more breath, and less weight—just here! He would see her when she emerged from the fernery, come swaying just a little, a violet-grey figure passing over the daisies and dandelions and 'soldiers' on the lawn—the soldiers with their flowery crowns. He would not move, but she would come up to him and say: 'Dear Uncle Jolyon, I am sorry!' and sit in the swing and let him look at her and tell her that he had not been very well but was all right now; and that dog would lick her hand. That dog knew his master was fond of her; that dog was a good dog.

It was quite shady under the tree; the sun could not get at him, only make the rest of the world bright so that he could see the Grand Stand at Epsom away out there, very far, and the cows cropping the clover in the field and swishing at the flies with their tails. He smelled the scent of limes, and lavender. Ah! that was

why there was such a racket of bees. They were excited—busy, as his heart was busy and excited. Drowsy, too, drowsy and drugged on honey and happiness; as his heart was drugged and drowsy. Summer — summer — they seemed saying; great bees and little bees, and the flies too!

The stable clock struck four; in half an hour she would be here. He would have just one tiny nap, because he had had so little sleep of late; and then he would be fresh for her, fresh for youth and beauty, coming towards him across the sunlit lawn—lady in grey! And settling back in his chair he closed his eyes. Some thistle-down came on what little air there was, and pitched on his moustache more white than itself. He did not know; but his breathing stirred it, caught there. A ray of sunlight struck through and lodged on his boot. A bumble-bee alighted and strolled on the crown of his Panama hat. And the delicious surge of slumber reached the brain beneath that hat, and the head swayed forward and rested on his breast. Summer — summer! So went the hum.

The stable clock struck the quarter past. The dog Balthasar stretched and looked up at his master. The thistledown no longer moved. The dog placed his chin over the sunlit foot. It did not stir. The dog withdrew his chin quickly, rose, and leaped on old Jolyon's lap, looked in his face, whined; then, leaping down, sat on his haunches, gazing up. And suddenly he uttered a long, long howl.

But the thistledown was still as death, and the face of his old master. Summer — summer — summer! The soundless footsteps on the grass!

TEXT 19
A VERY SHORT STORY
BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

One hot evening in Padua they carried him up onto the roof and he could look out over the top of the town. There were chimney swifts in the sky. After a while it got dark and the searchlights came out. The others went down and took the bottles with them. He and Luz could hear them below on the balcony. Luz sat on the bed. She was cool and fresh in the hot night.

Luz stayed on night duty for three months. They were glad to let her. When they operated on him she prepared him for the operating table; and they had a joke about friend or enema. He went under the anesthetic holding tight on to himself so he would not blab about anything during the silly, talky time. After he got on crutches he used to take the temperatures so Luz would not have to get up from the bed. There were only a few patients, and they all knew about it. They all liked Luz. As he walked back along the halls he thought of Luz in his bed.

Before he went back to the front they went into the Duomo and prayed. It was dim and quiet, and there were other people praying. They wanted to get married, but there was not enough time for the banns, and neither of them had

birth certificates. They felt as though they were married, but they wanted every one to know about it, and to make it so they could not lose it.

Luz wrote him many letters that he never got until after the armistice. Fifteen came in a bunch to the front and he sorted them by the dates and read them all straight through. They were all about the hospital, and how much she loved him and how it was impossible to get along without him and how terrible it was missing him at night.

After the armistice they agreed he should go home to get a job so they might be married. Luz would not come home until he had a good job and could come to New York to meet her. It was understood he would not drink, and he did not want to see his friends or any one in the States. Only to get a job and be married. On the train from Padua to Milan they quarrelled about her not being willing to come home at once. When they had to say good-bye, in the station at Milan, they kissed good-bye, but were not finished with the quarrel. He felt sick about saying good-bye like that.

He went to America on a boat from Genoa. Luz went back to Pordonone to open a hospital. It was lonely and rainy there, and there was a battalion of arditi quartered in the town. Living in the muddy, rainy town in the winter, the major of the battalion made love to Luz, and she had never known Italians before, and finally wrote to the States that theirs had been only a boy and girl affair. She was sorry, and she knew he would probably not be able to understand, but might someday forgive her, and be grateful to her, and she expected, absolutely unexpectedly, to be married in the spring. She loved him as always, but she realized now it was only a boy and girl love. She hoped he would have a great career, and believed in him absolutely. She knew it was for the best.

The major did not marry her in the spring, or any other time. Luz never got an answer to the letter to Chicago about it. A short time after he contracted gonorrhea from a sales girl in a loop department store while riding in a taxicab through Lincoln Park.

Источник: http://www.refolit-info.ru/Stylistica/text_a_short_story.html

“Art For Heart’s Sake” by Reuben Goldberg_

“Here, take your juice,” said Koppel, Mr. Ellsworth’s servant and nurse.

“No,” said Collis P. Ellsworth.

“But it’s for you, sir!”

“No!”

“The doctor insists on it.”

“No!”

Koppel heard the front door bell and was glad to leave the room. He found Doctor Caswell in the hall down-stairs.

“I can’t do a thing with him,” he told the doctor.” He doesn’t want to take his juice. I can’t persuade him to take his medicine. He doesn’t want me to read to him. He hates TV. He doesn’t like anything!”

Doctor Caswell took the information with his usual professional calm. This was not an ordinary case. The old gentleman was in pretty good health for a man of seventy. But it was necessary to keep him from buying things. His financial transactions always ended in failure, which was bad for his health.

"How are you this morning? Feeling better?" asked the doctor. "I hear you haven't been obeying my orders."

The doctor drew up a chair and sat down close to the old man. He had to do his duty. "I'd like to make a suggestion," he said quietly. He didn't want to argue with the old man.

Old Ellsworth looked at him over his glasses. The way Doctor Caswell said it made him suspicios. "What is it, more medicine, more automobile rides to keep me away from the office?" the old man asked with suspicion. "Not at all," said the doctor. "I've been thinking of something different. As a matter of fact I'd like to suggest that you should take up art. I don't mean seriously of course," said the doctor, "just try. You'll like it."

Much to his surprise the old man agreed. He only asked who was going to teach him drawing. "I've thought of that too," said the doctor. "I know a student from an art school who can come round once a week. If you don't like it, after a little while you can throw him out." The person he had in mind and promised to bring over was a certain Frank Swain, eighteen years old and a capable student. Like most students he needed money, doctor Caswell kept his promise.

He got in touch with Frank Swain and the lessons began. The old man liked it so much that when at the end of the first lesson Koppel came in and apologized to him for interrupting the lesson, as the old man needed a rest, Ellsworth looked disappointed.

When the art student came the following week, he saw a drawing on the table. It was a vase. But something was definitely wrong with it.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked the old man stepping aside.

"I don't mean to hurt you, sir…", began Swain.

"I see," the old man interrupted, "the halves don't match. I can't say I am good at drawing. Listen, young man," he whispered. "I want to ask you something before Old Juice comes again. I don't want to speak in his presence."

"Yes, sir," said Swain with respect.

"I've been thinking… Could you come twice a week or perhaps three times?"

"Sure, Mr. Ellsworth," the student said respectfully.

"When shall I come?"

They arranged to meet on Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

As the weeks went by, Swain's visits grew more frequent. The old man drank his juice obediently. Doctor Caswell hoped that business had been forgotten forever.

When spring came, Ellsworth painted a picture which he called "Trees Dressed in White." The picture was awful. The trees in it looked like salad

thrown up against the wall. Then he announced that he was going to display it at the Summer Show at the Lathrop Gallery. Doctor Caswell and Swain didn't believe it. They thought the old man was joking.

The summer show at the Lathrop Gallery was the biggest exhibition of the year. All outstanding artists in the United States dreamt of winning a Lathrop prize.

To the astonishment of all "Trees Dressed in White" was accepted for the Show.

Young Swain went to the exhibition one afternoon and blushed when he saw "Trees Dressed in White" hanging on the wall. As two visitors stopped in front of the strange picture, Swain rushed out. He was ashamed that a picture like that had been accepted for the show.

However Swain did not give up teaching the old man. Every time Koppel entered the room he found the old man painting something. Koppel even thought of hiding the brush from him. The old man seldom mentioned his picture and was usually cheerful.

Two days before the close of the exhibition Ellsworth received a letter. Koppel brought it when Swain and the doctor were in the room. "Read it to me," asked the old man putting aside the brush he was holding in his hand. "My eyes are tired from painting." The letter said: "It gives the Lathrop Gallery pleasure to announce that Collis P. Ellsworth has been awarded the First Landscape Prize of ten thousand dollars for his painting "Trees Dressed in White".

Swain became dumb with astonishment. Koppel dropped the glass with juice he was about to give Ellsworth. Doctor Caswell managed to keep calm. "Congratulations, Mr. Ellsworth," said the doctor. "Fine, fine… Frankly, I didn't expect that your picture would more satisfying than business."

"Art is nothing. I bought the Lathrop Gallery," said the old man highly pleased with the effect of his deception.

TEXT 20
THREE MEN IN A BOAT
BY JEROME K. JEROME
(Fragment)

We got out at Sonning, and went for a walk round the village. It is the most fairy-like little nook on the whole river. It is more like a stage village than one built of bricks and mortar. Every house is smothered in roses, and now, in early June, they were bursting forth in clouds of dainty splendour. If you stop at Sonning, put up at the "Bull," behind the church. It is a veritable picture of an old country inn, with green, square courtyard in front, where, on seats beneath the trees, the old men group of an evening to drink their ale and gossip over village politics; with low, quaint rooms and latticed windows, and awkward stairs and winding passages.

We roamed about sweet Sonning for an hour or so, and then, it being too late to push on past Reading, we decided to go back to one of the Shiplake islands, and put up there for the night. It was still early when we got settled, and George said that, as we had plenty of time, it would be a splendid opportunity to try a good, slap-up supper. He said he would show us what could be done up the river in the way of cooking, and suggested that, with the vegetables and the remains of the cold beef and general odds and ends, we should make an Irish stew.

It seemed a fascinating idea. George gathered wood and made a fire, and Harris and I started to peel the potatoes I should never have thought that peeling potatoes was such an undertaking. The job turned out to be the biggest thing of its kind that I had ever been in. We began cheerfully, one might almost say skittishly, but our light-heartedness was gone by the time the first potato was finished. The more we peeled, the more peel there seemed to be left on; by the time we had got all the peel off and all the eyes out, there was no potato left, at least none worth speaking of. George came and had a look at it, it was about the size of a pea-nut.

He said:

"Oh, that won't do! You're wasting them. You must scrape them."

So we scraped them, and that was harder work than peeling. They are such an extraordinary shape, potatoes, all bumps and warts and hollows. We worked steadily for five-and-twenty minutes, and did four potatoes. Then we struck. We said we should require the rest of the evening for scraping ourselves.

I never saw such a thing as potato-scraping for making a fellow in a mess. It seemed difficult to believe that the potato-scrapings in which Harris and I stood, half smothered, could have come off four potatoes. It shows you what can be done with economy and care.

George said it was absurd to have only four potatoes in an Irish stew, so we washed half-a-dozen or so more, and put them in without peeling. We also put in a cabbage and about half a peck of peas. George stirred it all up, and then he said that there seemed to be a lot of room to spare, so we overhauled both the hampers, and picked out all the odds and ends and the remnants, and added them to the stew. There were half a pork pie and a bit of cold boiled bacon left, and we put them in. Then George found half a tin of potted salmon, and he emptied that into the pot.

He said that was the advantage of Irish stew: you got rid of such a lot of things. I fished out a couple of eggs that had got cracked, and put those in. George said they would thicken the gravy.

I forget the other ingredients, but I know nothing was wasted; and I remember that, towards the end, Montmorency, who had evinced great interest in the proceedings throughout, strolled away with an earnest and thoughtful air, reappearing, a few minutes afterwards, with a dead water rat in his mouth, which he evidently wished to present as his contribution to the dinner; whether in a sarcastic spirit, or with a genuine desire to assist, I cannot say.

We had a discussion as to whether the rat should go in or not. Harris said that he thought it would be all right, mixed up with the other things, and that every little helped; but George stood up for precedent. He said he had never heard of water-rats in Irish stew, and he would rather be on the safe side, and not try experiments.

Harris said:

"If you never try a new thing, how can you tell what it's like? It's men such as you that hamper the world's progress. Think of the man who first tried German sausage!"

It was a great success, that Irish stew. I don't think I ever enjoyed a meal more. There was something so fresh and piquant about it. One's palate gets so tired of the old hackneyed things: here was a dish with a new flavour, with a taste like nothing else on earth.

And it was nourishing, too. As George said, there was good stuff in it. The peas and potatoes might have been a bit softer, but we all had good teeth, so that did not matter much: and as for the gravy, it was a poem, a little too rich, perhaps, for a weak stomach, but nutritious.

TEXT 21
SALVATORE
BY SOMERSET MAUGHAM

I wonder if I can do it.

I knew Salvatore first when he was a boy of fifteen with a pleasant face, a laughing mouth and care-free eyes. He used to spend the morning lying about the beach with next to nothing on and his brown body was as thin as a rail. He was full of grace. He was in and out of the sea all the time swimming with the clumsy, effortless stroke common to the fisher boat.

Scrambling up the jagged rocks on his hard feet, for except on Sundays never wore shoes, he would throw himself into the deep water with a scream of delight. His father was a fisherman who owned his own little vineyard and Salvatore acted as nursemaid to his two younger brothers. He shouted to them to come inshore when they ventured out too far and made them dress when it was time to climb the hot, vineclad hill for the frugal midday meal.

But boys in those Southern parts grow apace and in a little while he was madly in love with a pretty girl who lived on the Grande Marina. She had eyes like forest pools and held herself like a daughter of the Caesars. They were affianced, but they could not marry till Salvatore had done his military service, and when he left the island which he had never left in his life before, to become a sailor in the navy of King Victor Emmanuel, he wept like a child. It was hard for one who had never been less free than the birds to be at the beck and call

of others, it was harder still to live in a battleship with strangers instead of in a little white cottage among the vines; and when he was ashore, to walk in noisy, friendless cities with streets so crowded that he was frightened to cross them, when he had been used to silent paths and the mountains and the sea. I suppose it had never struck him that Ischia, which he looked at every evening (it was like a fairy island in the sunset) to see what the weather would be like next day, or Vesuvius, pearly in the dawn, had anything to do with him at all; but when he ceased to have them before his eyes he realized in some dim fashion that they were as much part of him as his hands and his feet. He was dreadfully homesick. But it was hardest of all to be parted from the girl he loved with all his passionate young heart. He wrote to her (in his childlike handwriting) long, ill-spelt letters in which he told her how constantly he thought of her and how much he longed to be back. He was sent here and there, to Spezzia, to Venice, to Ban and finally to China. Here he fell ill of some mysterious ailment that kept him in hospital for months. He bore it with the mute and uncomprehending patience of a dog. When he learnt that it was a form of rheumatism that made him unfit for further service his heart exulted, for he could go home; and he did not bother, in fact he scarcely listened, when the doctors told him that he would never again be quite well. What did he care when he was going back to the little island he loved so well and the girl who was waiting for him?

When he got into the rowing-boat that met the steamer from Naples and was rowed ashore he saw his father and mother standing on the jetty and his two brothers, big boys now, and he waved to them. His eyes searched among the crowd that waited there, for the girl. He could not see her. There was a great deal of kissing when he jumped up the steps and they all, emotional creatures, cried a little when they exchanged their greetings. He asked where the girl was. His mother told him that she did not know; they had not seen her for two or three weeks; so in the evening when the moon was shining over the placid sea and the lights of Naples twinkled in the distance he walked down to the Grande Marina to her house. She was sitting on the doorstep with her mother. He was a little shy because he had not seen her for so long. He asked her if she had not received the letter that he had written to her to say that he was coming home. Yes, they had received a letter, and they had been told by another of the island boys that he was ill. Yes, that was why he was back; was it not a piece of luck? Oh, but they had heard that he would never be quite well again. The doctor talked a lot of nonsense, but he knew very well that now he was home again he would recover. They were silent for a little, and then the mother nudged the girl. She did not try to soften the blow. She told him straight out, with the blunt directness of her race that she could not marry a man who would never be strong enough to work like a man. They had made up their minds, her mother and father and she, and her father would never give consent.

When Salvatore went home he found that they all knew. The girl's father had been to tell them what they had decided, but they had lacked the courage to tell him themselves. He wept on his mother's bosom. He was terribly unhappy, but he did not blame the girl. A fisherman's life is hard and it needs strength and endurance. He knew very well that a girl could not afford to marry a man who might not be able to support her. His smile was very sad and his eyes had the look of a dog that has been beaten, but he did not complain, and he never said a hard word of the girl he had loved so well.

Then, a few months later, when he had settled down to the common round, working in his father's vineyard and fishing, his mother told him that there was a young woman in the village who was willing to marry him. Her name was Assunta.

"She's as ugly as the devil," he said.

She was older than he, twenty-four or twenty-five, and she had been engaged to a man who, while doing his military service, had been killed in Africa. She had a little money of her own and if Salvatore married her she could buy him a boat of his own and they could take a vineyard that by happy chance happened at that moment to be without a tenant. His mother told him that Assunta had seen him at the festa and had fallen in love with him. Salvatore smiled his sweet smile and said he would think about it. On the following Sunday, dressed in the stiff black clothes in which he looked so much less well than in the ragged shirt and trousers of every day, he went up to High Mass at the parish church and placed himself so that he could have a good look at the young woman. When he came down again he told his mother that he was willing.

Well, they were married and they settled down in a tiny white-washed house in the middle of a handsome vineyard. Salvatore was now a great, big husky fellow, tall and broad, but still with that ingenuous smile and those trusting, kindly eyes that he had as a boy. He had the most beautiful manners I have ever seen in my life. Assunta was a grim-visaged female, with decided features, and she looked old for her years. But she had a good heart and she was no fool. I used to be amused by the little smile of devotion that she gave her husband when he was being very masculine and masterful; she never ceased to be touched by his gentle sweetness. But she could not bear the girl who had thrown him over, and notwithstanding Salvatore's smiling expostulations she had nothing but harsh words for her. Presently children were born to them.

It was a hard enough life. All through the fishing season towards evening he set out in his boat with one of his brothers for the fishing grounds. It was a long pull of six or seven miles, and he spent the night catching the profitable cuttlefish. Then there was the long row back again in order to sell the catch in time for it to go on the early boat to Naples. At other times he was working in his vineyard from dawn till the heat drove him to rest and then again, when it was a trifle cooler, till dusk. Often his rheumatism prevented him from doing

anything at all and then he would lie about the beach, smoking cigarettes, with a pleasant word for everyone notwithstanding the pain that racked his limbs. The foreigners who came down to bathe and saw him there said that these Italian fishermen were lazy devils.

Sometimes he used to bring his children down to give them a bath. They were both boys and at this time the elder was three and the younger less than two. They sprawled about at the water's edge stark naked and Salvatore standing on a rock would dip them in the water. The elder one bore it with stoicism, but the baby screamed lustily. Salvatore had enormous hands, like legs of mutton, coarse and hard from constant toil, but when he bathed his children, holding them so tenderly, drying them with delicate care; upon my word they were like flowers. He would seat the naked baby on the palm of his hand and hold him up, laughing a little at his smallness, and his laugh was like the laughter of an angel. His eyes then were as candid as his child's.

I started by saying that I wondered if I could do it and now I must tell you what it is that I have tried to do. I wanted to see whether I could hold your attention for a few pages while I drew for you the portrait of a man, just an ordinary fisherman who possessed nothing in the world except a quality which is the rarest, the most precious and the loveliest that anyone can have. Heaven only knows why he should so strangely and unexpectedly have possessed it. All I know is that it shone in him with a radiance that, if it had not been unconscious and so humble, would have been to the common run of men hardly bearable. And in case you have not guessed what the quality was, I will tell you. Goodness, just goodness.

TEXT 22
THE ESCAPE
BY SOMERSET MAUGHAM

I have always believed that if a woman made up her mind to marry a man nothing could save him. I have only once known a man who in such circumstances managed to save himself. His name was Roger Charing. He was no longer young when he fell in love with Ruth Barlow and he had had enough experience to make him careful; but Ruth Barlow had a gift that makes most men defenceless. This was the gift of pathos. Mrs. Barlow was twice a widow. She had splendid dark eyes and they were the most moving I ever saw. They seemed to be always on the point of filling with tears and you felt that her sufferings had been impossible to bear. If you were a strong fellow with plenty of money, like Roger Charing, you should say to yourself: I must stand between the troubles of life and this helpless little thing. Mrs. Barlow was one of those unfortunate persons with whom nothing goes right. If she married the husband beat her; if she employed a broker he cheated her; if she took a cook she drank.

When Roger told me that he was going to marry her, I wished him joy. As for me I thought she was stupid and as hard as nails.

Roger introduced her to his friends. He gave her lovely jewels. He took her everywhere. Their marriage was announced for the nearest future. Roger was very pleased with himself, he was committing a good action.

Then suddenly he fell out of love. I don't know why. Perhaps that pathetic look of hers ceased to touch his heart-strings. He realized that Ruth Barlow had made up her mind to marry him and he swore that nothing would make him marry her. Roger knew it wouldn't be easy.

Roger didn't show that his feelings to Ruth Barlol had changed. He remained attentive to all her wishes, he took her to dine at restaurants, he sent her flowers, he was charming.

They were to get married as soon as they found a house that suited them; and they started looking for residences. The agents sent Roger orders to view and he took Ruth to see some houses. It was very difficult to find anything satisfactory. They visited house after house. Sometimes they were too large and sometimes they were too small; sometimes they were too far from the centre and sometimes they were too close; sometimes they were too expensive and sometimes they wanted too many repairs; sometimes they were too stuffy and sometimes they were too airy. Roger always found a fault that made the house unsuitable. He couldn't let his dear Ruth to live in a bad house.

Ruth began to grow peevish. Roger asked her to have patience. They looked at hundreds of houses; they climbed thousands of stairs. Ruth was exhausted and often lost her temper. For two years they looked for houses. Ruth grew silent, her eyes no longer looked beautiful and pathetic. There are limits to human patience.

"Do you want to marry me or do you not?" she asked him one day.

"Of course I do. We'll be married the very moment we find a house.

"I don't feel well enough to look at any more houses."

Ruth Barlow took to her bed. Roger remained gallant as ever. Every day he wrote her and told her that he had heard of another house for them to look at. A week later he received the following letter:

'Roger —

I do not think you really love me. I've found someone who really wants to take care of me and I am going to be married to him today.

Ruth.'

He sent back his reply:

'Ruth -

I'll never get over this blow. But your happiness must be my first concern. I send you seven addresses. I am sure you'll find among them a house that will exactly suit you.

Roger.

TEXT 23
THE POET
BY SOMERSET MAUGHAM

I am not much interested in the celebrated and I have never had patience with the passion that afflicts so many to shake hands with the great ones of the earth. When it is proposed to me to meet some person distinguished above his fellows by his rank or his attainments, I seek for a civil excuse that may enable me to avoid the honour; and when my friend Diego Torre suggested giving me an introduction to Santa Ana I declined. But for once the excuse I made was sincere; Santa Ana was not only a great poet but also a romantic figure and it would have amused me to see in his decrepitude a man whose adventures (in Spain at least) were legendary; but I knew that he was old and ill and I could not believe that it would be anything but a nuisance to him to meet a stranger and a foreigner. Calisto de Santa Ana was the last descendant of the Grand School; in a world unsympathetic to Byronism he had led a Byronic existence and he had narrated his hazardous life in a series of poems that had brought him a fame unknown to his contemporaries. I am no judge of their value, for I read them first when I was three-and-twenty and then was enraptured by them; they had a passion, a heroic arrogance and a multi-coloured vitality that swept me off my feet, and to this day, so intermingled are those ringing fines and haunting cadences with the charming memories of my youth, I cannot read them without a beating heart. I am inclined to think that Calisto de Santa Ana deserves the reputation he enjoys among the Spanish-speaking peoples. In those days his verses were on the lips of all young men and my friends would talk to me endlessly of his wild ways, his vehement speeches (for he was a politician as well as a poet), his incisive wit, and his amours. He was a rebel and sometimes an outlaw, daring and adventurous; but above all he was a lover. We knew all about his passion for this great actress or that divine singer - had we not read till we knew them by heart the burning sonnets in which he described his love, his anguish, and his wrath? - and we were aware that an infanta of Spain, the proudest descendant of the Bourbons, having yielded to his entreaties, had taken the veil when he ceased to love her. When the Philips, her royal ancestors, tired of a mistress she entered a convent, for it was unfitting that one whom the King had loved should be loved by another, and was not Calisto de Santa Ana greater than any earthly king? We applauded the lady's romantic gesture; it was creditable to her and flattering to our poet.

But all this took place many years ago and for a quarter of a century Don Calisto, disdainfully withdrawing from a world that had nothing more to offer, had lived in seclusion in his native town of Ecija. It was when I announced my intention of going there (I had been spending a week or two in Seville)

not because of him, but because it is a charming little Andalusian town with associations that endear it to me, that Diego Torre offered me this introduction. It appeared that Don Calisto allowed the younger men of letters occasionally to visit him and now and then would talk to them with the fire that had electrified his hearers in the great days of his prime.

'What does he look like now?' I asked.

`Magnificent '

`Have you a photograph of him?'

`I wish I had. He has refused to face the camera since he was thirty-five. He says he does not wish posterity to know him other than young.'

I confess that I found this suggestion of vanity not a little touching. I knew that in early manhood he was of extraordinary beauty, and that moving sonnet of his written when he grew conscious that youth had for ever left him shows with what a bitter and sardonic pang he must have watched the passing of those looks that had been so fantastically admired.

But I refused my friend's offer; I was quite satisfied to read once more the poems I had known so well and for the rest I preferred to wander about the silent and sunswept streets of Ecija in freedom. It was with some consternation therefore that on the evening of my arrival I received a note from the great man himself. Diego Torre had written to him of my visit, he said, and it would give him great pleasure if I would call on him at eleven next morning. In the circumstances there was nothing for me to do but to present myself at his house at the appointed hour.

My hotel was in the Plaza and on that spring morning it was animated, but as soon as I left it I might have walked in a deserted city. The streets, the tortuous white streets, were empty but for a woman in black now and then who returned with measured steps from her devotions. Ecija is a town of churches and you can seldom go far without seeing a crumbling facade or a tower in which storks have built their nests. Once I paused to watch a string of little donkeys pass by. Their red caparisons were faded and they carried I know not what in their panniers. But Ecija has been a place of consequence in its day and many of these white houses have gateways of stone surmounted by imposing coats of arms, for to this remote spot flowed the riches of the New World and adventurers who had gathered wealth in the Americas spent here their declining years. It was in one of these houses that Don Calisto lived and as I stood at the reja after pulling the bell, I was pleased to think that he lived in such a fitting style. There was a dilapidated grandeur about the massive gateway that suited my impression of the flamboyant poet. Though I heard the bell peal hrough the house no one answered it and I rang a second and then a third time: at last an old woman with a heavy moustache came to the gate.

'What do you want?' she said.

She had fine black eyes, but a sullen look, and I supposed that it was she who took care of the old man. I gave her my card.

`I have an appointment with your master.'

She opened the iron gateway and bade me enter. Asking me to wait she left me and went upstairs. The patio was pleasantly cool after the street. Its proportions were noble and you surmised that it had been built by some follower of the conquistadores; but the paint was tarnished, the tiles on the floor broken, and here and there great flakes of plaster had fallen away. There was about everything an air of poverty but not of squalor. I knew that Don Calisto was poor. Money had come to him easily at times but he had never attached any importance to it and had spent it profusely. It was plain that he lived now in a penury that he disdained to notice. In the middle of the patio was a table with a rocking-chair on each side of it, and on the table newspapers a fortnight old. I wondered what dreams occupied his fancy as he sat there on the warm summer nights, smoking cigarettes. On the walls under the colonnade were Spanish pictures, dark and bad, and here and there stood an ancient dusty bargueno and on it a mended lustre plate. By the side of a door hung a pair of old pistols, and I had a pleasant fancy that they were the weapons he had used when in the most celebrated of his many duels, for the sake of Pepa Montafiez the dancer (now, I suppose, a toothless and raddled hag), he had killed the Duke of Dos Hermanos.

The scene, with its associations which I vaguely divined, so aptly fitted the romantic poet that I was overcome by the spirit of the place. Its noble indigence surrounded him with a glory as great as the magnificence of his youth; in him too there was the spirit of the old conquistadores, and it was becoming that he should finish his famous life in that ruined and magnificent house. Thus surely should a poet live and die. I had arrived cool enough and even somewhat bored at the prospect of my meeting, but now I began to grow a trifle nervous. I lit a cigarette. I had come at the time appointed and wondered what detained the old man.

The silence was strangely disturbing. Ghosts of the past thronged the silent patio and an age dead and gone gained a sort of shadowy life for me. The men of that day had a passion and a wildness of spirit that are gone out of the world for ever. We are no longer capable of their reckless deeds or their theatrical heroics.

I heard a sound and my heart beat quickly. I was excited now and when at last I saw him coming slowly down the stairs I caught my breath. He held my card in his hand. He was a tall old man and exceedingly thin, with a skin the colour of old ivory; his hair was abundant and white, but his bushy eyebrows were dark still; they made his great eyes flash with a more sombre fire. It was wonderful that at his age those black eyes should still preserve their brilliance. His nose was aquiline, his mouth closeset. His unsmiling eyes rested on me as he approached and there was in them a look of cool appraisal. He was dressed in black and in one hand held a broad-brimmed hat. There was in his bearing

assurance and dignity. He was as I should have wished him to be and as I watched him I understood how he had swayed men's minds and touched their hearts. He was every inch a poet.

He had reached the patio and came slowly towards me. He had really the eyes of an eagle. It seemed to me a tremendous moment, for there he stood, the heir of the great old Spanish poets, the magnificent Herrera, the nostalgic and moving Fray Luis, Juan de la Cruz, the mystic, and the crabbed and obscure Gongora. He was the last of that long line and he trod in their steps not unworthily. Strangely in my heart sang the lovely and tender song which is the most famous of Don Calisto's lyrics.

I was abashed. It was fortunate for me that I had prepared beforehand the phrase with which I meant to greet him.

`It is a wonderful honour, Maestro, for a foreigner such as I to make the acquaintance of so great a poet'

A flicker of amusement passed through those piercing eyes and a smile for an instant curved the lines of that stem mouth.

`I am not a poet, Senor, but a bristle merchant. You have made a mistake, Don Calisto lives next door.'

I had come to the wrong house.

"Mother" by Grace Paley_

Years after her death a mother is remembered by her child.

One day I was listening to the AM radio. I heard a song: "Oh, I Long to See My Mother in the Doorway". By God! I said, I understand that song. I have often longed to see my mother in the doorway. As a matter of fact, she did stand frequently in various doorways looking at me. She stood one day, just so, at the front door, the darkness of the hallway behind her. It was New Year's Day. She said sadly, If you come home at 4 A.M. when you're seventeen, what time will you come home when you're twenty? She asked this question without humor and meanness. She had begun her worried preparations for death. She wouldn't be present, she thought, when I was twenty. So she wondered.

Another time she stood in the doorway of my room. I had just issued a political manifesto attacking the family's position on the Soviet Union. She said, Go to sleep for godsakes, you damn fool, you and your Communist ideas. We saw them already, Papa and me, in 1905. We guessed it all.

At the door of the kitchen she said, ***You*** never finish your lunch. You run around senselessly. What will become of you?

Then she died.

Naturally for the rest of my life I longed to see her, not only in doorways, in a great number of places – in the dining room with my aunts, at the window looking up and down the block, in the country garden among zinnias and marigolds, in the living room with my father.

They sat in comfortable leather chairs. They were listening to Mozart. They looked at one another amazed. It seemed to them that they'd just come over on the boat. They'd just learned the first English words. It seemed to them that he had just proudly handed in a 100 percent correct exam to the American anatomy professor. It seemed as though she'd just quit the shop for the kitchen.

I wish I could see her in the doorway of the living room.

She stood there a minute. Then she sat beside him. They owned an expensive record player. They were listening to Bach. She said to him, Talk to me a little. We don't talk so much anymore.

I'm tired, he said. Can't you see? I saw ***maybe*** thirty people today. All sick, all talk talk talk. Listen to the music, he said. I believe you once had perfect pitch. I'm tired he said.

Then he died.

TEXT 24
CAN-CAN
BY ARTURO VIVANTE

A husband arranges a secret meeting with a woman and is surprised by the outcome.

"I'm going to go for a drive", he said to his wife. "I'll be back in an hour or two."

He didn't often leave the house for more than the few minutes it took him to go to the post office or to a store, but he spent his time hanging around, doing odd jobs – Mr. Fix-it, his wife called him – and also, though not nearly enough of it, painting – which he made his living from.

"All right", his wife said brightly, as though he were doing her a favour. As a matter of fact, she didn't really like him to leave; she felt safer with him at home, and he helped look after the children, especially the baby.

"You're glad to get rid of me, aren't you? He said.

"Uh-huh", she said with a smile that suddenly made her look very pretty – someone to be missed.

She didn't ask him where he was going for his drive. She wasn't the least bit inquisitive, though jealous she was in silent, subtle ways.

As he put his coat on, he watched her. She was in the living room with their elder daughter. «Do the can-can, mother», the child said, at which she held up her skirt and did the can-can, kicking her legs up high in his direction.

He wasn't simply going for a drive, as he had said, but going to cafe, to meet Sarah, whom his wife knew but did not suspect, and with her go to a house on a lake his wife knew nothing about – a summer cottage to which he had the key.

"Well, goodbye", he said.

"Bye", she called back, still dancing.

This wasn't the way a husband expected his wife – whom he was about to leave home to go to another woman – to behave at all, he thought. He expected her to be sewing or washing, not doing the can-can, for God's sake. Yes, doing something uninteresting and unattractive, like darning children's clothes. She had no stockings on, no shoes and her legs looked very white and smooth, secret, as though he had never touched them or come near them. Her feet, swinging up and down high in the air, seemed to be nodding to him. She held her skirt bunched up, attractively. Why was she doing that of all times ***now***? He lingered. Her eyes had mockery in them, and she laughed. The child laughed with her as she danced. She was still dancing as he left the house.

He thought of the difficulties he had had arranging this rendezvous – going out to a call box; phoning Sarah at her office (she was married, too); her being out; his calling her again; the busy signal; the coin falling out of sight, his opening the door of the phone box in order to retrieve it; at last getting her on the line; her asking him to call again next week, finally setting a date.

Waiting for her at the cafe, he surprised himself hoping that she wouldn't come. The appointment was at three. It was now ten past. Well, she was often late. He looked at the clock, and at the picture window for her car. A car like hers, and yet not hers – no luggage rack on it. The smooth hardtop gave him a peculiar pleasure. Why? It was 3:15 now. Perhaps she wouldn't come. No, if she was going to come at all, this was the most likely time for her to arrive. Twenty past. Ah, now there was some hope. Hope? How strange he should be hoping for her absence. Why had he made the appointment if he was hoping she would miss it? He didn't know why, but simpler, simpler if she didn't come. Because all he wanted now was to smoke cigarette, drink that cup of coffee for the sake of them, and not to give himself something to do. And he wished he could go for a drive, free and easy, as he had said he would. But he waited, and at 3:30 she arrived. "I had almost given up hope", he said.

They drove to the house on the lake. As he held her in his arms he couldn't think of her; for the life of him he couldn't.

"What are you thinking about?" she said afterwards, sensing his detachment.

For a moment he didn't answer, then he said, "You really want to know what I was thinking of?"

"Yes", she said, a little anxiously.

He suppressed a laugh, as though what he was going to tell her was too absurd or silly. "I was thinking of someone doing the can-can".

"Oh", she said, reassured. "For a moment I was afraid you were thinking of your wife."

TEXT 25
WEE WILLIE WINKIE
BY RUDYARD KIPLING

His full name was Percival William Williams, but he picked up the other name in a nursery-book, and that was the end of the christened titles. His mother's *ayah* called him Willie-*Baba*, but as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that the *ayah* said, her wisdom did not help matters.

His father was the Colonel of the 195th, and as soon as Wee Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what Military Discipline meant, Colonel Williams put him under it. There was no other way of managing the child. When he was good for a week, he drew good-conduct pay; and when he was bad, he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers many chances of going wrong to little six-year-olds.

Children resent familiarity from strangers, and Wee Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he accepted an acquaintance, he was graciously pleased to thaw. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight. Brandis was having tea at the Colonel's, and Wee Willie Winkie entered strong in the possession of a good-conduct badge won for not chasing the hens round the compound. He regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered himself of his opinion.

'I like you,' said he slowly, getting off his chair and coming over to Brandis. 'I like you. I shall call you Coppy, because of your hair. Do you *mind* being called Coppy? It is because of ve hair, you know.'

Here was one of the most embarrassing of Wee Willie Winkie's peculiarities. He would look at a stranger for some time, and then, without warning or explanation, would give him a name. And the name stuck. No regimental penalties could break Wee Willie Winkie of this habit. He lost his good-conduct badge for christening the Commissioner's wife 'Pobs'; but nothing that the Colonel could do made the Station forego the nickname, and Mrs. Collen remained 'Pobs' till the end of her stay. So Brandis was christened 'Coppy,' and rose, therefore, in the estimation of the regiment.

If Wee Willie Winkie took an interest in any one, the fortunate man was envied alike by the mess and the rank and file. And in their envy lay no suspicion of self-interest. 'The Colonel's son' was idolised on his own merits entirely. Yet Wee Willie Winkie was not lovely. His face was permanently freckled, as his legs were permanently scratched, and in spite of his mother's almost tearful remonstrances he had insisted upon having his long yellow locks cut short in the military fashion. 'I want my hair like Sergeant Tummil's,' said Wee Willie Winkie, and, his father abetting, the sacrifice was accomplished.

Three weeks after the bestowal of his youthful affections on Lieutenant Brandis—henceforward to be called 'Coppy' for the sake of brevity—Wee Willie Winkie was destined to behold strange things and far beyond his comprehension.

Coppy returned his liking with interest. Coppy had let him wear for five rapturous minutes his own big sword—just as tall as Wee Willie Winkie. Coppy had promised him a terrier puppy; and Coppy had permitted him to witness the miraculous operation of shaving. Nay, more—Coppy had said that even he, Wee Willie Winkie, would rise in time to the ownership of a box of shiny knives, a silver soap-box, and a silver-handled 'sputterbrush,' as Wee Willie Winkie called it. Decidedly, there was no one except his father, who could give or take away good-conduct badges at pleasure, half so wise, strong, and valiant as Coppy with the Afghan and Egyptian medals on his breast. Why, then, should Coppy be guilty of the unmanly weakness of kissing—vehemently kissing— a 'big girl,' Miss Allardyce to wit? In the course of a morning ride Wee Willie Winkie had seen Coppy so doing, and, like the gentleman he was, had promptly wheeled round and cantered back to his groom, lest the groom should also see.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have spoken to his father, but he felt instinctively that this was a matter on which Coppy ought first to be consulted.

'Coppy,' shouted Wee Willie Winkie, reining up outside that subaltern's bungalow early one morning—'I want to see you, Coppy!'

'Come in, young 'un,' returned Coppy, who was at early breakfast in the midst of his dogs. 'What mischief have you been getting into now?'

Wee Willie Winkie had done nothing notoriously bad for three days, and so stood on a pinnacle of virtue.

'*I've* been doing nothing bad,' said he, curling himself into a long chair with a studious affectation of the Colonel's languor after a hot parade. He buried his freckled nose in a tea-cup and, with eyes staring roundly over the rim, asked: 'I say, Coppy, is it pwoper to kiss big girls?'

'By Jove! You're beginning early. Who do you want to kiss?'

'No one. My muvver's always kissing me if I don't stop her. If it isn't pwoper, how was you kissing Major Allardyce's big girl last morning, by ve canal?'

Coppy's brow wrinkled. He and Miss Allardyce had with great craft managed to keep their engagement secret for a fortnight. There were urgent and imperative reasons why Major Allardyce should not know how matters stood for at least another month, and this small marplot had discovered a great deal too much.

'I saw you,' said Wee Willie Winkie calmly. 'But ve *sais* didn't see. I said, ''*Hut jao!*" '

'Oh, you had that much sense, you young rip,' groaned poor Coppy, half amused and half angry. 'And how many people may you have told about it?'

'Only me myself. You didn't tell when I twied to wide ve buffalo ven my pony was lame; and I fought you wouldn't like.'

‘Winkie,’ said Coppy enthusiastically, shaking the small hand, ‘you’re the best of good fellows. Look here, you can’t understand all these things. One of these days—hang it, how can I make you see it!—I’m going to marry Miss Allardyce, and then she’ll be Mrs. Coppy, as you say. If your young mind is so scandalised at the idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father.’

‘What will happen?’ said Wee Willie Winkie, who firmly believed that his father was omnipotent.

‘I shall get into trouble,’ said Coppy, playing his trump card with an appealing look at the holder of the ace.

‘Ven I won’t,’ said Wee Willie Winkie briefly. ‘But my faver says it’s un-man-ly to be always kissing, and I didn’t fink *you’d* do vat, Coppy.’

‘I’m not always kissing, old chap. It’s only now and then, and when you’re bigger you’ll do it too. Your father meant it’s not good for little boys.’

‘Ah!’ said Wee Willie Winkie, now fully enlightened. ‘It’s like ve sputter-brush?’

‘Exactly,’ said Coppy gravely.

‘But I don’t fink I’ll ever want to kiss big girls, nor no one, ’cept my muvver. And I *must* vat, you know.’

There was a long pause, broken by Wee Willie Winkie.

‘Are you fond of vis big girl, Coppy?’

‘Awfully!’ said Coppy.

‘Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha—or me?’

‘It’s in a different way,’ said Coppy. ‘You see, one of these days Miss Allardyce will belong to me, but you’ll grow up and command the Regiment and—all sorts of things. It’s quite different, you see.’

‘Very well,’ said Wee Willie Winkie, rising. ‘If you’re fond of ve big girl I won’t tell any one. I must go now.’

Coppy rose and escorted his small guest to the door, adding—‘You’re the best of little fellows, Winkie. I tell you what. In thirty days from now you can tell if you like—tell any one you like.’

Thus the secret of the Brandis-Allardyce engagement was dependent on a little child’s word. Coppy, who knew Wee Willie Winkie’s idea of truth, was at ease, for he felt that he would not break promises. Wee Willie Winkie betrayed a special and unusual interest in Miss Allardyce, and, slowly revolving round that embarrassed young lady, was used to regard her gravely with unwinking eye. He was trying to discover why Coppy should have kissed her. She was not half so nice as his own mother. On the other hand, she was Coppy’s property, and would in time belong to him. Therefore it behoved him to treat her with as much respect as Coppy’s big sword or shiny pistol.

The idea that he shared a great secret in common with Coppy kept Wee Willie Winkie unusually virtuous for three weeks. Then the Old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a ‘camp-fire’ at the bottom of the garden. How

could he have foreseen that the flying sparks would have lighted the Colonel's little hay-rick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the punishment—deprivation of the good-conduct badge and, most sorrowful of all, two days' confinement to barracks—the house and verandah—coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he strove to be, drew himself up with a quivering under-lip, saluted, and, once clear of the room, ran to weep bitterly in his nursery—called by him 'my quarters.' Coppy came in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit.

'I'm under awwest,' said Wee Willie Winkie mournfully, 'and I didn't ought to speak to you.'

Very early the next morning he climbed on to the roof of the house—that was not forbidden—and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

'Where are you going?' cried Wee Willie Winkie.

'Across the river,' she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river—dry in the winter. From his earliest years, Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Coppy—the almost almighty Coppy—had never set foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to, out of a big blue book, the history of the Princess and the Goblins—a most wonderful tale of a land where the Goblins were always warring with the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date it seemed to him that the bare black and purple hills across the river were inhabited by Goblins, and, in truth, every one had said that there lived the Bad Men. Even in his own house the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the Bad Men who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing-rooms and comfortable bedrooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the Earth, lived the Bad Men. And here was Major Allardyce's big girl, Coppy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Coppy say if anything happened to her? If the Goblins ran off with her as they did with Curdie's Princess? She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father; and then—broke his arrest! It was a crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his shadow, very large and very black, on the trim garden-paths, as he went down to the stables and ordered his pony. It seemed to him in the hush of the dawn that all the big world had been bidden to stand still and look at Wee Willie Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy *sais* gave him his mount, and, since the one great sin made all others insignificant, Wee Willie Winkie said that he was going to ride over to Coppy Sahib, and went out at a foot-pace, stepping on the soft mould of the flower-borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of Humanity. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of twelve-two ponies can do little against the long canter of a Waler. Miss Allardyce was far ahead, had passed through the crops, beyond the Police-posts, when all the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering the pebbles of the river-bed as Wee Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward and still flogging, Wee Willie Winkie shot into Afghan territory, and could just see Miss Allardyce, a black speck, flickering across the stony plain. The reason of her wandering was simple enough. Coppy, in a tone of too-hastily-assumed authority, had told her overnight that she must not ride out by the river. And she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Coppy a lesson.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills, Wee Willie Winkie saw the Waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted, and she could not stand. Having fully shown her spirit, she wept, and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki, on a nearly spent pony.

'Are you badly, badly hurted?' shouted Wee Willie Winkie, as soon as he was within range. 'You didn't ought to be here.'

'I don't know,' said Miss Allardyce ruefully, ignoring the reproof. 'Good gracious, child, what are *you* doing here?'

'You said you was going acwoss ve wiver,' panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. 'And nobody—not even Coppy—must go acwoss ve wiver, and I came after you ever so hard, but you wouldn't stop, and now you've hurted yourself, and Coppy will be angwy wiv me, and—I've bwoken my awwest! I've bwoken my awwest!'

The future Colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle the girl was moved.

'Have you ridden all the way from cantonments, little man? What for?'

'You belonged to Coppy. Coppy told me so!' wailed Wee Willie Winkie disconsolately. 'I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You didn't ought to be here. Vis is a bad place, and I've bwoken my awwest.'

'I can't move, Winkie,' said Miss Allardyce, with a groan. 'I've hurt my foot. What shall I do?'

She showed a readiness to weep anew, which steadied Wee Willie Winkie, who had been brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still, when one is as great a sinner as Wee Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

'Winkie,' said Miss Allardyce, 'when you've rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully.'

The child sat still for a little time and Miss Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip that made it whicker. The little animal headed towards the cantonments.

'Oh, Winkie, what are you doing?'

'Hush!' said Wee Willie Winkie. 'Vere's a man coming—one of ve Bad Men. I must stay wiv you. My faver says a man must *always* look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven vey'll come and look for us. Vat's why I let him go.'

Not one man but two or three had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sank within him, for just in this manner were the Goblins wont to steal out and vex Curdie's soul. Thus had they played in Curdie's garden—he had seen the picture—and thus had they frightened the Princess's nurse. He heard them talking to each other, and recognised with joy the bastard Pushto that he had picked up from one of his father's grooms lately dismissed. People who spoke that tongue could not be the Bad Men. They were only natives after all.

They came up to the boulders on which Miss Allardyce's horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the Dominant Race, aged six and three-quarters, and said briefly and emphatically '*Jao*!' The pony had crossed the river-bed.

The men laughed, and laughter from natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted and why they did not depart. Other men with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns crept out of the shadows of the hills, till, soon, Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong. Miss Allardyce screamed.

'Who are you?' said one of the men.

'I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once. You black men are frightening the Miss Sahib. One of you must run into cantonments and take the news that the Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the Colonel's son is here with her.'

'Put our feet into the trap?' was the laughing reply. 'Hear this boy's speech!'

'Say that I sent you—I, the Colonel's son. They will give you money.'

'What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights,' said a voice in the background.

These *were* the Bad Men—worse than Goblins—and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his mother's *ayah*, would be an infamy greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he, as future Colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

'Are you going to carry us away?' said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanched and uncomfortable.

'Yes, my little Sahib Bahadur,' said the tallest of the men, 'and eat you afterwards.'

'That is child's talk,' said Wee Willie Winkie. 'Men do not eat men.'

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on firmly—'And if you do carry us away, I tell you that all my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?'

Speech in any vernacular—and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three—was easy to the boy who could not yet manage his 'r's' and 'th's' aright.

Another man joined the conference, crying: 'O foolish men! What this babe says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace let them go both, for if he be taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. *Our* villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yar's breastbone with kicks when he tried to take the rifles; and if we touch this child they will fire and rape and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward. I say that this child is their God, and that they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him.'

It was Din Mahommed, the dismissed groom of the Colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie, standing over Miss Allardyce, waited the upshot. Surely his 'Wegiment,' his own 'Wegiment,' would not desert him if they knew of his extremity.

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the Colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade-ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play Spoil-five till the afternoon. Devlin, the Colour-Sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barrack-rooms, kicking up each Room Corporal as he passed. 'Up, ye beggars! There's something happened to the Colonel's son,' he shouted.

'He couldn't fall off! S'elp me, 'e *couldn't* fall off,' blubbered a drummer-boy. 'Go an' hunt acrost the river. He's over there if he's anywhere, an' maybe those Pathans have got 'im. For the love o' Gawd don't look for 'im in the nullahs! Let's go over the river.'

'There's sense in Mott yet,' said Devlin. 'E Company, double out to the river—sharp!'

So E Company, in its shirt-sleeves mainly, doubled for the dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring Sergeant, adjuring it to double yet faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the Colonel finally overtook E Company, far too exhausted to swear, struggling in the pebbles of the river-bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie's Bad Men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a look-out fired two shots.

‘What have I said?’ shouted Din Mahommed. ‘There is the warning! The *pulton* are out already and are coming across the plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy.’

The men waited for an instant, and then, as another shot was fired, withdrew into the hills, silently as they had appeared.

‘Ve Wegiment is coming,’ said Wee Willie Winkie confidently to Miss Allardyce, ‘and it’s all wight. Don’t cwy!’

He needed the advice himself, for ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly with his head in Miss Allardyce’s lap.

And the men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicings; and Coppy, who had ridden a horse into a lather, met him, and, to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of arrest be condoned, but that the good-conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse-sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the Colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

‘She belonged to you, Coppy,’ said Wee Willie Winkie, indicating Miss Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. ‘I *knew* she didn’t ought to go acwoss ve wiver, and I knew ve Wegiment would come to me if I sent Jack home.’

‘You’re a hero, Winkie,’ said Coppy—‘a *pukka* hero!’

‘I don’t know what vat means,’ said Wee Willie Winkie, ‘but you mustn’t call me Winkie any no more. I’m Percival Will’am Will’ams.’

And in this manner did Wee Willie Winkie enter into his manhood.

TEXT 26
THE NECKLACE
BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT

She was one of those pretty and charming girls born, as if by an error of fate, into a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no means of becoming known, understood, loved or wedded by a man of wealth and distinction; and so she let herself be married to a minor official at the Ministry of Education.

She dressed plainly because she had never been able to afford anything better, but she was as unhappy as if she had once been wealthy. Women don’t belong to a caste or class; their beauty, grace, and natural charm take the place of birth and family. Natural delicacy, instinctive elegance and a quick wit determine their place in society, and make the daughters of commoners the equals of the very finest ladies.

She suffered endlessly, feeling she was entitled to all the delicacies and luxuries of life. She suffered because of the poorness of her house as she looked at the dirty walls, the worn-out chairs and the ugly curtains. All these things

that another woman of her class would not even have noticed, tormented her and made her resentful. The sight of the little Brenton girl who did her housework filled her with terrible regrets and hopeless fantasies. She dreamed of silent antechambers hung with Oriental tapestries, lit from above by torches in bronze holders, while two tall footmen in knee-length breeches napped in huge armchairs, sleepy from the stove's oppressive warmth. She dreamed of vast living rooms furnished in rare old silks, elegant furniture loaded with priceless ornaments, and inviting smaller rooms, perfumed, made for afternoon chats with close friends - famous, sought after men, who all women envy and desire.

When she sat down to dinner at a round table covered with a three-day-old cloth opposite her husband who, lifting the lid off the soup, shouted excitedly, «Ah! Beef stew! What could be better,» she dreamed of fine dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestries which peopled the walls with figures from another time and strange birds in fairy forests; she dreamed of delicious dishes served on wonderful plates, of whispered gallantries listened to with an inscrutable smile as one ate the pink flesh of a trout or the wings of a quail.

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She had no dresses, no jewels, nothing; and these were the only things she loved. She felt she was made for them alone. She wanted so much to charm, to be envied, to be desired and sought after.

She had a rich friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, whom she no longer wanted to visit because she suffered so much when she came home. For whole days afterwards she would weep with sorrow, regret, despair and misery.

*

One evening her husband came home with an air of triumph, holding a large envelope in his hand.

«Look,» he said, «here's something for you.»

She tore open the paper and drew out a card, on which was printed the words:

«The Minister of Education and Mme. Georges Rampouneau request the pleasure of M. and Mme. Loisel's company at the Ministry, on the evening of Monday January 18th.»

Instead of being delighted, as her husband had hoped, she threw the invitation on the table resentfully, and muttered:

«What do you want me to do with that?»

«But, my dear, I thought you would be pleased. You never go out, and it will be such a lovely occasion! I had awful trouble getting it. Every one wants to go; it is very exclusive, and they're not giving many invitations to clerks. The whole ministry will be there.»

She stared at him angrily, and said, impatiently:

«And what do you expect me to wear if I go?»

He hadn’t thought of that. He stammered:

«Why, the dress you go to the theatre in. It seems very nice to me ...»

He stopped, stunned, distressed to see his wife crying. Two large tears ran slowly from the corners of her eyes towards the corners of her mouth. He stuttered:

< 3 >

«What’s the matter? What’s the matter?»

With great effort she overcame her grief and replied in a calm voice, as she wiped her wet cheeks:

«Nothing. Only I have no dress and so I can't go to this party. Give your invitation to a friend whose wife has better clothes than I do.»

He was distraught, but tried again:

«Let's see, Mathilde. How much would a suitable dress cost, one which you could use again on other occasions, something very simple?»

She thought for a moment, computing the cost, and also wondering what amount she could ask for without an immediate refusal and an alarmed exclamation from the thrifty clerk.

At last she answered hesitantly:

«I don't know exactly, but I think I could do it with four hundred francs.»

He turned a little pale, because he had been saving that exact amount to buy a gun and treat himself to a hunting trip the following summer, in the country near Nanterre, with a few friends who went lark-shooting there on Sundays.

However, he said:

«Very well, I can give you four hundredfrancs. But try and get a really beautiful dress.»

*

The day of the party drew near, and Madame Loisel seemed sad, restless, anxious. Her dress was ready, however. One evening her husband said to her:

«What's the matter? You've been acting strange these last three days.»

She replied: «I'm upset that I have no jewels, not a single stone to wear. I will look cheap. I would almost rather not go to the party.»

«You could wear flowers, « he said, «They are very fashionable at this time of year. For tenfrancsyou could get two or three magnificent roses.»

She was not convinced.

< 4 >

«No; there is nothing more humiliating than looking poor in the middle of a lot of rich women.»

«How stupid you are!» her husband cried. «Go and see your friend Madame Forestier and ask her to lend you some jewels. You know her well enough for that.»

She uttered a cry of joy.

«Of course. I had not thought of that.»

The next day she went to her friend's house and told her of her distress.

Madame Forestier went to her mirrored wardrobe, took out a large box, brought it back, opened it, and said to Madame Loisel:

«Choose, my dear.»

First she saw some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a gold Venetian cross set with precious stones, of exquisite craftsmanship. She tried on the jewelry in the mirror, hesitated, could not bear to part with them, to give them back. She kept asking:

«You have nothing else?»

«Why, yes. But I don't know what you like.»

Suddenly she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb diamond necklace, and her heart began to beat with uncontrolled desire. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it around her neck, over her high-necked dress, and stood lost in ecstasy as she looked at herself.

Then she asked anxiously, hesitating:

«Would you lend me this, just this?»

«Why, yes, of course.»

She threw her arms around her friend's neck, embraced her rapturously, then fled with her treasure.

*

The day of the party arrived. Madame Loisel was a success. She was prettier than all the other women, elegant, gracious, smiling, and full of joy. All the men stared at her, asked her name, tried to be introduced. All the cabinet officials wanted to waltz with her. The minister noticed her.

< 5 >

She danced wildly, with passion, drunk on pleasure, forgetting everything in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of cloud of happiness, made up of all this respect, all this admiration, all these awakened desires, of that sense of triumph that is so sweet to a woman's heart.

She left at about four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been dozing since midnight in a little deserted anteroom with three other gentlemen whose wives were having a good time.

He threw over her shoulders the clothes he had brought for her to go outside in, the modest clothes of an ordinary life, whose poverty contrasted sharply with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this and wanted to run away, so she wouldn't be noticed by the other women who were wrapping themselves in expensive furs.

Loisel held her back.

«Wait a moment, you'll catch a cold outside. I'll go and find a cab.»

But she would not listen to him, and ran down the stairs. When they were finally in the street, they could not find a cab, and began to look for one, shouting at the cabmen they saw passing in the distance.

They walked down toward the Seine in despair, shivering with cold. At last they found on the quay one of those old night cabs that one sees in Paris only after dark, as if they were ashamed to show their shabbiness during the day.

They were dropped off at their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and sadly walked up the steps to their apartment. It was all over, for her. And he was remembering that he had to be back at his office at ten o'clock.

In front of the mirror, she took off the clothes around her shoulders, taking a final look at herself in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She no longer had the necklace round her neck!

< 6 >

«What is the matter?» asked her husband, already half undressed.

She turned towards him, panic-stricken.

«I have ... I have ... I no longer have Madame Forestier's necklace.»

He stood up, distraught.

«What! ... how! ... That's impossible!»

They looked in the folds of her dress, in the folds of her cloak, in her pockets, everywhere. But they could not find it.

«Are you sure you still had it on when you left the ball?» he asked.

«Yes. I touched it in the hall at the Ministry.»

«But if you had lost it in the street we would have heard it fall. It must be in the cab.»

«Yes. That's probably it. Did you take his number?»

«No. And you, didn't you notice it?»

«No.»

They stared at each other, stunned. At last Loisel put his clothes on again.

«I'm going back,» he said, «over the whole route we walked, see if I can find it.»

He left. She remained in her ball dress all evening, without the strength to go to bed, sitting on a chair, with no fire, her mind blank.

Her husband returned at about seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to the police, to the newspapers to offer a reward, to the cab companies, everywhere the tiniest glimmer of hope led him.

She waited all day, in the same state of blank despair from before this frightful disaster.

Loisel returned in the evening, a hollow, pale figure; he had found nothing.

«You must write to your friend,» he said, «tell her you have broken the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it mended. It will give us time to look some more.»

< 7 >

She wrote as he dictated.

*

At the end of one week they had lost all hope.

And Loisel, who had aged five years, declared:

«We must consider how to replace the jewel.»

The next day they took the box which had held it, and went to the jeweler whose name they found inside. He consulted his books.

«It was not I, madame, who sold the necklace; I must simply have supplied the case.»

And so they went from jeweler to jeweler, looking for an necklace like the other one, consulting their memories, both sick with grief and anguish.

In a shop at the Palais Royal, they found a string of diamonds which seemed to be exactly what they were looking for. It was worth forty thousandfrancs. They could have it for thirty-six thousand.

So they begged the jeweler not to sell it for three days. And they made an arrangement that he would take it back for thirty-four thousandfrancsif the other necklace was found before the end of February.

Loisel had eighteen thousandfrancswhich his father had left him. He would borrow the rest.

And he did borrow, asking for a thousandfrancsfrom one man, five hundred from another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes, made ruinous agreements, dealt with usurers, with every type of money-lender. He compromised the rest of his life, risked signing notes without knowing if he could ever honor them, and, terrified by the anguish still to come, by the black misery about to fall on him, by the prospect of every physical privation and every moral torture he was about to suffer, he went to get the new necklace, and laid down on the jeweler's counter thirty-six thousandfrancs.

When Madame Loisel took the necklace back, Madame Forestier said coldly:

«You should have returned it sooner, I might have needed it.»

< 8 >

To the relief of her friend, she did not open the case. If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought? What would she have said? Would she have taken her friend for a thief?

*

From then on, Madame Loisel knew the horrible life of the very poor. But she played her part heroically. The dreadful debt must be paid. She would pay it. They dismissed their maid; they changed their lodgings; they rented a garret under the roof.

She came to know the drudgery of housework, the odious labors of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, staining her rosy nails on greasy pots and the bottoms of pans. She washed the dirty linen, the shirts and the dishcloths, which she hung to dry on a line; she carried the garbage down to the street every morning, and carried up the water, stopping at each landing to catch her breath. And, dressed like a commoner, she went to the fruiterer's, the grocer's, the butcher's, her basket on her arm, bargaining, insulted, fighting over every miserablesou.

Each month they had to pay some notes, renew others, get more time.

Her husband worked every evening, doing accounts for a tradesman, and often, late into the night, he sat copying a manuscript at fivesousa page.

And this life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid off everything, everything, at usurer's rates and with the accumulations of compound interest.

Madame Loisel looked old now. She had become strong, hard and rough like all women of impoverished households. With hair half combed, with skirts awry, and reddened hands, she talked loudly as she washed the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window and thought of that evening at the ball so long ago, when she had been so beautiful and so admired.

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows, who knows? How strange life is, how fickle! How little is needed for one to be ruined or saved!

< 9 >

*

One Sunday, as she was walking in the Champs Élysées to refresh herself after the week's work, suddenly she saw a woman walking with a child. It was Madame Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Madame Loisel felt emotional. Should she speak to her? Yes, of course. And now that she had paid, she would tell her all. Why not?

She went up to her.

«Good morning, Jeanne.»

The other, astonished to be addressed so familiarly by this common woman, did not recognize her. She stammered:

«But - madame - I don't know. You must have made a mistake.»

«No, I am Mathilde Loisel.»

Her friend uttered a cry.

«Oh! ... my poor Mathilde, how you've changed! ...»

«Yes, I have had some hard times since I last saw you, and many miseries ... and all because of you! ...»

«Me? How can that be?»

«You remember that diamond necklace that you lent me to wear to the Ministry party?»

«Yes. Well?»

«Well, I lost it.»

«What do you mean? You brought it back.»

«I brought you back another exactly like it. And it has taken us ten years to pay for it. It wasn't easy for us, we had very little. But at last it is over, and I am very glad.»

Madame Forestier was stunned.

«You say that you bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?»

«Yes; you didn't notice then? They were very similar.»

And she smiled with proud and innocent pleasure.

Madame Forestier, deeply moved, took both her hands.

< 10 >

«Oh, my poor Mathilde! Mine was an imitation! It was worth five hundred francs at most! ...»

TEXT 27
THE £1,000,000 BANK-NOTE
BY MARK TWAIN

When I was twenty-seven years old, I was a mining-broker's clerk in San Francisco, and an expert in all the details of stock traffic. I was alone in the world, and had nothing to depend upon but my wits and a clean reputation; but these were setting my feet in the road to eventual fortune, and I was content with the prospect.

My time was my own after the afternoon board, Saturdays, and I was accustomed to put it in on a little sail-boat on the bay. One day I ventured too far, and was carried out to sea. Just at nightfall, when hope was about gone, I was picked up by a small brig which was bound for London. It was a long and stormy voyage, and they made me work my passage without pay, as a common sailor. When I stepped ashore in London my clothes were ragged and shabby, and I had only a dollar in my pocket. This money fed and sheltered me twenty-four hours. During the next twenty-four I went without food and shelter.

About ten o'clock on the following morning, seedy and hungry, I was dragging myself along Portland Place, when a child that was passing, towed by a nurse-maid, tossed a luscious big pear - minus one bite - into the gutter. I stopped, of course, and fastened my desiring eye on that muddy treasure. My mouth watered for it, my stomach craved it, my whole being begged for it. But every time I made a move to get it some passing eye detected my purpose, and of course I straightened up then, and looked indifferent, and pretended that I hadn't been thinking about the pear at all. This same thing kept happening and happening, and I couldn't get the pear. I was just getting desperate enough to brave all the shame, and to seize it, when a window behind me was raised, and a gentleman spoke out of it, saying:

«Step in here, please.»

I was admitted by a gorgeous flunkey, and shown into a sumptuous room where a couple of elderly gentlemen were sitting. They sent away the servant, and made me sit down. They had just finished their breakfast, and the sight of the remains of it almost overpowered me. I could hardly keep my wits together in the presence of that food, but as I was not asked to sample it, I had to bear my trouble as best I could.

≤ 2 ≥

Now, something had been happening there a little before, which I did not know anything about until a good many days afterwards, but I will tell you about it now. Those two old brothers had been having a pretty hot argument a couple of days before, and had ended by agreeing to decide it by a bet, which is the English way of settling everything.

You will remember that the Bank of England once issued two notes of a million pounds each, to be used for a special purpose connected with some public transaction with a foreign country. For some reason or other only one of these had been used and canceled; the other still lay in the vaults of the Bank. Well, the brothers, chatting along, happened to get to wondering what might be the fate of a perfectly honest and intelligent stranger who should be turned adrift in London without a friend, and with no money but that million-pound bank-note, and no way to account for his being in possession of it. Brother A said he would starve to death; Brother B said he wouldn't. Brother A said he couldn't offer it at a bank or anywhere else, because he would be arrested on the spot. So they went on disputing till Brother B said he would bet twenty thousand pounds that the man would live thirty days, anyway, on that million, and keep out of jail, too. Brother A took him up. Brother B went down to the Bank and bought that note. Just like an Englishman, you see; pluck to the backbone. Then he dictated a letter, which one of his clerks wrote out in a beautiful round hand, and then the two brothers sat at the window a whole day watching for the right man to give it to.

They saw many honest faces go by that were not intelligent enough; many that were intelligent, but not honest enough; many that were both, but the possessors were not poor enough, or, if poor enough, were not strangers. There was always a defect, until I came along; but they agreed that I filled the bill all around; so they elected me unanimously, and there I was now waiting to know why I was called in. They began to ask me questions about myself, and pretty soon they had my story. Finally they told me I would answer their purpose. I said I was sincerely glad, and asked what it was. Then one of them handed me an envelope, and said I would find the explanation inside. I was going to open it, but he said no; take it to my lodgings, and look it over carefully, and not be hasty or rash. I was puzzled, and wanted to discuss the matter a little further, but they didn't; so I took my leave, feeling hurt and insulted to be made the butt of what was apparently some kind of a practical joke, and yet obliged to put up with it, not being in circumstances to resent affronts from rich and strong folk.

≤ 3 ≥

I would have picked up the pear now and eaten it before all the world, but it was gone; so I had lost that by this unlucky business, and the thought of it did not soften my feeling towards those men. As soon as I was out of sight of that house I opened my envelope, and saw that it contained money! My opinion of those people changed, I can tell you! I lost not a moment, but shoved note and money into my vest

pocket, and broke for the nearest cheap eating house. Well, how I did eat! When at last I couldn't hold any more, I took out my money and unfolded it, took one glimpse and nearly fainted. Five millions of dollars! Why, it made my head swim.

I must have sat there stunned and blinking at the note as much as a minute before I came rightly to myself again. The first thing I noticed, then, was the landlord. His eye was on the note, and he was petrified. He was worshiping, with all his body and soul, but he looked as if he couldn't stir hand or foot. I took my cue in a moment, and did the only rational thing there was to do. I reached the note towards him, and said, carelessly:

«Give me the change, please.»

Then he was restored to his normal condition, and made a thousand apologies for not being able to break the bill, and I couldn't get him to touch it. He wanted to look at it, and keep on looking at it; he couldn't seem to get enough of it to quench the thirst of his eye, but he shrank from touching it as if it had been something too sacred for poor common clay to handle. I said:

«I am sorry if it is an inconvenience, but I must insist. Please change it; I haven't anything else.»

But he said that wasn't any matter; he was quite willing to let the trifle stand over till another time. I said I might not be in his neighborhood again for a good while; but he said it was of no consequence, he could wait, and, moreover, I could have anything I wanted, any time I chose, and let the account run as long as I pleased. He said he hoped he wasn't afraid to trust as rich a gentleman as I was, merely because I was of a merry disposition, and chose to play larks on the public in the matter of dress. By this time another customer was entering, and the landlord hinted to me to put the monster out of sight; then he bowed me all the way to the door, and I started straight for that house and those brothers, to correct the mistake which had been made before the police should hunt me up, and help me do it. I was pretty nervous; in fact, pretty badly frightened, though, of course, I was no way in fault; but I knew men well enough to know that when they find they've given a tramp a million-pound bill when they thought it was a one-pounder, they are in a frantic rage against him instead of quarreling with their own near-sightedness, as they ought. As I approached the house my excitement began to abate, for all was quiet there, which made me feel pretty sure the blunder was not discovered yet. I rang. The same servant appeared. I asked for those gentlemen.

≤ 4 ≥

«They are gone.» This in the lofty, cold way of that fellow's tribe.

«Gone? Gone where?»

«On a journey.»

«But whereabouts?»

«To the Continent, I think.»

«The Continent?»

«Yes, sir.»

«Which way - by what route?»

«I can't say, sir.»

«When will they be back?»

«In a month, they said.»

«A month! Oh, this is awful! Give me some sort of idea of how to get a word to them. It's of the last importance.»

«I can't, indeed. I've no idea where they've gone, sir.»

«Then I must see some member of the family.»

«Family's away, too; been abroad months - in Egypt and India, I think.»

«Man, there's been an immense mistake made. They'll be back before night. Will you tell them I've been here, and that I will keep coming till it's all made right, and they needn't be afraid?»

«I'll tell them, if they come back, but I am not expecting them. They said you would be here in an hour to make inquiries, but I must tell you it's all right, they'll be here on time and expect you.»

So I had to give it up and go away. What a riddle it all was! I was like to lose my mind. They would be here «on time.» What could that mean? Oh, the letter would explain, maybe. I had forgotten the letter; I got it out and read it. This is what it said:

«You are an intelligent and honest man, as one may see by your face. We conceive you to be poor and a stranger. Enclosed you will find a sum of money. It is lent to you for thirty days, without interest. Report at this house at the end of that time. I have a bet on you. If I win it you shall have any situation that is in my gift - any, that is, that you shall be able to prove yourself familiar with and competent to fill."

≤ 5 ≥

No signature, no address, no date.

Well, here was a coil to be in! You are posted on what had preceded all this, but I was not. It was just a deep, dark puzzle to me. I hadn't the least idea what the game was, nor whether harm was meant me or a kindness. I went into a park, and sat down to try to think it out, and to consider what I had best do.

At the end of an hour my reasonings had crystallized into this verdict.

Maybe those men mean me well, maybe they mean me ill; no way to decide that - let it go. They've got a game, or a scheme, or an experiment, of some kind on hand; no way to determine what it is - let it go. There's a bet on me; no way to find out what it is - let it go. That disposes of the indeterminable quantities; the remainder of the matter is tangible, solid, and may be classed and labeled with certainty. If I ask the Bank of England to place this bill to the credit of the man it belongs to, they'll do it, for they know him, although I don't; but they will ask me how I came in possession of it, and if I tell the truth, they'll put me in the asylum, naturally, and a lie will land me in jail. The same result would follow if I tried to bank the bill anywhere or to borrow money on it. I have got to carry

this immense burden around until those men come back, whether I want to or not. It is useless to me, as useless as a handful of ashes, and yet I must take care of it, and watch over it, while I beg my living. I couldn't give it away, if I should try, for neither honest citizen nor highwayman would accept it or meddle with it for anything. Those brothers are safe. Even if I lose their bill, or burn it, they are still safe, because they can stop payment, and the Bank will make them whole; but meantime I've got to do a month's suffering without wages or profit - unless I help win that bet, whatever it may be, and get that situation that I am promised. I should like to get that; men of their sort have situations in their gift that are worth having.

≤ 6 ≥

I got to thinking a good deal about that situation. My hopes began to rise high. Without doubt the salary would be large. It would begin in a month; after that I should be all right. Pretty soon I was feeling first-rate. By this time I was tramping the streets again. The sight of a tailor-shop gave me a sharp longing to shed my rags, and to clothe myself decently once more. Could I afford it? No; I had nothing in the world but a million pounds. So I forced myself to go on by. But soon I was drifting back again. The temptation persecuted me cruelly. I must have passed that shop back and forth six times during that manful struggle. At last I gave in; I had to. I asked if they had a misfit suit that had been thrown on their hands. The fellow I spoke to nodded his head towards another fellow, and gave me no answer. I went to the indicated fellow, and he indicated another fellow with his head, and no words. I went to him, and he said:

«Tend to you presently.»

I waited till he was done with what he was at, then he took me into a back room, and overhauled a pile of rejected suits, and selected the rattiest one for me. I put it on. It didn't fit, and wasn't in any way attractive, but it was new, and I was anxious to have it; so I didn't find any fault, but said, with some diffidence:

«It would be an accommodation to me if you could wait some days for the money. I haven't any small change about me.»

The fellow worked up a most sarcastic expression of countenance, and said:

«Oh, you haven't? Well, of course, I didn't expect it. I'd only expect gentlemen like you to carry large change.»

I was nettled, and said:

«My friend, you shouldn't judge a stranger always by the clothes he wears. I am quite able to pay for this suit; I simply didn't wish to put you to the trouble of changing a large note.»

≤ 7 ≥

He modified his style a little at that, and said, though still with something of an air:

«I didn't mean any particular harm, but as long as rebukes are going, I might say it wasn't quite your affair to jump to the conclusion that we couldn't change any note that you might happen to be carrying around. On the contrary, we can.»

I handed the note to him, and said:

«Oh, very well; I apologize.»

He received it with a smile, one of those large smiles which goes all around over, and has folds in it, and wrinkles, and spirals, and looks like the place where you have thrown a brick in a pond; and then in the act of his taking a glimpse of the bill this smile froze solid, and turned yellow, and looked like those wavy, wormy spreads of lava which you find hardened on little levels on the side of Vesuvius. I never before saw a smile caught like that, and perpetuated. The man stood there holding the bill, and looking like that, and the proprietor hustled up to see what was the matter, and said, briskly:

«Well, what's up? what's the trouble? what's wanting?»

I said: «There isn't any trouble. I'm waiting for my change.»

«Come, come; get him his change, Tod; get him his change.»

Tod retorted: «Get him his change! It's easy to say, sir; but look at the bill yourself.»

The proprietor took a look, gave a low, eloquent whistle, then made a dive for the pile of rejected clothing, and began to snatch it this way and that, talking all the time excitedly, and as if to himself:

«Sell an eccentric millionaire such an unspeakable suit as that! Tod's a fool - a born fool. Always doing something like this. Drives every millionaire away from this place, because he can't tell a millionaire from a tramp, and never could. Ah, here's the thing I am after. Please get those things off, sir, and throw them in the fire. Do me the favor to put on this shirt and this suit; it's just the thing, the very thing - plain, rich, modest, and just ducally nobby; made to order for a foreign prince - you may know him, sir, his Serene Highness the Hospodar of Halifax; had to leave it with us and take a mourning-suit because his mother was going to die - which she didn't. But that's all right; we can't always have things the way we - that is, the way they - there! trousers all right, they fit you to a charm, sir; now the waistcoat; aha, right again! now the coat - Lord! look at that, now! Perfect - the whole thing! I never saw such a triumph in all my experience."

≤ 8 ≥

I expressed my satisfaction.

«Quite right, sir, quite right; it'll do for a makeshift, I'm bound to say. But wait till you see what we'll get up for you on your own measure. Come, Tod, book and pen; get at it. Length of leg, 32»» - and so on. Before I could get in a word he had measured me, and was giving orders for dress-suits, morning suits, shirts, and all sorts of things. When I got a chance I said:

«But, my dear sir, I can't give these orders, unless you can wait indefinitely, or change the bill.»

«Indefinitely! It's a weak word, sir, a weak word. Eternally - that's the word, sir. Tod, rush these things through, and send them to the gentleman's

address without any waste of time. Let the minor customers wait. Set down the gentleman's address and--»

«I'm changing my quarters. I will drop in and leave the new address.»

«Quite right, sir, quite right. One moment - let me show you out, sir. There - good day, sir, good day.»

Well, don't you see what was bound to happen? I drifted naturally into buying whatever I wanted, and asking for change. Within a week I was sumptuously equipped with all needful comforts and luxuries, and was housed in an expensive private hotel in Hanover Square. I took my dinners there, but for breakfast I stuck by Harris's humble feeding house, where I had got my first meal on my million-pound bill. I was the making of Harris. The fact had gone all abroad that the foreign crank who carried million-pound bills in his vest pocket was the patron saint of the place. That was enough. From being a poor, struggling, little hand-to-mouth enterprise, it had become celebrated, and overcrowded with customers. Harris was so grateful that he forced loans upon me, and would not be denied; and so, pauper as I was, I had money to spend, and was living like the rich and the great. I judged that there was going to be a crash by and by, but I was in now and must swim across or drown. You see there was just that element of impending disaster to give a serious side, a sober side, yes, a tragic side, to a state of things which would otherwise have been purely ridiculous. In the night, in the dark, the tragedy part was always to the front, and always warning, always threatening; and so I moaned and tossed, and sleep was hard to find. But in the cheerful daylight the tragedy element faded out and disappeared, and I walked on air, and was happy to giddiness, to intoxication, you may say.

≤ 9 ≥

And it was natural; for I had become one of the notorieties of the metropolis of the world, and it turned my head, not just a little, but a good deal. You could not take up a newspaper, English, Scotch, or Irish, without finding in it one or more references to the "vest-pocket million-pounder" and his latest doings and saying. At first, in these mentions, I was at the bottom of the personal-gossip column; next, I was listed above the knights, next above the baronets, next above the barons, and so on, and so on, climbing steadily, as my notoriety augmented, until I reached the highest altitude possible, and there I remained, taking precedence of all dukes not royal, and of all ecclesiastics except the primate of all England. But mind, this was not fame; as yet I had achieved only notoriety. Then came the climaxing stroke - the accolade, so to speak - which in a single instant transmuted the perishable dross of notoriety into the enduring gold of fame: Punch caricatured me! Yes, I was a made man now; my place was established. I might be joked about still, but reverently, not hilariously, not rudely; I could be smiled at, but not laughed at. The time for that had gone by. Punch pictured me all a-flutter with rags, dickering with a beef-eater for the

Tower of London. Well, you can imagine how it was with a young fellow who had never been taken notice of before, and now all of a sudden couldn't say a thing that wasn't taken up and repeated everywhere; couldn't stir abroad without constantly overhearing the remark flying from lip to lip, "There he goes; that's him!" couldn't take his breakfast without a crowd to look on; couldn't appear in an operabox without concentrating there the fire of a thousand lorgnettes. Why, I just swam in glory all day long- that is the amount of it.

You know, I even kept my old suit of rags, and every now and then appeared in them, so as to have the old pleasure of buying trifles, and being insulted, and then shooting the scoffer dead with the million-pound bill. But I couldn't keep that up. The illustrated papers made the outfit so familiar that when I went out in it I was at once recognized and followed by a crowd, and if I attempted a purchase the man would offer me his whole shop on credit before I could pull my note on him.

≤ 10 ≥

About the tenth day of my fame I went to fulfil my duty to my flag by paying my respects to the American minister. He received me with the enthusiasm proper in my case, upbraided me for being so tardy in my duty, and said that there was only one way to get his forgiveness, and that was to take the seat at his dinner-party that night made vacant by the illness of one of his guests. I said I would, and we got to talking. It turned out that he and my father had been schoolmates in boyhood, Yale students together later, and always warm friends up to my father's death. So then he required me to put in at his house all the odd time I might have to spare, and I was very willing, of course.

In fact, I was more than willing; I was glad. When the crash should come, he might somehow be able to save me from total destruction; I didn't know how, but he might think of a way, maybe. I couldn't venture to unbosom myself to him at this late date, a thing which I would have been quick to do in the beginning of this awful career of mine in London. No, I couldn't venture it now; I was in too deep; that is, too deep for me to be risking revelations to so new a friend, though not clear beyond my depth, as I looked at it. Because, you see, with all my borrowing, I was carefully keeping within my means - I mean within my salary. Of course, I couldn't know what my salary was going to be, but I had a good enough basis for an estimate in the fact, that if I won the bet I was to have choice of any situation in that rich old gentleman's gift provided I was competent - and I should certainly prove competent; I hadn't any doubt about that. And as to the bet, I wasn't worrying about that; I had always been lucky. Now my estimate of the salary was six hundred to a thousand a year; say, six hundred for the first year, and so on up year by year, till I struck the upper figure by proved merit. At present I was only in debt for my first year's salary. Everybody had been trying to lend me money, but I had fought off the most of them on one pretext or another; so this indebtedness represented only

£300 borrowed money, the other £300 represented my keep and my purchases. I believed my second year's salary would carry me through the rest of the month if I went on being cautious and economical, and I intended to look sharply out for that. My month ended, my employer back from his journey, I should be all right once more, for I should at once divide the two years' salary among my creditors by assignment, and get right down to my work.

≤ 11 ≥

It was a lovely dinner-party of fourteen. The Duke and Duchess of Shoreditch, and their daughter the Lady Anne-Grace-Eleanor-Celeste-and-so-forth-and-so-forth-de-Bohun, the Earl and Countess of Newgate, Viscount Cheapside, Lord and Lady Blatherskite, some untitled people of both sexes, the minister and his wife and daughter, and his daughter's visiting friend, an English girl of twenty-two, named Portia Langham, whom I fell in love with in two minutes, and she with me - I could see it without glasses. There was still another guest, an American - but I am a little ahead of my story. While the people were still in the drawing-room, whetting up for dinner, and coldly inspecting the late comers, the servant announced:

«Mr. Lloyd Hastings.»

The moment the usual civilities were over, Hastings caught sight of me, and came straight with cordially outstretched hand; then stopped short when about to shake, and said, with an embarrassed look:

«I beg your pardon, sir, I thought I knew you.»

«Why, you do know me, old fellow.»

«No. Are you the - the--»

«Vest-pocket monster? I am, indeed. Don't be afraid to call me by my nickname; I'm used to it.»

«Well, well, well, this is a surprise. Once or twice I've seen your own name coupled with the nickname, but it never occurred to me that you could be the Henry Adams referred to. Why, it isn't six months since you were clerking away for Blake Hopkins in Frisco on a salary, and sitting up nights on an extra allowance, helping me arrange and verify the Gould and Curry Extension papers and statistics. The idea of your being in London, and a vast millionaire, and a colossal celebrity! Why, it's the Arabian Nights come again. Man, I can't take it in at all; can't realize it; give me time to settle the whirl in my head.»

«The fact is, Lloyd, you are no worse off than I am. I can't realize it myself.»

≤ 12 ≥

«Dear me, it is stunning, now isn't it? Why, it's just three months today since we went to the Miners' restaurant--»

«No; the What Cheer.»

«Right, it was the What Cheer; went there at two in the morning, and had a chop and coffee after a hard six-hours grind over those Extension papers, and I tried

to persuade you to come to London with me, and offered to get leave of absence for you and pay all your expenses, and give you something over if I succeeded in making the sale; and you would not listen to me, said I wouldn't succeed, and you couldn't afford to lose the run of business and be no end of time getting the hang of things again when you got back home. And yet here you are. How odd it all is! How did you happen to come, and whatever did give you this incredible start?»

«Oh, just an accident. It's a long story - a romance, a body may say. I'll tell you all about it, but not now.»

«When?»

«The end of this month.»

«That's more than a fortnight yet. It's too much of a strain on a person's curiosity. Make it a week.»

«I can't. You'll know why, by and by. But how's the trade getting along?»

His cheerfulness vanished like a breath, and he said with a sigh:

«You were a true prophet, Hal, a true prophet. I wish I hadn't come. I don't want to talk about it.»

«But you must. You must come and stop with me to-night, when we leave here, and tell me all about it.»

«Oh, may I? Are you in earnest?» and the water showed in his eyes.

«Yes; I want to hear the whole story, every word.»

≤ 13 ≥

«I'm so grateful! Just to find a human interest once more, in some voice and in some eye, in me and affairs of mine, after what I've been through here - lord! I could go down on my knees for it!»

He gripped my hand hard, and braced up, and was all right and lively after that for the dinner - which didn't come off. No; the usual thing happened, the thing that is always happening under that vicious and aggravating English system - the matter of precedence couldn't be settled, and so there was no dinner. Englishmen always eat dinner before they go out to dinner, because they know the risks they are running; but nobody ever warns the stranger, and so he walks placidly into trap. Of course, nobody was hurt this time, because we had all been to dinner, none of us being novices excepting Hastings, and he having been informed by the minister at the time that he invited him that in deference to the English custom he had not provided any dinner. Everybody took a lady and processioned down to the dining-room, because it is usual to go through the motions; but there the dispute began. The Duke of Shoreditch wanted to take precedence, and sit at the head of the table, holding that he outranked a minister who represented merely a nation and not a monarch; but I stood for my rights, and refused to yield. In the gossip column I ranked all dukes not royal, and said so, and claimed precedence of this one. It couldn't be settled, of course, struggle as we might and did, he finally (and injudiciously) trying to

play birth and antiquity, and I “seeing” his Conqueror and “raising” him with Adam, whose direct posterity I was, as shown by my name, while he was of a collateral branch, as shown by his, and by his recent Norman origin; so we all processioned back to the drawing-room again and had a perpendicular lunch - plate of sardines and a strawberry, and you group yourself and stand up and eat it. Here the religion of precedence is not so strenuous; the two persons of highest rank chuck up a shilling, the one that wins has first go at his strawberry, and the loser gets the shilling. The next two chuck up, then the next two, and so on. After refreshment, tables were brought, and we all played cribbage, sixpence a game. The English never play any game for amusement. If they can’t make something or lose something - they don’t care which - they won’t play.

≤ 14 ≥

We had a lovely time; certainly two of us had, Miss Langham and I. I was so bewitched with her that I couldn’t count my hands if they went above a double sequence; and when I struck home I never discovered it, and started up the outside row again, and would have lost the game every time, only the girl did the same, she being in just my condition, you see; and consequently neither of us ever got out, or cared to wonder why we didn’t; we only just knew we were happy, and didn’t wish to know anything else, and didn’t want to be interrupted. And I told her - I did, indeed - told her I loved her; and she - well, she blushed till her hair turned red, but she liked it; she said she did. Oh, there was never such an evening! Every time I pegged I put on a postscript; every time she pegged she acknowledged receipt of it, counting the hands the same. Why, I couldn’t even say «Two for his heels» without adding, «My, how sweet you do look!» and she would say, «Fifteen two, fifteen four, fifteen six, and a pair are eight, and eight are sixteen - do you think so?» - peeping out aslant from under her lashes, you know, so sweet and cunning. Oh, it was just too-too!

Well, I was perfectly honest and square with her; told her I hadn’t a cent in the world but just the million-pound note she’d heard so much talk about, and it didn’t belong to me, and that started her curiosity; and then I talked low, and told her the whole history right from the start, and it nearly killed her laughing. What in the nation she could find to laugh about I couldn’t see, but there it was; every half-minute some new detail would fetch her, and I would have to stop as much as a minute and a half to give her a chance to settle down again. Why, she laughed herself lame - she did, indeed; I never saw anything like it. I mean I never saw a painful story - a story of a person’s troubles and worries and fears - produce just that kind of effect before. So I loved her all the more, seeing she could be so cheerful when there wasn’t anything to be cheerful about; for I might soon need that kind of wife, you know, the way things looked. Of course, I told her we should have to wait a couple of years, till I could catch up on my salary; but she didn’t mind that, only she hoped I would be as careful as possible in the matter

of expenses, and not let them run the least risk of trenching on our third year's pay. Then she began to get a little worried, and wondered if we were making any mistake, and starting the salary on a higher figure for the first year than I would get. This was good sense, and it made me feel a little less confident than I had been feeling before; but it gave me a good business idea, and I brought it frankly out.

≤ 15 ≥

«Portia, dear, would you mind going with me that day, when I confront those old gentlemen?»

She shrank a little, but said:

«N-o; if my being with you would help hearten you. But - would it be quite proper, do you think?»

«No, I don't know that it would - in fact, I'm afraid it wouldn't; but, you see, there's so much dependent upon it that--»

«Then I'll go anyway, proper or improper,» she said, with a beautiful and generous enthusiasm. «Oh, I shall be so happy to think I'm helping!»

«Helping, dear? Why, you'll be doing it all. You're so beautiful and so lovely and so winning, that with you there I can pile our salary up till I break those good old fellows, and they'll never have the heart to struggle.»

Sho! you should have seen the rich blood mount, and her happy eyes shine!

«You wicked flatterer! There isn't a word of truth in what you say, but still I'll go with you. Maybe it will teach you not to expect other people to look with your eyes.»

Were my doubts dissipated? Was my confidence restored? You may judge by this fact: privately I raised my salary to twelve hundred the first year on the spot. But I didn't tell her; I saved it for a surprise.

All the way home I was in the clouds, Hastings talking, I not hearing a word. When he and I entered my parlor, he brought me to myself with his fervent appreciations of my manifold comforts and luxuries.

«Let me just stand here a little and look my fill. Dear me! it's a palace - it's just a palace! And in it everything a body could desire, including cosy coal fire and supper standing ready. Henry, it doesn't merely make me realize how rich you are; it makes me realize, to the bone, to the marrow, how poor I am - how poor I am, and how miserable, how defeated, routed, annihilated!»

≤ 16 ≥

Plague take it! this language gave me the cold shudders. It scared me broad awake, and made me comprehend that I was standing on a halfinch crust, with a crater underneath. I didn't know I had been dreaming - that is, I hadn't been allowing myself to know it for a while back; but now - oh, dear! Deep in debt, not a cent in the world, a lovely girl's happiness or woe in my hands, and nothing in front of me but a salary which might never - oh, would never - materialize! Oh, oh, oh! I am ruined past hope! nothing can save me!

«Henry, the mere unconsidered drippings of your daily income would--»

«Oh, my daily income! Here, down with this hot Scotch, and cheer up your soul. Here's with you! Or, no - you're hungry; sit down and--»

«Not a bite for me; I'm past it. I can't eat, these days; but I'll drink with you till I drop. Come!»

«Barrel for barrel, I'm with you! Ready? Here we go! Now, then, Lloyd, unreel your story while I brew.»

«Unreel it? What, again?»

«Again? What do you mean by that?»

«Why, I mean do you want to hear it over again?»

«Do I want to hear it over again? This is a puzzler. Wait; don't take any more of that liquid. You don't need it.»

«Look here, Henry, you alarm me. Didn't I tell you the whole story on the way here?»

«You?»

«Yes, I.»

«I'll be hanged if I heard a word of it.»

«Henry, this is a serious thing. It troubles me. What did you take up yonder at the minister's?»

≤ 17 ≥

Then it all flashed on me, and I owned up like a man.

«I took the dearest girl in this world - prisoner!»

So then he came with a rush, and we shook, and shook, and shook till our hands ached; and he didn't blame me for not having heard a word of a story which had lasted while we walked three miles. He just sat down then, like the patient, good fellow he was, and told it all over again. Synopsized, it amounted to this: He had come to England with what he thought was a grand opportunity; he had an «option» to sell the Gould and Curry Extension for the «locators» of it, and keep all he could get over a million dollars. He had worked hard, had pulled every wire he knew of, had left no honest expedient untried, had spent nearly all the money he had in the world, had not been able to get a solitary capitalist to listen to him, and his option would run out at the end of the month. In a word, he was ruined. Then he jumped up and cried out:

«Henry, you can save me! You can save me, and you're the only man in the universe that can. Will you do it? Won't you do it?»

«Tell me how. Speak out, my boy.»

«Give me a million and my passage home for my ‹option'! Don't, don't refuse!»

I was in a kind of agony. I was right on the point of coming out with the words, «Lloyd, I'm a pauper myself - absolutely penniless, and in debt!» But a white-hot idea came flaming through my head, and I gripped my jaws together, and calmed myself down till I was as cold as a capitalist. Then I said, in a commercial and self-possessed way:

«I will save you, Lloyd--»

«Then I'm already saved! God be merciful to you forever! If ever I--»

≤ 18 ≥

«Let me finish, Lloyd. I will save you, but not in that way; for that would not be fair to you, after your hard work, and the risks you've run. I don't need to buy mines; I can keep my capital moving, in a commercial center like London, without that; it's what I'm at, all the time; but here is what I'll do. I know all about that mine, of course; I know its immense value, and can swear to it if anybody wishes it. You shall sell out inside of the fortnight for three millions cash, using my name freely, and we'll divide, share and share alike.»

Do you know, he would have danced the furniture to kindling-wood in his insane joy, and broken everything on the place, if I hadn't tripped him up and tied him.

Then he lay there, perfectly happy, saying:

«I may use your name! Your name - think of it! Man, they'll flock in droves, these rich Londoners; they'll fight for that stock! I'm a made man, I'm a made man forever, and I'll never forget you as long as I live!»

In less than twenty-four hours London was abuzz! I hadn't anything to do, day after day, but sit at home, and say to all comers:

«Yes; I told him to refer to me. I know the man, and I know the mine. His character is above reproach, and the mine is worth far more than he asks for it.»

Meantime I spent all my evenings at the minister's with Portia. I didn't say a word to her about the mine; I saved it for a surprise. We talked salary; never anything but salary and love; sometimes love, sometimes salary, sometimes love and salary together. And my! the interest the minister's wife and daughter took in our little affair, and the endless ingenuities they invented to save us from interruption, and to keep the minister in the dark and unsuspicious - well, it was just lovely of them!

≤ 19 ≥

When the month was up at last, I had a million dollars to my credit in the London and County Bank, and Hastings was fixed in the same way. Dressed at my level best, I drove by the house in Portland Place, judged by the look of things that my birds were home again, went on towards the minister's and got my precious, and we started back, talking salary with all our might. She was so excited and anxious that it made her just intolerably beautiful. I said:

«Dearie, the way you're looking it's a crime to strike for a salary a single penny under three thousand a year.»

«Henry, Henry, you'll ruin us!»

«Don't you be afraid. Just keep up those looks, and trust to me. It'll all come out right.»

So, as it turned out, I had to keep bolstering up her courage all the way. She kept pleading with me, and saying:

«Oh, please remember that if we ask for too much we may get no salary at all; and then what will become of us, with no way in the world to earn our living?»

We were ushered in by that same servant, and there they were, the two old gentlemen. Of course, they were surprised to see that wonderful creature with me, but I said:

«It's all right, gentlemen; she is my future stay and helpmate.»

And I introduced them to her, and called them by name. It didn't surprise them; they knew I would know enough to consult the directory. They seated us, and were very polite to me, and very solicitous to relieve her from embarrassment, and put her as much at her ease as they could. Then I said:

«Gentlemen, I am ready to report.»

«We are glad to hear it,» said my man, «for now we can decide the bet which my brother Abel and I made. If you have won for me, you shall have any situation in my gift. Have you the million-pound note?»

≤ 20 ≥

«Here it is, sir,» and I handed it to him.

«I've won!» he shouted, and slapped Abel on the back. «Now what do you say, brother?»

«I say he did survive, and I've lost twenty thousand pounds. I never would have believed it.»

«I've a further report to make,» I said, «and a pretty long one. I want you to let me come soon, and detail my whole month's history; and I promise you it's worth hearing. Meantime, take a look at that.»

«What, man! Certificate of deposit for £200,000. Is it yours?»

«Mine. I earned it by thirty days' judicious use of that little loan you let me have. And the only use I made of it was to buy trifles and offer the bill in change.»

«Come, this is astonishing! It's incredible, man!»

«Never mind, I'll prove it. Don't take my word unsupported.»

But now Portia's turn was come to be surprised. Her eyes were spread wide, and she said:

«Henry, is that really your money? Have you been fibbing to me?»

«I have, indeed, dearie. But you'll forgive me, I know.»

She put up an arch pout, and said:

«Don't you be so sure. You are a naughty thing to deceive me so!»

«Oh, you'll get over it, sweetheart, you'll get over it; it was only fun, you know. Come, let's be going.»

«But wait, wait! The situation, you know. I want to give you the situation,» said my man.

«Well,» I said, «I'm just as grateful as I can be, but really I don't want one.»

≤ 21 ≥

«But you can have the very choicest one in my gift.»

«Thanks again, with all my heart; but I don't even want that one.»

«Henry, I'm ashamed of you. You don't half thank the good gentleman. May I do it for you?»

«Indeed, you shall, dear, if you can improve it. Let us see you try.»

She walked to my man, got up in his lap, put her arm round his neck, and kissed him right on the mouth. Then the two old gentlemen shouted with laughter, but I was dumfounded, just petrified, as you may say. Portia said:

«Papa, he has said you haven't a situation in your gift that he'd take; and I feel just as hurt as--»

«My darling, is that your papa?»

«Yes; he's my step-papa, and the dearest one that ever was. You understand now, don't you, why I was able to laugh when you told me at the minister's, not knowing my relationships, what trouble and worry papa's and Uncle Abel's scheme was giving you?»

Of course, I spoke right up now, without any fooling, and went straight to the point.

«Oh, my dearest dear sir, I want to take back what I said. You have got a situation open that I want.»

«Name it.»

«Son-in-law.»

«Well, well, well! But you know, if you haven't ever served in that capacity, you, of course, can't furnish recommendations of a sort to satisfy the conditions of the contract, and so--»

«Try me - oh, do, I beg of you! Only just try me thirty or forty years, and if--»

«Oh, well, all right; it's but a little thing to ask, take her along.»

≤ 22 ≥

Happy, we two? There are not words enough in the unabridged to describe it. And when London got the whole history, a day or two later, of my month's adventures with that bank-note, and how they ended, did London talk, and have a good time? Yes.

My Portia's papa took that friendly and hospitable bill back to the Bank of England and cashed it; then the Bank canceled it and made him a present of it, and he gave it to us at our wedding, and it has always hung in its frame in the sacredest place in our home ever since. For it gave me my Portia. But for it I could not have remained in London, would not have appeared at the minister's, never should have met her. And so I always say, «Yes, it's a million-pounder, as you see; but it never made but one purchase in its life, and then got the article for only about a tenth part of its value.»

TEXT 28
THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO
BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could, but when he ventured upon insult I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that gave utterance to a threat. At length I would

be avenged; this was a point definitely, settled --but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued, as was my in to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my to smile now was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point --this Fortunato --although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity, to practise imposture upon the British and Austrian millionaires. In painting and gemmary, Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack, but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially; --I was skilful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him --"My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day. But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he. "Amontillado, A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchresi. If any one has a critical turn it is he. He will tell me --"

"Luchresi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own.

"Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

“My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchresi--”

“I have no engagement; --come.”

“My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with nitre.”

“Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchresi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado.”

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm; and putting on a mask of black silk and drawing a roquelaire closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honour of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together upon the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

“The pipe,” he said.

“It is farther on,” said I; “but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls.”

He turned towards me, and looked into my eves with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

“Nitre?” he asked, at length.

“Nitre,” I replied. “How long have you had that cough?”

“Ugh! ugh! ugh! --ugh! ugh! ugh! --ugh! ugh! ugh! --ugh! ugh! ugh! --ugh! ugh! ugh!”

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

“It is nothing,” he said, at last.

“Come,” I said, with decision, “we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchresi --”

“Enough,” he said; “the cough’s a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough.”

"True --true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily --but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damps.

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."

"I forget your arms."

"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel."

"And the motto?"

"Nemo me impune lacessit."

"Good!" he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through long walls of piled skeletons, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

"The nitre!" I said; "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough --"

"It is nothing," he said; "let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc."

I broke and reached him a flagon of De Grave. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement --a grotesque one.

"You do not comprehend?" he said.

"Not I," I replied.

"Then you are not of the brotherhood."

"How?"

"You are not of the masons."

"Yes, yes," I said; "yes, yes."

"You? Impossible! A mason?"

"A mason," I replied.

"A sign," he said, "a sign."

"It is this," I answered, producing from beneath the folds of my roquelaire a trowel.

"You jest," he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. "But let us proceed to the Amontillado."

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth side the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior crypt or recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavoured to pry into the depth of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchresi --"

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In niche, and finding an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed, it is very damp. Once more let me implore you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied; "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was not the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labours and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaux over the mason-work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated, I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall; I replied to the yells of him who clamoured. I re-echoed, I aided, I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamourer grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said--

“Ha! ha! ha! --he! he! he! --a very good joke, indeed --an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo --he! he! he! --over our wine --he! he! he!”

“The Amontillado!” I said.

“He! he! he! --he! he! he! --yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone.”

“Yes,” I said, “let us be gone.”

“For the love of God, Montresor!”

“Yes,” I said, “for the love of God!”

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud --

“Fortunato!”

No answer. I called again --

“Fortunato!”

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew

sick; it was the dampness of the catacombs that made it so. I hastened to make an end of my labour. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. In pace requiescat!

TEXT 29
MAY DAY
BY F.S. FITZGERALD

There had been a war fought and won and the great city of the conquering people was crossed with triumphal arches and vivid with thrown flowers of white, red, and rose. All through the long spring days the returning soldiers marched up the chief highway behind the strump of drums and the joyous, resonant wind of the brasses, while merchants and clerks left their bickerings and figurings and, crowding to the windows, turned their white-bunched faces gravely upon the passing battalions.

Never had there been such splendor in the great city, for the victorious war had brought plenty in its train, and the merchants had flocked thither from the South and West with their households to taste of all the luscious feasts and witness the lavish entertainments prepared—and to buy for their women furs against the next winter and bags of golden mesh and varicolored slippers of silk and silver and rose satin and cloth of gold.

So gaily and noisily were the peace and prosperity impending hymned by the scribes and poets of the conquering people that more and more spenders had gathered from the provinces to drink the wine of excitement, and faster and faster did the merchants dispose of their trinkets and slippers until they sent up a mighty cry for more trinkets and more slippers in order that they might give in barter what was demanded of them. Some even of them flung up their hands helplessly, shouting:

"Alas! I have no more slippers! and alas! I have no more trinkets! May Heaven help me, for I know not what I shall do!"

But no one listened to their great outcry, for the throngs were far too busy—day by day, the foot-soldiers trod jauntily the highway and all exulted because the young men returning were pure and brave, sound of tooth and pink of cheek, and the young women of the land were virgins and comely both of face and of figure.

So during all this time there were many adventures that happened in the great city, and, of these, several—or perhaps one—are here set down.

I

At nine o'clock on the morning of the first of May, 1919, a young man spoke to the room clerk at the Biltmore Hotel, asking if Mr. Philip Dean were registered there, and if so, could he be connected with Mr. Dean's rooms. The inquirer was

dressed in a well-cut, shabby suit. He was small, slender, and darkly handsome; his eyes were framed above with unusually long eyelashes and below with the blue semicircles of ill health, this latter effect heightened by an unnatural glow which colored his face like a low, incessant fever.

Mr. Dean was staying there. The young man was directed to a telephone at the side.

After a second his connection was made; a sleepy voice hello'd from somewhere above.

"Mr. Dean?"—this very eagerly—"it's Gordon, Phil. It's Gordon Sterrett. I'm down-stairs. I heard you were in New York and I had a hunch you'd be here."

The sleepy voice became gradually enthusiastic. Well, how was Gordy, old boy! Well, he certainly was surprised and tickled! Would Gordy come right up, for Pete's sake!

A few minutes later Philip Dean, dressed in blue silk pajamas, opened his door and the two young men greeted each other with a half-embarrassed exuberance. They were both about twenty-four, Yale graduates of the year before the war; but there the resemblance stopped abruptly. Dean was blond, ruddy, and rugged under his thin pajamas. Everything about him radiated fitness and bodily comfort. He smiled frequently, showing large and prominent teeth.

"I was going to look you up," he cried enthusiastically. "I'm taking a couple of weeks off. If you'll sit down a sec I'll be right with you. Going to take a shower."

As he vanished into the bathroom his visitor's dark eyes roved nervously around the room, resting for a moment on a great English travelling bag in the corner and on a family of thick silk shirts littered on the chairs amid impressive neckties and soft woollen socks.

Gordon rose and, picking up one of the shirts, gave it a minute examination. It was of very heavy silk, yellow, with a pale blue stripe—and there were nearly a dozen of them. He stared involuntarily at his own shirt-cuffs—they were ragged and linty at the edges and soiled to a faint gray. Dropping the silk shirt, he held his coat-sleeves down and worked the frayed shirt-cuffs up till they were out of sight. Then he went to the mirror and looked at himself with listless, unhappy interest. His tie, of former glory, was faded and thumb-creased—it served no longer to hide the jagged buttonholes of his collar. He thought, quite without amusement, that only three years before he had received a scattering vote in the senior elections at college for being the best-dressed man in his class.

Dean emerged from the bathroom polishing his body.

"Saw an old friend of yours last night," he remarked. "Passed her in the lobby and couldn't think of her name to save my neck. That girl you brought up to New Haven senior year."

Gordon started.

"Edith Bradin? That whom you mean?"

"At's the one. Damn good looking. She's still sort of a pretty doll—you know what I mean: as if you touched her she'd smear."

He surveyed his shining self complacently in the mirror, smiled faintly, exposing a section of teeth.

"She must be twenty-three anyway," he continued.

"Twenty-two last month," said Gordon absently.

"What? Oh, last month. Well, I imagine she's down for the Gamma Psi dance. Did you know we're having a Yale Gamma Psi dance to-night at Delmonico's? You better come up, Gordy. Half of New Haven'll probably be there. I can get you an invitation."

Draping himself reluctantly in fresh underwear, Dean lit a cigarette and sat down by the open window, inspecting his calves and knees under the morning sunshine which poured into the room.

"Sit down, Gordy," he suggested, "and tell me all about what you've been doing and what you're doing now and everything."

Gordon collapsed unexpectedly upon the bed; lay there inert and spiritless. His mouth, which habitually dropped a little open when his face was in repose, became suddenly helpless and pathetic.

"What's the matter?" asked Dean quickly.

"Oh, God!"

"What's the matter?"

"Every God damn thing in the world," he said miserably. "I've absolutely gone to pieces, Phil. I'm all in."

"Huh?"

"I'm all in." His voice was shaking.

Dean scrutinized him more closely with appraising blue eyes.

"You certainly look all shot."

"I am. I've made a hell of a mess of everything." He paused. "I'd better start at the beginning —or will it bore you?"

"Not at all; go on." There was, however, a hesitant note in Dean's voice. This trip East had been planned for a holiday—to find Gordon Sterrett in trouble exasperated him a little.

"Go on," he repeated, and then added half under his breath, "Get it over with."

"Well," began Gordon unsteadily, "I got back from France in February, went home to Harrisburg for a month, and then came down to New York to get a job. I got one—with an export company. They fired me yesterday."

"Fired you?"

"I'm coming to that, Phil. I want to tell you frankly. You're about the only man I can turn to in a matter like this. You won't mind if I just tell you frankly, will you, Phil?"

Dean stiffened a bit more. The pats he was bestowing on his knees grew perfunctory. He felt vaguely that he was being unfairly saddled with

responsibility; he was not even sure he wanted to be told. Though never surprised at finding Gordon Sterrett in mild difficulty, there was something in this present misery that repelled him and hardened him, even though it excited his curiosity.

"Go on."

"It's a girl."

"Hm." Dean resolved that nothing was going to spoil his trip. If Gordon was going to be depressing, then he'd have to see less of Gordon.

"Her name is Jewel Hudson," went on the distressed voice from the bed. "She used to be 'pure,' I guess, up to about a year ago. Lived here in New York—poor family. Her people are dead now and she lives with an old aunt. You see it was just about the time I met her that everybody began to come back from France in droves —and all I did was to welcome the newly arrived and go on parties with 'em. That's the way it started, Phil, just from being glad to see everybody and having them glad to see me."

"You ought to've had more sense."

"I know," Gordon paused, and then continued listlessly. "I'm on my own now, you know, and Phil, I can't stand being poor. Then came this darn girl. She sort of fell in love with me for a while and, though I never intended to get so involved, I'd always seem to run into her somewhere. You can imagine the sort of work I was doing for those exporting people—of course, I always intended to draw; do illustrating for magazines; there's a pile of money in it."

"Why didn't you? You've got to buckle down if you want to make good," suggested Dean with cold formalism.

"I tried, a little, but my stuff's crude. I've got talent, Phil; I can draw—but I just don't know how. I ought to go to art school and I can't afford it. Well, things came to a crisis about a week ago. Just as I was down to about my last dollar this girl began bothering me. She wants some money; claims she can make trouble for me if she doesn't get it."

"Can she?"

"I'm afraid she can. That's one reason I lost my job—she kept calling up the office all the time, and that was sort of the last straw down there. She's got a letter all written to send to my family. Oh, she's got me, all right. I've got to have some money for her."

There was an awkward pause. Gordon lay very still, his hands clenched by his side.

"I'm all in," he continued, his voice trembling. "I'm half crazy, Phil. If I hadn't known you were coming East, I think I'd have killed myself. I want you to lend me three hundred dollars."

Dean's hands, which had been patting his bare ankles, were suddenly quiet—and the curious uncertainty playing between the two became taut and strained.

After a second Gordon continued:

"I've bled the family until I'm ashamed to ask for another nickel."

Still Dean made no answer.

"Jewel says she's got to have two hundred dollars."

"Tell her where she can go."

"Yes, that sounds easy, but she's got a couple of drunken letters I wrote her. Unfortunately she's not at all the flabby sort of person you'd expect."

Dean made an expression of distaste.

"I can't stand that sort of woman. You ought to have kept away."

"I know," admitted Gordon wearily.

"You've got to look at things as they are. If you haven't got money you've got to work and stay away from women."

"That's easy for you to say," began Gordon, his eyes narrowing. "You've got all the money in the world."

"I most certainly have not. My family keep darn close tabs on what I spend. Just because I have a little leeway I have to be extra careful not to abuse it."

He raised the blind and let in a further flood of sunshine.

"I'm no prig, Lord knows," he went on deliberately. "I like pleasure—and I like a lot of it on a vacation like this, but you're—you're in awful shape. I never heard you talk just this way before. You seem to be sort of bankrupt—morally as well as financially."

"Don't they usually go together?"

Dean shook his head impatiently.

"There's a regular aura about you that I don't understand. It's a sort of evil."

"It's an air of worry and poverty and sleepless nights," said Gordon, rather defiantly.

"I don't know."

"Oh, I admit I'm depressing. I depress myself. But, my God, Phil, a week's rest and a new suit and some ready money and I'd be like—like I was. Phil, I can draw like a streak, and you know it. But half the time I haven't had the money to buy decent drawing materials—and I can't draw when I'm tired and discouraged and all in. With a little ready money I can take a few weeks off and get started."

"How do I know you wouldn't use it on some other woman?"

"Why rub it in?" said Gordon quietly.

"I'm not rubbing it in. I hate to see you this way."

"Will you lend me the money, Phil?"

"I can't decide right off. That's a lot of money and it'll be darn inconvenient for me."

"It'll be hell for me if you can't—I know I'm whining, and it's all my own fault but—that doesn't change it."

"When could you pay it back?"

This was encouraging. Gordon considered. It was probably wisest to be frank.

"Of course, I could promise to send it back next month, but—I'd better say three months. Just as soon as I start to sell drawings."

"How do I know you'll sell any drawings?"

A new hardness in Dean's voice sent a faint chill of doubt over Gordon. Was it possible that he wouldn't get the money?

"I supposed you had a little confidence in me."

"I did have—but when I see you like this I begin to wonder."

"Do you suppose if I wasn't at the end of my rope I'd come to you like this? Do you think I'm enjoying it?" He broke off and bit his lip, feeling that he had better subdue the rising anger in his voice. After all, he was the suppliant.

"You seem to manage it pretty easily," said Dean angrily. "You put me in the position where, if I don't lend it to you, I'm a sucker—oh, yes, you do. And let me tell you it's no easy thing for me to get hold of three hundred dollars. My income isn't so big but that a slice like that won't play the deuce with it."

He left his chair and began to dress, choosing his clothes carefully. Gordon stretched out his arms and clenched the edges of the bed, fighting back a desire to cry out. His head was splitting and whirring, his mouth was dry and bitter and he could feel the fever in his blood resolving itself into innumerable regular counts like a slow dripping from a roof.

Dean tied his tie precisely, brushed his eyebrows, and removed a piece of tobacco from his teeth with solemnity. Next he filled his cigarette case, tossed the empty box thoughtfully into the waste basket, and settled the case in his vest pocket.

"Had breakfast?" he demanded.

"No; I don't eat it any more."

"Well, we'll go out and have some. We'll decide about that money later. I'm sick of the subject. I came East to have a good time.

"Let's go over to the Yale Club," he continued moodily, and then added with an implied reproof: "You've given up your job. You've got nothing else to do."

"I'd have a lot to do if I had a little money," said Gordon pointedly.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake drop the subject for a while! No point in glooming on my whole trip. Here, here's some money."

He took a five-dollar bill from his wallet and tossed it over to Gordon, who folded it carefully and put it in his pocket. There was an added spot of color in his cheeks, an added glow that was not fever. For an instant before they turned to go out their eyes met and in that instant each found something that made him lower his own glance quickly. For in that instant they quite suddenly and definitely hated each other.

II

Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street swarmed with the noon crowd. The wealthy, happy sun glittered in transient gold through the thick windows of the smart shops, lighting upon mesh bags and purses and strings of pearls in gray velvet cases; upon gaudy feather fans of many colors; upon the laces and silks of expensive dresses; upon the bad paintings and the fine period furniture in the elaborate show rooms of interior decorators.

Working-girls, in pairs and groups and swarms, loitered by these windows, choosing their future boudoirs from some resplendent display which included even a man's silk pajamas laid domestically across the bed. They stood in front of the jewelry stores and picked out their engagement rings, and their wedding rings and their platinum wrist watches, and then drifted on to inspect the feather fans and opera cloaks; meanwhile digesting the sandwiches and sundaes they had eaten for lunch.

All through the crowd were men in uniform, sailors from the great fleet anchored in the Hudson, soldiers with divisional insignia from Massachusetts to California, wanting fearfully to be noticed, and finding the great city thoroughly fed up with soldiers unless they were nicely massed into pretty formations and uncomfortable under the weight of a pack and rifle.

Through this medley Dean and Gordon wandered; the former interested, made alert by the display of humanity at its frothiest and gaudiest; the latter reminded of how often he had been one of the crowd, tired, casually fed, overworked, and dissipated. To Dean the struggle was significant, young, cheerful; to Gordon it was dismal, meaningless, endless.

In the Yale Club they met a group of their former classmates who greeted the visiting Dean vociferously. Sitting in a semicircle of lounges and great chairs, they had a highball all around.

Gordon found the conversation tiresome and interminable. They lunched together *en masse*, warmed with liquor as the afternoon began. They were all going to the Gamma Psi dance that night—it promised to be the best party since the war.

"Edith Bradin's coming," said some one to Gordon. "Didn't she used to be an old flame of yours? Aren't you both from Harrisburg?"

"Yes." He tried to change the subject. "I see her brother occasionally. He's sort of a socialistic nut. Runs a paper or something here in New York."

"Not like his gay sister, eh?" continued his eager informant. "Well, she's coming to night with a junior named Peter Himmel."

Gordon was to meet Jewel Hudson at eight o'clock—he had promised to have some money for her. Several times he glanced nervously at his wrist watch. At four, to his relief, Dean rose and announced that he was going over to Rivers Brothers to buy some collars and ties. But as they left the Club another of the party joined them, to Gordon's great dismay. Dean was in a jovial mood now, happy, expectant of the evening's party, faintly hilarious. Over in Rivers' he chose a dozen neckties, selecting each one after long consultations with the other man. Did he think narrow ties were coming back? And wasn't it a shame that Rivers couldn't get any more Welch Margetson collars? There never was a collar like the "Covington."

Gordon was in something of a panic. He wanted the money immediately. And he was now inspired also with a vague idea of attending the Gamma Psi dance. He wanted to see Edith—Edith whom he hadn't met since one romantic night at the Harrisburg Country Club just before he went to France. The affair

had died, drowned in the turmoil of the war and quite forgotten in the arabesque of these three months, but a picture of her, poignant, debonnaire, immersed in her own inconsequential chatter, recurred to him unexpectedly and brought a hundred memories with it. It was Edith's face that he had cherished through college with a sort of detached yet affectionate admiration. He had loved to draw her—around his room had been a dozen sketches of her—playing golf, swimming—he could draw her pert, arresting profile with his eyes shut.

They left Rivers' at five-thirty and paused for a moment on the sidewalk.

"Well," said Dean genially, " I'm all set now. Think I'll go back to the hotel and get a shave, haircut, and massage."

"Good enough," said the other man, "I think I'll join you."

Gordon wondered if he was to be beaten after all. With difficulty he restrained himself from turning to the man and snarling out, "Go on away, damn you!" In despair he suspected that perhaps Dean had spoken to him, was keeping him along in order to avoid a dispute about the money.

They went into the Biltmore—a Biltmore alive with girls—mostly from the West and South, the stellar debutantes of many cities gathered for the dance of a famous fraternity of a famous university. But to Gordon they were faces in a dream. He gathered together his forces for a last appeal, was about to come out with he knew not what, when Dean suddenly excused himself to the other man and taking Gordon's arm led him aside.

"Gordy," he said quickly, "I've thought the whole thing over carefully and I've decided that I can't lend you that money. I'd like to oblige you, but I don't feel I ought to—it'd put a crimp in me for a month."

Gordon, watching him dully, wondered why he had never before noticed how much those upper teeth projected.

"—I'm mighty sorry, Gordon," continued Dean, "but that's the way it is."

He took out his wallet and deliberately counted out seventy-five dollars in bills.

"Here," he said, holding them out, "here's seventy-five; that makes eighty all together. That's all the actual cash I have with me, besides what I'll actually spend on the trip."

Gordon raised his clenched hand automatically, opened it as though it were a tongs he was holding, and clenched it again on the money.

"I'll see you at the dance," continued Dean. "I've got to get along to the barber shop."

"So-long," said Gordon in a strained and husky voice.

"So-long."

Dean began to smile, but seemed to change his mind. He nodded briskly and disappeared.

But Gordon stood there, his handsome face awry with distress, the roll of bills clenched tightly in his hand. Then, blinded by sudden tears, he stumbled clumsily down the Biltmore steps.

III

About nine o'clock of the same night two human beings came out of a cheap restaurant in Sixth Avenue. They were ugly, ill-nourished, devoid of all except the very lowest form of intelligence, and without even that animal exuberance that in itself brings color into life; they were lately vermin-ridden, cold, and hungry in a dirty town of a strange land; they were poor, friendless; tossed as driftwood from their births, they would be tossed as driftwood to their deaths. They were dressed in the uniform of the United States Army, and on the shoulder of each was the insignia of a drafted division from New Jersey, landed three days before.

The taller of the two was named Carrol Key, a name hinting that in his veins, however thinly diluted by generations of degeneration, ran blood of some potentiality. But one could stare endlessly at the long, chinless face, the dull, watery eyes, and high cheek-bones, without finding a suggestion of either ancestral worth or native resourcefulness.

His companion was aware and bandy-legged, with rat-eyes and a much-broken hooked nose. His defiant air was obviously a pretense, a weapon of protection borrowed from that world of snarl and snap, of physical bluff and physical menace, in which he had always lived. His name was Gus Rose.

Leaving the cafe they sauntered down Sixth Avenue, wielding toothpicks with great gusto and complete detachment.

"Where to?" asked Rose, in a tone which implied that he would not be surprised if Key suggested the South Sea Islands.

"What you say we see if we can getta holda some liquor?" Prohibition was not yet. The ginger in the suggestion was caused by the law forbidding the selling of liquor to soldiers.

Rose agreed enthusiastically.

"I got an idea," continued Key, after a moment's thought, "I got a brother somewhere."

"In New York?"

"Yeah. He's an old fella." He meant that he was an elder brother. "He's a waiter in a hash joint."

"Maybe he can get us some."

"I'll say he can!"

"B'lieve me, I'm goin' to get this darn uniform off me to-morra. Never get me in it again, neither. I'm goin' to get me some regular clothes."

"Say, maybe I'm not."

As their combined finances were something less than five dollars, this intention can be taken largely as a pleasant game of words, harmless and consoling. It seemed to please both of them, however, for they reinforced it with chuckling and mention of personages high in biblical circles, adding such further emphasis as "Oh, boy!" "You know!" and "I'll say so!" repeated many times over.

The entire mental pabulum of these two men consisted of an offended nasal comment extended through the years upon the institution—army, business, or poor-house—which kept them alive, and toward their immediate superior in that institution. Until that very morning the institution had been the "government" and the immediate superior had been the "Cap'n"—from these two they had glided out and were now in the vaguely uncomfortable state before they should adopt their next bondage. They were uncertain, resentful, and somewhat ill at ease. This they hid by pretending an elaborate relief at being out of the army, and by assuring each other that military discipline should never again rule their stubborn, liberty-loving wills. Yet, as a matter of fact, they would have felt more at home in a prison than in this new-found and unquestionable freedom.

Suddenly Key increased his gait. Rose, looking up and following his glance, discovered a crowd that was collecting fifty yards down the street. Key chuckled and began to run in the direction of the crowd; Rose thereupon also chuckled and his short bandy legs twinkled beside the long, awkward strides of his companion.

Reaching the outskirts of the crowd they immediately became an indistinguishable part of it. It was composed of ragged civilians somewhat the worse for liquor, and of soldiers representing many divisions and many stages of sobriety, all clustered around a gesticulating little Jew with long black whiskers, who was waving his arms and delivering an excited but succinct harangue. Key and Rose, having wedged themselves into the approximate parquet, scrutinized him with acute suspicion, as his words penetrated their common consciousness.

"—What have you got outa the war?" he was crying fiercely. "Look arounja, look arounja! Are you rich? Have you got a lot of money offered you?—no; you're lucky if you're alive and got both your legs; you're lucky if you came back an' find your wife ain't gone off with some other fella that had the money to buy himself out of the war! That's when you're lucky! Who got anything out of it except J. P. Morgan an' John D. Rockerfeller?"

At this point the little Jew's oration was interrupted by the hostile impact of a fist upon the point of his bearded chin and he toppled backward to a sprawl on the pavement.

"God damn Bolsheviki!" cried the big soldier-blacksmith who had delivered the blow. There was a rumble of approval, the crowd closed in nearer.

The Jew staggered to his feet, and immediately went down again before a half-dozen reaching-in fists. This time he stayed down, breathing heavily, blood oozing from his lip where it was cut within and without.

There was a riot of voices, and in a minute Rose and Key found themselves flowing with the jumbled crowd down Sixth Avenue under the leadership of a thin civilian in a slouch hat and the brawny soldier who had summarily ended the oration. The crowd had marvellously swollen to formidable proportions and

a stream of more non-committal citizens followed it along the sidewalks lending their moral support by intermittent huzzas.

"Where we goin'?" yelled Key to the man nearest him.

His neighbor pointed up to the leader in the slouch hat.

"That guy knows where there's a lot of 'em! We're goin' to show 'em!"

"We're goin' to show 'em!" whispered Key delightedly to Rose, who repeated the phrase rapturously to a man on the other side.

Down Sixth Avenue swept the procession, joined here and there by soldiers and marines, and now and then by civilians, who came up with the inevitable cry that they were just out of the army themselves, as if presenting it as a card of admission to a newly formed Sporting and Amusement Club.

Then the procession swerved down a cross street and headed for Fifth Avenue and the word filtered here and there that they were bound for a Red meeting at Tolliver Hall.

"Where is it?"

The question went up the line and a moment later the answer floated back. Tolliver Hall was down on Tenth Street. There was a bunch of other sojers who was goin' to break it up and was down there now!

But Tenth Street had a faraway sound and at the word a general groan went up and a score of the procession dropped out. Among these were Rose and Key, who slowed down to a saunter and let the more enthusiastic sweep on by.

"I'd rather get some liquor," said Key as they halted and made their way to the sidewalk amid cries of "Shell hole!" and "Quitters!"

"Does your brother work around here?" asked Rose, assuming the air of one passing from the superficial to the eternal.

"He oughta," replied Key. "I ain't seen him for a coupla years. I been out to Pennsylvania since. Maybe he don't work at night anyhow. It's right along here. He can get us some o'right if he ain't gone."

They found the place after a few minutes' patrol of the street—a shoddy tablecloth restaurant between Fifth Avenue and Broadway. Here Key went inside to inquire for his brother George, while Rose waited on the sidewalk.

"He ain't here no more," said Key emerging. "He's a waiter up to Delmonico's."

Rose nodded wisely, as if he'd expected as much. One should not be surprised at a capable man changing jobs occasionally. He knew a waiter once—there ensued a long conversation as they walked as to whether waiters made more in actual wages than in tips—it was decided that it depended on the social tone of the joint wherein the waiter labored. After having given each other vivid pictures of millionaires dining at Delmonico's and throwing away fifty-dollar bills after their first quart of champagne, both men thought privately of becoming waiters. In fact, Key's narrow brow was secreting a resolution to ask his brother to get him a job.

"A waiter can drink up all the champagne those fellas leave in bottles," suggested Rose with some relish, and then added as an afterthought, "Oh, boy!"

By the time they reached Delmonico's it was half past ten, and they were surprised to see a stream of taxis driving up to the door one after the other and emitting marvelous, hatless young ladies, each one attended by a stiff young gentleman in evening clothes.

"It's a party," said Rose with some awe. "Maybe we better not go in. He'll be busy."

"No, he won't. He'll be o'right."

After some hesitation they entered what appeared to them to be the least elaborate door and, indecision falling upon them immediately, stationed themselves nervously in an inconspicuous corner of the small dining-room in which they found themselves. They took off their caps and held them in their hands. A cloud of gloom fell upon them and both started when a door at one end of the room crashed open, emitting a comet-like waiter who streaked across the floor and vanished through another door on the other side.

There had been three of these lightning passages before the seekers mustered the acumen to hail a waiter. He turned, looked at them suspiciously, and then approached with soft, catlike steps, as if prepared at any moment to turn and flee.

"Say," began Key, "say, do you know my brother? He's a waiter here."

"His name is Key," annotated Rose.

Yes, the waiter knew Key. He was up-stairs, he thought. There was a big dance going on in the main ballroom. He'd tell him.

Ten minutes later George Key appeared and greeted his brother with the utmost suspicion; his first and most natural thought being that he was going to be asked for money.

George was tall and weak chinned, but there his resemblance to his brother ceased. The waiter's eyes were not dull, they were alert and twinkling, and his manner was suave, in-door, and faintly superior. They exchanged formalities. George was married and had three children. He seemed fairly interested, but not impressed by the news that Carrol had been abroad in the army. This disappointed Carrol.

"George," said the younger brother, these amenities having been disposed of, "we want to get some booze, and they won't sell us none. Can you get us some?"

George considered.

"Sure. Maybe I can. It may be half an hour, though."

"All right," agreed Carrol, "we'll wait."

At this Rose started to sit down in a convenient chair, but was hailed to his feet by the indignant George.

"Hey! Watch out, you! Can't sit down here! This room's all set for a twelve o'clock banquet."

"I ain't goin' to hurt it," said Rose resentfully. "I been through the delouser."

"Never mind," said George sternly, "if the head waiter seen me here talkin' he'd romp all over me."

"Oh."

The mention of the head waiter was full explanation to the other two; they fingered their overseas caps nervously and waited for a suggestion.

"I tell you," said George, after a pause, "I got a place you can wait; you just come here with me."

They followed him out the far door, through a deserted pantry and up a pair of dark winding stairs, emerging finally into a small room chiefly furnished by piles of pails and stacks of scrubbing brushes, and illuminated by a single dim electric light. There he left them, after soliciting two dollars and agreeing to return in half an hour with a quart of whiskey.

"George is makin' money, I bet," said Key gloomily as he seated himself on an inverted pail. "I bet he's making fifty dollars a week."

Rose nodded his head and spat.

"I bet he is, too."

"What'd he say the dance was of?"

"A lot of college fellas. Yale College."

They both nodded solemnly at each other.

"Wonder where that crowd a sojers is now?"

"I don't know. I know that's too damn long to walk for me."

"Me too. You don't catch me walkin' that far."

Ten minutes later restlessness seized them.

"I'm goin' to see what's out here," said Rose, stepping cautiously toward the other door.

It was a swinging door of green baize and he pushed it open a cautious inch.

"See anything?"

For answer Rose drew in his breath sharply.

"Doggone! Here's some liquor I'll say!"

"Liquor?"

Key joined Rose at the door, and looked eagerly.

"I'll tell the world that's liquor," he said, after a moment of concentrated gazing.

It was a room about twice as large as the one they were in—and in it was prepared a radiant feast of spirits. There were long walls of alternating bottles set along two white covered tables; whiskey, gin, brandy, French and Italian vermouths, and orange juice, not to mention an array of syphons and two great empty punch bowls. The room was as yet uninhabited.

"It's for this dance they're just starting," whispered Key; "hear the violins playin'? Say, boy, I wouldn't mind havin' a dance."

They closed the door softly and exchanged a glance of mutual comprehension. There was no need of feeling each other out.

"I'd like to get my hands on a coupla those bottles," said Rose emphatically.

"Me too."

"Do you suppose we'd get seen?"

Key considered.

"Maybe we better wait till they start drinkin' 'em. They got 'em all laid out now, and they know how many of them there are."

They debated this point for several minutes. Rose was all for getting his hands on a bottle now and tucking it under his coat before any one came into the room. Key, however, advocated caution. He was afraid he might get his brother in trouble. If they waited till some of the bottles were opened it'd be all right to take one, and everybody'd think it was one of the college fellas.

While they were still engaged in argument George Key hurried through the room and, barely grunting at them, disappeared by way of the green baize door. A minute later they heard several corks pop, and then the sound of cracking ice and splashing liquid. George was mixing the punch.

The soldiers exchanged delighted grins.

"Oh, boy!" whispered Rose.

George reappeared.

"Just keep low, boys," he said quickly. "I'll have your stuff for you in five minutes."

He disappeared through the door by which he had come.

As soon as his footsteps receded down the stairs, Rose, after a cautious look, darted into the room of delights and reappeared with a bottle in his hand.

"Here's what I say," he said, as they sat radiantly digesting their first drink. "We'll wait till he comes up, and we'll ask him if we can't just stay here and drink what he brings us—see. We'll tell him we haven't got any place to drink it—see. Then we can sneak in there whenever there ain't nobody in that there room and tuck a bottle under our coats. We'll have enough to last us a coupla days—see?"

"Sure," agreed Rose enthusiastically. "Oh, boy! And if we want to we can sell it to sojers any time we want to."

They were silent for a moment thinking rosily of this idea. Then Key reached up and unhooked the collar of his O. D. coat.

"It's hot in here, ain't it?"

Rose agreed earnestly.

"Hot as hell."

IV

She was still quite angry when she came out of the dressing-room and crossed the intervening parlor of politeness that opened onto the hall—angry not so much at the actual happening which was, after all, the merest commonplace of her social existence, but because it had occurred on this particular night. She had no quarrel with herself. She had acted with that correct mixture of dignity and reticent pity which she always employed. She had succinctly and deftly snubbed him.

It had happened when their taxi was leaving the Biltmore—hadn't gone half a block. He had lifted his right arm awkwardly—she was on his right side—and attempted to settle it snugly around the crimson fur-trimmed opera cloak she wore. This in itself had been a mistake. It was inevitably more graceful for a young man attempting to embrace a young lady of whose acquiescence he was not certain, to first put his far arm around her. It avoided that awkward movement of raising the near arm.

His second *faux pas* was unconscious. She had spent the afternoon at the hairdresser's; the idea of any calamity overtaking her hair was extremely repugnant—yet as Peter made his unfortunate attempt the point of his elbow had just faintly brushed it. That was his second *faux pas*. Two were quite enough.

He had begun to murmur. At the first murmur she had decided that he was nothing but a college boy—Edith was twenty-two, and anyhow, this dance, first of its kind since the war, was reminding her, with the accelerating rhythm of its associations, of something else—of another dance and another man, a man for whom her feelings had been little more than a sad-eyed, adolescent mooniness. Edith Bradin was falling in love with her recollection of Gordon Sterrett.

So she came out of the dressing-room at Delmonico's and stood for a second in the doorway looking over the shoulders of a black dress in front of her at the groups of Yale men who flitted like dignified black moths around the head of the stairs. From the room she had left drifted out the heavy fragrance left by the passage to and fro of many scented young beauties—rich perfumes and the fragile memory-laden dust of fragrant powders. This odor drifting out acquired the tang of cigarette smoke in the hall, and then settled sensuously down the stairs and permeated the ballroom where the Gamma Psi dance was to be held. It was an odor she knew well, exciting, stimulating, restlessly sweet—the odor of a fashionable dance.

She thought of her own appearance. Her bare arms and shoulders were powdered to a creamy white. She knew they looked very soft and would gleam like milk against the black backs that were to silhouette them tonight. The hairdressing had been a success; her reddish mass of hair was piled and crushed and creased to an arrogant marvel of mobile curves. Her lips were finely made of deep carmine; the irises of her eyes were delicate, breakable blue, like china eyes. She was a complete, infinitely delicate, quite perfect thing of beauty, flowing in an even line from a complex coiffure to two small slim feet.

She thought of what she would say to-night at this revel, faintly prestiged already by the sounds of high and low laughter and slippered footsteps, and movements of couples up and down the stairs. She would talk the language she had talked for many years—her line —made up of the current expressions, bits of journalese and college slang strung together into an intrinsic whole, careless, faintly provocative, delicately sentimental. She smiled faintly as she heard a girl sitting on the stairs near her say: "You don't know the half of it, dearie!"

And as she smiled her anger melted for a moment, and closing her eyes she drew in a deep breath of pleasure. She dropped her arms to her sides until they were faintly touching the sleek sheath that covered and suggested her figure. She had never felt her own softness so much nor so enjoyed the whiteness of her own arms.

"I smell sweet," she said to herself simply, and then came another thought—"I'm made for love."

She liked the sound of this and thought it again; then in inevitable succession came her new-born riot of dreams about Gordon. The twist of her imagination which, two months before, had disclosed to her her unguessed desire to see him again, seemed now to have been leading up to this dance, this hour.

For all her sleek beauty, Edith was a grave, slow-thinking girl. There was a streak in her of that same desire to ponder, of that adolescent idealism that had turned her brother socialist and pacifist. Henry Bradin had left Cornell, where he had been an instructor in economics, and had come to New York to pour the latest cures for incurable evils into the columns of a radical weekly newspaper.

Edith, less fatuously, would have been content to cure Gordon Sterrett. There was a quality of weakness in Gordon that she wanted to take care of; there was a helplessness in him that she wanted to protect. And she wanted someone she had known a long while, someone who had loved her a long while. She was a little tired; she wanted to get married. Out of a pile of letters, half a dozen pictures and as many memories, and this weariness, she had decided that next time she saw Gordon their relations were going to be changed. She would say something that would change them. There was this evening. This was her evening. All evenings were her evenings.

Then her thoughts were interrupted by a solemn undergraduate with a hurt look and an air of strained formality who presented himself before her and bowed unusually low. It was the man she had come with, Peter Himmel. He was tall and humorous, with horned-rimmed glasses and an air of attractive whimsicality. She suddenly rather disliked him—probably because he had not succeeded in kissing her.

"Well," she began, "are you still furious at me?"

"Not at all."

She stepped forward and took his arm.

"I'm sorry," she said softly. "I don't know why I snapped out that way. I'm in a bum humor to-night for some strange reason. I'm sorry."

"S'all right," he mumbled, "don't mention it."

He felt disagreeably embarrassed. Was she rubbing in the fact of his late failure?

"It was a mistake," she continued, on the same consciously gentle key. "We'll both forget it." For this he hated her.

A few minutes later they drifted out on the floor while the dozen swaying, sighing members of the specially hired jazz orchestra informed the crowded ballroom that "if a saxophone and me are left alone why then two is com-pan-ee!"

A man with a mustache cut in.

"Hello," he began reprovingly. "You don't remember me."

"I can't just think of your name," she said lightly—"and I know you so well."

"I met you up at—" His voice trailed disconsolately off as a man with very fair hair cut in. Edith murmured a conventional "Thanks, loads—cut in later," to the *inconnu*.

The very fair man insisted on shaking hands enthusiastically. She placed him as one of the numerous Jims of her acquaintance—last name a mystery. She remembered even that he had a peculiar rhythm in dancing and found as they started that she was right.

"Going to be here long?" he breathed confidentially. She leaned back and looked up at him.

"Couple of weeks."

"Where are you?"

"Biltmore. Call me up some day."

"I mean it," he assured her. "I will. We'll go to tea."

"So do I—Do."

A dark man cut in with intense formality.

"You don't remember me, do you?" he said gravely.

"I should say I do. Your name's Harlan."

"No-ope. Barlow."

"Well, I knew there were two syllables anyway. You're the boy that played the ukulele so well up at Howard Marshall's house party."

"I played—but not—"

A man with prominent teeth cut in. Edith inhaled a slight cloud of whiskey. She liked men to have had something to drink; they were so much more cheerful, and appreciative and complimentary—much easier to talk to.

"My name's Dean, Philip Dean," he said cheerfully. "You don't remember me, I know, but you used to come up to New Haven with a fellow I roomed with senior year, Gordon Sterrett."

Edith looked up quickly.

"Yes, I went up with him twice—to the Pump and Slipper and the Junior prom."

"You've seen him, of course," said Dean carelessly. "He's here to-night. I saw him just a minute ago."

Edith started. Yet she had felt quite sure he would be here.

"Why, no, I haven't—"

A fat man with red hair cut in.

"Hello, Edith," he began.

"Why—hello there—"

She slipped, stumbled lightly.

"I'm sorry, dear," she murmured mechanically.

She had seen Gordon—Gordon very white and listless, leaning against the side of a doorway, smoking and looking into the ballroom. Edith could see that his face was thin and wan—that the hand he raised to his lips with a cigarette was trembling. They were dancing quite close to him now.

"—They invite so darn many extra fellas that you—" the short man was saying.

"Hello, Gordon," called Edith over her partner's shoulder. Her heart was pounding wildly.

His large dark eyes were fixed on her. He took a step in her direction. Her partner turned her away—she heard his voice bleating—

"—but half the stags get lit and leave before long, so—"

Then a low tone at her side.

"May I, please?"

She was dancing suddenly with Gordon; one of his arms was around her; she felt it tighten spasmodically; felt his hand on her back with the fingers spread. Her hand holding the little lace handkerchief was crushed in his.

"Why Gordon," she began breathlessly.

"Hello, Edith."

She slipped again—was tossed forward by her recovery until her face touched the black cloth of his dinner coat. She loved him—she knew she loved him—then for a minute there was silence while a strange feeling of uneasiness crept over her. Something was wrong.

Of a sudden her heart wrenched, and turned over as she realized what it was. He was pitiful and wretched, a little drunk, and miserably tired.

"Oh—" she cried involuntarily.

His eyes looked down at her. She saw suddenly that they were blood-streaked and rolling uncontrollably.

"Gordon," she murmured, "we'll sit down; I want to sit down."

They were nearly in mid-floor, but she had seen two men start toward her from opposite sides of the room, so she halted, seized Gordon's limp hand and led him bumping through the crowd, her mouth tight shut, her face a little pale under her rouge, her eyes trembling with tears.

She found a place high up on the soft-carpeted stairs, and he sat down heavily beside her.

"Well," he began, staring at her unsteadily, "I certainly am glad to see you, Edith."

She looked at him without answering. The effect of this on her was immeasurable. For years she had seen men in various stages of intoxication, from uncles all the way down to chauffeurs, and her feelings had varied from amusement to disgust, but here for the first time she was seized with a new feeling—an unutterable horror.

"Gordon," she said accusingly and almost crying, "you look like the devil."

He nodded. "I've had trouble, Edith."

"Trouble?"

"All sorts of trouble. Don't you say anything to the family, but I'm all gone to pieces. I'm a mess, Edith."

His lower lip was sagging. He seemed scarcely to see her.

"Can't you—can't you," she hesitated, "can't you tell me about it, Gordon? You know I'm always interested in you."

She bit her lip—she had intended to say something stronger, but found at the end that she couldn't bring it out.

Gordon shook his head dully. "I can't tell you. You're a good woman. I can't tell a good woman the story."

"Rot," she said, defiantly. "I think it's a perfect insult to call any one a good woman in that way. It's a slam. You've been drinking, Gordon."

"Thanks." He inclined his head gravely. "Thanks for the information."

"Why do you drink?"

"Because I'm so damn miserable."

"Do you think drinking's going to make it any better?"

"What you doing—trying to reform me?"

"No; I'm trying to help you, Gordon. Can't you tell me about it?"

"I'm in an awful mess. Best thing you can do is to pretend not to know me."

"Why, Gordon?"

"I'm sorry I cut in on you—its unfair to you. You're pure woman—and all that sort of thing. Here, I'll get some one else to dance with you."

He rose clumsily to his feet, but she reached up and pulled him down beside her on the stairs.

"Here, Gordon. You're ridiculous. You're hurting me. You're acting like a—like a crazy man——"

"I admit it. I'm a little crazy. Something's wrong with me, Edith. There's something left me. It doesn't matter."

"It does, tell me."

"Just that. I was always queer—little bit different from other boys. All right in college, but now it's all wrong. Things have been snapping inside me for four months like little hooks on a dress, and it's about to come off when a few more hooks go. I'm very gradually going loony."

He turned his eyes full on her and began to laugh, and she shrank away from him.

"What is the matter?"

"Just me," he repeated. "I'm going loony. This whole place is like a dream to me—this Delmonico's——"

As he talked she saw he had changed utterly. He wasn't at all light and gay and careless—a great lethargy and discouragement had come over him.

Revulsion seized her, followed by a faint, surprising boredom. His voice seemed to come out of a great void.

"Edith," he said, "I used to think I was clever, talented, an artist. Now I know I'm nothing. Can't draw, Edith. Don't know why I'm telling you this."

She nodded absently.

"I can't draw, I can't do anything. I'm poor as a church mouse." He laughed, bitterly and rather too loud. "I've become a damn beggar, a leech on my friends. I'm a failure. I'm poor as hell."

Her distaste was growing. She barely nodded this time, waiting for her first possible cue to rise.

Suddenly Gordon's eyes filled with tears.

"Edith," he said, turning to her with what was evidently a strong effort at self-control, "I can't tell you what it means to me to know there's one person left who's interested in me."

He reached out and patted her hand, and involuntarily she drew it away.

"It's mighty fine of you," he repeated.

"Well," she said slowly, looking him in the eye, "any one's always glad to see an old friend—but I'm sorry to see you like this, Gordon."

There was a pause while they looked at each other, and the momentary eagerness in his eyes wavered. She rose and stood looking at him, her face quite expressionless.

"Shall we dance?" she suggested, coolly.

—Love is fragile—she was thinking—but perhaps the pieces are saved, the things that hovered on lips, that might have been said. The new love words, the tendernesses learned, are treasured up for the next lover.

V

Peter Himmel, escort to the lovely Edith, was unaccustomed to being snubbed; having been snubbed, he was hurt and embarrassed, and ashamed of himself. For a matter of two months he had been on special delivery terms with Edith Bradin, and knowing that the one excuse and explanation of the special delivery letter is its value in sentimental correspondence, he had believed himself quite sure of his ground. He searched in vain for any reason why she should have taken this attitude in the matter of a simple kiss.

Therefore when he was cut in on by the man with the mustache he went out into the hall and, making up a sentence, said it over to himself several times. Considerably deleted, this was it:

"Well, if any girl ever led a man on and then jolted him, she did—and she has no kick coming if I go out and get beautifully boiled."

So he walked through the supper room into a small room adjoining it, which he had located earlier in the evening. It was a room in which there were several large bowls of punch flanked by many bottles. He took a seat beside the table which held the bottles.

At the second highball, boredom, disgust, the monotony of time, the turbidity of events, sank into a vague background before which glittering cobwebs formed. Things became reconciled to themselves, things lay quietly on their shelves; the troubles of the day arranged themselves in trim formation and at his curt wish of dismissal, marched off and disappeared. And with the departure of worry came brilliant, permeating symbolism. Edith became a flighty, negligible girl, not to be worried over; rather to be laughed at. She fitted like a figure of his own dream into the surface world forming about him. He himself became in a measure symbolic, a type of the continental bacchanal, the brilliant dreamer at play.

Then the symbolic mood faded and as he sipped his third highball his imagination yielded to the warm glow and he lapsed into a state similar to floating on his back in pleasant water. It was at this point that he noticed that a green baize door near him was open about two inches, and that through the aperture a pair of eyes were watching him intently.

"Hm," murmured Peter calmly.

The green door closed—and then opened again—a bare half inch this time.

"Peek-a-boo," murmured Peter.

The door remained stationary and then he became aware of a series of tense intermittent whispers.

"One guy."

"What's he doin'?"

"He's sittin' lookin'."

"He better beat it off. We gotta get another li'l' bottle."

Peter listened while the words filtered into his consciousness.

"Now this," he thought, "is most remarkable."

He was excited. He was jubilant. He felt that he had stumbled upon a mystery. Affecting an elaborate carelessness he arose and walked around the table—then, turning quickly, pulled open the green door, precipitating Private Rose into the room.

Peter bowed.

"How do you do?" he said.

Private Rose set one foot slightly in front of the other, poised for fight, flight, or compromise.

"How do you do?" repeated Peter politely.

"I'm o'right."

"Can I offer you a drink?"

Private Rose looked at him searchingly, suspecting possible sarcasm.

"O'right," he said finally.

Peter indicated a chair.

"Sit down."

"I got a friend," said Rose, "I got a friend in there." He pointed to the green door.

"By all means let's have him in."

Peter crossed over, opened the door and welcomed in Private Key, very suspicious and uncertain and guilty. Chairs were found and the three took their seats around the punch bowl. Peter gave them each a highball and offered them a cigarette from his case. They accepted both with some diffidence.

"Now," continued Peter easily, "may I ask why you gentlemen prefer to lounge away your leisure hours in a room which is chiefly furnished, as far as I can see, with scrubbing brushes. And when the human race has progressed to the stage where seventeen thousand chairs are manufactured on every day except Sunday—" he paused. Rose and Key regarded him vacantly. "Will you tell me," went on Peter, "why you choose to rest yourselves on articles intended for the transportation of water from one place to another?"

At this point Rose contributed a grunt to the conversation.

"And lastly," finished Peter, "will you tell me why, when you are in a building beautifully hung with enormous candelabra, you prefer to spend these evening hours under one anemic electric light?"

Rose looked at Key; Key looked at Rose. They laughed; they laughed uproariously; they found it was impossible to look at each other without laughing. But they were not laughing with this man—they were laughing at him. To them a man who talked after this fashion was either raving drunk or raving crazy.

"You are Yale men, I presume," said Peter, finishing his highball and preparing another.

They laughed again.

"Na-ah."

"So? I thought perhaps you might be members of that lowly section of the university known as the Sheffield Scientific School."

"Na-ah."

"Hm. Well, that's too bad. No doubt you are Harvard men, anxious to preserve your incognito in this—this paradise of violet blue, as the newspapers say."

"Na-ah," said Key scornfully, "we was just waitin' for somebody."

"Ah," exclaimed Peter, rising and filling their glasses, "very interestin'. Had a date with a scrub lady, eh?"

They both denied this indignantly.

"It's all right," Peter reassured them, "don't apologize. A scrub lady's as good as any lady in the world. Kipling says 'Any lady and Judy O'Grady under the skin.'"

"Sure," said Key, winking broadly at Rose.

"My case, for instance," continued Peter, finishing his glass. "I got a girl up here that's spoiled. Spoildest darn girl I ever saw. Refused to kiss me; no reason whatsoever. Led me on deliberately to think sure I want to kiss you and then plunk! Threw me over! What's the younger generation comin' to?"

"Say tha's hard luck," said Key—"that's awful hard luck."

"Oh, boy!" said Rose.

"Have another?" said Peter.

"We got in a sort of fight for a while," said Key after a pause, "but it was too far away."

"A fight?—tha's stuff!" said Peter, seating himself unsteadily. "Fight 'em all! I was in the army."

"This was with a Bolshevik fella."

"Tha's stuff!" exclaimed Peter, enthusiastic. "That's what I say! Kill the Bolshevik! Exterminate 'em!"

"We're Americuns," said Rose, implying a sturdy, defiant patriotism.

"Sure," said Peter. "Greatest race in the world! We're all Americuns! Have another."

They had another.

VI

At one o'clock a special orchestra, special even in a day of special orchestras, arrived at Delmonico's, and its members, seating themselves arrogantly around the piano, took up the burden of providing music for the Gamma Psi Fraternity. They were headed by a famous flute-player, distinguished throughout New York for his feat of standing on his head and shimmying with his shoulders while he played the latest jazz on his flute. During his performance the lights were extinguished except for the spotlight on the flute-player and another roving beam that threw flickering shadows and changing kaleidoscopic colors over the massed dancers.

Edith had danced herself into that tired, dreamy state habitual only with debutantes, a state equivalent to the glow of a noble soul after several long highballs. Her mind floated vaguely on the bosom of her music; her partners changed with the unreality of phantoms under the colorful shifting dusk, and to her present coma it seemed as if days had passed since the dance began. She had talked on many fragmentary subjects with many men. She had been kissed once and made love to six times. Earlier in the evening different undergraduates had danced with her, but now, like all the more popular girls there, she had her own entourage—that is, half a dozen gallants had singled her out or were alternating her charms with those of some other chosen beauty; they cut in on her in regular, inevitable succession.

Several times she had seen Gordon—he had been sitting a long time on the stairway with his palm to his head, his dull eyes fixed at an infinite speck on the floor before him, very depressed, he looked, and quite drunk—but Edith each time had averted her glance hurriedly. All that seemed long ago; her mind was passive now, her senses were lulled to trance-like sleep; only her feet danced and her voice talked on in hazy sentimental banter.

But Edith was not nearly so tired as to be incapable of moral indignation when Peter Himmel cut in on her, sublimely and happily drunk. She gasped and looked up at him.

" Why, *Peter*!"

"I'm a li'l' stewed, Edith."

"Why, Peter, you're a *peach*, you are! Don't you think it's a bum way of doing—when you're with me?"

Then she smiled unwillingly, for he was looking at her with owlish sentimentality varied with a silly spasmodic smile.

"Darlin' Edith," he began earnestly, "you know I love you, don't you?"

"You tell it well."

"I love you—and I merely wanted you to kiss me," he added sadly.

His embarrassment, his shame, were both gone. She was a mos' beautiful girl in whole worl'. Mos' beautiful eyes, like stars above. He wanted to 'pologize—firs', for presuming try to kiss her; second, for drinking—but he'd been so discouraged 'cause he had thought she was mad at him——

The red-fat man cut in, and looking up at Edith smiled radiantly.

"Did you bring any one?" she asked.

No. The red-fat man was a stag.

"Well, would you mind—would it be an awful bother for you to—to take me home to-night?" (This extreme diffidence was a charming affectation on Edith's part—she knew that the red-fat man would immediately dissolve into a paroxysm of delight).

"Bother? Why, good Lord, I'd be darn glad to! You know I'd be darn glad to."

"Thanks *loads*! You're awfully sweet."

She glanced at her wrist-watch. It was half-past one. And, as she said "half-past one" to herself, it floated vaguely into her mind that her brother had told her at luncheon that he worked in the office of his newspaper until after one-thirty every evening.

Edith turned suddenly to her current partner.

"What street is Delmonico's on, anyway?"

"Street? Oh, why Fifth Avenue, of course."

"I mean, what cross street?"

"Why—let's see it's on Forty-fourth Street."

This verified what she had thought. Henry's office must be across the street and just around the corner, and it occurred to her immediately that she might slip over for a moment and surprise him, float in on him, a shimmering marvel in her new crimson opera cloak and "cheer him up." It was exactly the sort of thing Edith revelled in doing—an unconventional, jaunty thing. The idea reached out and gripped at her imagination—after an instant's hesitation she had decided.

"My hair is just about to tumble entirely down," she said pleasantly to her partner; "would you mind if I go and fix it?"

"Not at all."

"You're a peach."

A few minutes later, wrapped in her crimson opera cloak, she flitted down a side-stairs, her cheeks glowing with excitement at her little adventure. She ran by a couple who stood at the door—a weak-chinned waiter and an over-rouged young lady, in hot dispute—and opening the outer door stepped into the warm May night.

VII

The over-rouged young lady followed her with a brief, bitter glance—then turned again to the weak-chinned waiter and took up her argument.

"You better go up and tell him I'm here," she said defiantly, "or I'll go up myself."

"No, you don't!" said George sternly.

The girl smiled sardonically.

"Oh, I don't, don't I? Well, let me tell you I know more college fellas and more of 'em know me, and are glad to take me out on a party, than you ever saw in your whole life."

"Maybe so——"

"Maybe so," she interrupted. "Oh, it's all right for any of 'em like that one that just ran out—God knows where she went—it's all right for them that are asked here to come or go as they like—but when I want to see a friend they have some cheap, ham-slinging, bring-me-a-doughnut waiter to stand here and keep me out."

"See here," said the elder Key indignantly, "I can't lose my job. Maybe this fella you're talkin' about doesn't want to see you."

"Oh, he wants to see me all right."

"Anyways, how could I find him in all that crowd?"

"Oh, he'll be there," she asserted confidently. "You just ask anybody for Gordon Sterrett and they'll point him out to you. They all know each other, those fellas."

She produced a mesh bag, and taking out a dollar bill handed it to George.

"Here," she said, "here's a bribe. You find him and give him my message. You tell him if he isn't here in five minutes I'm coming up."

George shook his head pessimistically, considered the question for a moment, wavered violently, and then withdrew.

In less than the allotted time Gordon came down-stairs. He was drunker than he had been earlier in the evening and in a different way. The liquor seemed to have hardened on him like a crust. He was heavy and lurching almost incoherent when he talked.

"'Lo, Jewel," he said thickly. "Came right away. Jewel, I couldn't get that money. Tried my best."

"Money nothing!" she snapped. " You haven't been near me for ten days. What's the matter?"

He shook his head slowly.

"Been very low, Jewel. Been sick."

"Why didn't you tell me if you were sick. I don't care about the money that bad. I didn't start bothering you about it at all until you began neglecting me."

Again he shook his head.

"Haven't been neglecting you. Not at all."

"Haven't! You haven't been near me for three weeks, unless you been so drunk you didn't know what you were doing."

"Been sick, Jewel," he repeated, turning his eyes upon her wearily.

"You're well enough to come and play with your society friends here all right. You told me you'd meet me for dinner, and you said you'd have some money for me. You didn't even bother to ring me up."

"I couldn't get any money."

"Haven't I just been saying that doesn't matter? I wanted to see you, Gordon, but you seem to prefer your somebody else."

He denied this bitterly.

"Then get your hat and come along," she suggested.

Gordon hesitated—and she came suddenly close to him and slipped her arms around his neck.

"Come on with me, Gordon," she said in a half whisper. "We'll go over to Devineries' and have a drink, and then we can go up to my apartment."

"I can't, Jewel,—"

"You can," she said intensely.

"I'm sick as a dog!"

"Well, then, you oughtn't to stay here and dance."

With a glance around him in which relief and despair were mingled, Gordon hesitated; then she suddenly pulled him to her and kissed him with soft, pulpy lips.

"All right," he said heavily. "I'll get my hat."

VIII

When Edith came out into the clear blue of the May night she found the Avenue deserted. The windows of the big shops were dark; over their doors were drawn great iron masks until they were only shadowy tombs of the late day's splendor. Glancing down toward Forty-second Street she saw a commingled blur of lights from the all-night restaurants. Over on Sixth Avenue the elevated, a flare of fire, roared across the street between the glimmering parallels of light at the station and streaked along into the crisp dark. But at Forty-fourth Street it was very quiet.

Pulling her cloak close about her Edith darted across the Avenue. She started nervously as a solitary man passed her and said in a hoarse whisper—"Where bound, kiddo?" She was reminded of a night in her childhood when she had walked around the block in her pajamas and a dog had howled at her from a mystery-big back yard.

In a minute she had reached her destination, a two-story, comparatively old building on Forty-fourth, in the upper window of which she thankfully detected a wisp of light. It was bright enough outside for her to make out the sign beside the window—the *New York Trumpet*. She stepped inside a dark hall and after a second saw the stairs in the corner.

Then she was in a long, low room furnished with many desks and hung on all sides with file copies of news-papers. There were only two occupants. They were sitting at different ends of the room, each wearing a green eye-shade and writing by a solitary desk light.

For a moment she stood uncertainly in the doorway, and then both men turned around simultaneously and she recognized her brother.

"Why, Edith!" He rose quickly and approached her in surprise, removing his eye-shade. He was tall, lean, and dark, with black, piercing eyes under very thick glasses. They were far-away eyes that seemed always fixed just over the head of the person to whom he was talking.

He put his hands on her arms and kissed her cheek.

"What is it?" he repeated in some alarm.

"I was at a dance across at Delmonico's, Henry," she said excitedly, "and I couldn't resist tearing over to see you."

"I'm glad you did." His alertness gave way quickly to a habitual vagueness. " You oughtn't to be out alone at night though, ought you?"

The man at the other end of the room had been looking at them curiously, but at Henry's beckoning gesture he approached. He was loosely fat with little twinkling eyes, and, having removed his collar and tie, he gave the impression of a Middle-Western farmer on a Sunday afternoon.

"This is my sister," said Henry. "She dropped in to see me."

"How do you do?" said the fat man, smiling. "My name's Bartholomew, Miss Bradin. I know your brother has forgotten it long ago."

Edith laughed politely.

"Well," he continued, "not exactly gorgeous quarters we have here, are they?"

Edith looked around the room.

"They seem very nice," she replied. "Where do you keep the bombs?"

"The bombs?" repeated Bartholomew, laughing. "That's pretty good—the bombs. Did you hear her, Henry? She wants to know where we keep the bombs. Say, that's pretty good."

Edith swung herself onto a vacant desk and sat dangling her feet over the edge. Her brother took a seat beside her.

"Well," he asked, absent-mindedly, "how do you like New York this trip?"

"Not bad. I'll be over at the Biltmore with the Hoyts until Sunday. Can't you come to luncheon to-morrow?"

He thought a moment.

"I'm especially busy," he objected, "and I hate women in groups."

"All right," she agreed, unruffled. "Let's you and me have luncheon together."

"Very well."

"I'll call for you at twelve."

Bartholomew was obviously anxious to return to his desk, but apparently considered that it would be rude to leave without some parting pleasantry.

"Well"—he began awkwardly.

They both turned to him.

"Well, we—we had an exciting time earlier in the evening."

The two men exchanged glances.

"You should have come earlier," continued Bartholomew, somewhat encouraged. "We had a regular vaudeville."

"Did you really?"

"A serenade," said Henry. "A lot of soldiers gathered down there in the street and began to yell at the sign."

"Why?" she demanded.

"Just a crowd," said Henry, abstractedly. "All crowds have to howl. They didn't have anybody with much initiative in the lead, or they'd probably have forced their way in here and smashed things up."

"Yes," said Bartholomew, turning again to Edith, "you should have been here."

He seemed to consider this a sufficient cue for withdrawal, for he turned abruptly and went back to his desk.

"Are the soldiers all set against the Socialists?" demanded Edith of her brother. "I mean do they attack you violently and all that?"

Henry replaced his eye-shade and yawned.

"The human race has come a long way," he said casually, "but most of us are throw-backs; the soldiers don't know what they want, or what they hate, or what they like. They're used to acting in large bodies, and they seem to have to make demonstrations. So it happens to be against us. There've been riots all over the city to-night. It's May Day, you see."

"Was the disturbance here pretty serious?"

"Not a bit," he said scornfully. "About twenty-five of them stopped in the street about nine o'clock, and began to bellow at the moon."

"Oh"— She changed the subject. "You're glad to see me, Henry?"

"Why, sure."

"You don't seem to be."

"I am."

"I suppose you think I'm a—a waster. Sort of the World's Worst Butterfly."

Henry laughed.

"Not at all. Have a good time while you're young. Why? Do I seem like the priggish and earnest youth?"

"No—" She paused, "—but somehow I began thinking how absolutely different the party I'm on is from—from all your purposes. It seems sort of—of incongruous, doesn't it?—me being at a party like that, and you over here working for a thing that'll make that sort of party impossible ever any more, if your ideas work."

"I don't think of it that way. You're young, and you're acting just as you were brought up to act. Go ahead—have a good time?"

Her feet, which had been idly swinging, stopped and her voice dropped a note.

"I wish you'd—you'd come back to Harrisburg and have a good time. Do you feel sure that you're on the right track—"

"You're wearing beautiful stockings," he interrupted. "What on earth are they?"

"They're embroidered," she replied, glancing down. "Aren't they cunning?" She raised her skirts and uncovered slim, silk-sheathed calves. "Or do you disapprove of silk stockings?"

He seemed slightly exasperated, bent his dark eyes on her piercingly.

"Are you trying to make me out as criticizing you in any way, Edith?"

"Not at all——"

She paused. Bartholomew had uttered a grunt. She turned and saw that he had left his desk and was standing at the window.

"What is it?" demanded Henry.

"People," said Bartholomew, and then after an instant: "Whole jam of them. They're coming from Sixth Avenue."

"People?"

The fat man pressed his nose to the pane.

"Soldiers, by God!" he said emphatically. "I had an idea they'd come back."

Edith jumped to her feet, and running over joined Bartholomew at the window.

"There's a lot of them!" she cried excitedly. "Come here, Henry!"

Henry readjusted his shade, but kept his seat.

"Hadn't we better turn out the lights?" suggested Bartholomew.

"No. They'll go away in a minute."

"They're not," said Edith, peering from the window. "They're not even thinking of going away. There's more of them coming. Look—there's a whole crowd turning the corner of Sixth Avenue."

By the yellow glow and blue shadows of the street lamp she could see that the sidewalk was crowded with men. They were mostly in uniform, some sober, some enthusiastically drunk, and over the whole swept an incoherent clamor and shouting.

Henry rose, and going to the window exposed himself as a long silhouette against the office lights. Immediately the shouting became a steady yell, and a rattling fusillade of small missiles, corners of tobacco plugs, cigarette-boxes, and even pennies beat against the window. The sounds of the racket now began floating up the stairs as the folding doors revolved.

"They're coming up!" cried Bartholomew.

Edith turned anxiously to Henry.

"They're corning up, Henry."

From down-stairs in the lower hall their cries were now quite audible.

"—God damn Socialists!"

"Pro-Germans! Boche-lovers!"

"Second floor, front! Come on!"

"We'll get the sons—"

The next five minutes passed in a dream. Edith was conscious that the clamor burst suddenly upon the three of them like a cloud of rain, that there was a thunder of many feet on the stairs, that Henry had seized her arm and drawn her back toward the rear of the office. Then the door opened and an overflow of men were forced into the room—not the leaders, but simply those who happened to be in front.

"Hello, Bo!"

"Up late, ain't you?"

"You an' your girl. Damn *you*!"

She noticed that two very drunken soldiers had been forced to the front, where they wobbled fatuously—one of them was short and dark, the other was tall and weak of chin.

Henry stepped forward and raised his hand.

"Friends!" he said.

The clamor faded into a momentary stillness, punctuated with mutterings.

"Friends!" he repeated, his far-away eyes fixed over the heads of the crowd, "you're injuring no one but yourselves by breaking in here to-night. Do we look like rich men? Do we look like Germans? I ask you in all fairness——"

"Pipe down!"

"I'll say you do!"

"Say, who's your lady friend, buddy?"

A man in civilian clothes, who had been pawing over a table, suddenly held up a newspaper.

"Here it is!" he shouted. "They wanted the Germans to win the war!"

A new overflow from the stairs was shouldered in and of a sudden the room was full of men all closing around the pale little group at the back. Edith saw that the tall soldier with the weak chin was still in front. The short dark one had disappeared.

She edged slightly backward, stood close to the open window, through which came a clear breath of cool night air.

Then the room was a riot. She realized that the soldiers were surging forward, glimpsed the fat man swinging a chair over his head—instantly the lights went out, and she felt the push of warm bodies under rough cloth, and her ears were full of shouting and trampling and hard breathing.

A figure flashed by her out of nowhere, tottered, was edged sideways, and of a sudden disappeared helplessly out through the open window with a frightened, fragmentary cry that died staccato on the bosom of the clamor. By the faint light streaming from the building backing on the area Edith had a quick impression that it had been the tall soldier with the weak chin.

Anger rose astonishingly in her. She swung her arms wildly, edged blindly toward the thickest of the scuffling. She heard grunts, curses, the muffled impact of fists.

"Henry!" she called frantically, "Henry!"

Then, it was minutes later, she felt suddenly that there were other figures in the room. She heard a voice, deep, bullying, authoritative; she saw yellow rays of light sweeping here and there in the fracas. The cries became more scattered. The scuffling increased and then stopped.

Suddenly the lights were on and the room was full of policemen, clubbing left and right. The deep voice boomed out:

"Here now! Here now! Here now!"

And then:

"Quiet down and get out! Here now!"

The room seemed to empty like a wash-bowl. A policeman fast-grappled in the corner released his hold on his soldier antagonist and started him with a shove toward the door. The deep voice continued. Edith perceived now that it came from a bull-necked police captain standing near the door.

"Here now! This is no way! One of your own sojers got shoved out of the back window an' killed hisself!"

"Henry!" called Edith, "Henry!"

She beat wildly with her fists on the back of the man in front of her; she brushed between two others; fought, shrieked, and beat her way to a very pale figure sitting on the floor close to a desk.

"Henry," she cried passionately, "what's the matter? What's the matter? Did they hurt you?"

His eyes were shut. He groaned and then looking up said disgustedly——

"They broke my leg. My God, the fools!"

"Here now!" called the police captain. "Here now! Here now!"

IX

Childs, Fifty-ninth Street, at eight o'clock of any morning differs from its sisters by less than the width of their marble tables or the degree of polish on the frying-pans. You will see there a crowd of poor people with sleep in the comers of their eyes, trying to look straight before them at their food so as not to see the other poor people. But Childs', Fifty-ninth, four hours earlier is quite unlike any Childs' restaurant from Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine. Within its pale but sanitary walls one finds a noisy medley of chorus girls, college boys, débutantes, rakes, *filles de joie*—a not unrepresentative mixture of the gayest of Broadway, and even of Fifth Avenue.

In the early morning of May the second it was unusually full. Over the marble-topped tables were bent the excited faces of flappers whose fathers owned individual villages. They were eating buckwheat cakes and scrambled eggs with relish and gusto, an accomplishment that it would have been utterly impossible for them to repeat in the same place four hours later.

Almost the entire crowd were from the Gamma Psi dance at Delmonico's except for several chorus girls from a midnight revue who sat at a side table and wished they'd taken off a little more make-up after the show. Here and there a drab, mouse-like figure, desperately out of place, watched the butterflies with a weary, puzzled curiosity. But the drab figure was the exception. This was the morning after May Day, and celebration was still in the air.

Gus Rose, sober but a little dazed, must be classed as one of the drab figures. How he had got himself from Forty-fourth Street to Fifty-ninth Street after the riot was only a hazy half-memory. He had seen the body of Carrol Key put in an ambulance and driven off, and then he had started up town with two or three soldiers. Somewhere between Forty-fourth Street and Fifty-ninth Street the other soldiers had met some women and disappeared. Rose had wandered to Columbus Circle and chosen the gleaming lights of Childs' to minister to his craving for coffee and doughnuts. He walked in and sat down.

All around him floated airy, inconsequential chatter and high-pitched laughter. At first he failed to understand, but after a puzzled five minutes he realized that this was the aftermath of some gay party. Here and there a restless, hilarious young man wandered fraternally and familiarly between the tables, shaking hands indiscriminately and pausing occasionally for a facetious chat, while excited waiters, bearing cakes and eggs aloft, swore at him silently, and bumped him out of the way. To Rose, seated at the most inconspicuous and least crowded table, the whole scene was a colorful circus of beauty and riotous pleasure.

He became gradually aware, after a few moments, that the couple seated diagonally across from him, with their backs to the crowd, were not the least interesting pair in the room. The man was drunk. He wore a dinner coat with a disheveled tie and shirt swollen by spillings of water and wine. His eyes, dim and blood-shot, roved unnaturally from side to side. His breath came short between his lips.

"He's been on a spree!" thought Rose.

The woman was almost if not quite sober. She was pretty, with dark eyes and feverish high color, and she kept her active eyes fixed on her companion with the alertness of a hawk. From time to time she would lean and whisper intently to him, and he would answer by inclining his head heavily or by a particularly ghoulish and repellent wink.

Rose scrutinized them dumbly for some minutes, until the woman gave him a quick, resentful look; then he shifted his gaze to two of the most conspicuously hilarious of the promenaders who were on a protracted circuit of the tables. To

his surprise he recognized in one of them the young man by whom he had been so ludicrously entertained at Delmonico's. This started him thinking of Key with a vague sentimentality, not unmixed with awe. Key was dead. He had fallen thirty-five feet and split his skull like a cracked cocoanut.

"He was a darn good guy," thought Rose mournfully. "He was a darn good guy, o'right. That was awful hard luck about him."

The two promenaders approached and started down between Rose's table and the next, addressing friends and strangers alike with jovial familiarity. Suddenly Rose saw the fair-haired one with the prominent teeth stop, look unsteadily at the man and girl opposite, and then begin to move his head disapprovingly from side to side.

The man with the blood-shot eyes looked up.

"Gordy," said the promenader with the prominent teeth, "Gordy."

"Hello," said the man with the stained shirt thickly.

Prominent Teeth shook his finger pessimistically at the pair, giving the woman a glance of aloof condemnation.

"What'd I tell you Gordy?"

Gordon stirred in his seat.

"Go to hell!" he said.

Dean continued to stand there shaking his finger. The woman began to get angry.

"You go way!" she cried fiercely. "You're drunk, that's what you are!"

"So's he," suggested Dean, staying the motion of his finger and pointing it at Gordon.

Peter Himmel ambled up, owlish now and oratorically inclined.

"Here now," he began as if called upon to deal with some petty dispute between children. "Wha's all trouble?"

"You take your friend away," said Jewel tartly. "He's bothering us."

"What's at?"

"You heard me!" she said shrilly. "I said to take your drunken friend away."

Her rising voice rang out above the clatter of the restaurant and a waiter came hurrying up.

"You gotta be more quiet!"

"That fella's drunk," she cried. "He's insulting us."

"Ah-ha, Gordy," persisted the accused. "What'd I tell you." He turned to the waiter. "Gordy an' I friends. Been tryin' help him, haven't I, Gordy?"

Gordy looked up.

"Help me? Hell, no!"

Jewel rose suddenly, and seizing Gordon's arm assisted him to his feet.

"Come on, Gordy!" she said, leaning toward him and speaking in a half whisper. "Let's us get out of here. This fella's got a mean drunk on."

Gordon allowed himself to be urged to his feet and started toward the door. Jewel turned for a second and addressed the provoker of their flight.

"I know all about you!" she said fiercely. "Nice friend, you are, I'll say. He told me about you."

Then she seized Gordon's arm, and together they made their way through the curious crowd, paid their check, and went out.

"You'll have to sit down," said the waiter to Peter after they had gone.

"What's 'at? Sit down?"

"Yes—or get out."

Peter turned to Dean.

"Come on," he suggested. "Let's beat up this waiter."

"All right."

They advanced toward him, their faces grown stern. The waiter retreated.

Peter suddenly reached over to a plate on the table beside him and picking up a handful of hash tossed it into the air. It descended as a languid parabola in snowflake effect on the heads of those near by.

"Hey! Ease up!"

"Put him out!"

"Sit down, Peter!"

"Cut out that stuff!"

Peter laughed and bowed.

"Thank you for your kind applause, ladies and gents. If some one will lend me some more hash and a tall hat we will go on with the act."

The bouncer bustled up.

"You've gotta get out!" he said to Peter.

"Hell, no!"

"He's my friend!" put in Dean indignantly.

A crowd of waiters were gathering. " Put him out!"

"Better go, Peter."

There was a short struggle and the two were edged and pushed toward the door.

"I got a hat and a coat here!" cried Peter.

"Well, go get 'em and be spry about it!"

The bouncer released his hold on Peter, who, adopting a ludicrous air of extreme cunning, rushed immediately around to the other table, where he burst into derisive laughter and thumbed his nose at the exasperated waiters.

"Think I just better wait a l'il' longer," he announced. The chase began. Four waiters were sent around one way and four another. Dean caught hold of two of them by the coat, and another struggle took place before the pursuit of Peter could be resumed; he was finally pinioned after overturning a sugar-bowl and several cups of coffee. A fresh argument ensued at the cashier's desk, where Peter attempted to buy another dish of hash to take with him and throw at policemen.

But the commotion upon his exit proper was dwarfed by another phenomenon which drew admiring glances and a prolonged involuntary "Oh-h-h!" from every person in the restaurant.

The great plate-glass front had turned to a deep creamy blue, the color of a Maxfield Parrish moonlight— a blue that seemed to press close upon the pane as if to crowd its way into the restaurant. Dawn had come up in Columbus Circle, magical, breathless dawn, silhouetting the great statue of the immortal Christopher, and mingling in a curious and uncanny manner with the fading yellow electric light inside.

X

Mr. In and Mr. Out are not listed by the census-taker. You will search for them in vain through the social register or the births, marriages, and deaths, or the grocer's credit list. Oblivion has swallowed them and the testimony that they ever existed at all is vague and shadowy, and inadmissible in a court of law. Yet I have it upon the best authority that for a brief space Mr. In and Mr. Out lived, breathed, answered to their names and radiated vivid personalities of their own.

During the brief span of their lives they walked in their native garments down the great highway of a great nation; were laughed at, sworn at, chased, and fled from. Then they passed and were heard of no more.

They were already taking form dimly, when a taxi-cab with the top open breezed down Broadway in the faintest glimmer of May dawn. In this car sat the souls of Mr. In and Mr. Out discussing with amazement the blue light that had so precipitately colored the sky behind the statue of Christopher Columbus, discussing with bewilderment the old, gray faces of the early risers which skimmed palely along the street like blown bits of paper on a gray lake. They were agreed on all things, from the absurdity of the bouncer in Childs' to the absurdity of the business of life. They were dizzy with the extreme maudlin happiness that the morning had awakened in their glowing souls. Indeed, so fresh and vigorous was their pleasure in living that they felt it should be expressed by loud cries.

"Ye-ow-ow!" hooted Peter, making a megaphone with his hands—and Dean joined in with a call that, though equally significant and symbolic, derived its resonance from its very inarticulateness.

"Yo-ho! Yea! Yoho! Yo-buba!"

Fifty-third Street was a bus with a dark, bobbed-hair beauty atop; Fifty-second was a street cleaner who dodged, escaped, and sent up a yell of, "Look where you're aimin'!" in a pained and grieved voice. At Fiftieth Street a group of men on a very white sidewalk in front of a very white building turned to stare after them, and shouted:

"Some party, boys!"

At Forty-ninth Street Peter turned to Dean. "Beautiful morning," he said gravely, squinting up his owlish eyes.

"Probably is."

"Go get some breakfast, hey?"

Dean agreed—with additions.

"Breakfast and liquor."

"Breakfast and liquor," repeated Peter, and they looked at each other, nodding. "That's logical."

Then they both burst into loud laughter.

"Breakfast and liquor! Oh, gosh!"

"No such thing," announced Peter.

"Don't serve it? Ne'mind. We force 'em serve it. Bring pressure bear."

"Bring logic bear."

The taxi cut suddenly off Broadway, sailed along a cross street, and stopped in front of a heavy tomb-like building in Fifth Avenue.

"What's idea?"

The taxi-driver informed them that this was Delmonico's.

This was somewhat puzzling. They were forced to devote several minutes to intense concentration, for if such an order had been given there must have been a reason for it.

"Somep'm 'bout a coat," suggested the taxi-man.

That was it. Peter's overcoat and hat. He had left them at Delmonico's. Having decided this, they disembarked from the taxi and strolled toward the entrance arm in arm.

"Hey!" said the taxi-driver.

"Huh?"

"You better pay me."

They shook their heads in shocked negation.

"Later, not now—we give orders, you wait."

The taxi-driver objected; he wanted his money now. With the scornful condescension of men exercising tremendous self-control they paid him.

Inside Peter groped in vain through a dim, deserted check-room in search of his coat and derby.

"Gone, I guess. Somebody stole it."

"Some Sheff student."

"All probability."

"Never mind," said Dean, nobly. "I'll leave mine here too—then we'll both be dressed the same."

He removed his overcoat and hat and was hanging them up when his roving glance was caught and held magnetically by two large squares of cardboard tacked to the two coat-room doors. The one on the left-hand door bore the word "In" in big black letters, and the one on the right-hand door flaunted the equally emphatic word "Out."

"Look!" he exclaimed happily—

Peter's eyes followed his pointing finger.

"What?"

"Look at the signs. Let's take 'em."

"Good idea."

"Probably pair very rare an' valuable signs. Probably come in handy."

Peter removed the left-hand sign from the door and endeavored to conceal it about his person. The sign being of considerable proportions, this was a matter of some difficulty. An idea flung itself at him, and with an air of dignified mystery he turned his back. After an instant he wheeled dramatically around, and stretching out his arms displayed himself to the admiring Dean. He had inserted the sign in his vest, completely covering his shirt front. In effect, the word "In" had been painted upon his shirt in large black letters.

"Yoho!" cheered Dean. "Mister In."

He inserted his own sign in like manner.

"Mister Out!" he announced triumphantly. "Mr. In meet Mr. Out."

They advanced and shook hands. Again laughter overcame them and they rocked in a shaken spasm of mirth.

"Yoho!"

"We probably get a flock of breakfast."

"We'll go—go to the Commodore."

Arm in arm they sallied out the door, and turning east in Forty-fourth Street set out for the Commodore.

As they came out a short dark soldier, very pale and tired, who had been wandering listlessly along the side-walk, turned to look at them.

He started over as though to address them, but as they immediately bent on him glances of withering unrecognition, he waited until they had started unsteadily down the street, and then followed at about forty paces, chuckling to himself and saying "Oh, boy!" over and over under his breath, in delighted, anticipatory tones.

Mr. In and Mr. Out were meanwhile exchanging pleasantries concerning their future plans.

"We want liquor; we want breakfast. Neither without the other. One and indivisible."

"We want both 'em!"

"Both 'em!"

It was quite light now, and passers-by began to bend curious eyes on the pair. Obviously they were engaged in a discussion, which afford each of them intense amusement, for occasionally a fit of laughter would seize upon them so violently that, still with their arms interlocked, they would bend nearly double.

Reaching the Commodore, they exchanged a few spicy epigrams with the sleepy-eyed doorman, navigated the revolving door with some difficulty, and then made their way through a thinly populated but startled lobby to the dining-room,

where a puzzled waiter showed them an obscure table in a corner. They studied the bill of fare helplessly, telling over the items to each other in puzzled mumbles.

"Don't see any liquor here," said Peter reproachfully.

The waiter became audible but unintelligible.

"Repeat," continued Peter, with patient tolerance, "that there seems to be unexplained and quite distasteful lack of liquor upon bill of fare."

"Here!" said Dean confidently, "let me handle him." He turned to the waiter —"Bring us—bring us—" he scanned the bill of fare anxiously. "Bring us a quart of champagne and a—a—probably ham sandwich."

The waiter looked doubtful.

"Bring it!" roared Mr. In and Mr. Out in chorus.

The waiter coughed and disappeared. There was a short wait during which they were subjected without their knowledge to a careful scrutiny by the head-waiter. Then the champagne arrived, and at the sight of it Mr. In and Mr. Out became jubilant.

"Imagine their objecting to us having champagne for breakfast—jus' imagine."

They both concentrated upon the vision of such an awesome possibility, but the feat was too much for them. It was impossible for their joint imaginations to conjure up a world where any one might object to any one else having champagne for breakfast. The waiter drew the cork with an enormous pop—and their glasses immediately foamed with pale yellow froth.

"Here's health, Mr. In."

"Here's same to you, Mr. Out."

The waiter withdrew; the minutes passed; the champagne became low in the bottle.

"It's—it's mortifying," said Dean suddenly.

"Wha's mortifying?"

"The idea their objecting us having champagne breakfast."

"Mortifying?" Peter considered. " Yes, tha's word—mortifying."

Again they collapsed into laughter, howled, swayed, rocked back and forth in their chairs, repeating the word "mortifying" over and over to each other—each repetition seeming to make it only more brilliantly absurd.

After a few more gorgeous minutes they decided on another quart. Their anxious waiter consulted his immediate superior, and this discreet person gave implicit instructions that no more champagne should be served. Their check was brought.

Five minutes later, arm in arm, they left the Commodore and made their way through a curious, staring crowd along Forty-second Street, and up Vanderbilt Avenue to the Biltmore. There, with sudden cunning, they rose to the occasion and traversed the lobby, walking fast and standing unnaturally erect.

Once in the dining-room they repeated their performance. They were torn between intermittent convulsive laughter and sudden spasmodic discussions of politics, college, and the sunny state of their dispositions. Their watches told

them that it was now nine o'clock, and a dim idea was born in them that they were on a memorable party, something that they would remember always. They lingered over the second bottle. Either of them had only to mention the word "mortifying" to send them both into riotous gasps. The dining-room was whirring and shifting now; a curious lightness permeated and rarefied the heavy air.

They paid their check and walked out into the lobby.

It was at this moment that the exterior doors revolved for the thousandth time that morning, and admitted into the lobby a very pale young beauty with dark circles under her eyes, attired in a much-rumpled evening dress. She was accompanied by a plain stout man, obviously not an appropriate escort.

At the top of the stairs this couple encountered Mr. In and Mr. Out.

"Edith," began Mr. In, stepping toward her hilariously and making a sweeping bow, " darling, good morning."

The stout man glanced questioningly at Edith, as if merely asking her permission to throw this man summarily out of the way.

"'Scuse familiarity," added Peter, as an afterthought. "Edith, good-morning."

He seized Dean's elbow and impelled him into the foreground.

"Meet Mr. Out, Edith, my bes' frien'. Inseparable. Mr. In and Mr. Out."

Mr. Out advanced and bowed; in fact, he advanced so far and bowed so low that he tipped slightly forward and only kept his balance by placing a hand lightly on Edith's shoulder.

"I'm Mr. Out, Edith," he mumbled pleasantly, " S'misterin Mister out."

"'Smisterinanout," said Peter proudly.

But Edith stared straight by them, her eyes fixed on some infinite speck in the gallery above her. She nodded slightly to the stout man, who advanced bulllike and with a sturdy brisk gesture pushed Mr. In and Mr. Out to either side. Through this alley he and Edith walked.

But ten paces farther on Edith stopped again—stopped and pointed to a short, dark soldier who was eying the crowd in general, and the tableau of Mr. In and Mr. Out in particular, with a sort of puzzled, spell-bound awe.

"There," cried Edith. "See there!"

Her voice rose, became somewhat shrill. Her pointing finger shook slightly.

"There's the soldier who broke my brother's leg."

There were a dozen exclamations; a man in a cutaway coat left his place near the desk and advanced alertly; the stout person made a sort of lightning-like spring toward the short, dark soldier, and then the lobby closed around the little group and blotted them from the sight of Mr. In and Mr. Out.

But to Mr. In and Mr. Out this event was merely a particolored iridescent segment of a whirring, spinning world.

They heard loud voices; they saw the stout man spring; the picture suddenly blurred.

Then they were in an elevator bound skyward.

"What floor, please?" said the elevator man.

"Any floor," said Mr. In.

"Top floor," said Mr. Out.

"This is the top floor," said the elevator man.

"Have another floor put on," said Mr. Out.

"Higher," said Mr. In.

"Heaven," said Mr. Out.

XI

In a bedroom of a small hotel just off Sixth Avenue Gordon Sterrett awoke with a pain in the back of his head and a sick throbbing in all his veins. He looked at the dusky gray shadows in the corners of the room and at a raw place on a large leather chair in the corner where it had long been in use. He saw clothes, dishevelled, rumpled clothes on the floor and he smelt stale cigarette smoke and stale liquor. The windows were tight shut. Outside the bright sunlight had thrown a dust-filled beam across the sill—a beam broken by the head of the wide wooden bed in which he had slept. He lay very quiet— comatose, drugged, his eyes wide, his mind clicking wildly like an unoiled machine.

It must have been thirty seconds after he perceived the sunbeam with the dust on it and the rip on the large leather chair that he had the sense of life close beside him, and it was another thirty seconds after that before he realized that he was irrevocably married to Jewel Hudson.

He went out half an hour later and bought a revolver at a sporting goods store. Then he took a taxi to the room where he had been living on East Twenty-seventh Street, and, leaning across the table that held his drawing materials, fired a cartridge into his head just behind the temple.

The conclusion of the story from the *Smart Set* version

The clerk in charge of the fishing tackle trade at "J.C. Fowler's, Sporting Goods and Accessories," entered the little back room where they count the money, and going up to J.C. Fowler himself, addressed him in a low tone.

"There's a fella out here just bought a automatic—an' he wants some forty-four ammunition."

J.C. Fowler was busy.

"Well, what about it?" he said. "Sell it to him. Business is bad enough, God knows!"

Note: *May Day* is the international distress call. It is also a day on which country frolics—dancing around Maypoles—celebrated spring, and a day commemorating international radical movements as well as the Russian Revolution. On 1 May 1919, the date on which the action of Fitzgerald's story begins, anti-Red demonstrations or riots took place in several American cities.

In New York, soldiers and sailors attacked the offices of *The Call*, a Socialist newspaper, at 112 Fourth Avenue. One of the workers at *The Call* jumped from a window twenty-five feet above street level. Eleven members of *The Call* staff were injured.

MODERN ARTICLES

SELF-KNOWLEDGE: MOOD

THE ROLE OF PILLS IN MENTAL HEALTH

https://www.theschooloflife.com/thebookoflife/category/leisure/travel/

A standard strategy, when we are physically unwell, is to head to the doctor, take a pill and then expect, in a short while, to feel a lot better. This recourse is so established, so practical and generally so successful, it is only natural if we were to try to replicate it in the mental field. Here too, when we are feeling ill, we may want to visit a doctor, take a pill and wait for our symptoms to disperse.

For most of the history of humanity, there was – aside from obviously fraudulent concoctions – nothing at all one could swallow when one was mentally afflicted. The full force of one's sickness had to run unchecked; there would be uncontained sobbing, violence and despondency. It was said that the screams of the inmates of London's Bethlem Royal Hospital, more popularly known as Bedlam, had the power to curdle the blood of listeners a mile away. There seemed little to do with mental sufferers other than place them in cells, tie them in chains and do one's best to forget they existed.

Then, in 1950, Paul Charpentier, a French chemist working at Laboratoires Rhône-Poulenc, succeeded in synthesising a drug called 4560RP, later renamed chlorpromazine. When rats were injected with it, placed in a crowded cage and convulsed with electric shocks, they showed none of the expected alarm and frenzy, settling instead into a serene and indifferent mood. When given to humans, the drug had a similarly calming effect: American soldiers in the Korean war were able to walk into the battlefield with a fearlessness close to apathy. In hospitals, psychotic patients who were placed on the drug became sociable, unaggressive and ready to rejoin ordinary life. The world's first antipsychotic drug was born. It would over the coming decades be followed by dozens more seemingly miraculous medicines, all of them playing – in ways that their creators did not and still do not entirely understand – with the brain's receptors for dopamine, the hormone held to be responsible for excessive excitement and fear. Alongside these antipsychotics, there emerged a family of antidepressants, in particular those known as SSRIs, that could increase the

brain's levels of serotonin, the neurotransmitter and hormone associated with uplift, motivation and positive moods. The drugs were baptised with names that put language to ever more daunting uses: fluoxetine, citalopram, paroxetine, escitalopram, risperidone, quetiapine, aripiprazole. Whatever the particularities of each example, modern psychiatry ended up operating with two essential instruments: pills that could calm us down (reducing terror, paranoia, mania, disinhibition, insomnia and aggression) and pills that could lift us up (alleviating despair, moroseness and loss of meaning).

Thanks to these medicines, occupancy rates of psychiatric hospitals plummeted, decreasing by an estimated 80% in developed countries between 1955 and 1990. Illnesses that had been a near-death sentence a generation before could now be managed by swallowing one or two pills a day. It looked as if our unruly minds had finally been brought under control.

But these medicines did not meet with universal approval. All of them turned out to have serious physical side effects (being intermittently responsible for dramatic weight gain, diabetes, kidney malfunction and blood clots). However, the charge against them at a psychological level was more fundamental: that they did not and could never – on the basis of their approach – get to grips with the true causes of mental illness. At best, they could control certain appalling symptoms yet they were unable to grapple with what had led to them in the first place.

To be fair to psychiatry, even if this were true, it is no mean feat to be able to offer a person even a measure of control over their mental symptoms, given the horrors these tend to entail. Those of us who have known mental illness from close up would – at the height of our suffering – generally choose to be physically tortured rather than endure yet more of the abominations our minds can inflict on us. There are varieties of mental unwellness in which we are taken over by anxiety and foreboding – and paralysed by a sense that every minute is carrying us closer to an immense and unnameable catastrophe. We can no longer eat or speak, we may just have to lie in a ball crying, scratching ourselves and waiting for the axe to fall. There are states in which we wake up every morning with a conviction that we need to take an overdose in order to put to an end to the turmoil in our minds. There can be voices inside us that do not for one moment cease telling us that we are guilty, shameful and abhorrent beings. We may live in terror that we are about lose control or might already have done so. Our imaginations can be haunted by images of stabbing a child or tearing off our own finger nails. It can feel as if there is a monster inside us urging us to do appalling deeds and filling our consciousness with lacerating persecutory thoughts. We may feel our inner coherence dissolving and giving way to a maelstrom of aggression and paranoia. We may be so mysteriously sad that no pleasantry or act of kindness can distract us and all we wish to do is stare mutely out of the window and hope to be gone soon.

With the right pills to hand however, some of these nightmares can end. We may know our anxiety is still there but we are granted some distance from it, able to stare at it as if it were an enraged tiger in a zoo on the other side of a thick pane of glass. We may not lose sight of our despair and self-loathing but we can acquire an attitude of detachment in relation to it; it doesn't matter quite so much that we are entirely awful and should be put down. We can park the idea for a morning in order to do some work or clean the house. We can put off thoughts of suicide until tomorrow. We don't need to have a complete reckoning with our sadistic ideas at every moment. The crushing sadness can partially lift and we might have the energy for a conversation with a friend or a walk in the park. Only someone who hadn't endured vicious mental suffering would dare to casually dismiss such psychiatric interventions as a mere plaster over a wound.

Nevertheless, most mental illness has a psychological history – and its hold on us will for the most part only properly weaken the more episodes of this painful history we can start to feel and make sense of. Pills may be able to change the background atmosphere of our minds, but our thoughts about ourselves need to be challenged and adjusted with conscious instruments if we are to get truly well. The genuine resolution of mental disturbance lies in our ability to think – think especially of our early childhoods and the key figures and events within it.

The unfortunate paradox is that illnesses of the mind generally effect precisely the instrument that we require in order to interpret our lives. It is our conscious reason that is both sick and desperately needed to do battle with despair and fear; it is reason that we need to locate persuasive grounds to keep living. This is where pills may usefully join up with psychotherapy to deliver a coherent solution. We might say that the supreme role of pills is to hold back panic and sadness just long enough that we can start to identify why we might want to continue living; they aren't in themselves the cure, but they are at points the essential tools that can make therapy, and through it authentic healing, possible. They promise our minds the rest and safety they require to harness their own strength

LEISURE: LITERATURE

HOW TO READ FEWER BOOKS

The modern world firmly equates the intelligent person with the well-read person. Reading books, a lot of books, is the hallmark of brilliance as well as the supreme gateway to prestige and understanding. It's hard to imagine anyone arriving at any insights of value without having worked their way through an enormous number of titles over the years. There is apparently no limit to how much we should read. We might – logically and ideally – be reading all the time

and get ever cleverer with every moment we do so. The number of books we have managed to read by the day we die will tell us pretty much all we need to know about the complexity and maturity of our minds.

This so-called maximalist philosophy of reading enjoys enormous cultural prestige. It is backed up by enormous publishing and journalistic industries that constantly parade new titles before us – and imply that we might be swiftly left behind and condemned to a narrow and provincial mindset if we did not rush to read four of this year's major prize winning books as well as seven fascinating titles that have received ardent reviews in the Sunday supplements since March. As a result, our shelves are overburdened and our guilt at how far behind we are intense.

Yet amidst this pressure to eat our way through an ever-larger number of titles, we might pause to reflect on a fascinating aspect of the pre-modern world: it never put people under any pressure to read very much at all. Reading was held to be extremely important, but the number of new books one read was entirely by the by. This wasn't principally an economic point. Books were very expensive of course, but this wasn't really the issue. What mattered was to read a few books very well, not squander one's attention promiscuously on a great number of volumes.

The premodern world directed us to read so little because it was obsessed by a question modernity likes to dodge: what is the point of reading? And it had answers. To take a supreme example, Christians and Muslims located the value of reading in a very specific and narrow goal: the attainment of holiness. To read was to try to approximate the mind of god. In each case this meant that one book, and one book only – the Bible or the Koran – was to be held up as vastly and incomparably more important than any other. To read this book, repeatedly and with great attention, probably five or so pages every day, was thought more crucial than to rush through a whole library every week; in fact reading widely would have been regarded with suspicion, because most other books would – to some extent – have to prove misleading and distracting.

Similarly, in the Ancient Greek world, one was meant to focus in on a close knowledge of just two books: Homer's Odyssey and his Iliad, because these were deemed the perfect repository of the Greek code of honour and the best guides to action in military and civilian affairs. Much later, in 18th century England, the ideal of reading came to be focused on Virgil's Aeneid. To know this single long poem, almost by heart, was all a gentleman required to pass as cultivated. To read much more was viewed as eccentric – and probably a little unhealthy too.

We can pick up the minimalist attitude to reading in early visual depictions of one of the heroes of Christian scholarship, St Jerome – who was by all accounts the supreme intellect of Christendom, who translated the Greek and Hebrew portions of the Bible into Latin, wrote a large number of commentaries on scripture and is now the patron saint of libraries and librarians. But despite all his scholarly efforts,

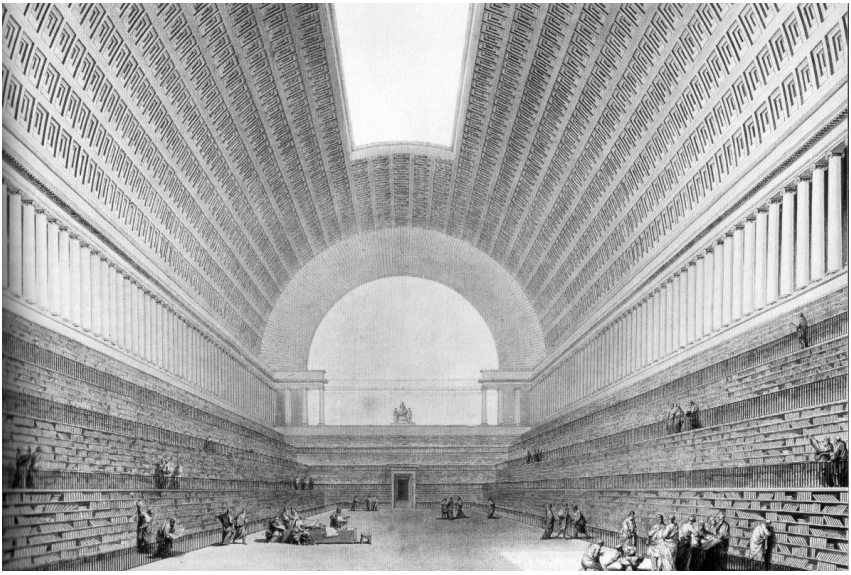
when it came to showing where and how St Jerome worked, a detail stands out: there are almost no books in his famous study. Strikingly, the most intelligent and thoughtful intellectual of the early church seems to have read fewer things than an average modern eight year old. To follow the depiction by Antonello da Messina, St Jerome appears to be the proud owner of about ten books in all!

Antonello da Messina, St Jerome in his study, 1475

The modern world has dramatically parted ways with this minimalist pre-modern approach to reading. We have adopted an Enlightenment mantra that runs in a very different direction, stating that there should be no limit to how much we read because, in answer to the question of why we read, there is only one response that will ever be encompassing and ambitious enough: we read in order to know everything. We aren't reading to understand God or to follow civic virtue or to calm our minds. We are reading to understand the whole of human

existence, the full inventory of the planets and the entirety of cosmic history. We are collective believers in the idea of totalising knowledge; the more books we have produced and digested, the closer we will be to grasping everything.

The sheer scale of the ambition helps to explain why the depictions of libraries in the Enlightenment period showed off vast and endless palaces to learning and hinted that if money had been no object, they would have been constructed to ring the earth.



Étienne-Louis Boullée, Project for the National Library in Paris, France, 1785

We may not be aware of how indebted we are to the Enlightenment idea of reading, but its maximalist legacy is present within the publishing industry, within the way books are presented to the public at school and in shops – and within our own guilty responses to the pressure to read more.

We can also hazard an observation: this exhaustive approach to reading does not make us particularly happy. We are drowning in books, we have no time ever to re-read one and we appear fated to a permanent sense of being under-read when compared with our peers and what the media has declared respectable.

In order to ease and simplify our lives, we might dare to ask a very old-fashioned question: what am I reading for? And this time, rather than answering 'in order to know everything,' we might parcel off a much more limited, focused and useful goal. We might – for example – decide that while society as a whole may be on a search for total knowledge, all that we really need and want to do is

gather knowledge that is going to be useful to us as we lead our own lives. We might decide on a new mantra to guide our reading henceforth: we want to read in order to learn to be content. Nothing less – and nothing more.

With this new, far more targeted ambition in mind, much of the pressure to read constantly, copiously and randomly starts to fade. We suddenly have the same option that was once open to St Jerome; we might have only a dozen books on our shelves – and yet feel in no way intellectually undernourished or deprived.

Once we know that we are reading to be content, we won't need to chase every book published this season. We can zero in on titles that best explain what we deem to be the constituent parts of contentment. So for example, we will need a few key books that explain our psyches to us, that teach us about how families work and how they might work better, that take us through how to find a job one can love and how to develop the courage to develop our opportunities. We'll need some books that talk about friendship and love, sexuality and health. We'll want books about how to travel, how to appreciate, how to be grateful and to how forgive. We'll look for books that help us to stay calm, fight despair and diminish our disappointments. Finally, we'll look for books that gently guide us to how to minimise regret and learn to die well.

With these goals in mind, we won't need a boundless library, we won't have to keep up frantically with publishing schedules. The more we understand what reading is for us, the more we can enjoy intimate relationships with a few works only. Our libraries can be simple. Instead of always broaching new material, re-reading might become crucial, the reinforcement of what we already know but tend so often to forget. The truly well-read person isn't the one who has read a gargantuan number of books, it's someone who has let themselves be shaped – deeply shaped in their capacity to live and die well – by a very few well-chosen ones.

SOCIABILITY: FRIENDSHIP

HOW OFTEN DO WE NEED TO GO TO PARTIES?

One of the major reasons why our lives are busier than they might be is that we come under immense pressures to 'go out', usually in the evening, typically to one of the most peculiar and paradoxical of all human social inventions: parties.

It is because these parties are so ubiquitous and benefit from such widespread approval that we're liable to miss how confusing and, along the way, unhelpful they can be to our always sensitive inner selves.

What draws us to leave home isn't merely a sense of duty, it is the desire to connect deeply with other humans, to attenuate a perhaps painful sense of isolation and to find an echo of our fears and longings in the eyes of others.

But what typically happens when we reach the party should lead us to interrogate, at a minimum, the pressures we are under to leave home. It is usually evident that our hosts have been to a lot of trouble: their place may look charming, glasses may be sparkling on a side table, some plates of interesting canapes might be circulating and the room will perhaps be crowded with a lot of well-turned out individuals enjoying energetic conversations.

But if we were to conduct an anthropological investigation into what was actually being said, we might discover that the guests were all acting in accordance with a well-established and rigid social code that might lead us to doubt why we had ever freely opted to stand in the center of a room holding a glass and wondering who to talk to next. At least 8 rules come to mind:

1. Emphasise your successes, though boast only covertly.

2. Never allude to troubles, doubts or worries; apparently no-one comes to a party to hear what is going on in another's heart.

3. As much as possible, agree with others. If someone is talking about their new puppy, say 'how lovely' – especially if you dislike dogs. If someone mentions that they've been on a skiing holiday at the foot of a mountain you've never heard of, remark 'oh that's amazing.'

4. Keep it light: laugh even if you don't especially find anything funny; look for the amusing side of every topic.

5. Don't reveal any earnest aspiration to connect with a fellow broken ailing human.

6. Mingle: it's rude to talk at length with anyone; speak to as many as possible, even if only for a minute.

7. Hug people you would normally cross the road to avoid.

8. If anyone fails to stick to the rules and says or does something 'wrong' (like being sincere), slip off rapidly to talk to someone else who knows how to behave 'properly'.

It's tantalising. All of us have rich and complex histories. All of us have dazzling minds that can record the most subtle impressions and are filled with tender and poignant scenes accumulated over decades. We all had complicated childhoods, are ambivalent about our careers, troubled by despair and anxiety, worried about our relationships, puzzled by sex – and heading towards decay and death far sooner than we can bear. And yet still we continue to mention the traffic and ask about each other's recent holidays.

How many sincere sides we might long to discover in our new companions if only we could: what happened in their childhoods, how did they find their way through adolescence, what do they make of their parents, what do they dislike about themselves, what makes them fall into bed sobbing, have they ever thought of suicide? But the social codes governing parties ensure that we will never come close to any such enquiries. We may have been asked along to the evening; our deeper selves have not been invited.

The moral is clear. If we seek others, we should stay at home, if we wish to alleviate loneliness, we should turn down invitations, if we want company, we would be better off communing with dead writers and poets rather than hunting for solace at large gatherings.

We should cease to be ashamed of our buried longings to remain by ourselves. It is very normal, and highly understandable, for properly social people – that is, people who really wish their souls to connect with those of others – to feel anxious about parties – and to prefer to see people very seldom and then only in the smallest and most intimate of contexts. If we properly crave the love and understanding of people, it will be too much to bear the humiliations and betrayals involved in the average get-together. We should restrict our social lives to the exceptional evening out with a true friend who can weep with us, sympathise us with and exchange authentic and heartfelt notes with us on the fleeting ecstasies and long-running sorrows of being human. That will be a 'party' worth breaking our isolation for.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE: KNOW YOURSELF

WHAT IS MENTAL HEALTH?

So efficient and hushed are our brains in their day to day operations, we are apt to miss what an extraordinary and complicated achievement it is to feel mentally well. A mind in a healthy state is, in the background, continually performing a near-miraculous set of manoeuvres that underpin our moods of clear-sightedness and purpose.

To appreciate what mental health might be (and therefore what its opposite involves), we might take a moment to consider some of what will be going on in the folds of an optimally-functioning mind:

– First and foremost, a healthy mind is an editing a mind, an organ that manages to sieve, from thousands of stray, dramatic, disconcerting or horrifying thoughts, those particular ideas and sensations that actively need to be entertained in order for us to direct our lives effectively.

– Partly this means keeping at bay punitive and critical judgements that might want to tell us repeatedly how disgraceful and appalling we are – long after harshness has ceased to serve any useful purpose. When we are interviewing for a new job or taking someone on a date, a healthy mind doesn't force us to listen to inner voices that insist on our unworthiness. It allows us to talk to ourselves as we would to a friend.

– At the same time, a healthy mind resists the pull of unfair comparisons. It doesn't constantly allow the achievements and successes of others to throw us off course and reduce us to a state of bitter inadequacy. It doesn't torture us by continually comparing our condition to that of people who have, in reality, had very different upbringings and trajectories through life. A well-functioning mind recognises the futility and cruelty of constantly finding fault with its own nature.

– Along the way, a healthy mind keeps a judicious grip on the faucet of fear. It knows that, in theory, there is an endless number of things that we could worry about: a blood vessel might fail, a scandal might erupt, the plane's engines could sheer from their wings… But it has a good sense of the distinction between what could conceivably happen and what is in fact likely to happen – and it is able to leave us in peace as regards the wilder eventualities of fate, confident that awful things will either not unfold or could be dealt with ably enough if ever they did so. A healthy mind avoids catastrophic imaginings: it knows that that there are broad and stable stone steps, not a steep and slippery incline, between itself and disaster.

– A healthy mind has compartments with heavy doors that shut securely. It can compartmentalise where it needs to. Not all thoughts belong at all moments. While talking to a grandmother, the mind prevents the emergence of images of last's nights erotic fantasies; while looking after a child, it can repress its more cynical and misanthropic insights. Aberrant thoughts about jumping on a train line or harming oneself with a sharp knife can remain brief peculiar flashes rather than repetitive fixations. A healthy mind has mastered the techniques of censorship.

– A healthy mind can quieten its own buzzing preoccupations in order, at times, to focus on the world beyond itself. It can be present and engaged with what and who is immediately around. Not everything it could feel has to be felt at every moment. It can be a good listener.

– A healthy mind combines an appropriate suspicion of certain people with a fundamental trust in humanity. It can take an intelligent risk with a stranger. It doesn't extrapolate from life's worst moments in order to destroy the possibility of anything good emerging with a new acquaintance.

– A healthy mind knows how to hope; it identifies and then hangs on tenaciously to a few reasons to keep going. Grounds for despair, anger and sadness are, of course, all around. But the healthy mind knows how to bracket negativity in the name of endurance. It clings to evidence of what is still beautiful and kind. It remembers to appreciate; it can – despite everything – still look forward to a hot bath, some dried fruit or dark chocolate, a chat with a friend, or a satisfying day of work. It refuses to let itself be silenced by all the many sensible arguments in favour of rage and despondency.

Outlining some of the features of a healthy mind helps us to identify what can go awry when we fall ill. We should acknowledge the extent to which mental illness is ultimately as common, and as essentially unshameful, as its bodily counterpart. True mental health involves a frank acceptance of how much ill health there will have to be in even the most ostensibly competent and meaningful life. And we should be no more reluctant to seek help than we are when we develop a chest infection or a sore knee – and should consider ourselves no less worthy of love and sympathy.

WORK: STATUS & SUCCESS

WINNERS AND LOSERS IN THE RACE OF LIFE

Our societies have advanced tendencies to label certain people 'winners' and others – logically enough – 'losers'. Aside from the evident meanness of this categorisation, the underlying problem with it is the suggestion that life might be a unitary, singular race, at the conclusion to which one could neatly rank all the competitors from highest to lowest.

And yet the more confusing and complex truth is that life is really made up of a number of races that unfold simultaneously over very different terrain and with different sorts of cups and medals in view. There are races for money, fame and prestige of course – and these attract many spectators and in some social circles, the bulk of the coverage. But there are also races that measure other kinds of prowess worth venerating. There is a race for who can remain calmest in the face of frustration. There is a race for who can be kindest to children. There is a race measuring how gifted someone is at friendship. There are races focused on how attentive someone is to the evening sky or how good they are at deriving pleasure from autumn fruits.

Despite our enthusiasm for sorting out competitors into neat ranks, a striking fact about the multi-race event of life is, quite simply, that no one is ever able to end up a winner in every genre of competition available. Furthermore, prowess in one kind of race seems to militate against one's chances of success in others. Winning at being ruthlessly successful in business seems not – for example –

generally to go hand in hand with any real ability at the race to appreciate the sky or find pleasure in figs. Those who are terrific at gaining fame tend to be hampered when it comes to competing in the race that measures the ability to be patient around thoughtful but underconfident three year old children.

We cannot – it seems – be winners at everything. Those who appear to be carrying off all the prizes and are lauded in certain quarters as superhuman athletes of life cannot, on closer examination, really be triumphing across the board in any such way. They are bound to be making a deep mess of some of the less familiar or prestigious races they are entered for; in certain corners of the stadium, they'll be falling over, tripping up, complaining loudly about track conditions and, perhaps, sourly denigrating the whole event as useless and not worth participating in.

If one cannot be a winner at everything, it follows that one cannot be a loser at everything either. When we have failed in certain races in the mille-athlon of life, we retain ample opportunities to train and develop our strength to win in others. We may never again be able to compete in the race for fame, honour or money, but it's still entirely open to us to compete in the race for kindness, friendship and forgiveness. We may even win at the not insignificant race for enjoying one's own company or sleeping very soundly and without anxiety for many hours in the sun.

There is no such thing as a winner or a loser per se. There is only a person who has won in some areas and messed up in others. And, to go deeper, someone whose talent at winning in one sort of race means they must naturally and almost inevitably mess up in alternatives – and vice versa.

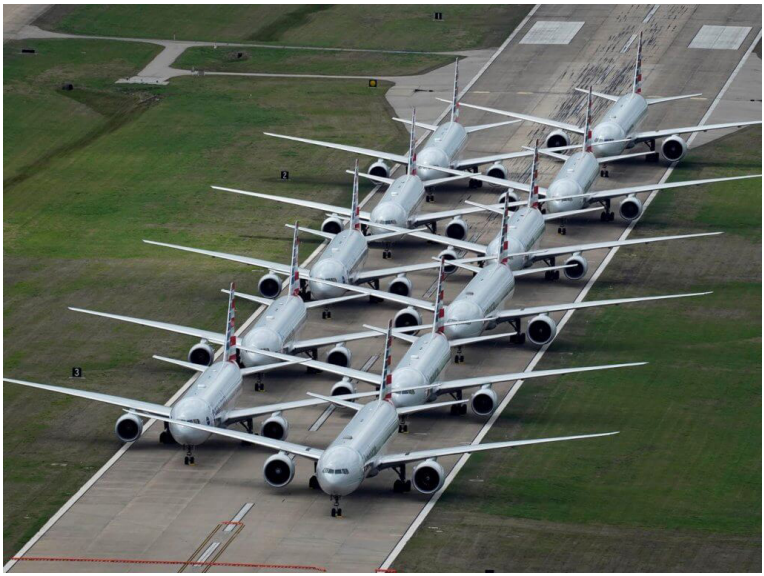
We never starkly fail at life itself. When we mess up in worldly areas and feel dejected and isolated, the universe is just giving us an exceptional chance to begin the training which means we will one day become star athletes in other less well-known but hugely important races – races around keeping a sense of humour, showing gratitude, forgiving, appreciating, letting go – and making do. These are the noble tracks where those who have 'failed' can finally, properly and redemptively learn to 'win.'

LEISURE: TRAVEL

A WORLD WITHOUT AIR TRAVEL

For years, we heard much about a need to fly less; now, we're imagining a world in which people might not fly at all.

In the future, children may gather at the feet of the old, and hear extraordinary tales of a mythic time when vast and complicated machines the size of several houses constantly used to take to the skies and fly high over the Himalayas and the Tasman Sea.



The wise elders would explain that inside the aircraft, passengers, who had only paid the price of a few books for the privilege, would impatiently and ungratefully shut their window blinds to the views, would sit in silence next to strangers – and complain that the food in miniature plastic beakers before them was not quite as tasty as the sort they could prepare in their own kitchens.

The elders would add that the skies, now undisturbed except by the meandering progress of bees and sparrows, had once thundered to the sound of airborne leviathans, that entire swathes of the world's cities had been disturbed by their progress.

They might mention that in an ancient London suburb once known as Fulham, it had been rare for the sensitive to be able to sleep much past five thirty in the morning, due the unremitting progress of inbound aluminium tubes from Canada and the eastern seaboard of the United States.

At JFK, now turned into a museum, one would be able to walk unhurriedly across the two main runways and even give in to the temptation to sit cross-legged on their centrelines, a gesture with some of the same sublime thrill as touching a disconnected high-voltage electricity cable, running one's fingers along the teeth of an anaesthetised shark or having a wash in a fallen dictator's marble bathroom.

Everything would, of course, go very slowly. It would take two days to reach Rome, a month before one finally sailed exultantly into Sydney harbour. And yet there would be benefits tied up in this languor.

Those who had known the age of planes would recall the confusion they had felt upon arriving in Mumbai or Rio, Auckland or Montego Bay, only hours

after leaving home, their slight sickness and bewilderment lending credence to the old Arabic saying that the soul invariably travels at the speed of a camel.

Whatever the advantages of plentiful and convenient air travel, we may curse it for being too easy, too unnoticeable – and thereby for subverting our sincere attempts at changing ourselves through our journeys.

How we would admire planes if they were no longer there to frighten and bore us. We would stroke their steel dolphin-like bodies in museums and honour them as symbols of a daunting technical intelligence and a prodigious wealth.

We would admire them like small children do, and adults no longer dare, for fear of seeming uncynical and unvigilant towards their crimes against our world.

Despite all the chaos and inconvenience of our disrupted flight schedules, we should feel grateful to a virus – for allowing us briefly to imagine what a flight-less future would envy and pity us for.

INTERPRETATION OF A TEXT №1

1. Speak of the author in brief.
   - the facts of his/her biography relevant for his/her creative activities
   - the epoch (social and historical background)
   - the literary trend he/she belongs to
   - the main literary pieces (works)
2. Give a summary of the extract (story) under consideration (the gist, the content of the story in a nutshell).
3. State the problem raised (tackled) by the author.
4. Formulate the main idea conveyed by the author (the main line of the thought, the author's message).
5. Give a general definition of the text under study.
   - a 3rd person narrative
   - a 1st person narrative
   - narration interlaced with descriptive passages and dialogues of the personages
   - narration broken by digressions (philosophical, psychological, lyrical, etc.)
   - an account of events interwoven with a humorous (ironical, satirical) portrayal of society, or the personage, etc.
6. Define the prevailing mood (tone, slant) of the extract. It may be lyrical, dramatic, tragic, optimistic / pessimistic, melodramatic, sentimental, unemotional / emotional, pathetic, dry and matter-of-fact, gloomy, bitter, sarcastic, cheerful, etc.
7. The composition of the story. Divide the text logically into complete parts and entitle them.If possible choose the key-sentence (the topic sentence) in each part that reveals its essence. The compositional pattern of a complete story (chapter, episode) may be as follows:
   - the exposition (introduction)
   - the development of the plot (an account of events)
   - the climax (the culminating point)
   - the denouement (the outcome of the story)
1. Give a detailed analysis of each logically complete part.

Follow the formula-matter form. It implies that firstly you should dwell upon the content of the part and secondly comment upon the language means (Expressional Means and Stylistic Devices) employed by the author to achieve desired effect, to render his thoughts and feelings.

NB: Sum up your own observations and draw conclusions. Point out the author's language means which make up the essential properties of his individual style.

РЕФЕРИРОВАНИЕ СТАТЬИ НА АНГЛИЙСКОМ № 2

Уметь анализировать английский текст – это уже огромный прорыв в изучении языка. И неважно, лингвист вы или обычный студент. Если вы видите главную идею, особые «приметы» рассказа или статьи, значит, вы сможете его лучше понять и осмыслить. А это важно не только в плане языковых знаний, но и в плане общего развития. Итак, представим, что вам нужно сделать пересказ текста на английском. Какие общие фразы и структуры для этого использовать?

Говоря научным языком, реферирование статьи на английском довольно сложное дело на первый взгляд. Но на самом деле это не так. Если вы дочитаете до конца, то это занятие покажется сущим пустяком, а может даже очень увлекательным занятием. Ведь любой автор пишет не просто так, а с каким-то смыслом, проводит какую-то мысль и идею. Увидеть это вас никто не научит. Все зависит от вашего личного умения. А вот грамотно преподнести всю структуру – это, пожалуйста.

Как составлять анализ текста на английском языке?

Для начала давайте разберемся, в чем суть реферирования статьи на английском. Это не просто краткое содержание, пересказ, а анализ. Вам необходимо выделить главную идею, описать главных героев или события, факты. Для всего этого есть вводные структуры, которые необходимо знать. Итак, с чего начать и чем закончить? Мы приведем вам в пример несколько фраз. А вы выбирайте наиболее понравившиеся.

1. Название статьи, автор, стиль.

The article I'm going to give a review of is taken from… – Статья, которую я сейчас хочу проанализировать, из…

The headline of the article is – Заголовок статьи…

The author of the article is… – Автор статьи…

It is written by — Она написана …

The article under discussion is … – Статья, которую мне сейчас хочется обсудить, ….

The headline foreshadows… – Заголовок приоткрывает

2. Тема. Логические части.

The topic of the article is… – Тема статьи

The key issue of the article is… – Ключевым вопросом в статье является

The article under discussion is devoted to the problem… – Статья, которую мы обсуждаем, посвящена проблеме…

The author in the article touches upon the problem of… – В статье автор затрагивает проблему….

I'd like to make some remarks concerning… – Я бы хотел сделать несколько замечаний по поводу…

I'd like to mention briefly that… – Хотелось бы кратко отметить…

I'd like to comment on the problem of… – Я бы хотел прокомментировать проблему…

The article under discussion may be divided into several logically connected parts which are… – Статья может быть разделена на несколько логически взаимосвязанных частей, таких как…

3. Краткое содержание.

The author starts by telling the reader that – Автор начинает, рассказывая читателю, что

At the beginning of the story the author – В начале истории автор

Describes – описывает

depicts – изображает

touches – затрагивает

explains – объясняет

introduces – знакомит

mentions – упоминает

recalls -вспоминает

makes a few critical remarks on – делает несколько критических замечаний о

The story begins (opens) with a (the)

description of – описанием

statement – заявлением

introduction of – представлением

the mention of – упоминанием

the analysis of a summary of – кратким анализом

the characterization of – характеристикой

(author's) opinion of – мнением автора

author's recollections of – воспоминанием автора

the enumeration of – перечнем

The scene is laid in … – Действие происходит в …

The opening scene shows (reveals) … – Первая сцена показывает (раскрывает) …

We first see (meet) … (the name of a character) as … – Впервые мы встречаемся с (имя главного героя или героев)

In conclusion the author

dwells on – останавливается на

points out – указывает на то

generalizes – обобщает

reveals – показывает

exposes – показывает

accuses/blames – обвиняет

mocks at – издевается над

gives a summary of -дает обзор

4. Отношение автора к отдельным моментам.

The author gives full coverage to… – Автор дает полностью охватывает…

The author outlines… – Автор описывает

The article contains the following facts…./ describes in details… — Статья содержит следующие факты …. / подробно описывает

The author starts with the statement of the problem and then logically passes over to its possible solutions. — Автор начинает с постановки задачи, а затем логически переходит к ее возможным решениям.

The author asserts that… — Автор утверждает, что …

The author resorts to … to underline… — Автор прибегает к …, чтобы подчеркнуть …

Let me give an example… — Позвольте мне привести пример …

5. Вывод автора.

In conclusion the author says / makes it clear that…/ gives a warning that… — В заключение автор говорит / проясняет, что … / дает предупреждение, что …

At the end of the story the author sums it all up by saying … — В конце рассказа автор подводит итог всего этого, говоря …

The author concludes by saying that../ draws a conclusion that / comes to the conclusion that — В заключении автор говорит, что .. / делает вывод, что / приходит к выводу, что

6. Выразительные средства, используемые в статье.

To emphasize … the author uses… — Чтобы акцентировать внимание … автор использует

To underline … the author uses… Чтобы подчеркнуть … автор использует

To stress… — Усиливая

Balancing… — Балансируя

7. Ваш вывод.

Taking into consideration the fact that — Принимая во внимание тот факт, что

The message of the article is that /The main idea of the article is — Основная идея статьи (послание автора)

In addition… / Furthermore… — Кроме того

On the one hand…, but on the other hand… — С одной стороны …, но с другой стороны …

Back to our main topic… — Вернемся к нашей основной теме

To come back to what I was saying… — Чтобы вернуться к тому, что я говорил

In conclusion I’d like to… — В заключение я хотел бы …

From my point of view… — С моей точки зрения …

As far as I am able to judge… — Насколько я могу судить .

My own attitude to this article is… — Мое личное отношение к

I fully agree with / I don't agree with — Я полностью согласен с/ Я не согласен с

It is hard to predict the course of events in future, but there is some evidence of the improvement of this situation. – Трудно предсказать ход событий в будущем, но есть некоторые свидетельства улучшения.

I have found the article dull / important / interesting /of great value – Я нахожу статью скучной / важной/ интересной/ имеющую большое значение (ценность).

Таким образом, чтобы хорошо проанализировать статью, необходимо ее несколько раз прочитать. Первый – ознакомительный, определяете стиль, тему. Второй – обращаете внимание на детали, на поведение героев, пытаетесь кратко передать основное содержание. Затем опять просматриваете и ищите то, что же автор хотел донести до читателя, что он для этого использовал. Ну а затем, продумываете свое отношение к прочитанному.

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