

МИНИСТЕРСТВО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ И НАУКИ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ

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# **THE VOICE OF THE CITY**

## **ГОЛОС БОЛЬШОГО ГОРОДА**

Рекомендовано Редсоветом университета  
в качестве учебного пособия по английскому языку  
для студентов 1, 2 курсов, обучающихся по направлению 270800.62  
«Строительство» и по дополнительной квалификации  
«Переводчик в сфере профессиональной коммуникации»

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Содержит аутентичные тексты на английском языке. Цель данного пособия состоит в том, чтобы дать студентам базисную лексику, развить навыки перевода и устной речи в рамках общения на профессиональные темы, сформировать коммуникативную и межкультурную компетенции. Представленные тексты сопровождаются упражнениями, предусматривающие контроль прочитанного.

Учебное пособие подготовлено на кафедре «Иностранные языки» и предназначено для студентов 1, 2 курсов, обучающихся по направлению 270800.62 «Строительство» и по дополнительной квалификации «Переводчик в сфере профессиональной коммуникации».

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## ПРЕДИСЛОВИЕ

Учебное пособие предназначено для студентов 1 курса, обучающихся по направлению 270800.68 «Строительство» и по дополнительной квалификации «Переводчик в сфере профессиональной коммуникации».

Пособие состоит из аутентичных текстов на английском языке известного американского писателя О. Генри.

Данное пособие состоит из 2-х частей. В первой части содержатся тексты и упражнения к ним для формирования навыков устного общения на английском языке в рамках обиходно-деловой сферы. Во второй части представлены аутентичные тексты для совершенствования навыка перевода и самостоятельной работы с оригинальным языковым материалом на английском языке.

Для углубленного понимания каждый текст сопровождается списком новых слов. Имеются упражнения для развития творческого и логического мышления.

## Part I. TEXTS FOR COMPREHENSIVE STUDY

### THE COMPLETE LIFE OF JOHN HOPKINS

#### Before reading

##### Study the definition of the new words:

taste (v.) – to become acquainted with by experience

escape (v.) – to avoid a threatening evil

pinching (adj.) – causing physical or mental pain to

marked-down (part.) – all seasonal goods at lower prices

instalment (n.) – one of the parts into which a debt is divided when payment is made at intervals

table d'hôte (n.) – a complete meal of several courses offered at a fixed price

glove-fitting (adj.) – tight

gossip (n.) – a chatty talk

view (v.) – to look at attentively

punch (n.) – strike, knock

aware (adj.) – having or showing realization, perception, or knowledge

oblige (v.) – be grateful

reception chamber – living room

combat (v.) – to fight

complain (v.) – to express grief, pain, or discontent

chivalrous (adj.) – marked by honor, knight-errantry

chowder (n.) – a soup or stew of seafood (as clams or fish) usually made with milk or tomatoes, salt pork, onions, and other vegetables (as potatoes);  
*also*: a soup resembling chowder <corn chowder>

falter (v.) – to hesitate in purpose or action

shove (v.) – to push or put in a rough, careless, or hasty manner

##### Find the correct definition of the following words:

##### *To drill* (line 7)

1) *a* : to fix something in the mind or habit pattern of by repetitive instruction <*drill* pupils in spelling>

*b* : to impart or communicate by repetition <impossible to *drill* the simplest idea into some people>

*c* : to train or exercise in military drill

2) *a* : (1) to bore or drive a hole in; (2) to make by piercing action <*drill* a hole>

*b* : to shoot with or as if with a gun

- c* : (1) to propel (as a ball) with force or accuracy <*drilled* a single to right field>; (2) to hit with force <*drilled* the batter with the first pitch>
- 3) to make a hole with a drill
- 4) to engage in an exercise

### ***Change*** (line 70)

- 1) the act, process, or result of changing : as :
- a* : alteration <a *change* in the weather>
- b* : transformation <a time of vast social *change*> <going through *changes*>
- c* : substitution <a *change* of scenery>
- d* : the passage of the moon from one monthly revolution to another;  
*also* : the passage of the moon from one phase to another
- e* : menopause
- 2) a fresh set of clothes
- 3) *British* : exchange
- 4) *a* : money in small denominations received in exchange for an equivalent sum in larger denominations
- b* : money returned when a payment exceeds the amount due
- c* : coins especially of low denominations <a pocketful of *change*>
- d* : a negligible additional amount <only six minutes and *change* left in the game>
- e* : money 1 <cost a large chunk of *change*>
- 5) an order in which a set of bells is struck in change ringing

### ***Treat*** (line 121)

- intransitive verb
  - 1) to discuss terms of accommodation or settlement : negotiate
  - 2) to deal with a matter especially in writing : discourse – usually used with *of* <a book *treating* of conservation>
  - 3) to pay another's expenses (as for a meal or drink) especially as a compliment or as an expression of regard or friendship
- transitive verb
  - 1) *a* : to deal with in speech or writing : expound  
*b* : to present or represent artistically  
*c* : to deal with : handle <food is plentiful and *treated* with imagination – Cecil Beaton>
  - 2) *a* : to bear oneself toward : use <*treat* a horse cruelly>  
*b* : to regard and deal with in a specified manner – usually used with *as* <*treat* the matter as confidential>

- 3) *a* : to provide with free food, drink, or entertainment <they *treated* us to lunch>  
*b* : to provide with enjoyment or gratification  
 4) to care for or deal with medically or surgically <*treat* a disease>  
 5) to act upon with some agent especially to improve or alter <*treat* a metal with acid>

**Choose the Russian equivalent to the phrasal verbs:**

|                 |                                 |
|-----------------|---------------------------------|
| a) count upon   | 1) спрашивать, требовать        |
| b) turn out     | 2) направляться, идти намеренно |
| c) aim at       | 3) оказаться, обнаруживаться    |
| d) call for     | 4) звать, вызывать              |
| e) light up     | 5) рассчитывать на              |
| f) come out     | 6) пройти по улице              |
| g) call upon    | 7) закурить (трубку, сигару)    |
| h) knock around | 8) отпускать (бакенбарды)       |

**Read the text**

THE COMPLETE LIFE OF JOHN HOPKINS

There is a saying that no man has tasted the full flavor of life until he has known poverty, love and war. The justness of this reflection commends it to the lover of condensed philosophy. The three conditions embrace about all there is in life worth knowing. A surface thinker might deem that wealth should be added to the list. Not so. When a poor man finds a long-hidden quarter-dollar that has slipped through a rip into his vest lining, he sounds the pleasure of life with a deeper plummet than any millionaire can hope to cast.

It seems that the wise executive power that rules life has thought best to drill man in these three conditions; and none may escape all three. In rural places the terms do not mean so much. Poverty is less pinching; love is temperate; war shrinks to contests about boundary lines and the neighbors' hens. It is in the cities that our epigram gains in truth and vigor; and it has remained for one John Hopkins to crowd the experience into a rather small space of time.

The Hopkins flat was like a thousand others. There was a rubber plant in one window; a flea-bitten terrier sat in the other, wondering when he was to have his day.

John Hopkins was like a thousand others. He worked at \$20 per week in a nine-story, red-brick building at either Insurance, Buckle's Hoisting Engines, Chiropody, Loans, Pulleys, Boas Renovated, Waltz Guaranteed in Five Lessons, or Artificial Limbs. It is not for us to wring Mr. Hopkins's avocation from these outward signs that be.

Mrs. Hopkins was like a thousand others. The auriferous tooth, the sedentary disposition, the Sunday afternoon wanderlust, the draught upon the delicatessen store for home-made comforts, the furor for department store marked-down sales, the feeling of superiority to the lady in the third-floor front who wore genuine ostrich tips and had two names over her bell, the mucilaginous hours during which she remained glued to the window sill, the vigilant avoidance of the instalment man, the tireless patronage of the acoustics of the dumb-waiter shaft – all the attributes of the Gotham flat-dweller were hers.

One moment yet of sententiousness and the story moves.

In the Big City large and sudden things happen. You round a corner and thrust the rib of your umbrella into the eye of your old friend from Kootenai Falls. You stroll out to pluck a Sweet William in the park – and lo! bandits attack you – you are ambulated to the hospital – you marry your nurse; are divorced – get squeezed while short on U. P. S. and D. O. W. N. S. – stand in the bread line – marry an heiress, take out your laundry and pay your club dues – seemingly all in the wink of an eye. You travel the streets, and a finger beckons to you, a handkerchief is dropped for you, a brick is dropped upon you, the elevator cable or your bank breaks, a table d’hote or your wife disagrees with you, and Fate tosses you about like cork crumbs in wine opened by an un-feed waiter. The City is a sprightly youngster, and you are red paint upon its toy, and you get licked off.

John Hopkins sat, after a compressed dinner, in his glove-fitting straight-front flat. He sat upon a hornblende couch and gazed, with satiated eyes, at Art Brought Home to the People in the shape of “The Storm” tacked against the wall. Mrs. Hopkins discoursed droningly of the dinner smells from the flat across the hall. The flea-bitten terrier gave Hopkins a look of disgust, and showed a man-hating tooth.

Here was neither poverty, love, nor war; but upon such barren stems may be grafted those essentials of a complete life.

John Hopkins sought to inject a few raisins of conversation into the tasteless dough of existence. “Putting a new elevator in at the office,” he said, discarding the nominative noun, “and the boss has turned out his whiskers.”

“You don’t mean it!” commented Mrs. Hopkins.

“Mr. Whipples,” continued John, “wore his new spring suit down to-day. I liked it fine It’s a gray with – “ He stopped, suddenly stricken by a need that made itself known to him. “I believe I’ll walk down to the corner and get a five-cent cigar,” he concluded.

John Hopkins took his hat and picked his way down the musty halls and stairs of the flat-house.

The evening air was mild, and the streets shrill with the careless cries of children playing games controlled by mysterious rhythms and phrases. Their

elders held the doorways and steps with leisurely pipe and gossip. Paradoxically, the fire-escapes supported lovers in couples who made no attempt to fly the mounting conflagration they were there to fan.

The corner cigar store aimed at by John Hopkins was kept by a man named Freshmayer, who looked upon the earth as a sterile promontory.

Hopkins, unknown in the store, entered and called genially for his "bunch of spinach, car-fare grade." This imputation deepened the pessimism of Freshmayer; but he set out a brand that came perilously near to filling the order. Hopkins bit off the roots of his purchase, and lighted up at the swinging gas jet. Feeling in his pockets to make payment, he found not a penny there.

"Say, my friend," he explained, frankly, "I've come out without any change. Hand you that nickel first time I pass."

Joy surged in Freshmayer's heart. Here was corroboration of his belief that the world was rotten and man a peripatetic evil. Without a word he rounded the end of his counter and made earnest onslaught upon his customer. Hopkins was no man to serve as a punching-bag for a pessimistic tobacconist. He quickly bestowed upon Freshmayer a colorado-maduro eye in return for the ardent kick that he received from that dealer in goods for cash only.

The impetus of the enemy's attack forced the Hopkins line back to the sidewalk. There the conflict raged; the pacific wooden Indian, with his carven smile, was overturned, and those of the street who delighted in carnage pressed round to view the zealous joust.

But then came the inevitable cop and imminent inconvenience for both the attacker and attacked. John Hopkins was a peaceful citizen, who worked at rebuses of nights in a flat, but he was not without the fundamental spirit of resistance that comes with the battle-rage. He knocked the policeman into a grocer's sidewalk display of goods and gave Freshmayer a punch that caused him temporarily to regret that he had not made it a rule to extend a five-cent line of credit to certain customers. Then Hopkins took spiritedly to his heels down the sidewalk, closely followed by the cigar-dealer and the policeman, whose uniform testified to the reason in the grocer's sign that read:

"Eggs cheaper than anywhere else in the city."

As Hopkins ran he became aware of a big, low, red, racing automobile that kept abreast of him in the street. This auto steered in to the side of the sidewalk, and the man guiding it motioned to Hopkins to jump into it. He did so without slackening his speed, and fell into the turkey-red upholstered seat beside the chauffeur. The big machine, with a diminuendo cough, flew away like an albatross down the avenue into which the street emptied.

The driver of the auto sped his machine without a word. He was masked beyond guess in the goggles and diabolic garb of the chauffeur.



“Much obliged, old man,” called Hopkins, gratefully. “I guess you’ve got sporting blood in you, all right, and don’t admire the sight of two men trying to soak one. Little more and I’d have been pinched.”

The chauffeur made no sign that he had heard. Hopkins shrugged a shoulder and chewed at his cigar, to which his teeth had clung grimly throughout the melee.

Ten minutes and the auto turned into the open carriage entrance of a noble mansion of brown stone, and stood still. The chauffeur leaped out, and said:

“Come quick. The lady, she will explain. It is the great honor you will have, monsieur. Ah, that milady could call upon Armand to do this thing! But, no, I am only one chauffeur.”

With vehement gestures the chauffeur conducted Hopkins into the house. He was ushered into a small but luxurious reception chamber. A lady, young, and possessing the beauty of visions, rose from a chair. In her eyes smouldered a becoming anger. Her high-arched, threadlike brows were ruffled into a delicious frown.

“Milady,” said the chauffeur, bowing low, “I have the honor to relate to you that I went to the house of Monsieur Long and found him to be not at home. As I came back I see this gentleman in combat against – how you say – greatest odds. He is fighting with five – ten – thirty men – gendarmes, *aussi*. Yes, milady, he what you call ‘swat’ one – three – eight policemen. If that Monsieur Long is out I say to myself this gentleman he will serve milady so well, and I bring him here.”

“Very well, Armand,” said the lady, “you may go.” She turned to Hopkins.

“I sent my chauffeur,” she said, “to bring my cousin, Walter Long. There is a man in this house who has treated me with insult and abuse. I have complained to my aunt, and she laughs at me. Armand says you are brave. In these prosaic days men who are both brave and chivalrous are few. May I count upon your assistance?”

John Hopkins thrust the remains of his cigar into his coat pocket. He looked upon this winning creature and felt his first thrill of romance. It was a knightly love, and contained no disloyalty to the flat with the flea-bitten terrier and the lady of his choice. He had married her after a picnic of the Lady Label Stickers’ Union, Lodge No. 2, on a dare and a bet of new hats and chowder all around with his friend, Billy McManus. This angel who was begging him to come to her rescue was something too heavenly for chowder, and as for hats – golden, jewelled crowns for her!

“Say,” said John Hopkins, “just show me the guy that you’ve got the grouch at. I’ve neglected my talents as a scrapper heretofore, but this is my busy night.”

“He is in there,” said the lady, pointing to a closed door. “Come.

Are you sure that you do not falter or fear?”

“Me?” said John Hopkins. “Just give me one of those roses in the bunch you are wearing, will you?”

The lady gave him a red, red rose. John Hopkins kissed it, stuffed it into his vest pocket, opened the door and walked into the room. It was a handsome library, softly but brightly lighted. A young man was there, reading.

“Books on etiquette is what you want to study,” said John Hopkins, abruptly. “Get up here, and I’ll give you some lessons. Be rude to a lady, will you?”

The young man looked mildly surprised. Then he arose languidly, dextrously caught the arms of John Hopkins and conducted him irresistibly to the front door of the house.

“Beware, Ralph Branscombe,” cried the lady, who had followed, “what you do to the gallant man who has tried to protect me.”

The young man shoved John Hopkins gently out the door and then closed it.

“Bess,” he said calmly, “I wish you would quit reading historical novels. How in the world did that fellow get in here?”

“Armand brought him,” said the young lady. “I think you are awfully mean not to let me have that St. Bernard. I sent Armand for Walter. I was so angry with you.”

“Be sensible, Bess,” said the young man, taking her arm. “That dog isn’t safe. He has bitten two or three people around the kennels. Come now, let’s go tell auntie we are in good humor again.”

Arm in arm, they moved away.

John Hopkins walked to his flat. The janitor’s five-year-old daughter was playing on the steps. Hopkins gave her a nice, red rose and walked upstairs.

Mrs. Hopkins was philandering with curl-papers.

“Get your cigar?” she asked, disinterestedly.

“Sure,” said Hopkins, “and I knocked around a while outside. It’s a nice night.”

He sat upon the hornblende sofa, took out the stump of his cigar, lighted it, and gazed at the graceful figures in “The Storm” on the opposite wall.

“I was telling you,” said he, “about Mr. Whipple’s suit. It’s a gray, with an invisible check, and it looks fine.”

## Translating Practice

### 1) Complete the Russian sentences:

1. Блохастый терьер с презрением покосился на Хопкинса и... . (The flea-bitten terrier gave Hopkins a look of disgust, and showed a man-hating tooth.)

2. Их родители сидели на порогах и крылечках,... . (Their elders held the doorways and steps with leisurely pipe and gossip.)

3. Он уселся на каменный диван, ... . (He sat upon the hornblende sofa, took out the stump of his cigar, lighted it, and gazed at the graceful figures in "The Storm" on the opposite wall.)

4. Затем он томно поднялся с места, ... . (Then he arose languidly, dextrously caught the arms of John Hopkins and conducted him irresistibly to the front door of the house).

5. За двадцать долларов в неделю он служил в девятиэтажном кирпичном доме занимаясь не то страхованием жизни, не то... . (He worked at \$20 per week in a nine-story, red-brick building at either Insurance, Buckle's Hoisting Engines, Chiropody, Loans, Pulleys, Boas Renovated, Waltz Guaranteed in Five Lessons, or Artificial Limbs.)

**2) Find in the text the English equivalents for the underlined words and word combinations in Russian:**

а) В большом городе происходят важные и неожиданные события. Заворачиваешь за угол и попадаешь острием зонта в глаз старому знакомому из Кутни-фоллс. Гуляешь в парке, хочешь сорвать гвоздику – и вдруг на тебя нападают бандиты, скорая помощь везет тебя в больницу, ты женишься на сиделке; разводишься, перебиваешься кое-как с хлеба на квас, стоишь в очереди в ночлежку, женишься на богатой наследнице, отдаешь белье в стирку, платишь членские взносы в клуб – и все это в мгновение ока. Бродишь по улицам, кто-то манит тебя пальцем, роняет к твоим ногам платок, на тебя роняют кирпич, ломается трос в лифте или твой банк, ты не ладишь с женой или твой желудок не ладит с готовыми обедами – судьба швыряет тебя из стороны в сторону, как кусок пробки в вине, откупоренном официантом, которому ты не дал на чай. Город жизнерадостный малыш, а ты – красная краска, которую он слизывает со своей игрушки.

б) Но тут появился неизбежный полисмен, что предвещало неприятности и обидчику и. его жертве. Джон Гопкинс был мирный обыватель и по вечерам сидел дома, решая ребусы, однако он был не лишен того духа сопротивления, который разгорается в пылу битвы Он повалил полисмена прямо на выставленные бакалейщиком товары, а Фрешмейеру дал такую затрещину, что тот пожалел было, зачем он не завел обыкновения предоставлять хотя бы некоторым покупателям кредит до пяти центов. После чего Гопкинс бросился бегом по тротуару, а в погоню за ним – табачный торговец и полисмен, мундир которого наглядно доказывал, Почему на вывеске бакалейщика было написано: "Яйца дешевле, чем где-либо в городе".

### 3) Translate into Russian the words and word combinations in italic:

a) There is a saying that no man *has tasted the full flavour of life* until he has known poverty, love and war. *The justness of this reflection* commends it to the lover of condensed philosophy. The three conditions embrace about all there is in life *worth knowing*. A *surface thinker* might deem that wealth should be added to the list. *Not so*. When a poor man finds *a long-hidden quarter-dollar* that has slipped through a rip into his vest lining, he *sounds the pleasure of life* with a deeper plummet than any millionaire can hope to cast.

b) “*Be sensible*, Bess,” said the young man, *taking her arm*. “That dog *isn’t safe*. He has bitten two or three people around the kennels. Come now, let’s go tell auntie *we are in good humor* again.”

c) John Hopkins thrust *the remains of his cigar* into his coat pocket. He looked upon this winning creature and felt his *first thrill of romance*. It was a knightly love, and contained no disloyalty to the flat with the flea-bitten terrier and *the lady of his choice*. He had married her after a picnic of the Lady Label Stickers’ Union, Lodge No. 2, *on a dare and a bet of new hats and chowder* all around with his friend, Billy McManus. This angel who was begging him *to come to her rescue* was something too heavenly for chowder, and as for hats – *golden, jewelled crowns* for her!

### 4) Replace the underlined words with its synonyms:

a) Mrs. Hopkins was like a thousand others. The auriferous tooth, the sedentary disposition, the Sunday afternoon wanderlust, the draught upon the delicatessen store for home-made comforts, *the furor* for department store marked-down sales, the feeling of superiority to the lady in the third-floor front who wore genuine ostrich tips and had two names over her bell, the mucilaginous hours during which she remained glued to the window sill, the vigilant avoidance of the instalment man, the tireless patronage of the acoustics of the dumb-waiter shaft – all the attributes of the Gotham flat-dweller were hers.

b) Шофер и ухом не повел – будто не слышал. Гопкинс передернул плечами и стал жевать сигару, которую так и не выпускал из зубов в продолжение всей свалки.

c) John Hopkins sought to inject a few raisins of conversation into the tasteless dough of existence. “Putting a new elevator in at the office,” he said, discarding the nominative noun, “and the boss has turned out his whiskers.”

“You don’t mean it!” commented Mrs. Hopkins.

d) Я посылала шофера за моим кузеном, Уолтером Лонгом. В этом доме находится человек, который обращался со мной дурно и оскорбил меня. Я пожаловалась тете, а она смеется надо мной. Арман говорит, что вы храбры. В наше прозаическое время мало таких людей, которые были бы и храбры и рыцарски благородны. Могу ли я рассчитывать на вашу помощь?

### **5) Translate the following into Russian in written form**

1. There is a saying that no man has tasted the full flavour of life until he has known poverty, love and war. The justness of this reflection commends it to the lover of condensed philosophy. The three conditions embrace about all there is in life worth knowing. A surface thinker might deem that wealth should be added to the list. Not so. When a poor man finds a long-hidden quarter-dollar that has slipped through a rip into his vest lining, he sounds the pleasure of life with a deeper plummet than any millionaire can hope to cast.

2. "Armand brought him," said the young lady. "I think you are awfully mean not to let me have that St. Bernard. I sent Armand for Walter. I was so angry with you."

"Be sensible, Bess," said the young man, taking her arm. "That dog isn't safe. He has bitten two or three people around the kennels. Come now, let's go tell auntie we are in good humor again."

### **Speaking practice**

#### **1) Answer the questions:**

1. Do you agree with the author that "no man has tasted the full flavour of life until he has known poverty, love and war"? Give your arguments.
2. Did Mr. Hopkins lead a happy life? (think about his job/flat/wife)
3. Why did John Hopkins kick the cigar-dealer?
4. Why did Armand save John Hopkins from the policemen and the cigar dealer?
5. What happened to John Hopkins in the noble mansion?
6. Why did Bess call upon smb. to rescue her? What was the true reason?
7. Did John Hopkins really fall in love with Bess?
8. Do you think Bess played a good joke with John Hopkins?

#### **2) Speak about Mrs. Hopkins. Complete the sentences:**

- She looks like a....
- She has got a...
- She was fond of...
- She felt...
- She hated...
- She had a passion for...

#### **3) Use the following verbs in the correct form to tell about one day from the life of John Hopkins:**

sit, gaze (at), chat (about), decide, walk, get, enter, call (for), pay (for), have, ask(for credit), attack, knock, run (away), jump (into), turn (out), meet, treat,

feel (romance), beg (to rescue), give (lessons of good manners), conduct (to the front door), let, be in good mood, to amuse oneself, come back.

**4) Act out a dialogue between John Hopkins and the cigar-dealer.**

**5) Do you remember the day when sudden things happened to you? Speak on that day. (Use the following: One day..., Suddenly..., After that..., Eventually..., When..., Finally... .)**

Think over the next points:

- 1) What happened to you
- 2) When it happened
- 3) Where you were
- 4) How old you were then
- 5) Who you were with
- 6) How did you feel about it

## A LICKPENNY LOVER

### Before reading

#### Study the definition of the new words:

verse (v.) – to familiarize by close association, study, or experience

butter cakes (*pl.*) – a sweet baked food made from a dough or thick batter usually containing flour and sugar and often shortening, eggs, and a raising agent (as baking powder)

floorwalker (*n.*) – a person employed in a retail store to oversee the salespeople and aid customers

tutti frutti (*n.*) – a confection or ice cream containing chopped usually candied fruits

Shylock (*n.*) – the Jewish usurer and antagonist of Antonio in Shakespeare's The Merchant of Venice

git (*n.*) – sl. a foolish or worthless person

filial (*adj.*) – of, relating to, or befitting a son or daughter

garb (v.) – wear fashionable clothing

giggle (v.) – to laugh with repeated short catches of the breath

diffidence (*n.*) – the quality or state of being modest

dimples (*pl.*) – a slight natural indentation in the surface of some part of the human body

leer (v.) – to cast a sidelong glance

wearily (*adv.*) – tiring

swell (v.) – to expand (as in size, volume, or numbers) gradually beyond a normal or original limit <the population swelled>

pigtail waiter (*n.*) – Chinese waiter with a tight braid of hair  
runabout (*n.*) – a light usually open wagon, car  
kith and kin – people who share the same flat or relatives  
green (*n.*) – sl. a foolish girl  
kid (*v.*) – to deceive

**Find the correct definition of the following words:**

***Cunning*** (*line 10*)

- 1) dexterous or crafty in the use of special resources (as skill or knowledge) or in attaining an end <a *cunning* plotter>
- 2) displaying keen insight <a *cunning* observation>
- 3) characterized by wiliness and trickery <*cunning* schemes>
- 4) prettily appealing : cute <a *cunning* little kitten>

***Awkward*** (*line 54*)

- 1) obsolete : perverse
- 2) archaic : unfavorable, adverse
- 3) *a* : lacking dexterity or skill (as in the use of hands) <*awkward* with a needle and thread>  
*b* : showing the result of a lack of expertness <*awkward* pictures>
- 4) *a* : lacking ease or grace (as of movement or expression) <*awkward* writing>  
*b* : lacking the right proportions, size, or harmony of parts : ungainly <an *awkward* design>
- 5) *a* : lacking social grace and assurance <an *awkward* newcomer>  
*b* : causing embarrassment <an *awkward* moment>
- 6) not easy to handle or deal with : requiring great skill, ingenuity, or care <an *awkward* load> <an *awkward* diplomatic situation>

***Means*** (*line 116*)

- 1) *a* : (1) something intervening or intermediate; (2) a middle point between extremes  
*b* : a value that lies within a range of values and is computed according to a prescribed law : as (1) arithmetic mean (2) expected value  
*c* : either of the middle two terms of a proportion
- 2) *plural but sing or plural in constr* : something useful or helpful to a desired end
- 3) *plural* : resources available for disposal; *especially* : material resources affording a secure life

**Choose the Russian equivalent to the phrasal verbs:**

|                 |  |
|-----------------|--|
| a) pay for      | 1) искать  |
| b) call for     | 2) приглашать в (театр, ресторан), выводить на прогулку            |
| c) rest upon    | 3) прислониться на (прилавок, подоконник)                          |
| d) insist upon  | 4) осенять, приходить в голову                                     |
| e) look for     | 5) предусматривать, оправдывать, требовать (объяснений, извинений) |
| f) take out     | 6) опираться на  |
| g) lean against | 7) оплачивать что-то   |
| h) dawn upon    | 8) настаивать на (мнение)  |

**Read the text**

**A LICKPENNY LOVER**

There, were 3,000 girls in the Biggest Store. Masie was one of them. She was eighteen and a saleslady in the gents' gloves. Here she became versed in two varieties of human beings – the kind of gents who buy their gloves in department stores and the kind of women who buy gloves for unfortunate gents. Besides this wide knowledge of the human species, Masie had acquired other information. She had listened to the promulgated wisdom of the 2,999 other girls and had stored it in a brain that was as secretive and wary as that of a Maltese cat. Perhaps nature, foreseeing that she would lack wise counsellors, had mingled the saving ingredient of shrewdness along with her beauty, as she has endowed the silver fox of the priceless fur above the other animals with cunning.

For Masie was beautiful. She was a deep-tinted blonde, with the calm poise of a lady who cooks butter cakes in a window. She stood behind her counter in the Biggest Store; and as you closed your hand over the tape-line for your glove measure you thought of Hebe; and as you looked again you wondered how she had come by Minerva's eyes.

When the floorwalker was not looking Masie chewed tutti frutti; when he was looking she gazed up as if at the clouds and smiled wistfully.

That is the shopgirl smile, and I enjoin you to shun it unless you are well fortified with callosity of the heart, caramels and a congeniality for the capers of Cupid. This smile belonged to Masie's recreation hours and not to the store; but the floorwalker must have his own. He is the Shylock of the stores. When he comes nosing around the bridge of his nose is a toll-bridge. It is goo-goo eyes or "git" when he looks toward a pretty girl. Of course not all floorwalkers are thus. Only a few days ago the papers printed news of one over eighty years of age.



One day Irving Carter, painter, millionaire, traveller, poet, automobilist, happened to enter the Biggest Store. It is due to him to add that his visit was not voluntary. Filial duty took him by the collar and dragged him inside, while his mother philandered among the bronze and terra-cotta statuettes.

Carter strolled across to the glove counter in order to shoot a few minutes on the wing. His need for gloves was genuine; he had forgotten to bring a pair with him. But his action hardly calls for apology, because he had never heard of glove-counter flirtations.

As he neared the vicinity of his fate he hesitated, suddenly conscious of this unknown phase of Cupid's less worthy profession.

Three or four cheap fellows, sonorously garbed, were leaning over the counters, wrestling with the mediatorial hand-coverings, while giggling girls played vivacious seconds to their lead upon the strident string of coquetry. Carter would have retreated, but he had gone too far. Masie confronted him behind her counter with a questioning look in eyes as coldly, beautifully, warmly blue as the glint of summer sunshine on an iceberg drifting in Southern seas.

And then Irving Carter, painter, millionaire, etc., felt a warm flush rise to his aristocratically pale face. But not from diffidence. The blush was intellectual in origin. He knew in a moment that he stood in the ranks of the ready-made youths who wooed the giggling girls at other counters. Himself leaned against the oaken trysting place of a cockney Cupid with a desire in his heart for the favor of a glove salesgirl. He was no more than Bill and Jack and Mickey. And then he felt a sudden tolerance for them, and an elating, courageous contempt for the conventions upon which he had fed, and an unhesitating determination to have this perfect creature for his own.

When the gloves were paid for and wrapped Carter lingered for a moment. The dimples at the corners of Masie's damask mouth deepened. All gentlemen who bought gloves lingered in just that way. She curved an arm, showing like Psyche's through her shirt-waist sleeve, and rested an elbow upon the show-case edge.

Carter had never before encountered a situation of which he had not been perfect master. But now he stood far more awkward than Bill or Jack or Mickey. He had no chance of meeting this beautiful girl socially. His mind struggled to recall the nature and habits of shopgirls as he had read or heard of them. Somehow he had received the idea that they sometimes did not insist too strictly upon the regular channels of introduction. His heart beat loudly at the thought of proposing an unconventional meeting with this lovely and virginal being. But the tumult in his heart gave him courage.

After a few friendly and well-received remarks on general subjects, he laid his card by her hand on the counter.

“Will you please pardon me,” he said, “if I seem too bold; but I earnestly hope you will allow me the pleasure of seeing you again. There is my name; I assure you that it is with the greatest respect that I ask the favor of becoming one of your acquaintances. May I not hope for the privilege?”

Masie knew men – especially men who buy gloves. Without hesitation she looked him frankly and smilingly in the eyes, and said:

“Sure. I guess you’re all right. I don’t usually go out with strange gentlemen, though. It ain’t quite ladylike. When should you want to see me again?”

“As soon as I may,” said Carter. “If you would allow me to call at your home, I – “

Masie laughed musically. “Oh, gee, no!” she said, emphatically. “If you could see our flat once! There’s five of us in three rooms. I’d just like to see ma’s face if I was to bring a gentleman friend there!”

“Anywhere, then,” said the enamored Carter, “that will be convenient to you.”

“Say,” suggested Masie, with a bright-idea look in her peach-blow face; “I guess Thursday night will about suit me. Suppose you come to the corner of Eighth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street at 7:30. I live right near the corner. But I’ve got to be back home by eleven. Ma never lets me stay out after eleven.”

Carter promised gratefully to keep the tryst, and then hastened to his mother, who was looking about for him to ratify her purchase of a bronze Diana.

A salesgirl, with small eyes and an obtuse nose, strolled near Masie, with a friendly leer.

“Did you make a hit with his nobs, Mase?” she asked, familiarly.

“The gentleman asked permission to call,” answered Masie, with the grand air, as she slipped Carter’s card into the bosom of her waist.

“Permission to call!” echoed small eyes, with a snigger. “Did he say anything about dinner in the Waldorf and a spin in his auto afterward?”

“Oh, cheese it!” said Masie, wearily. “You’ve been used to swell things, I don’t think. You’ve had a swelled head ever since that hose-cart driver took you out to a chop suey joint. No, he never mentioned the Waldorf; but there’s a Fifth Avenue address on his card, and if he buys the supper you can bet your life there won’t be no pigtail on the waiter what takes the order.”

As Carter glided away from the Biggest Store with his mother in his electric runabout, he bit his lip with a dull pain at his heart. He knew that love had come to him for the first time in all the twenty-nine years of his life. And that the object of it should make so readily an appointment with him at a street corner, though it was a step toward his desires, tortured him with misgivings.

Carter did not know the shopgirl. He did not know that her home is often either a scarcely habitable tiny room or a domicile filled to overflowing with kith and kin. The street-corner is her parlor, the park is her drawing-room; the

avenue is her garden walk; yet for the most part she is as inviolate mistress of herself in them as is my lady inside her tapestried chamber.

One evening at dusk, two weeks after their first meeting, Carter and Masie strolled arm-in-arm into a little, dimly-lit park. They found a bench, tree-shadowed and secluded, and sat there.

For the first time his arm stole gently around her. Her golden-bronze head slid restfully against his shoulder.

"Gee!" sighed Masie, thankfully. "Why didn't you ever think of that before?"

"Masie," said Carter, earnestly, "you surely know that I love you. I ask you sincerely to marry me. You know me well enough by this time to have no doubts of me. I want you, and I must have you. I care nothing for the difference in our stations."

"What is the difference?" asked Masie, curiously.

"Well, there isn't any," said Carter, quickly, "except in the minds of foolish people. It is in my power to give you a life of luxury. My social position is beyond dispute, and my means are ample."

"They all say that," remarked Masie. "It's the kid they all give you. I suppose you really work in a delicatessen or follow the races. I ain't as green as I look."

"I can furnish you all the proofs you want," said Carter, gently.

"And I want you, Masie. I loved you the first day I saw you."

"They all do," said Masie, with an amused laugh, "to hear 'em talk. If I could meet a man that got stuck on me the third time he'd seen me I think I'd get mashed on him."

"Please don't say such things," pleaded Carter. "Listen to me, dear. Ever since I first looked into your eyes you have been the only woman in the world for me."

"Oh, ain't you the kidder!" smiled Masie. "How many other girls did you ever tell that?"

But Carter persisted. And at length he reached the flimsy, fluttering little soul of the shopgirl that existed somewhere deep down in her lovely bosom. His words penetrated the heart whose very lightness was its safest armor. She looked up at him with eyes that saw. And a warm glow visited her cool cheeks. Tremblingly, awfully, her moth wings closed, and she seemed about to settle upon the flower of love. Some faint glimmer of life and its possibilities on the other side of her glove counter dawned upon her. Carter felt the change and crowded the opportunity.

"Marry me, Masie," he whispered softly, "and we will go away from this ugly city to beautiful ones. We will forget work and business, and life will be one long holiday. I know where I should take you – I have been there often. Just

think of a shore where summer is eternal, where the waves are always rippling on the lovely beach and the people are happy and free as children. We will sail to those shores and remain there as long as you please. In one of those far-away cities there are grand and lovely palaces and towers full of beautiful pictures and statues. The streets of the city are water,

and one travels about in – “

“I know,” said Masie, sitting up suddenly. “Gondolas.”

“Yes,” smiled Carter.

“I thought so,” said Masie.

“And then,” continued Carter, “we will travel on and see whatever we wish in the world. After the European cities we will visit India and the ancient cities there, and ride on elephants and see the wonderful temples of the Hindoos and Brahmins and the Japanese gardens and the camel trains and chariot races in Persia, and all the queer sights of foreign countries. Don’t you think you would like it, Masie?”

Masie rose to her feet.

“I think we had better be going home,” she said, coolly. “It’s getting late.”

Carter humored her. He had come to know her varying, thistle-down moods, and that it was useless to combat them. But he felt a certain happy triumph. He had held for a moment, though but by a silken thread, the soul of his wild Psyche, and hope was stronger within him. Once she had folded her wings and her cool hand had closed about his own.

At the Biggest Store the next day Masie’s chum, Lulu, waylaid her in an angle of the counter.

“How are you and your swell friend making it? she asked.

“Oh, him?” said Masie, patting her side curls. “He ain’t in it any more. Say, Lu, what do you think that fellow wanted me to do?”

“Go on the stage?” guessed Lulu, breathlessly.

“Nit; he’s too cheap a guy for that. He wanted me to marry him and go down to Coney Island for a wedding tour!”

## Translating Practice

### 1) Complete the Russian sentences:

1. Быть может, природа, зная, что Мэйзи не у кого будет спросить разумного совета, ... . (Perhaps nature, foreseeing that she would lack wise counsellors, had mingled the saving ingredient of shrewdness along with her beauty, as she has endowed the silver fox of the priceless fur above the other animals with cunning).

2. Картер отправился покупать перчатки, ... . (Carter strolled across to the glove counter in order to shoot a few minutes on the wing).

3. Трое или четверо молодцов бесшабашного вида, разодетые в пух и прах, наклонились над прилавком... . (Three or four cheap fellows, sonorously garbed, were leaning over the counters, wrestling with the mediatorial hand-coverings, while giggling girls played vivacious seconds to their lead upon the strident string of coquetry).

4. Мэйзи, стоя у прилавка, устремила на него ... . (Masie confronted him behind her counter with a questioning look in eyes as coldly, beautifully, warmly blue as the glint of summer sunshine on an iceberg drifting in Southern seas).

5. Картер поблагодарил и обещал ... . (Carter promised gratefully to keep the tryst, and then hastened to his mother, who was looking about for him to ratify her purchase of a bronze Diana).

6. Уж если он захочет угостить меня, ... . (If he buys the supper you can bet your life there won't be no pigtail on the waiter what takes the order).

7. И то, что его возлюбленная, ... . ( And that the object of it should make so readily an appointment with him at a street corner, though it was a step toward his desires, tortured him with misgivings).

**2) Find in the text the English equivalents for the underlined words and word combinations in Russian:**

а) Картер не знал, что такое продавщица. Он не знал, что ей придется жить в неуютной конуре либо в тесной квартире, где полным-полно всяких домочадцев и родственников. Ближайший перекресток служит ей будуаром, сквер – гостиной, людная улица – аллеей для прогулок. Однако это обычно не мешает ей быть себе госпожой, такой же независимой и гордой, как любая знатная леди, обитающая среди гобеленов.

б) Но Картер не сдавался. В конце концов, ему удалось устеречь пугливую, неуловимую душу продавщицы, прячущуюся где-то в глубине этого мраморного тела. Слова его нашли дорогу к ее сердцу, самая пустота которого служила ему надежной броней. Впервые Мэйзи смотрела на него зрячими глазами. И жаркий румянец залил ее холодные щеки. Замирая от страха, сложила Психея свои трепетные крылышки, готовясь опуститься на цветок любви. Впервые забрехала для нее где-то там, за пределами ее прилавка, какая-то новая жизнь и ее неведомые возможности. Картер почувствовал перемену и устремился на штурм.

**3) Translate into Russian the words and word combinations in italic:**

а) One evening at dusk, two weeks after their first meeting, Carter and Masie *strolled arm-in-arm* into a little, *dimly-lit park*. They found a bench, tree-shadowed and secluded, and sat there.

For the first time his arm *stole gently around her*. Her *golden-bronze head* slid *restfully* against his shoulder.

“Gee!” *sighed* Masie, *thankfully*. “Why didn’t you ever think of that before?”

“Masie,” said Carter, *earnestly*, “you *surely know* that I love you. I *ask* you *sincerely* to marry me. You know me well enough by this time to *have no doubts* of me. I want you, and I must have you. I *care nothing* for the *difference in our stations*.”

b) “Well, there isn’t any,” said Carter, quickly, “except *in the minds of foolish people*. It is in my power to give you *a life of luxury*. My social position is *beyond dispute*, and my *means* are ample.”

“They all say that,” remarked Masie. “It’s *the kid* they all give you. I suppose you really work in *a delicatessen* or *follow the races*. I ain’t *as green as I look*.”

c) “And then,” continued Carter, “we will *travel on* and see whatever we wish in the world. After the European cities we will visit India and *the ancient cities* there, and *ride on elephants* and see *the wonderful temples of the Hindoos and Brahmins* and the Japanese gardens and the camel trains and chariot races in Persia, and all *the queer sights* of foreign countries. Don’t you think you would like it, Masie?”

d) “How are you and your *swell friend* making it? she asked.

“Oh, him?” said Masie, *patting her side curls*. “*He ain’t in it any more*. Say, Lu, what do you think that fellow wanted me to do?”

“*Go on the stage?*” guessed Lulu, *breathlessly*.

“*Nit*; he’s too cheap a guy for that. He wanted me to marry him and *go down to Coney Island for a wedding tour!*”

#### 4) Replace the underlined words with its synonyms:

a) There, were 3,000 girls in the Biggest Store. Masie was one of them. She was eighteen and a saleslady in the gents’ gloves. Here she became versed in two varieties of human beings – the kind of gents who buy their gloves in department stores and the kind of women who buy gloves for unfortunate gents. Besides this wide knowledge of the human species, Masie had acquired other information. She had listened to the promulgated wisdom of the 2,999 other girls and had stored it in a brain that was as secretive and wary as that of a Maltese cat. Perhaps nature, foreseeing that she would lack wise counsellors, had mingled the saving ingredient of shrewdness along with her beauty, as she has endowed the silver fox of the priceless fur above the other animals with cunning.

b) – Ради бога, простите, – сказал он, – и не сочитите за дерзость, но я был бы рад снова встретиться с вами. Здесь вы найдете мое имя. Поверьте, только величайшее уважение дает мне смелость просить вас осчастливить меня своей дружбой, вернее знакомством. Скажите, могу ли я надеяться?

– Отчего же? Вы, видать, человек приличный. Вообще-то я избегаю встреч с незнакомыми мужчинами. Ни одна порядочная девушка себе этого не позволит.

c) And then Irving Carter, painter, millionaire, etc., felt a warm flush rise to his aristocratically pale face. But not from diffidence. The blush was intellectual in origin. He knew in a moment that he stood in the ranks of the ready-made youths who wooed the giggling girls at other counters. Himself leaned against the oaken trysting place of a cockney Cupid with a desire in his heart for the favor of a glove salesgirl. He was no more than Bill and Jack and Mickey. And then he felt a sudden tolerance for them, and an elating, courageous contempt for the conventions upon which he had fed, and an unhesitating determination to have this perfect creature for his own.

d) Ибо Мэйзи была красавица. Блондинка, с пышными волосами теплого, золотистого оттенка, она обладала царственной осанкой леди-манекена, которая на глазах у публики печет в витрине оладьи. Когда Мэйзи, стоя за прилавком, обмеряла вам руку, вы мысленно называли ее, Гебой, а когда вам снова можно было поднять глаза, вы спрашивали себя, откуда у нее взор Минервы.

### 5) Translate the following into Russian in written form

1. Carter had never before encountered a situation of which he had not been perfect master. But now he stood far more awkward than Bill or Jack or Mickey. He had no chance of meeting this beautiful girl socially. His mind struggled to recall the nature and habits of shopgirls as he had read or heard of them. Somehow he had received the idea that they sometimes did not insist too strictly upon the regular channels of introduction. His heart beat loudly at the thought of proposing an unconventional meeting with this lovely and virginal being. But the tumult in his heart gave him courage.

2. "Marry me, asie," he whispered softly, "and we will go away from this ugly city to beautiful ones. We will forget work and business, and life will be one long holiday. I know where I should take you – I have been there often. Just think of a shore where summer is eternal, where the waves are always rippling on the lovely beach and the people are happy and free as children. We will sail to those shores and remain there as long as you please. In one of those far-away cities there are grand and lovely palaces and towers full of beautiful pictures and statues. The streets of the city are water, and one travels about in. "I know," said Masie, sitting up suddenly. "Gondolas."

## Speaking practice

### 1) Answer the questions:

1. How does the author describe salesgirls? Was Masie like other girls in the store? Give your arguments.
2. Why did Carter enter the Biggest Store?

3. What impression did Masie made upon Carter when he saw her for the first time? What did he like much about her?
4. Why was Carter embarrassed and got blushed?
5. Did Masie agree to meet Carter again? When and where?
6. What did Masie get to know about Carter by his card?
7. What happened during the date?
8. Do you think Carter was kidding when asked Masie to marry him? Prove your opinion.

**2) Speak about Masie. Complete the sentences:**

- She worked as a salesgirl in a... .
- She has got ... .
- Her hair was ... .
- She was... .
- She lived in ... .
- She impressed gents by her... .
- She agreed to see Carter again because... .
- She didn't believe in... .

**3) Use the following verbs in the correct form to tell about the future events happened to Masie if she would have believed in Carter's promises:**

Go away, enjoy, forget, admire, feel, sail (to), remain, travel, see, visit, ride.

**4) Act out a dialogue between Irving Carter buying gloves and Masie serving him. Use the text to help you.**

**5) Recall the situation when things or people came to be different than you thought about them at first. Tell a real story from your life. Make up sentences using the following:** Once ..., I was pretty sure that..., Earnestly..., I could bet that..., No doubt that..., I assure you that... , I was absolutely shocked when ..., I kept on being deceived..., It was my strong believe that..., Then some hesitation came into my mind..., Suddenly I realised..., How stupid was it to trust..., I felt really disappointed when..., I was badly mistaken..., Nothing was left then..., Eventually... .

## **LITTLE SPECK IN GARNERED FRUIT**

### **Before reading**

**Study the definition of the new words:**

bride (*n.*) – a woman just married or about to be married

welter-weight (*n.*) – a boxer in a weight division having a maximum limit of 147 pounds



sway (v.) – the ability to exercise influence or authority  
 self-abnegation (n.) – self-denial  
 arrogance (n.) – an attitude of superiority manifested in an overbearing manner or in presumptuous claims or assumptions  
 spry (adj.) – light-footed  
 lonesome (adj.) – sad or dejected as a result of lack of companionship or separation from others <don't be lonesome while we are gone>  
 naughty (adj.) – vicious in moral character  
 ripe (adj.) – fully grown and developed : mature <ripe fruit> <ripe wheat>  
 bridal-touring (n.) – cross-country tour made by just married couple  
 gamble (v.) – to play a game for money or property  
 entree (n.) – pass word  
 tip (n.) – a piece of advance or confidential information given by one thought to have access to special or inside sources  
 ax (axe) (n.) – a hammer with a sharp edge for dressing or spalling stone  
 grace (v.) – to confer dignity or honor on  
 paraphernalia (n.) – personal belongings  
 adversary (n.) – one that contends with, opposes, or resists : enemy  
 deed (n.) – feat  
 obey (v.) – to follow the commands or guidance of  
 bruise (n.) – an injury involving rupture of small blood vessels and discoloration without a break in the overlying skin  
 withstand (v.) – to stand up against : oppose with firm determination; especially : to resist successfully  
 bidding (n.) – offer  
 bless (v.) – to speak well of : approve

**Find the correct definition of the following words:**

***Air*** (line 18)

- 1) *a* : archaic : breath  
     *b* : the mixture of invisible odorless tasteless gases (as nitrogen and oxygen) that surrounds the earth  
     *c* : a light breeze
- 2) *a* : empty space  
     *b* : nothingness <vanished into thin *air*>  
     *c* : a sudden severance of relations <she gave me the *air*>
- 3) [probably translation of Italian *aria*]  
     *a* : tune, melody  
     *b* : *Elizabethan & Jacobean music* : an accompanied song or melody in usually strophic form  
     *c* : the chief voice part or melody in choral music

- 4) *a* : outward appearance of a thing <an *air* of luxury>  
*b* : a surrounding or pervading influence : atmosphere <an *air* of mystery>  
*c* : the look, appearance, or bearing of a person especially as expressive of some personal quality or emotion : demeanor <an *air* of dignity>  
*d* : an artificial or affected manner <put on *airs*>
- 5) public utterance <he gave *air* to his opinion>
- 6) compressed air
- 7) *a* : (1) aircraft <go by *air*>; (2) aviation <*air* safety> <*air* rights>; (3) air force <*air* headquarters>  
*b* : (1) the medium of transmission of radio waves; *also* : radio, television <went on the *air*>; (2) airtime
- 8) a football offense utilizing primarily the forward pass <trailing by 20 points, the team took to the *air*>
- 9) an air-conditioning system
- 10) the height achieved in performing an aerial maneuver <a snowboarder catching big *air*>; *also* : the maneuver itself

**Cast** (line 31)

- 1) *a* : to cause to move or send forth by throwing <*cast* a fishing lure> <*cast* dice>  
*b* : direct <*cast* a glance>  
*c* : (1) to put forth <the fire *casts* a warm glow> <*cast* light on the subject>; (2) to place as if by throwing <*cast* doubt on their reliability>  
*d* : to deposit (a ballot) formally  
*e* : (1) to throw off or away <the horse *cast* a shoe>; (2) to get rid of : discard <*cast* off all restraint>; (3) shed, molt; (4) to bring forth; *especially* : to give birth to prematurely  
*f* : to throw to the ground especially in wrestling  
*g* : to build by throwing up earth
- 2) *a* : (1) to perform arithmetical operations on : add; (2) to calculate by means of astrology  
*b* : *archaic* : decide, intend
- 3) *a* : to dispose or arrange into parts or into a suitable form or order  
*b* : (1) to assign the parts of (a dramatic production) to actors <*cast* a movie>; (2) to assign (as an actor) to a role or part <was *cast* in the leading role>
- 4) *a* : to give a shape to (a substance) by pouring in liquid or plastic form into a mold and letting harden without pressure <*cast* steel>  
*b* : to form by this process

- 5) turn <*cast* the scale slightly>
- 6) to make (a knot or stitch) by looping or catching up
- 7) twist, warp <a beam *cast* by age>
  - intransitive verb
  - 1) to throw something; *specifically* : to throw out a lure with a fishing rod
  - 2) *dialect British* : vomit
  - 3) *dialect English* : to bear fruit : yield
  - 4) *a* : to perform addition  
*b* : *obsolete* : estimate, conjecture
  - 5) warp
  - 6) to range over land in search of a trail – used of hunting dogs or trackers

***Charge*** (line 116 )

- 1) *a* : *obsolete* : a material load or weight  
*b* : a figure borne on a heraldic field
- 2) *a* : the quantity that an apparatus is intended to receive and fitted to hold  
*b* : the quantity of explosive used in a single discharge  
*c* : a store or accumulation of impelling force <the deeply emotional *charge* of the drama>  
*d* : a definite quantity of electricity; *especially* : an excess or deficiency of electrons in a body  
*e* : thrill, kick <got a *charge* out of the game>
- 3) *a* : obligation, requirement  
*b* : management, supervision <has *charge* of the home office>  
*c* : the ecclesiastical jurisdiction (as a parish) committed to a clergyman  
*d* : a person or thing committed to the care of another
- 4) *a* : instruction, command  
*b* : instruction in points of law given by a court to a jury
- 5) *a* : expense, cost <gave the banquet at his own *charge*>  
*b* : the price demanded for something <no admission *charge*>  
*c* : a debit to an account <the purchase was a *charge*>  
*d* : the record of a loan (as of a book from a library)  
*e* : *British* : an interest in property granted as security for a loan
- 6) *a* : a formal assertion of illegality <a *charge* of murder>  
*b* : a statement of complaint or hostile criticism <denied the *charges* of nepotism that were leveled against him>
- 7) *a* : (1) a violent rush forward (as to attack) <the *charge* of the brigade>;  
 (2) the signal for attack <sound the *charge*>  
*b* : a usually illegal rush into an opponent in various sports (as basketball)

**Choose the Russian equivalent to the phrasal verbs:**

|                |  |
|----------------|--|
| a) stand up    | 1) перешагнуть                           |
| b) put on      | 2) исчезать                              |
| c) stride over | 3) выдавать частную информацию           |
| d) go out      | 4) сбивать, сшибать                      |
| e) take in     | 5) устоять, быть прочным                 |
| f) tip off     | 6) выгонять, прогонять                   |
| g) knock off   | 7) надевать (одежду)                     |
| h) chase out   | 8) заняться (новой работой, новым делом) |

**Read the text**

**LITTLE SPECK IN GARNERED FRUIT**

The honeymoon was at its full. There was a flat with the reddest of new carpets, tasselled portieres and six steins with pewter lids arranged on a ledge above the wainscoting of the dining-room. The wonder of it was yet upon them. Neither of them had ever seen a yellow primrose by the river's brim; but if such a sight had met their eyes at that time it would have seemed like – well, whatever the poet expected the right kind of people to see in it besides a primrose.

The bride sat in the rocker with her feet resting upon the world. She was wrapt in rosy dreams and a kimono of the same hue. She wondered what the people in Greenland and Tasmania and Beloochistan were saying one to another about her marriage to Kid McGarry. Not that it made any difference. There was no welter-weight from London to the Southern Cross that could stand up four hours – no; four rounds – with her bridegroom. And he had been hers for three weeks; and the crook of her little finger could sway him more than the fist of any 142-pounder in the world.

Love, when it is ours, is the other name for self-abnegation and sacrifice. When it belongs to people across the airshaft it means arrogance and self-conceit.

The bride crossed her oxfords and looked thoughtfully at the distemper Cupids on the ceiling.

"Precious," said she, with the air of Cleopatra asking Antony for Rome done up in tissue paper and delivered at residence, "I think I would like a peach."

Kid McGarry arose and put on his coat and hat. He was serious, shaven, sentimental, and spry.

“All right,” said he, as coolly as though he were only agreeing to sign articles to fight the champion of England. “I’ll step down and cop one out for you – see?”

“Don’t be long,” said the bride. “I’ll be lonesome without my naughty boy. Get a nice, ripe one.”

After a series of farewells that would have befitted an imminent voyage to foreign parts, the Kid went down to the street.

Here he not unreasonably hesitated, for the season was yet early spring, and there seemed small chance of wresting anywhere from those chill streets and stores the coveted luscious guerdon of summer’s golden prime.

At the Italian’s fruit-stand on the corner he stopped and cast a contemptuous eye over the display of papered oranges, highly polished apples and wan, sun-hungry bananas.

“Gotta da peach?” asked the Kid in the tongue of Dante, the lover of lovers.

“Ah, no,--“ sighed the vender. “Not for one mont com-a da peach. Too soon. Gotta da nice-a orange. Like-a da orange?”

Scornful, the Kid pursued his quest. He entered the all-night chop-house, cafe, and bowling-alley of his friend and admirer, Justus O’Callahan. The O’Callahan was about in his institution, looking for leaks.

“I want it straight,” said the Kid to him. “The old woman has got a hunch that she wants a peach. Now, if you’ve got a peach, Cal, get it out quick. I want it and others like it if you’ve got ‘em in plural quantities.”

“The house is yours,” said O’Callahan. “But there’s no peach in it. It’s too soon. I don’t suppose you could even find ‘em at one of the Broadway joints. That’s too bad. When a lady fixes her mouth for a certain kind of fruit nothing else won’t do. It’s too late now to

find any of the first-class fruiterers open. But if you think the missis would like some nice oranges I’ve just got a box of fine ones in that she might – “

“Much obliged, Cal. It’s a peach proposition right from the ring of the gong. I’ll try further.”

The time was nearly midnight as the Kid walked down the West-Side avenue. Few stores were open, and such as were practically hooted at the idea of a peach.

But in her moated flat the bride confidently awaited her Persian fruit. A champion welter-weight not find a peach?--not stride triumphantly over the seasons and the zodiac and the almanac to fetch an Amsden’s June or a Georgia cling to his owny-own?

The Kid’s eye caught sight of a window that was lighted and gorgeous with nature’s most entrancing colors. The light suddenly went out. The Kid sprinted and caught the fruiterer locking his door.

“Peaches?” said he, with extreme deliberation.

“Well, no, Sir. Not for three or four weeks yet. I haven’t any idea where you might find some. There may be a few in town from under the glass, but they’d be hard to locate. Maybe at one of the more expensive hotels – some place where there’s plenty of money to waste. I’ve got some very fine oranges, though – from a shipload that came in to-day.”

The Kid lingered on the corner for a moment, and then set out briskly toward a pair of green lights that flanked the steps of a building down a dark side street.

“Captain around anywhere?” he asked of the desk sergeant of the police station.

At that moment the captain came briskly forward from the rear. He was in plain clothes and had a busy air.

“Hello, Kid,” he said to the pugilist. “Thought you were bridal-touring?”

“Got back yesterday. I’m a solid citizen now. Think I’ll take an interest in municipal doings. How would it suit you to get into Denver Dick’s place to-night, Cap?”

“Past performances,” said the captain, twisting his moustache.

“Denver was closed up two months ago.”

“Correct,” said the Kid. “Rafferty chased him out of the Forty-third.

He’s running in your precinct now, and his game’s bigger than ever.

I’m down on this gambling business. I can put you against his game.”

“In my precinct?” growled the captain. “Are you sure, Kid? I’ll take it as a favor. Have you got the entree? How is it to be done?”

“Hammers,” said the Kid. “They haven’t got any steel on the doors yet. You’ll need ten men. No, they won’t let me in the place. Denver has been trying to do me. He thought I tipped him off for the other raid. I didn’t, though. You want to hurry. I’ve got to get back home. The house is only three blocks from here.”

Before ten minutes had sped the captain with a dozen men stole with their guide into the hallway of a dark and virtuous-looking building in which many businesses were conducted by day.

“Third floor, rear,” said the Kid, softly. “I’ll lead the way.”

Two axemen faced the door that he pointed out to them.

“It seems all quiet,” said the captain, doubtfully. “Are you sure your tip is straight?”

“Cut away!” said the Kid. “It’s on me if it ain’t.”

The axes crashed through the as yet unprotected door. A blaze of light from within poured through the smashed panels. The door fell, and the raiders sprang into the room with their guns handy.

The big room was furnished with the gaudy magnificence dear to Denver Dick’s western ideas. Various well-patronized games were in progress. About

fifty men who were in the room rushed upon the police in a grand break for personal liberty. The plain-clothes men had to do a little club-swinging. More than half the patrons escaped.

Denver Dick had graced his game with his own presence that night. He led the rush that was intended to sweep away the smaller body of raiders, But when he saw the Kid his manner became personal. Being in the heavyweight class he cast himself joyfully upon his slighter enemy, and they rolled down a flight of stairs in each other's arms. On the landing they separated and arose, and then the Kid was able to use some of his professional tactics, which had been useless to him while in the excited clutch of a 200-pound sporting gentleman who was about to lose \$20,000 worth of paraphernalia.

After vanquishing his adversary the Kid hurried upstairs and through the gambling-room into a smaller apartment connecting by an arched doorway.

Here was a long table set with choicest chinaware and silver, and lavishly furnished with food of that expensive and spectacular sort of which the devotees of sport are supposed to be fond. Here again was to be perceived the liberal and florid taste of the gentleman with the urban cognomenal prefix.

A No. 10 patent leather shoe protruded a few of its inches outside the tablecloth along the floor. The Kid seized this and plucked forth a black man in a white tie and the garb of a servitor.

"Get up!" commanded the Kid. "Are you in charge of this free lunch?"

"Yes, sah, I was. Has they done pinched us ag'in, boss?"

"Looks that way. Listen to me. Are there any peaches in this layout?"

"If there ain't I'll have to throw up the sponge."

"There was three dozen, sah, when the game opened this evenin'; but I reckon the gentlemen done eat 'em all up. If you'd like to eat a fust-rate orange, sah, I kin find you some."

"Get busy," ordered the Kid, sternly, "and move whatever peach crop you've got quick or there'll be trouble. If anybody oranges me again to-night, I'll knock his face off."

The raid on Denver Dick's high-priced and prodigal luncheon revealed one lone, last peach that had escaped the epicurean jaws of the followers of chance. Into the Kid's pocket it went, and that indefatigable forager departed immediately with his prize. With scarcely a glance at the scene on the sidewalk below, where the officers were loading their prisoners into the patrol wagons, he moved homeward with long, swift strides.

His heart was light as he went. So rode the knights back to Camelot after perils and high deeds done for their ladies fair. The Kid's lady had commanded him and he had obeyed. True, it was but a peach that she had craved; but it had been no small deed to glean a peach at midnight from that wintry city where yet the February snows lay like iron. She had asked for a peach; she was his bride;

in his pocket the peach was warming in his hand that held it for fear that it might fall out and be lost.

On the way the Kid turned in at an all-night drug store and said to the spectacled clerk:

“Say, sport, I wish you’d size up this rib of mine and see if it’s broke. I was in a little scrap and bumped down a flight or two of stairs.”

The druggist made an examination. “It isn’t broken,” was his diagnosis, “but you have a bruise there that looks like you’d fallen off the Flatiron twice.”

“That’s all right,” said the Kid. “Let’s have your clothesbrush, please.”

The bride waited in the rosy glow of the pink lamp shade. The miracles were not all passed away. By breathing a desire for some slight thing – a flower, a pomegranate, a – oh, yes, a peach – she could send forth her man into the night, into the world which could not withstand him, and he would do her bidding.

And now he stood by her chair and laid the peach in her hand.

“Naughty boy!” she said, fondly. “Did I say a peach? I think I would much rather have had an orange.”

Blest be the bride.

## Translating Practice

### 1) Complete the Russian sentences:

1. Квартирку украшал новый ковер самого яркого красного цвета, ... . (There was a flat with the reddest of new carpets, tasselled portieres and six steins with pewter lids arranged on a ledge above the wainscoting of the dining-room.)

2. И вот уже три недели, как он принадлежит ей; и ... . (And he had been hers for three weeks; and the crook of her little finger could sway him more than the fist of any 142-pounder in the world.)

3. После длительного прощанья... . (After a series of farewells that would have befitted an imminent voyage to foreign parts, the Kid went down to the street.)

4. Дойдя до угла, где помещалась палатка итальянца, торгующего фруктами, он ... . (At the Italian’s fruit-stand on the corner he stopped and cast a contemptuous eye over the display of papered oranges, highly polished apples and wan, sun-hungry bananas.)

5. Ведь вот одно лишь словечко о том, что ей чего-то хочется – пусть это будет самый пустяк: цветочек, ... . (By breathing a desire for some slight thing – a flower, a pomegranate, a – oh, yes, a peach – she could send forth her man into the night, into the world which could not withstand him, and he would do her bidding.)



**2) Find in the text the English equivalents for the underlined words and word combinations in Russian:**

а) – Взломай дверь, – сказал Малыш. – Ее еще не успели оковать железом. Возьмите с собой человек десять. Нет, мне туда вход закрыт. Денвер пытался меня прикончить. Он думает, что это я выдал его в прошлый раз. Но, между прочим, он ошибается. Однако поторопитесь, капитан. Мне нужно пораньше вернуться домой.

И десяти минут не прошло, как капитан и двенадцать его подчиненных, следуя за своим проводником, уже входили в подъезд темного и вполне благопристойного с виду здания, где в дневное время вершили свои дела с десятков солидных фирм.

б) Впереди показалась освещенная витрина, переливавшаяся всеми красками земного изобилия. Но не успел Малыш заприметить ее, как свет погас. Он помчался во весь дух и настиг фруктовщика в ту минуту, когда тот запирал дверь лавки.

– Персики есть? – спросил он решительно.

– Что вы, сэр! Недели через две-три, не раньше. Сейчас вы их во всем городе не найдете. Если где-нибудь и есть несколько штук, так только тепличные, и то не берусь сказать, где именно. Разве что в одном из самых дорогих отелей, где люди не знают, куда девать деньги. А вот, если угодно, могу предложить превосходные апельсины, только сегодня пароходом доставлена партия.

**3) Translate into Russian the words and word combinations in italic:**

а) The bride sat in the rocker with her feet *resting upon the world*. She was *wrapt in rosy dreams* and a kimono of *the same hue*. She *wondered* what the people in Greenland and Tasmania and Beloochistan were saying one to another about her *marriage* to Kid McGarry. Not that *it made any difference*. There was no *welter-weight* from London to the Southern Cross that could *stand up four hours* – no; four rounds – with her *bridegroom*.

б) The bride *crossed her oxfords* and *looked thoughtfully* at the distemper *Cupids on the ceiling*.

“*Precious*,” said she, with *the air of Cleopatra* asking Antony for Rome done up in *tissue paper* and *delivered at residence*, “I think I would like a peach.”

Kid McGarry *arose* and put on his coat and hat. He was serious, *shaven*, sentimental, and *spry*.

“All right,” said he, as *coolly* as though he were only *agreeing to sign articles to fight the champion of England*. “I’ll step down and *cop one out for you* – see?”

“Don’t be long,” said the bride. “I’ll be *lonesome* without my *naughty boy*. Get a nice, *ripe one*.”

c) On the way the Kid turned in at *an all-night drug store* and said to the *spectacled clerk*:

“Say, sport, I wish you’d *size up this rib of mine* and see if it’s broke. I was in a *little scrap* and *bumped down a flight* or two of stairs.”

The druggist *made an examination*. “*It isn’t broken*,” was his diagnosis, “but you have a *bruise* there that *looks like you’d fallen off the Flatiron twice*.”

“That’s all right,” said the Kid. “Let’s have your *clothesbrush*, please.”

#### 4) Replace the underlined words with its synonyms:

a) Scornful, the Kid pursued his quest. He entered the all-night chop-house, cafe, and bowling-alley of his friend and admirer, Justus O’Callahan. The O’Callahan was about in his institution, looking for leaks.

b) Случилось так, что в эту ночь Денвер Дик удостоил притон своим личным присутствием. Он и кинулся первым на непрощенных гостей, рассчитывая, что численный перевес позволит сразу смять участников облавы. Но с той минуты, как он увидел среди них Малыша, он уже не думал больше ни о ком и ни о чем. Большой и грузный, как настоящий тяжеловес, он с восторгом навалился на своего более хрупкого врага, и оба, сцепившись, покатались по лестнице вниз.

c) “Get up!” commanded the Kid. “Are you in charge of this free lunch?”

“Yes, sah, I was. Has they done pinched us ag’in, boss?”

“Looks that way. Listen to me. Are there any peaches in this layout?”

If there ain’t I’ll have to throw up the sponge.”

“There was three dozen, sah, when the game opened this evenin’; but I reckon the gentlemen done eat ‘em all up. If you’d like to eat a first-rate orange, sah, I kin find you some.”

“Get busy,” ordered the Kid, sternly, “and move whatever peach crop you’ve got quick or there’ll be trouble. If anybody oranges me again to-night, I’ll knock his face off.”

d) Дойдя до ближайшего угла, Малыш с минуту постоял в раздумье, потом решительно свернул в темный переулок и направился к дому с зелеными фонарями у крыльца.

– Что, капитан здесь? – спросил он у дежурного полицейского сержанта.

Но в это время сам капитан вынырнул из-за спины дежурного. Он был в штатском и имел вид чрезвычайно занятого человека.

#### 5) Translate the following into Russian in written form

1. His heart was light as he went. So rode the knights back to Camelot after perils and high deeds done for their ladies fair. The Kid’s lady had commanded him and he had obeyed. True, it was but a peach that she had craved; but it had

been no small deed to glean a peach at midnight from that wintry city where yet the February snows lay like iron. She had asked for a peach; she was his bride; in his pocket the peach was warming in his hand that held it for fear that it might fall out and be lost.

2. "Hello, Kid," he said to the pugilist. "Thought you were bridal-touring?"

"Got back yesterday. I'm a solid citizen now. Think I'll take an interest in municipal doings. How would it suit you to get into Denver Dick's place to-night, Cap?"

"Past performances," said the captain, twisting his moustache.

"Denver was closed up two months ago."

"Correct," said the Kid. "Rafferty chased him out of the Forty-third.

He's running in your precinct now, and his game's bigger than ever.

I'm down on this gambling business. I can put you against his game."

"In my precinct?" growled the captain. "Are you sure, Kid? I'll take it as a favor. Have you got the entree? How is it to be done?"

## Speaking practice

### 1) Answer the questions:

1. What does the author mean by "the bride was wrapt in rosy dreams?" Do you feel the same when fall in love? Why?

2. Did the bride really want a peach or it was her bidding?

3. Was it a difficult task to cop out a peach in a winter evening?

4. Why didn't the Kid succeed in getting the ripe fruit in fruit stands and stores?

5. Where did the Kid decide to fetch the peach for his wife?

6. Who helped him to solve the problem? What tip did he tell the captain?

7. Did the Kid do a great deed for his beloved?

8. Did the bride thank her husband for the peach?

### 2) Put the sentences in the logical order to speak how the Kid got the peach:

a) But it turned out that there was no one peach there; moreover, his friend assured him that he wouldn't fetch a peach anywhere in the city as it was too late for the first-class stores to be opened and too soon for the certain kind of fruit to be sold.

b) At last he decided to try his luck at the Denver Dick's gambling-house.

c) His adversary was furious with the police raid and attacked the Kid.

d) For a moment he stopped and looked around chilly streets in wonder where he could buy a ripe summer fruit that wasn't in season then.

e) Kid McGarry put on his hat and after a series of passionate farewells went down to the street determined to do the big deed for his beloved wife.

f) Denver Dick had a great desire to do the Kid, and the Kid had a strong will to do the deed for his lady's fair; and nothing could stand against him.

g) Wherever the Kid tried to ask for the peach he failed and was hooked at the idea to get one in winter.

h) The scared waiter revealed one last peach that the Kid put into his pocket and hurried home happy and proud of himself.

i) On his way home he entered the drug store to examine his rib.

j) He easily beat his opponent and rushed for the peach that he was sure to be in the gambling-room.

k) He felt sorry for the Kid as he happened to suffer from the same situation when a lady fixed her mouth for a certain kind of fruit.

l) The Kid didn't feel the pain; he had a light heart that he could do the deed for his lady and glean her the peach in February at midnight.

m) Everybody offered him fine ripe oranges and it annoyed him greatly and made mad.

n) He had nothing to do but to go to the police and use his tip about illegal gambling.

o) The druggist found no broken rib but a big bruise as if he fell down from the skyscraper.

p) After a failure attempt to get a peach at the Italian's fruit stand the Kid walked down to his admirer who owned the chop house sure to find one there.

### **3) Act out a dialogue between the Kid and the captain.**

**4) Comment on:** "Love, when it is ours, is the other name for self-abnegation and sacrifice. When it belongs to people across the airshaft it means arrogance and self-conceit."

**5) Some point for discussion:** Why does the author call the bride – Cleopatra and the Kid – Antony or the Camelot knight? What is common between main characters and these great people?

### **6) What is the main idea of the story?**

### **7) Translate the title into Russian.**

## WHILE THE AUTO WAITS

### Before reading

#### Study the definition of the new words:

- hover (v.) – to move to and fro near a place  
piety (n.) – the quality or state of being pious  
flourish (v.) – to achieve success  
neat (adj.) – free from dirt and disorder  
contralto (n.) – a singing voice having a range between tenor and mezzo-soprano  
honeysuckle (n.) – sl. little girl  
plead (v.) – to entreat or appeal earnestly  
penitence (n.) – the state of being sorrow for sins or faults  
humility (n.) – the quality or state of being humble  
abandon (v.) – to give up with the intent of never again claiming a right or interest in  
coquetry (n.) – a flirtatious act or attitude  
inquisitive (adj.) – inclined to ask questions  
surmise (v.) – to form a notion of from scanty evidence : imagine  
incog (n.) – incognito (abbr.)  
social superiority – high social position  
gloss (n.) – a surface luster or brightness : shine  
venture (v.) – dare to make a remark  
pall (v.) – to lose in interest or attraction  
whim (n.) – a capricious or eccentric and often sudden idea or turn of the mind : fancy  
drone (n.) – a stingless male bee (as of the honeybee) that has the role of mating with the queen and does not gather nectar or pollen  
mercenary (adj.) – greedy  
dodge (v.) – to make a sudden movement in a new direction  
skim (v.) – to pass lightly or hastily : glide or skip along, above, or near a surface  
treacherously (adv.) – in a betray manner

#### Find the correct definition of the following words:

##### **Subject** (line 33)

1) one that is placed under authority or control: as

*a* : vassal

*b* : (1) one subject to a monarch and governed by the monarch's law;  
(2) one who lives in the territory of, enjoys the protection of, and owes allegiance to a sovereign power or state

- 2) *a* : that of which a quality, attribute, or relation may be affirmed or in which it may inhere  
*b* : substratum; especially : material or essential substance  
*c* : the mind, ego, or agent of whatever sort that sustains or assumes the form of thought or consciousness
- 3) *a* : a department of knowledge or learning  
*b* : motive, cause  
*c* : (1) one that is acted on <the helpless subject of their cruelty>; (2) an individual whose reactions or responses are studied; (3) a dead body for anatomical study and dissection  
*d* : (1) something concerning which something is said or done <the subject of the essay>; (2) something represented or indicated in a work of art  
*e* : (1) the term of a logical proposition that denotes the entity of which something is affirmed or denied; also : the entity denoted; (2) a word or word group denoting that of which something is predicated  
*f* : the principal melodic phrase on which a musical composition or movement is based

**Competence** (line 60)

- 1) a sufficiency of means for the necessities and conveniences of life <provided his family with a comfortable *competence* – Rex Ingamells>
- 2) the quality or state of being competent: as  
*a* : the properties of an embryonic field that enable it to respond in a characteristic manner to an organizer  
*b* : readiness of bacteria to undergo genetic transformation
- 2) the knowledge that enables a person to speak and understand a language – compare performance

**Turn** (line 108)

- 1) *a* : the action or an act of turning about a center or axis : revolution, rotation  
*b* : any of various rotating or pivoting movements in dancing or gymnastics
- 2) *a* : the action or an act of giving or taking a different direction : change of course or posture <an illegal left *turn*> : as (1) a drill maneuver in which troops in mass formation change direction without preserving alignment; (2) any of various shifts of direction in skiing; (3) an interruption of a curve in figure skating  
*b* : deflection, deviation  
*c* : the action or an act of turning so as to face in the opposite direction : reversal of posture or course <an about *turn*> <the *turn* of the tide>

- d* : a change effected by turning over to another side <a *turn* of the cards>
- e* : a place at which something turns, turns off, or turns back : bend, curve
- 3) a short trip out and back or round about <took a *turn* through the park>
  - 4) an act or deed affecting another especially when incidental or unexpected <one good *turn* deserves another>
  - 5) *a* : a period of action or activity : go, spell <took a *turn* at the piano>  
*b* : a place, time, or opportunity accorded an individual or unit of a series in simple succession or in a scheduled order <waiting her *turn* in line>  
*c* : a period or tour of duty : shift  
*d* : a short act or piece (as for a variety show); *also* : public appearance : performance <makes frequent guest star *turns*>  
*e* : (1) an event in any gambling game after which bets are settled;  
(2) : the order of the last three cards in faro – used in the phrase *call the turn*
  - 6) something that revolves around a center : as  
*a* : (1) lathe; (2) a catch or latch for a cupboard or cabinet door operated by turning a handle  
*b* : a musical ornament consisting of a group of four or more notes that wind about the principal note by including the notes next above and next below
  - 7) a special purpose or requirement – used chiefly in the phrase *serve one's turn*
  - 8) *a* : an act of changing : alteration, modification <a nasty *turn* in the weather>  
*b* : a change in tendency, trend, or drift <hoped for a *turn* in his luck> <a *turn* for the better> <an unexpected *turn* of events>  
*c* : the beginning of a new period of time : the time when one period changes to the next <the *turn* of the century>
  - 9) *a* : distinctive quality or character  
*b* : a fashioning of language or arrangement of words : manner of expression <skillful *turns* of phrase>  
*c* : the shape or mold in which something is fashioned : cast
  - 10) *a* : the state or manner of being coiled or twisted  
*b* : a single round (as of rope passed about an object or of wire wound on a core)
  - 11) natural or special ability or aptitude : bent, inclination <a *turn* for logic> <an optimistic *turn* of mind>
  - 12) a special twist, construction, or interpretation <gave the old yarn a new *turn*>

### Choose the Russian equivalent to the phrasal verbs:

|                  |  |
|------------------|--|
| a) rely upon     | 1) приводить в замешательство              |
| b) look over     | 2) зависеть от                             |
| c) bowl over     | 3) удаляться, уезжать                      |
| d) keep out (of) | 4) надеяться на, возлагать надежду на...   |
| e) depend upon   | 5) поднимать, подбирать                    |
| f) move away     | 6) рассматривать                           |
| g) climb down    | 7) слезать, отступать, уступать            |
| h) pick up       | 8) не допускать, не впускать, не позволять |

### Read the text

#### WHILE THE AUTO WAITS

Promptly at the beginning of twilight, came again to that quiet corner of that quiet, small park the girl in gray. She sat upon a bench and read a book, for there was yet to come a half hour in which print could be accomplished.

To repeat: Her dress was gray, and plain enough to mask its impeccancy of style and fit. A large-meshed veil imprisoned her turban hat and a face that shone through it with a calm and unconscious beauty. She had come there at the same hour on the day previous, and on the day before that; and there was one who knew it.

The young man who knew it hovered near, relying upon burnt sacrifices to the great joss, Luck. His piety was rewarded, for, in turning a page, her book slipped from her fingers and bounded from the bench a full yard away.

The young man pounced upon it with instant avidity, returning it to its owner with that air that seems to flourish in parks and public places – a compound of gallantry and hope, tempered with respect for the policeman on the beat. In a pleasant voice, he risked an inconsequent remark upon the weather – that introductory topic responsible for so much of the world's unhappiness – and stood poised for a moment, awaiting his fate.

The girl looked him over leisurely; at his ordinary, neat dress and his features distinguished by nothing particular in the way of expression.

"You may sit down, if you like," she said, in a full, deliberate contralto. "Really, I would like to have you do so. The light is too bad for reading. I would prefer to talk."

The vassal of Luck slid upon the seat by her side with complaisance.

"Do you know," he said, speaking the formula with which park chairmen open their meetings, "that you are quite the stunningest girl I have seen in a long



time? I had my eye on you yesterday. Didn't know somebody was bowled over by those pretty lamps of yours, did you, honeysuckle?"

"Whoever you are," said the girl, in icy tones, "you must remember that I am a lady. I will excuse the remark you have just made because the mistake was, doubtless, not an unnatural one – in your circle. I asked you to sit down; if the invitation must constitute me your honeysuckle, consider it withdrawn."

"I earnestly beg your pardon," pleaded the young man. His expression of satisfaction had changed to one of penitence and humility. "It was my fault, you know – I mean, there are girls in parks, you know – that is, of course, you don't know, but –"

"Abandon the subject, if you please. Of course I know. Now, tell me about these people passing and crowding, each way, along these paths. Where are they going? Why do they hurry so? Are they happy?"

The young man had promptly abandoned his air of coquetry. His cue was now for a waiting part; he could not guess the role he would be expected to play.

"It IS interesting to watch them," he replied, postulating her mood. "It is the wonderful drama of life. Some are going to supper and some to – er – other places. One wonders what their histories are."

"I do not," said the girl; "I am not so inquisitive. I come here to sit because here, only, can I be near the great, common, throbbing heart of humanity. My part in life is cast where its beats are never felt. Can you surmise why I spoke to you, Mr.--?"

"Parkenstacker," supplied the young man. Then he looked eager and hopeful.

"No," said the girl, holding up a slender finger, and smiling slightly. "You would recognize it immediately. It is impossible to keep one's name out of print. Or even one's portrait. This veil and this hat of my maid furnish me with an *incog*. You should have seen the chauffeur stare at it when he thought I did not see. Candidly, there are five or six names that belong in the holy of holies, and mine, by the accident of birth, is one of them. I spoke to you, Mr.

Stackenpot –"

"Parkenstacker," corrected the young man, modestly.

"– Mr. Parkenstacker, because I wanted to talk, for once, with a natural man – one unspoiled by the despicable gloss of wealth and supposed social superiority. Oh! you do not know how weary I am of it – money, money, money! And of the men who surround me, dancing like little marionettes all cut by the same pattern. I am sick of pleasure, of jewels, of travel, of society, of luxuries of all kinds."

"I always had an idea," ventured the young man, hesitatingly, "that money must be a pretty good thing."

“A competence is to be desired. But when you have so many millions that!” She concluded the sentence with a gesture of despair. “It is the monotony of it,” she continued, “that palls. Drives, dinners, theatres, balls, suppers, with the gilding of superfluous wealth over it all. Sometimes the very tinkle of the ice in my champagne glass nearly drives me mad.”

Mr. Parkenstacker looked ingenuously interested.

“I have always liked,” he said, “to read and hear about the ways of wealthy and fashionable folks. I suppose I am a bit of a snob. But I like to have my information accurate. Now, I had formed the opinion that champagn is cooled in the bottle and not by placing ice in the glass.”

The girl gave a musical laugh of genuine amusement.

“You should know,” she explained, in an indulgent tone, “that we of the non-useful class depend for our amusement upon departure from precedent. Just now it is a fad to put ice in champagne. The idea was originated by a visiting Prince of Tartary while dining at the Waldorf. It will soon give way to some other whim. Just as at a dinner party this week on Madison Avenue a green kid glove was laid by the plate of each guest to be put on and used while eating olives.”

“I see,” admitted the young man, humbly.

“These special diversions of the inner circle do not become familiar to the common public.”

“Sometimes,” continued the girl, acknowledging his confession of error by a slight bow, “I have thought that if I ever should love a man it would be one of lowly station. One who is a worker and not a drone. But, doubtless, the claims of caste and wealth will prove stronger than my inclination. Just now I am besieged by two. One is a Grand Duke of a German principality. I think he has, or has had, a wife, somewhere, driven mad by his intemperance and cruelty. The other is an English Marquis, so cold and mercenary that I even prefer the diabolism of the Duke. What is it that impels me to tell you these things, Mr. Packenstacker?”

“Parkenstacker,” breathed the young man. “Indeed, you cannot know how much I appreciate your confidences.”

The girl contemplated him with the calm, impersonal regard that befitted the difference in their stations.

“What is your line of business, Mr. Parkenstacker?” she asked.

“A very humble one. But I hope to rise in the world. Were you really in earnest when you said that you could love a man of lowly position?”

“Indeed I was. But I said ‘might.’ There is the Grand Duke and the Marquis, you know. Yes; no calling could be too humble were the man what I would wish him to be.”

“I work,” declared Mr. Parkenstacker, “in a restaurant.”

The girl shrank slightly.

“Not as a waiter?” she said, a little imploringly. “Labor is noble, but personal attendance, you know – valets and – “

“I am not a waiter. I am cashier in” – on the street they faced that bounded the opposite side of the park was the brilliant electric sign “RESTAURANT” – “I am cashier in that restaurant you see there.”

The girl consulted a tiny watch set in a bracelet of rich design upon her left wrist, and rose, hurriedly. She thrust her book into a glittering reticule suspended from her waist, for which, however, the book was too large.

“Why are you not at work?” she asked.

“I am on the night turn,” said the young man; “it is yet an hour before my period begins. May I not hope to see you again?”

“I do not know. Perhaps – but the whim may not seize me again. I must go quickly now. There is a dinner, and a box at the play – and, oh! the same old round. Perhaps you noticed an automobile at the upper corner of the park as you came. One with a white body.”

“And red running gear?” asked the young man, knitting his brows reflectively.

“Yes. I always come in that. Pierre waits for me there. He supposes me to be shopping in the department store across the square. Conceive of the bondage of the life wherein we must deceive even our chauffeurs. Good-night.”

“But it is dark now,” said Mr. Parkenstacker, “and the park is full of rude men. May I not walk – “

“If you have the slightest regard for my wishes,” said the girl, firmly, “you will remain at this bench for ten minutes after I have left. I do not mean to accuse you, but you are probably aware that autos generally bear the monogram of their owner. Again, good-night.”

Swift and stately she moved away through the dusk. The young man watched her graceful form as she reached the pavement at the park’s edge, and turned up along it toward the corner where stood the automobile. Then he treacherously and unhesitatingly began to dodge and skim among the park trees and shrubbery in a course parallel to her route, keeping her well in sight.

When she reached the corner she turned her head to glance at the motor car, and then passed it, continuing on across the street. Sheltered behind a convenient standing cab, the young man followed her movements closely with his eyes. Passing down the sidewalk of the street opposite the park, she entered the restaurant with the blazing sign. The place was one of those frankly glaring establishments, all white paint and glass, where one may dine cheaply and conspicuously. The girl penetrated the restaurant to some retreat at its rear, whence she quickly emerged without her hat and veil.

The cashier's desk was well to the front. A red-haired girl on the stool climbed down, glancing pointedly at the clock as she did so. The girl in gray mounted in her place.

The young man thrust his hands into his pockets and walked slowly back along the sidewalk. At the corner his foot struck a small, paper-covered volume lying there, sending it sliding to the edge of the turf. By its picturesque cover he recognized it as the book the girl had been reading. He picked it up carelessly, and saw that its title was "New Arabian Nights," the author being of the name of Stevenson. He dropped it again upon the grass, and lounged, irresolute, for a minute. Then he stepped into the automobile, reclined upon the cushions, and said two words to the chauffeur:

"Club, Henri."

## Translating Practice

### 1) Complete the Russian sentences:

1. Я прощаю вам слова... . (I will excuse the remark you have just made because the mistake was, doubtless, not an unnatural one – in your circle.)

2. Молодой человек... . (The young man had promptly abandoned his air of coquetry.)

3. "Да будет вам известно", – объяснила она ... . ("You should know," she explained, in an indulgent tone, "that we of the non-useful class depend for our amusement upon departure from precedent.")

4. Ресторан был... . (The place was one of those frankly glaring establishments, all white paint and glass, where one may dine cheaply and conspicuously.)

### 2) Find in the text the English equivalents for the underlined words and word combinations in Russian:

а) Быстро и с достоинством удалилась она в темноту аллеи. Молодой человек глядел вслед ее стройной фигуре, пока она не вышла из парка, направляясь к углу, где стоял автомобиль. Затем, не колеблясь, он стал предательски красться следом за ней, прячась за деревьями и кустами, все время идя параллельно пути, по которому шла девушка, ни на секунду не теряя ее из виду.

б) Не теряя ни секунды, молодой человек алчно ринулся к яркому томику и подал его девушке, строго придерживаясь того стиля, который укоренился в наших парках и других общественных местах и представляет собою смесь галантности с надеждой, умеряемых почтением к постовому полисмену на углу. Приятным голосом он рискнул отпустить незначительное замечание относительно погоды – обычная вступительная тема, ответ-

ственная за многие несчастья на земле, – и замер на месте, ожидая своей участи.

**3) Translate into Russian the words and word combinations in italic:**

a) “*I earnestly beg your pardon,*” pleaded the young man. His *expression of satisfaction* had changed to one of *penitence and humility*. “*It was my fault*, you know – *I mean*, there are girls in parks, you know – that is, of course, you don’t know, but – “

b) “ – Mr. Parkenstacker, because I wanted to talk, for once, with a natural man – one unspoiled by the despicable gloss of wealth and supposed social superiority. Oh! you do not know how weary I am of it – money, money, money! And of the men who surround me, dancing like little marionettes all cut by the same pattern. I am sick of pleasure, of jewels, of travel, of society, of luxuries of all kinds.”

c) “I have always liked,” he said, “to read and hear about the ways of wealthy and fashionable folks. I suppose I am a bit of a snob. But I like to have my information accurate. Now, I had formed the opinion that champagne is cooled in the bottle and not by placing ice in the glass.”

d) “Sometimes,” continued the girl, acknowledging his confession of error by a slight bow, “I have thought that if I ever should love a man it would be one of lowly station. One who is a worker and not a drone. But, doubtless, the claims of caste and wealth will prove stronger than my inclination. Just now I am besieged by two. One is a Grand Duke of a German principality. I think he has, or has had, a wife, somewhere, driven mad by his intemperance and cruelty. The other is an English Marquis, so cold and mercenary that I even prefer the diabolism of the Duke. What is it that impels me to tell you these things, Mr. Parkenstacker?”

**4) Replace the underlined words with its synonyms:**

a) “I do not know. Perhaps – but the whim may not seize me again. I must go quickly now. There is a dinner, and a box at the play – and, oh! the same old round. Perhaps you noticed an automobile at the upper corner of the park as you came. One with a white body.”

“And red running gear?” asked the young man, knitting his brows reflectively.

“Yes. I always come in that. Pierre waits for me there. He supposes me to be shopping in the department store across the square. Conceive of the bondage of the life wherein we must deceive even our chauffeurs. Good-night.”

b) – Паркенстэкер, – едва слышно пролепетал молодой человек. – Честное слово, вы не можете себе представить, как я ценю ваше доверие.

Девушка окинула его спокойным, безразличным взглядом, подчеркнув-  
шим разницу их общественного положения.

– Какая у вас профессия, мистер Паркенстэкер? – спросила она.

– Очень скромная. Но я рассчитываю кое-чего добиться в жизни. Вы  
это серьезно сказали, что можете полюбить человека из низшего класса?

c) The young man thrust his hands into his pockets and walked slowly back  
along the sidewalk. At the corner his foot struck a small, paper-covered volume  
lying there, sending it sliding to the edge of the turf. By its picturesque cover he  
recognized it as the book the girl had been reading. He picked it up carelessly,  
and saw that its title was “New Arabian Nights,” the author being of the name of  
Stevenson. He dropped it again upon the grass, and lounged, irresolute, for a  
minute. Then he stepped into the automobile, reclined upon the cushions, and  
said two words to the chauffeur:

“Club, Henri.”

d) – Нет, – сказала девушка, подняв тонкие пальчики слегка улыбнув-  
шись. – Она слишком хорошо известна. Нет никакой возможности по-  
мешать газетам печатать некоторые фамилии. И даже портреты. Эта  
вуалетка и шляпа моей горничной делают меня "инкогнито". Если бы вы  
знали, как смотрит на меня шофер всякий раз, как думает, что я не замечаю  
его взглядов. Скажу откровенно: существует всего пять или шесть  
фамилий, принадлежащих к святым святым; и моя, по случайности рожде-  
ния, входит в их число.

### 5) Translate the following into Russian in written form

1. “A competence is to be desired. But when you have so many millions  
that--!” She concluded the sentence with a gesture of despair. “It is the  
monotony of it,” she continued, “that palls. Drives, dinners, theatres, balls,  
suppers, with the gilding of superfluous wealth over it all. Sometimes the very  
tinkle of the ice in my champagne glass nearly drives me mad.”

2. When she reached the corner she turned her head to glance at the motor  
car, and then passed it, continuing on across the street. Sheltered behind a  
convenient standing cab, the young man followed her movements closely with  
his eyes. Passing down the sidewalk of the street opposite the park, she entered  
the restaurant with the blazing sign. The place was one of those frankly glaring  
establishments, all white paint and glass, where one may dine cheaply and  
conspicuously. The girl penetrated the restaurant to some retreat at its rear,  
whence she quickly emerged without her hat and veil.

The cashier’s desk was well to the front. A red-haired girl on the stool  
climbed down, glancing pointedly at the clock as she did so. The girl in gray  
mounted in her place.

## Speaking practice

### 1) Answer the questions:

1. What happened in a small park at the beginning of twilight every day?
2. How did the girl from the park look like?
3. How was the piety of the young man rewarded?
4. What was the introductory topic of their conversation?
5. Why did the girl tired of pleasure and money?
6. When did Parkenstacker guess about the fake?
7. Which of the main characters came from high social position?
8. Was Parkenstacker disappointed with the deceit?

### 2) Which ones would you use to speak about the girl and about the man.

#### Speak of the situations when they are used:

- impeccancy of style and fit
- hover near
- look leisurely
- wear neat and ordinary dress
- have one's eyes on smb.
- speak in icy tones
- penitence and humility
- make a mistake
- abandon the air of coquetry
- look hopeful
- keep one's name out of print
- furnish smb. an incog
- belong to the holy of holies
- the gilding of superfluous wealth over
- be sick of luxuries of all kinds
- familiar to the common public
- rise in the world
- skim among the shrubbery
- penetrate the restaurant with the blazing sign
- go to the club

### 3) Add more details to these:

- 1) The girl on the bench was a plain one.
- 2) The young man surmised the fake.
- 3) The girl spoke as a lady.
- 4) Parkenstacker had accurate information about the ways of wealthy folks.

**4) Say why:**

- 1) the girl came to the park.
- 2) the young man addressed the girl “a honeysuckle”.
- 3) the girl invented the story of her luxurious way of life
- 4) the young man followed the girl after they parted

**5) Make up a talk on the girl in the park between Parkenstacker and his friend when they met in the club.**

## A COMEDY IN RUBBER

### Before reading

**Study the definition of the new words:**

rubber (*v.*) – to stare at smth. with curiosity

occurrence (*n.*) – the action

irresistible (*adj.*) – impossible to resist

absorption (*n.*) – entire occupation of the mind <absorption in his work>

fatten (*v.*) – to put on weight

gloat (*v.*) – to observe or think about something with triumphant and often malicious satisfaction, gratification, or delight <gloat over an enemy's misfortune>

glare (*v.*) – to stare angrily or fiercely

gathering (*n.*) – meeting, assembly

spectator (*n.*) – one who looks on or watches

hurl (*v.*) – to throw down with violence

ennui (*n.*) – a feeling of weariness and dissatisfaction : boredom

scramble (*v.*) – to move with urgency or panic

Adam's apple (*n.*) – the projection in the front of the neck formed by the largest cartilage of the larynx

shred (*v.*) – to tear

obstreperous (*adj.*) – marked by unruly or aggressive noisiness

drag (*v.*) – to draw slowly or heavily

resist (*v.*) – to withstand the force or effect of

plight (*v.*) – to put or give in pledge : engage <plight his troth>

troth (*n.*) – loyal or pledged faithfulness

encamp (*v.*) – to set up or occupy a camp

jab (*v.*) – to strike with a short straight blow

alarm (*n.*) – a signal (as a loud noise or flashing light) that warns or alerts; also : a device that signals <set the alarm to wake me at seven>



**Find the correct definition of the following words:**

***Spot* (line 15)**

- 1) a taint on character or reputation : fault <the only spot on the family name>
- 2) *a* : a small area visibly different (as in color, finish, or material) from the surrounding area  
*b* : (1) an area marred or marked (as by dirt); (2) a circumscribed surface lesion of disease (as measles) or decay <spots of rot> <rust spots on a leaf>  
*c* : a conventionalized design used on playing cards to distinguish the suits and indicate values
- 3) an object having a specified number of spots or a specified numeral on its surface
- 4) a small quantity or amount : bit
- 5) *a* : a particular place, area, or part  
*b* : a small extent of space
- 6) plural usually spot : a small croaker of the Atlantic coast with a black spot behind the opercula
- 7) *a* : a particular position (as in an organization or a hierarchy)  
*b* : a place or appearance on an entertainment program
- 8) spotlight
- 9) a position usually of difficulty or embarrassment
- 10) a brief announcement or advertisement broadcast between scheduled radio or television programs
- 11) a brief segment or report on a broadcast especially of news  
– on the spot
- 1) at once : immediately
- 2) at the place of action
- 3) *a* : in a responsible or accountable position  
*b* : in a difficult or trying situation

***Count* (line 16)**

- 1) *a* : to indicate or name by units or groups so as to find the total number of units involved : number  
*b* : to name the numbers in order up to and including <count ten>  
*c* : to include in a tallying and reckoning <about 100 present, counting children>  
*d* : to call aloud (beats or time units) <count cadence> <count eighth notes>
- 2) *a* : consider, account <count oneself lucky>  
*b* : to record as of an opinion or persuasion <count me as uncommitted>
- 3) to include or exclude by or as if by counting <count me in>

**Club** (line 111)

- 1) *a* : a heavy usually tapering staff especially of wood wielded as a weapon  
*b* : a stick or bat used to hit a ball in any of various games  
*c* : something resembling a club
- 2) *a* : a playing card marked with a stylized figure of a black clover  
*b* plural but sing or plural in constr : the suit comprising cards marked with clubs
- 3) *a* : an association of persons for some common object usually jointly supported and meeting periodically; also : a group identified by some common characteristic <nations in the nuclear club>  
*b* : the meeting place of a club <lunch at the club>  
*c* : an association of persons participating in a plan by which they agree to make regular payments or purchases in order to secure some advantage  
*d* : nightclub  
*e* : an athletic association or team
- 4) club sandwich

**Choose the Russian equivalent to the phrasal verbs:**

|               |                                    |
|---------------|------------------------------------|
| a) run over   | 1) остановиться, выбрать           |
| b) walk out   | 2) появляться                      |
| c) crowd into | 3) выходить, гулять                |
| d) fix upon   | 4) прогонять                       |
| e) keep from  | 5) протискиваться, втискиваться    |
| f) put in     | 6) смешаться                       |
| g) drive away | 7) переехать, задавить             |
| h) join in    | 8) удерживаться, воздерживаться от |

**Read the text****A COMEDY IN RUBBER**

One may hope, in spite of the metaphorists, to avoid the breath of the deadly upas tree; one may, by great good fortune, succeed in blacking the eye of the basilisk; one might even dodge the attentions of Cerberus and Argus, but no man, alive or dead, can escape the gaze of the Rubberer.

New York is the Caoutchouc City. There are many, of course, who go their ways, making money, without turning to the right or the left, but there is a tribe abroad wonderfully composed, like the Martians, solely of eyes and means of locomotion.

These devotees of curiosity swarm, like flies, in a moment in a struggling, breathless circle about the scene of an unusual occurrence. If a workman opens a manhole, if a street car runs over a man from North Tarrytown, if a little boy drops an egg on his way home from the grocery, if a casual house or two drops into the subway, if a lady loses a nickel through a hole in the lisle thread, if the police drag a telephone and a racing chart forth from an Ibsen Society reading-room, if Senator Depew or Mr. Chuck Connors walks out to take the air – if any of these incidents or accidents takes place, you will see the mad, irresistible rush of the “rubber” tribe to the spot.

The importance of the event does not count. They gaze with equal interest and absorption at a chorus girl or at a man painting a liver pill sign. They will form as deep a cordon around a man with a club-foot as they will around a balked automobile. They have the furor rubberendi. They are optical gluttons, feasting and fattening on the misfortunes of their fellow beings. They gloat and pore and glare and squint and stare with their fishy eyes like goggle-eyed perch at the book baited with calamity.

It would seem that Cupid would find these ocular vampires too cold game for his calorific shafts, but have we not yet to discover an immune even among the Protozoa? Yes, beautiful Romance descended upon two of this tribe, and love came into their hearts as they crowded about the prostrate form of a man who had been run over by a brewery wagon.

William Pry was the first on the spot. He was an expert at such gatherings. With an expression of intense happiness on his features, he stood over the victim of the accident, listening to his groans as if to the sweetest music. When the crowd of spectators had swelled to a closely packed circle William saw a violent commotion in the crowd opposite him. Men were hurled aside like ninepins by the impact of some moving body that clove them like the rush of a tornado. With elbows, umbrella, hat-pin, tongue, and fingernails doing their duty, Violet Seymour forced her way through the mob of onlookers to the first row. Strong men who even had been able to secure a seat on the 5.30 Harlem express staggered back like children as she bucked centre. Two large lady spectators who had seen the Duke of Roxburgh married and had often blocked traffic on Twenty-third Street fell back into the second row with ripped shirtwaists when Violet had finished with them. William Pry loved her at first sight.

The ambulance removed the unconscious agent of Cupid. William and Violet remained after the crowd had dispersed. They were true Rubberers. People who leave the scene of an accident with the ambulance have not genuine caoutchouc in the cosmogony of their necks. The delicate, fine flavour of the affair is to be had only in the after-taste – in gloating over the spot, in gazing fixedly at the houses opposite, in hovering there in a dream more exquisite than

the opium-eater's ecstasy. William Pry and Violet Seymour were connoisseurs in casualties. They knew how to extract full enjoyment from every incident.

Presently they looked at each other. Violet had a brown birthmark on her neck as large as a silver half-dollar. William fixed his eyes upon it. William Pry had inordinately bowed legs. Violet allowed her gaze to linger unswervingly upon them. Face to face they stood thus for moments, each staring at the other. Etiquette would not allow them to speak; but in the Caoutchouc City it is permitted to gaze without stint at the trees in the parks and at the physical blemishes of a fellow creature.

At length with a sigh they parted. But Cupid had been the driver of the brewery wagon, and the wheel that broke a leg united two fond hearts.

The next meeting of the hero and heroine was in front of a board fence near Broadway. The day had been a disappointing one. There had been no fights on the street, children had kept from under the wheels of the street cars, cripples and fat men in negligee shirts were scarce; nobody seemed to be inclined to slip on banana peels or fall down with heart disease. Even the sport from Kokomo, Ind., who claims to be a cousin of ex-Mayor Low and scatters nickels from a cab window, had not put in his appearance. There was nothing to stare at, and William Pry had premonitions of ennui.

But he saw a large crowd scrambling and pushing excitedly in front of a billboard. Sprinting for it, he knocked down an old woman and a child carrying a bottle of milk, and fought his way like a demon into the mass of spectators. Already in the inner line stood Violet Seymour with one sleeve and two gold fillings gone, a corset steel puncture and a sprained wrist, but happy. She was looking at what there was to see. A man was painting upon the fence: "Eat Bricklets --They Fill Your Face."

Violet blushed when she saw William Pry. William jabbed a lady in a black silk raglan in the ribs, kicked a boy in the shin, bit an old gentleman on the left ear and managed to crowd nearer to Violet. They stood for an hour looking at the man paint the letters. Then William's love could be repressed no longer. He touched her on the arm.

"Come with me," he said. "I know where there is a bootblack without an Adam's apple."

She looked up at him shyly, yet with unmistakable love transfiguring her countenance.

"And you have saved it for me?" she asked, trembling with the first dim ecstasy of a woman beloved.

Together they hurried to the bootblack's stand. An hour they spent there gazing at the malformed youth.

A window-cleaner fell from the fifth story to the sidewalk beside them. As the ambulance came clanging up William pressed her hand joyously. "Four ribs

at least and a compound fracture,” he whispered, swiftly. “You are not sorry that you met me, are you, dearest?”

“Me?” said Violet, returning the pressure. “Sure not. I could stand all day rubbering with you.”

The climax of the romance occurred a few days later. Perhaps the reader will remember the intense excitement into which the city was thrown when Eliza Jane, a colored woman, was served with a subpoena. The Rubber Tribe encamped on the spot. With his own hands William Pry placed a board upon two beer kegs in the street opposite Eliza Jane’s residence. He and Violet sat there for three days and nights. Then it occurred to a detective to open the door and serve the subpoena. He sent for a kinetoscope and did so.

Two souls with such congenial tastes could not long remain apart. As a policeman drove them away with his night stick that evening they plighted their troth. The seeds of love had been well sown, and had grown up, hardy and vigorous, into a – let us call it a rubber plant.

The wedding of William Pry and Violet Seymour was set for June 10. The Big Church in the Middle of the Block was banked high with flowers. The populous tribe of Rubberers the world over is rampant over weddings. They are the pessimists of the pews. They are the guyers of the groom and the banterers of the bride. They come to laugh at your marriage, and should you escape from Hymen’s tower on the back of death’s pale steed they will come to the funeral and sit in the same pew and cry over your luck. Rubber will stretch.

The church was lighted. A grosgrain carpet lay over the asphalt to the edge of the sidewalk. Bridesmaids were patting one another’s sashes awry and speaking of the Bride’s freckles. Coachmen tied white ribbons on their whips and bewailed the space of time between drinks. The minister was musing over his possible fee, essaying conjecture whether it would suffice to purchase a new broadcloth suit for himself and a photograph of Laura Jane Libbey for his wife. Yea, Cupid was in the air.

And outside the church, oh, my brothers, surged and heaved the rank and file of the tribe of Rubberers. In two bodies they were, with the grosgrain carpet and cops with clubs between. They crowded like cattle, they fought, they pressed and surged and swayed and trampled one another to see a bit of a girl in a white veil acquire license to go through a man’s pockets while he sleeps.

But the hour for the wedding came and went, and the bride and bridegroom came not. And impatience gave way to alarm and alarm brought about search, and they were not found. And then two big policemen took a hand and dragged out of the furious mob of onlookers a crushed and trampled thing, with a wedding ring in its vest pocket and a shredded and hysterical woman beating her way to the carpet’s edge, ragged, bruised and obstreperous.

William Pry and Violet Seymour, creatures of habit, had joined in the seething game of the spectators, unable to resist the overwhelming desire to gaze upon themselves entering, as bride and bridegroom, the rose-decked church.

Rubber will out.

## Translating Practice

### 1) Complete the Russian sentences:

1. Много в нем, конечно, и таких людей, которые... . (There are many, of course, who go their ways, making money, without turning to the right or the left, but there is a tribe abroad wonderfully composed, like the Martians, solely of eyes and means of locomotion.)

2. Они смотрят... . (They gloat and pore and glare and squint and stare with their fishy eyes like goggle-eyed perch at the book baited with calamity.)

3. Весь, сияя от радости... . (With an expression of intense happiness on his features, he stood over the victim of the accident, listening to his groans as if to the sweetest music.)

4. Уильям Прай и Вайолет Сеймур, верные привычке, ... . (William Pry and Violet Seymour, creatures of habit, had joined in the seething game of the spectators, unable to resist the overwhelming desire to gaze upon themselves entering, as bride and bridegroom, the rose-decked church.)

### 2) Find in the text the English equivalents for the underlined words and word combinations in Russian:

a) Какое-то стремительно несущееся тело рассекало толпу, словно смерч, отшвыривая людей в стороны. Орудую локтями, зонтиком, шляпной булавкой, языком и ногтями, Вайолет Сеймур прокладывала себе дорогу в первый ряд зрителей. Силачи, которые без труда садились на гарлемский поезд в 5.30, отлетали, как слабые дети, столкнувшись с ней на пути к центру. Две солидные дамы, своими глазами видевшие свадьбу герцога Роксборо и не раз останавливавшие все движение на Двадцать третьей улице, после встречи с Вайолет отступили во второй ряд, оправляя порванные блузки. Уильям Прай полюбил ее с первого взгляда.

b) Потом они посмотрели друг на друга. У Вайолет была коричневая родинка на шее, величиной с серебряные полдоллара. Уильям так и впился в нее глазами. У Прай были необыкновенно кривые ноги. Вайолет дала себе волю и смотрела на них, не отрывая взгляда. Они долго стояли лицом к лицу – глазея друг на друга. Этикет не позволял им заговорить; зато в Городе Зевак разрешается сколько угодно глядеть на деревья в парке и на физические недостатки ближних.

### 3) Translate into Russian the words and word combinations in *italic*:

a) But *the hour for the wedding* came and went, and *the bride and bridegroom* came not. And *impatience* gave way to *alarm* and *alarm* brought about *search*, and they were not found. And then two big policemen took a hand and *dragged out of the furious mob of onlookers* a crushed and *trampled thing*, with a wedding ring in its vest pocket and *a shredded and hysterical woman* beating her way to the carpet's edge, *ragged, bruised and obstreperous*.

b) The wedding of William Pry and Violet Seymour *was set for June 10*. The Big Church in the Middle of the Block was *banked high with flowers*. The *populous tribe of Rubberers* the world over is *rampant over weddings*. They are the pessimists of the pews. They are *the guyers of the groom* and *the banterers of the bride*. They come to *laugh at your marriage*, and should you *escape from Hymen's tower* on the back of death's pale steed they will come to the funeral and sit in the same pew and *cry over your luck*. Rubber will stretch.

c) But he saw *a large crowd scrambling and pushing excitedly* in front of a *billboard*. Sprinting for it, he *knocked down an old woman* and a child carrying a bottle of milk, and *fought his way like a demon* into the mass of spectators. Already *in the inner line* stood Violet Seymour *with one sleeve and two gold fillings gone*, a corset steel puncture and *a sprained wrist*, but happy. She was looking at what there was to see. A man *was painting upon the fence*: "*Eat Bricklets --They Fill Your Face.*"

d) The importance of the event *does not count*. They gaze with equal interest and *absorption* at a chorus girl or at a man *painting a liver pill sign*. They will *form as deep a cordon* around a man with *a club-foot* as they will around a *balked automobile*. They have *the furor rubberendi*. They are *optical gluttons*, feasting and *fattening on the misfortunes of their fellow beings*.

### 4) Replace the underlined words with its synonyms:

a) These devotees of curiosity swarm, like flies, in a moment in a struggling, breathless circle about the scene of an unusual occurrence. If a workman opens a manhole, if a street car runs over a man from North Tarrytown, if a little boy drops an egg on his way home from the grocery, if a casual house or two drops into the subway, if a lady loses a nickel through a hole in the lisle thread, if the police drag a telephone and a racing chart forth from an Ibsen Society reading-room, if Senator Depew or Mr. Chuck Connors walks out to take the air – if any of these incidents or accidents takes place, you will see the mad, irresistible rush of the "rubber" tribe to the spot.

b) Во второй раз герой и героиня встретились перед дощатым забором поблизости от Бродвея. День выдался крайне неудачный. Не было драк на улицах, дети не попадали под трамваи, калеки и толстяки в неглиже встречались очень редко; никто не выказывал склонности поскользнуться на банановой корке или упасть в обморок. Не видно было даже чудака из

Кокомо, штат Индиана, который выдает себя за родственника бывшего мэра Лоу и швыряет мелочь из окошечка кэба. Глядеть было не на что, и Уильям Прай уже начинал томиться от скуки.

c) Two souls with such congenial tastes could not long remain apart. As a policeman drove them away with his night stick that evening they plighted their troth. The seeds of love had been well sown, and had grown up, hardy and vigorous, into a – let us call it a rubber plant.

d) Увидев Уильяма Прая, Вайолет покраснела. Уильям саданул под ребро даму в черном шелковом реглане, лягнул мальчишку, съездил по уху старого джентльмена и сумел протолкаться поближе к Вайолет. Они стояли рядом целый час, глядя, как маляр выписывает буквы. Потом Уильям не смог дольше скрывать свои чувства. Он дотронулся до ее плеча.

### 5) Translate the following into Russian in written form

1) The ambulance removed the unconscious agent of Cupid. William and Violet remained after the crowd had dispersed. They were true Rubberers. People who leave the scene of an accident with the ambulance have not genuine caoutchouc in the cosmogony of their necks. The delicate, fine flavour of the affair is to be had only in the after-taste – in gloating over the spot, in gazing fixedly at the houses opposite, in hovering there in a dream more exquisite than the opium-eater's ecstasy. William Pry and Violet Seymour were connoisseurs in casualties. They knew how to extract full enjoyment from every incident.

2) The climax of the romance occurred a few days later. Perhaps the reader will remember the intense excitement into which the city was thrown when Eliza Jane, a colored woman, was served with a subpoena. The Rubber Tribe encamped on the spot. With his own hands William Pry placed a board upon two beer kegs in the street opposite Eliza Jane's residence. He and Violet sat there for three days and nights. Then it occurred to a detective to open the door and serve the subpoena. He sent for a kinetoscope and did so.

## Speaking practice

### 1) Answer the questions:

1. What events attract rubberers of New York?
2. When did William Pry met Violet Seymour first?
3. Why did William love Violet at first sight?
4. What united two main heroes?
5. What happened at their next meeting?
6. What does the author mean by "The seeds of love had been well sown, and had grown up, hardy and vigorous, into a – let us call it a rubber plant"?
7. When did they make a decision to get married?
8. Why didn't William and Violet come to the church to their own wedding?



**2) Do you agree or disagree to the following:**

- People come to the church to laugh at your marriage and cry over your luck at your funeral;
- Etiquette would not allow them to speak; but in the Caoutchouc City it is permitted to gaze without stint at the trees in the parks and at the physical blemishes of a fellow creature;
- One may hope, in spite of the metaphorists, to avoid the breath of the deadly upas tree; one may, by great good fortune, succeed in blacking the eye of the basilisk; one might even dodge the attentions of Cerberus and Argus, but no man, alive or dead, can escape the gaze of the Rubberer;
- Every wife goes through her man's pockets while he sleeps.

**3) Add more details to these:**

- 1) William's love could be repressed no longer.
- 2) At their next meeting it was a disappointing day for William.
- 3) William and Violet were "creatures of habit".
- 4) William sprinted for a billboard.

**4) Say why:**

- 1) Violet was shredded and bruised at the day of her wedding ceremony
- 2) William and Violet were true Rubberers
- 3) they sat for three days and nights at the Eliza Jane's residence
- 4) they looked at each other but didn't speak during their first meeting

**5) Make up a talk in the crowd centered around some accident.**

## SQUARING THE CIRCLE

### Before reading

**Study the definition of the new words:**

- hazard (*n.*) – danger or risk, a potential source of danger
- vehement (*adj.*) – showing strong and often angry feelings : very emotional
- innocence (*n.*) – the state of being not guilty of a crime or other wrong act
- cunning (*adj.*) – getting what is wanted in a clever and often deceptive way
- defiance (*n.*) – a refusal to obey something or someone : the act of defying someone or something
- fate (*n.*) – a power that is believed to control what happens in the future
- feud (*n.*) – a mutual enmity or quarrel that is often prolonged or inveterate
- repartee (*n.*) – conversation in which clever statements and replies are made quickly

pursuance (*n.*) – the act of pursuing; especially : a carrying out or into effect  
 hereditary (*n.*) – passed or able to be passed from parent to child before birth  
 commensurate (*adj.*) – equal in measure or extent  
 clamor (*n.*) – a loud continuous noise (such as the noise made when many people are talking or shouting)  
 thitherward (*pr.*) – toward that place  
 din(*n.*) – a loud, confusing mixture of noises that lasts for a long time  
 lean (*v.*) – to incline, deviate, or bend from a vertical position  
 kith (*n.*) – familiar friends, neighbors, or relatives  
 kin (*n.*) – a group of persons of common ancestry  
 abash (*v.*) – to destroy the self-possession or self-confidence

**Find the correct definition of the following words:**

***To precede***

- 1) to surpass in rank, dignity, or importance
- 2) to be, go, or come ahead or in front of
- 3) to be earlier than
- 4) to cause to be preceded : preface

***Root***

- 1) *a* : the usually underground part of a seed plant body that originates usually from the hypocotyl, functions as an organ of absorption, aeration, and food storage or as a means of anchorage and support, and differs from a stem especially in lacking nodes, buds, and leaves  
*b* : any subterranean plant part (as a true root or a bulb, tuber, rootstock, or other modified stem) especially when fleshy and edible
- 2) *a* : the part of a tooth within the socket; also : any of the processes into which this part is often divided – see tooth illustration  
*b* : the enlarged basal part of a hair within the skin  
*c* : the proximal end of a nerve  
*d* : the part of an organ or physical structure by which it is attached to the body <the root of the tongue>
- 3) *a* : something that is an origin or source (as of a condition or quality)  
*b* : one or more progenitors of a group of descendants – usually used in plural  
*c* : an underlying support : basis  
*d* : the essential core : heart – often used in the phrase at root  
*e* : close relationship with an environment : tie – usually used in plural  
 <they put down roots in a farming community>

- 4) *a* : a quantity taken an indicated number of times as an equal factor  
*b* : a number that reduces an equation to an identity when it is substituted for one variable
- 5) *a* : the lower part : base  
*b* : the part by which an object is attached to something else
- 6) the simple element inferred as the basis from which a word is derived by phonetic change or by extension (as composition or the addition of an affix or inflectional ending)
- 7) the lowest tone of a chord (as C in a C minor chord) when the tones are arranged in ascending thirds

### ***Elbow***

- 1) *a* : the joint of the human arm  
*b* : a corresponding joint in the anterior limb of a lower vertebrate
- 2) something (as macaroni or an angular pipe fitting) resembling an elbow
  - *at one's elbow*  
 at one's side
  - *out at elbows or out at the elbows*
    - 1) shabbily dressed
    - 2) short of funds

### **3. Choose the Russian equivalent to the phrasal verbs:**

|            |                                |
|------------|--------------------------------|
| make up    | надевать                       |
| lay out    | изменять точку зрения          |
| put on     | придумывать, сочинять          |
| pick up    | унести, украсть (что-л.)       |
| pick out   | обдумывать                     |
| walk away  | поднимать, подбирать; забирать |
| move away  | выставлять, выкладывать        |
| carry away | отличать, различать            |
| turn over  | уносить, унести                |

### **Read the text**

#### **SQUARING THE CIRCLE**

At the hazard of wearying you this tale of vehement emotions must be prefaced by a discourse on geometry.

Nature moves in circles; Art in straight lines. The natural is rounded; the artificial is made up of angles. A man lost in the snow wanders, in spite of

himself, in perfect circles; the city man's feet, denaturalized by rectangular streets and floors, carry him ever away from himself.

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

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

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

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

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

Wherefore, it may be said that the big city has demonstrated the problem of squaring the circle. And it may be added that this mathematical introduction precedes an account of the fate of a Kentucky feud that was imported to the city that has a habit of making its importations conform to its angles.

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

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

By and by the pruning left but a single member of each family. And then Cal Harkness, probably reasoning that further pursuance of the controversy would give a too decided personal flavour to the feud, suddenly disappeared from the

relieved Cumberlands, baulking the avenging hand of Sam, the ultimate opposing Folwell.

A year afterward Sam Folwell learned that his hereditary, unsuppressed enemy was living in New York City. Sam turned over the big iron wash-pot in the yard, scraped off some of the soot, which he mixed with lard and shined his boots with the compound. He put on his store clothes of butternut dyed black, a white shirt and collar, and packed a carpet-sack with Spartan *lingerie*. He took his squirrel rifle from its hooks, but put it back again with a sigh. However ethical and plausible the habit might be in the Cumberlands, perhaps New York would not swallow his pose of hunting squirrels among the skyscrapers along Broadway. An ancient but reliable Colt's revolver that he resurrected from a bureau drawer seemed to proclaim itself the pink of weapons for metropolitan adventure and vengeance. This and a hunting-knife in a leather sheath, Sam packed in the carpet-sack. As he started, mule back, for the lowland railroad station the last Folwell turned in his saddle and looked grimly at the little cluster of white-pine slabs in the clump of cedars that marked the Folwell burying-ground.

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

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

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

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

Sam Folwell stood where two great, rectangular arteries of the city cross. He looked four ways, and saw the world hurled from its orbit and reduced by spirit

level and tape to an edged and cornered plane. All life moved on tracks, in grooves, according to system, within boundaries, by rote. The root of life was the cube root; the measure of existence was square measure. People streamed by in straight rows; the horrible din and crash stupefied him.

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

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

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

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

Sam felt the need of a drop of mountain dew. Across the street men passed in and out through swinging doors. Brief glimpses could be had of a glistening bar and its bedeckings. The feudist crossed and essayed to enter. Again had Art eliminated the familiar circle. Sam’s hand found no door-knob – it slid, in vain, over a rectangular brass plate and polished oak with nothing even so large as a pin’s head upon which his fingers might close.

Abashed, reddened, heartbroken, he walked away from the bootless door and sat upon a step. A locust club tickled him in the ribs.

“Take a walk for yourself,” said the policeman. “You’ve been loafing around here long enough.”

At the next corner a shrill whistle sounded in Sam’s ear. He wheeled around and saw a black-browed villain scowling at him over peanuts heaped on a steaming machine. He started across the street. An immense engine, running without mules, with the voice of a bull and the smell of a smoky lamp, whizzed past, grazing his knee. A cab-driver bumped him with a hub and explained to him that kind words were invented to be used on other occasions. A motorman clanged his bell wildly and, for once in his life, corroborated a cab-driver. A large lady in a changeable silk waist dug an elbow into his back, and a newsy pensively pelted him with banana rinds, murmuring, “I hates to do it – but if anybody seen me let it pass!”

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

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

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

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

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

## Translating Practice

### 1) Complete the Russian sentences:

1. Человек, заблудившийся в метель, сам того не сознавая, описывает круги; ноги горожанина, ... (A man lost in the snow wanders, in spite of himself, in perfect circles; the city man's feet, denaturalized by rectangular streets and floors, carry him ever away from himself.)

2. Красота-это Природа, достигшая совершенства ... (Beauty is Nature in perfection; circularity is its chief attribute.)

3. Через год после этого Сэм Фолуэл узнал.... (A year afterward Sam Folwell learned that his hereditary, unsuppressed enemy was living in New York City.)

4. Какая-то громадная машина, без лошадей... (An immense engine, running without mules, with the voice of a bull and the smell of a smoky lamp, whizzed past, grazing his knee.)

5. И на углу Бродвея, Пятой авеню и ... (And in the angles of Broadway, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street the Cumberland feudists shook hands.)

### 2) Find in the text the English equivalents for the underlined words and word combinations in Russian:

а) Круглые глаза ребенка служат типичным примером невинности; прищуренные, суженные до прямой линии глаза кокетки свидетельствуют о вторжении Искусства. Прямая линия рта говорит о хитрости и лукавстве; и кто же не читал самых вдохновенных лирических излияний Природы на губах, округлившихся для невинного поцелуя?

б) Он снял с гвоздя дробовик, но тут же со вздохом повесил его обратно. Какой бы похвальной и высоконравственной ни считалась эта привычка в Кэмберленде, неизвестно еще, что скажут в Нью-Йорке, если он начнет охотиться на белок среди небоскребов Бродвея. Старенький, но надежный кольт, покоившийся много лет в ящике комода, показался ему самым подходящим оружием для того, чтобы перенести вендетту в столичные сферы. Этот револьвер, вместе с охотничьим ножом в кожаных ножнах, Сэм уложил в ковровый саквояж. И, проезжая верхом на муле мимо кедровой рощи к станции железной дороги, он обернулся и окинул

мрачным взглядом кучку белых сосновых надгробий – родовое кладбище Фолуэлов.

**3) Translate into Russian the words and word combinations in italic:**

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

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

**4) Replace the underlined words with its synonyms:**

a) Behold the full moon, the enchanted golf ball, the domes of splendid temples, the huckleberry pie, the wedding ring, the circus ring, the ring for the waiter, and the “round” of drinks.

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

**5) Translate the following into Russian in written form**

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

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



## Speaking practice

### 1) Answer the questions:

1. How can you explain the title “SQUARING THE CIRCLE”?
2. Do you agree with the author that “Nature moves in circles; Art in straight lines”? Give your arguments.
3. When did the feud begin? Who was the first victim?
4. Why did Cal Harkness disappear from Cumberland?
5. Why did Sam Folwell arrive in New York?
6. What was Sam Folwell impressed by? Did the city influence Sam Folwell’s behavior?
7. Was Sam Folwell really glad to see his enemy Cal Harkness? Why?

### 2) Speak about Sam Folwell. Complete the sentences:

- He looks like a...
- He has got a...
- He hated...
- He felt...
- He looked for...
- He was glad to see...

### 3) Act out a dialogue between Sam Folwell and Cal Harkness.

4) Do you remember the day when you were in another town or city? Speak on that day. (Use the following: One day..., Suddenly..., After that..., Eventually..., When..., Finally... .)

Think over the next points:

1. What happened to you
2. When it happened
3. Where you were
4. How old you were when
5. Who you were with
6. How did you feel about it

5) Use the following verbs in the correct form to tell about the future events happened to Sam Folwell and Cal Harkness.

Go away, enjoy, forget, admire, feel, sail (to), remain, travel, see, visit.

## EXTRADITED FROM BOHEMIA

### Before reading

#### Study the definition of the new words:

easel (*n.*) – a frame for supporting an artist's painting

reckless (*n.*) – not showing proper concern about the possible bad results of your actions

headstrong (*adj.*) – not willing to do what other people want : very stubborn

old maid (*n.*) – a woman who has never been married and who is no longer young

barber (*n.*) – a person whose job is to cut men's hair

grocer (*n.*) – a person who sells food and other supplies for people's houses

remittance (*n.*) – an amount of money that is sent as a payment for something

overdue (*adj.*) – not paid at an expected or required time

boarding-house (*n.*) – a house where people pay to live and have daily meals

Bohemia (*n.*) – a community of bohemians : the world of bohemians

waiter (*n.*) – a man who serves food or drinks to people in a restaurant

compound (*v.*) – to make (something, such as an error or problem) worse : to add to (something bad)

inspiration (*n.*) – something that makes someone want to do something or that gives someone an idea about what to do or create : a force or influence that inspires someone

panhandler (*n.*) – a part of a land area (such as a state) that is narrow and sticks out from a larger area

penetrate (*v.*) – to go through or into something

cork (*n.*) – a material that is made from the soft bark of a kind of oak tree

ruffle (*v.*) – to make (someone) irritated, annoyed, worried, etc.

pour (*v.*) – to fill a cup or glass with a drink for someone

calf (*n.*) – an awkward or silly youth

hosiery (*n.*) – knit or woven coverings for the feet and legs, worn inside shoes.

blight (*n.*) – something that causes harm or damage like a disease

blossom (*n.*) – a peak period or stage of development

shrine (*n.*) – a place connected with a holy person or event where people go to worship

sinister (*adj.*) – having an evil appearance : looking likely to cause something bad, harmful, or dangerous to happen

midst (*n.*) – the period of time when something is happening or being done

**Find the correct definition of the following words:**

***To borrow***

- 1) *a* : to receive with the implied or expressed intention of returning the same or an equivalent <borrow a book> <borrowed a dollar>  
*b* : to borrow (money) with the intention of returning the same plus interest
- 2) *a* : to appropriate for one's own use <borrow a metaphor>  
*b* : derive, adopt
- 3) to take (one) from a digit of the minuend in arithmetical subtraction in order to add as 10 to the digit holding the next lower place
- 4) to adopt into one language from another
- 5) dialect : lend

***To fix***

- 1) *a* : to make firm, stable, or stationary  
*b* : to give a permanent or final form to : as (1) : to change into a stable compound or available form <bacteria that fix nitrogen> (2) : to kill, harden, and preserve for microscopic study (3) : to make the image of (a photographic film) permanent by removing unused salts  
*c* : affix, attach
  - 2) *a* : to hold or direct steadily <fixes his eyes on the horizon>  
*b* : to capture the attention of <fixed her with a stare>
  - 3) *a* : to set or place definitely : establish  
*b* : to make an accurate determination of : discover <fixing our location on the chart>  
*c* : assign <fix the blame>
  - 4) to set in order : adjust
  - 5) to get ready : prepare <fix lunch>
  - 6) *a* : repair, mend <fix the clock>  
*b* : restore, cure <the doctor fixed him up>  
*c* : spay, castrate
  - 7) *a* : to get even with  
*b* : to influence the actions, outcome, or effect of by improper or illegal methods <the race had been fixed>
- intransitive verb
- 1) to become firm, stable, or fixed
  - 2) to get set : be on the verge <we're fixing to leave soon>
  - 3) to direct one's attention or efforts : focus; also : decide, settle – usually used with on <had fixed on the first Saturday in June>

## 2. Choose the Russian equivalent to the phrasal verbs:

|              |  |
|--------------|--|
| pan out      | промывать (породу в поисках золота)                  |
| pan off      | быстро развиваться                                   |
| drive in     | наводить справки, справляться                        |
| leap forward | идти, ехать, переходить                              |
| lean out     | бежать, уклоняться от (чего-л.) ; избегать (чего-л.) |
| look about   | вгонять; загонять; вбивать                           |
| turn down    | высовываться   |
| go up        | отвергать (предложение) ; отказывать (кому-л.)       |
| run away     | преуспевать; удаваться, устраиваться                 |

### Read the text

#### EXTRADITED FROM BOHEMIA

From near the village of Harmony, at the foot of the Green Mountains, came Miss Medora Martin to New York with her color-box and easel.

Miss Medora resembled the rose which the autumnal frosts had spared the longest of all her sister blossoms. In Harmony, when she started alone to the wicked city to study art, they said she was a mad, reckless, headstrong girl. In New York, when she first took her seat at a West Side boardinghouse table, the boarders asked: "Who is the nice-looking old maid?"

Medora took heart, a cheap hall bedroom and two art lessons a week from Professor Angelini, a retired barber who had studied his profession in a Harlem dancing academy. There was no one to set her right, for here in the big city they do it unto all of us. How many of us are badly shaved daily and taught the two-step imperfectly by ex-pupils of Bastien Le Page and Gerome? The most pathetic sight in New York – except the manners of the rush-hour crowds – is the dreary march of the hopeless army of Mediocrity. Here Art is no benignant goddess, but a Circe who turns her wooers into mewing Toms and Tabbies who linger about the doorsteps of her abode, unmindful of the flying brickbats and boot-jacks of the critics. Some of us creep back to our native villages to the skim-milk of "I told you so"; but most of us prefer to remain in the cold courtyard of our mistress's temple, snatching the scraps that fall from her divine table d'hôte. But some of us grow weary at last of the fruitless service. And then there are two fates open to us. We can get a job driving a grocer's wagon, or we can get swallowed up in the Vortex of Bohemia. The latter sounds good; but the former really pans out better. For, when the grocer pays us off we can rent a

dress suit and – the capitalized system of humor describes it best – Get Bohemia On the Run.

Miss Medora chose the Vortex and thereby furnishes us with our little story.

Professor Angelini praised her sketches excessively. Once when she had made a neat study of a horse-chestnut tree in the park he declared she would become a second Rosa Bonheur. Again – a great artist has his moods – he would say cruel and cutting things. For example, Medora had spent an afternoon patiently sketching the statue and the architecture at Columbus Circle. Tossing it aside with a sneer, the professor informed her that Giotto had once drawn a perfect circle with one sweep of his hand.

One day it rained, the weekly remittance from Harmony was overdue, Medora had a headache, the professor had tried to borrow two dollars from her, her art dealer had sent back all her water-colors unsold, and – Mr. Binkley asked her out to dinner.

Mr. Binkley was the gay boy of the boarding-house. He was forty-nine, and owned a fishstall in a downtown market. But after six o'clock he wore an evening suit and whooped things up connected with the beaux arts. The young men said he was an "Indian." He was supposed to be an accomplished habitue of the inner circles of Bohemia. It was no secret that he had once loaned \$10 to a young man who had had a drawing printed in *Puck*. Often has one thus obtained his entree into the charmed circle, while the other obtained both his entree and roast.

The other boarders enviously regarded Medora as she left at Mr. Binkley's side at nine o'clock. She was as sweet as a cluster of dried autumn grasses in her pale blue – oh – er – that very thin stuff – in her pale blue Comstockized silk waist and box-pleated voile skirt, with a soft pink glow on her thin cheeks and the tiniest bit of rouge powder on her face, with her handkerchief and room key in her brown walrus, pebble-grain hand-bag.

And Mr. Binkley looked imposing and dashing with his red face and gray mustache, and his tight dress coat, that made the back of his neck roll up just like a successful novelist's.

They drove in a cab to the Cafe Terence, just off the most glittering part of Broadway, which, as every one knows, is one of the most popular and widely patronized, jealously exclusive Bohemian resorts in the city.

Down between the rows of little tables tripped Medora, of the Green Mountains, after her escort. Thrice in a lifetime may woman walk upon clouds – once when she trippeth to the altar, once when she first enters Bohemian halls, the last when she marches back across her first garden with the dead hen of her neighbor in her hand.

There was a table set, with three or four about it. A waiter buzzed around it like a bee, and silver and glass shone upon it. And, preliminary to the meal, as

the prehistoric granite strata heralded the protozoa, the bread of Gaul, compounded after the formula of the recipe for the eternal hills, was there set forth to the hand and tooth of a long-suffering city, while the gods lay beside their nectar and home-made biscuits and smiled, and the dentists leaped for joy in their gold-leafy dens.

The eye of Binkley fixed a young man at his table with the Bohemian gleam, which is a compound of the look of the Basilisk, the shine of a bubble of Wuerzburger, the inspiration of genius and the pleading of a panhandler.

The young man sprang to his feet. "Hello, Bink, old boy!" he shouted. "Don't tell me you were going to pass our table. Join us – unless you've another crowd on hand."

"Don't mind, old chap," said Binkley, of the fish-stall. "You know how I like to butt up against the fine arts. Mr. Vandyke – Mr.

Madder – er – Miss Martin, one of the elect also in art – er – "

The introduction went around. There were also Miss Elise and Miss 'Toinette. Perhaps they were models, for they chattered of the St. Regis decorations and Henry James – and they did it not badly.

Medora sat in transport. Music – wild, intoxicating music made by troubadours direct from a rear basement room in Elysium – set her thoughts to dancing. Here was a world never before penetrated by her warmest imagination or any of the lines controlled by Harriman. With the Green Mountains' external calm upon her she sat, her soul flaming in her with the fire of Andalusia. The tables were filled with Bohemia. The room was full of the fragrance of flowers – both mille and cauli. Questions and corks popped; laughter and silver rang; champagne flashed in the pail, wit flashed in the pan.

Vandyke ruffled his long, black locks, disarranged his careless tie and leaned over to Madder.

"Say, Maddy," he whispered, feelingly, "sometimes I'm tempted to pay this Philistine his ten dollars and get rid of him."

Madder ruffled his long, sandy locks and disarranged his careless tie.

"Don't think of it, Vandy," he replied. "We are short, and Art is long."

Medora ate strange viands and drank elderberry wine that they poured in her glass. It was just the color of that in the Vermont home. The waiter poured something in another glass that seemed to be boiling, but when she tasted it it was not hot. She had never felt so light-hearted before. She thought lovingly of the Green Mountain farm and its fauna. She leaned, smiling, to Miss Elise.

"If I were at home," she said, beamingly, "I could show you the cutest little calf!"

"Nothing for you in the White Lane," said Miss Elise. "Why don't you pad?"

The orchestra played a wailing waltz that Medora had learned from the hand-organs. She followed the air with nodding head in a sweet soprano hum. Madder looked across the table at her, and wondered in what strange waters Binkley had caught her in his seine. She smiled at him, and they raised glasses and drank of the wine that boiled when it was cold. Binkley had abandoned art and was prating of the unusual spring catch of shad. Miss Elise arranged the palette-and-maul-stick tie pin of Mr. Vandyke. A Philistine at some distant table was maundering volubly either about Jerome or Gerome. A famous actress was discoursing excitably about monogrammed hosiery. A hose clerk from a department store was loudly proclaiming his opinions of the drama. A writer was abusing Dickens. A magazine editor and a photographer were drinking a dry brand at a reserved table. A 36-25-42 young lady was saying to an eminent sculptor:

“Fudge for your Prax Italys! Bring one of your Venus Anno Dominis down to Cohen’s and see how quick she’d be turned down for a cloak model. Back to the quarries with your Greeks and Dagos!”

Thus went Bohemia.

At eleven Mr. Binkley took Medora to the boarding-house and left her, with a society bow, at the foot of the hall stairs. She went up to her room and lit the gas.

And then, as suddenly as the dreadful genie arose in vapor from the copper vase of the fisherman, arose in that room the formidable shape of the New England Conscience. The terrible thing that Medora had done was revealed to her in its full enormity. She had sat in the presence of the ungodly and looked upon the wine both when it was red and effervescent.

At midnight she wrote this letter:

“MR. BERIAH HOSKINS, Harmony, Vermont.

“Dear Sir: Henceforth, consider me as dead to you forever. I have loved you too well to blight your career by bringing into it my guilty and sin-stained life. I have succumbed to the insidious wiles of this wicked world and have been drawn into the vortex of Bohemia. There is scarcely any depth of glittering iniquity that I have not sounded. It is hopeless to combat my decision. There is no rising from the depths to which I have sunk. Endeavor to forget me. I am lost forever in the fair but brutal maze of awful Bohemia. Farewell.

ONCE YOUR MEDORA.

On the next day Medora formed her resolutions. Beelzebub, flung from heaven, was no more cast down. Between her and the apple blossoms of Harmony there was a fixed gulf. Flaming cherubim warded her from the gates of her lost paradise. In one evening, by the aid of Binkley and Mumm, Bohemia had gathered her into its awful midst.

There remained to her but one thing – a life of brilliant, but irremediable error. Vermont was a shrine that she never would dare to approach again. But

she would not sink – there were great and compelling ones in history upon whom she would model her meteoric career – Camille, Lola Montez, Royal Mary, Zaza – such a name as one of these would that of Medora Martin be to future generations.

For two days Medora kept her room. On the third she opened a magazine at the portrait of the King of Belgium, and laughed sardonically. If that far-famed breaker of women's hearts should cross her path, he would have to bow before her cold and imperious beauty. She would not spare the old or the young. All America – all Europe should do homage to her sinister, but compelling charm.

As yet she could not bear to think of the life she had once desired – a peaceful one in the shadow of the Green Mountains with Beriah at her side, and orders for expensive oil paintings coming in by each mail from New York. Her one fatal misstep had shattered that dream.

On the fourth day Medora powdered her face and rouged her lips. Once she had seen Carter in "Zaza." She stood before the mirror in a reckless attitude and cried: "Zut! zut!" She rhymed it with "nut," but with the lawless word Harmony seemed to pass away forever. The Vortex had her. She belonged to Bohemia for evermore. And never would Beriah –

The door opened and Beriah walked in.

"Dory," said he, "what's all that chalk and pink stuff on your face, honey?"

Medora extended an arm.

"Too late," she said, solemnly. "The die is cast. I belong in another world. Curse me if you will – it is your right. Go, and leave me in the path I have chosen. Bid them all at home never to mention my name again. And sometimes, Beriah, pray for me when I am revelling in the gaudy, but hollow, pleasures of Bohemia."

"Get a towel, 'Dory,'" said Beriah, "and wipe that paint off your face. I came as soon as I got your letter. Them pictures of yours ain't amounting to anything. I've got tickets for both of us back on the evening train. Hurry and get your things in your trunk."

"Fate was too strong for me, Beriah. Go while I am strong to bear it."

"How do you fold this easel, 'Dory?--now begin to pack, so we have time to eat before train time. The maples is all out in full-grown leaves, 'Dory – you just ought to see 'em!

Not this early, Beriah?

"You ought to see 'em, 'Dory; they're like an ocean of green in the morning sunlight."

"Oh, Beriah!"

On the train she said to him suddenly:

"I wonder why you came when you got my letter."



“Oh, shucks!” said Beriah. “Did you think you could fool me? How could you be run away to that Bohemia country like you said when your letter was postmarked New York as plain as day?”

## Translating Practice

### 1) Complete the Russian sentences:

1. Самое грустное зрелище в Нью-Йорке – ... (The most pathetic sight in New York – except the manners of the rush-hour crowds – is the dreary march of the hopeless army of Mediocrity.)

2. Профессор, иронически улыбаясь, отшвырнул набросок и сообщил ей, что ... (Tossing it aside with a sneer, the professor informed her that Giotto had once drawn a perfect circle with one sweep of his hand.)

3. Она была прелестна, как букет осенних листьев, в своей бледно-голубой блузке из... э-э... ну, знаете, ... (She was as sweet as a cluster of dried autumn grasses in her pale blue – oh – er – that very thin stuff – in her pale blue Comstockized silk waist and box-pleated voile skirt, with a soft pink glow on her thin cheeks and the tiniest bit of rouge powder on her face, with her handkerchief and room key in her brown walrus, pebble-grain hand-bag.)

4. Если этот знаменитый покоритель женских сердец ... (If that far-famed breaker of women’s hearts should cross her path, he would have to bow before her cold and imperious beauty.)

5. Как прелюдия к ужину, подобный доисторическим гранитным пластам, предшествующим появлению простейших организмов, ... (And, preliminary to the meal, as the prehistoric granite strata heralded the protozoa, the bread of Gaul, compounded after the formula of the recipe for the eternal hills, was there set forth to the hand and tooth of a long-suffering city, while the gods lay beside their nectar and home-made biscuits and smiled, and the dentists leaped for joy in their gold-leafy dens.)

6. Молитесь за меня иногда, ... (And sometimes, Beriah, pray for me when I am revelling in the gaudy, but hollow, pleasures of Bohemia.)

### 2) Find in the text the English equivalents for the underlined words and word combinations in Russian:

а) Мисс Медора походила на осеннюю розу, которую пощадили первые заморозки, не пощадившие других ее сестер. В поселке Гармония, когда мисс Медора уехала в развратный Вавилон учиться живописи, про нее говорили, что она сумасбродная, отчаянная, своевольная девушка. В Нью-Йорке, когда она впервые появилась за столом дешевого пансиона в Вест-Сайде, жильцы спрашивали друг друга:

– Кто эта симпатичная старая дева?

б) Собравшись с духом и сообразуясь со средствами, Медора сняла дешевую комнату и стала брать два урока живописи в неделю у профессора Анджелини, бывшего парикмахера, изучившего свою профессию в одном из гарлемских танцклассов. Некому было сказать ей, что она делает глупости, ибо всех нас в этом большом городе постигает та же участь. Сколько из нас плохо бреют и неправильно обучают тустепу бывшие ученики Бастьена Лепаж и Жерома!

с) Мистер Бинкли был присяжный весельчак пансиона. Ему уже стукнуло сорок девять, и весь день он сидел в своей рыбной лавке на одном из центральных рынков города. Но после шести часов вечера он надевал фрак и разглагольствовал об Искусстве. Молодые люди звали его пролазой. Считалось, что в самом избранном кругу богемы он свой человек.

### 3) Translate into Russian the words and word combinations in italic:

а) One day it rained, *the weekly remittance from Harmony was overdue*, Medora *had a headache*, the professor *had tried to borrow two dollars* from her, her art dealer *had sent back all her water-colors unsold*, and – Mr. Binkley asked her out to dinner.

б) Medora *sat in transport*. Music – wild, intoxicating music *made by troubadours direct from a rear basement room in Elysium* – set her thoughts to dancing. Here was a world never before penetrated by *her warmest imagination* or any of the lines controlled by Harriman. With the Green Mountains' external calm upon her she sat, *her soul flaming in her with the fire of Andalusia*. The tables were filled with Bohemia. The room was *full of the fragrance of flowers – both mille and cauli*. Questions and corks popped; *laughter and silver rang*; champagne flashed in the pail, wit flashed in the pan.

с) *On the train* she said to him suddenly:

"I wonder *why you came when you got my letter*."

"Oh, shucks!" said Beriah. "Did you think *you could fool me*? How could you be *run away to that Bohemia country* like you said when *your letter was postmarked New York as plain as day*?"

д) On the fourth day Medora *powdered her face and rouged her lips*. Once she had seen Carter in "Zaza." She stood before the mirror *in a reckless attitude* and cried: "Zut! zut!" She *rhymed it with "nut," but with the lawless word Harmony seemed to pass away forever*. The Vortex had her. She *belonged to Bohemia for evermore*.

### 4) Replace the underlined words with its synonyms:

а) And Mr. Binkley looked imposing and dashing with his red face and gray mustache, and his tight dress coat, that made the back of his neck roll up just like a successful novelist's.

b) The orchestra played a wailing waltz that Medora had learned from the hand-organs. She followed the air with nodding head in a sweet soprano hum. Madder *looked across* the table at her, and wondered in what strange waters Binkley had caught her in his seine. She smiled at him, and they raised glasses and drank of the wine that boiled when it was cold. Binkley had *abandoned* art and was prating of the unusual spring catch of shad.

### **5) Translate the following into Russian in written form**

1) Medora ate strange viands and drank elderberry wine that they poured in her glass. It was just the color of that in the Vermont home. The waiter poured something in another glass that seemed to be boiling, but when she tasted it it was not hot. She had never felt so light-hearted before. She thought lovingly of the Green Mountain farm and its fauna. She leaned, smiling, to Miss Elise.

2) The door opened and Beriah walked in.

“Dory,” said he, “what’s all that chalk and pink stuff on your face, honey?”

Medora extended an arm.

“Too late,” she said, solemnly. “The die is cast. I belong in another world. Curse me if you will – it is your right. Go, and leave me in the path I have chosen. Bid them all at home never to mention my name again. And sometimes, Beriah, pray for me when I am revelling in the gaudy, but hollow, pleasures of Bohemia.”

3) MR. BERIAH HOSKINS, Harmony, Vermont.

“Dear Sir: Henceforth, consider me as dead to you forever. I have loved you too well to blight your career by bringing into it my guilty and sin-stained life. I have succumbed to the insidious wiles of this wicked world and have been drawn into the vortex of Bohemia. There is scarcely any depth of glittering iniquity that I have not sounded. It is hopeless to combat my decision. There is no rising from the depths to which I have sunk. Endeavor to forget me. I am lost forever in the fair but brutal maze of awful Bohemia. Farewell.

ONCE YOUR MEDORA.

## **Speaking practice**

### **1) Answer the questions:**

- a. Where did Miss Medora Martin come from with her color-box and easel?
- b. What did she start to study?
- c. Where did Mr. Binkley asked Miss Medora out to dinner?
- d. Was he supposed to be an accomplished habitué of the inner circles of Bohemia?
- e. Did she like or dislike the dinner with Mr. Binkley? Why?
- f. Who did Miss Medora write the letter? What was it about?

- g. Why did Mr. Beriah Hoskins come when he got her letter?
- h. What was Mr. Beriah Hoskins misunderstanding ?

**2) Find out the words and word-combinations describing the vortex of Bohemia.**

**3) Speak about Miss Medora. Complete the sentences:**

- She resembled... .
- She has got ... .
- She took ... .
- She was... .
- She lived in ... .
- She was impressed by ... .
- She felt... .
- She belonged to... .

**4) Act out a dialogue between Miss Medora and Mr. Beriah Hoskins coming to her. Use the text to help you.**

**5) Comment on:** “I have succumbed to the insidious wiles of this wicked world and have been drawn into the vortex of Bohemia. There is scarcely any depth of glittering iniquity that I have not sounded. It is hopeless to combat my decision. There is no rising from the depths to which I have sunk. Endeavor to forget me. I am lost forever in the fair but brutal maze of awful Bohemia.”

**6) Translate the title into Russian.**

## THE RATHSKELLER AND THE ROSE

### Before reading

**Study the definition of the new words:**

earn (v.) – to receive as return for effort and especially for work done or services rendered

handicapped (n.) – having a physical or mental disability

convince (v.) – to cause (someone) to believe that something is true

rathskeller (n.) – a usually basement tavern or restaurant

amass (v.) – to gather or collect (something, such as a large amount of money) especially for yourself

beseech (v.) – to beg (someone) for something : to ask (someone) in a serious and emotional way to do something

collard (n.) – a cabbage (related to kale and having a loose head of stalked smooth leaves

ascend (v.) – to go up : to rise or move toward the sky  
 gossip (n.) – information about the behavior and personal lives of other people  
 flattery (n.) – praise that is not sincere  
 fame (n.) – the condition of being known or recognized by many people  
 rural (adj.) – of or relating to the country and the people who live there instead of the city  
 flounce (v.) – to move with exaggerated jerky or bouncy motions  
 dazzle (v.) – to greatly impress or surprise (someone) by being very attractive or exciting  
 engagement (n.) – a job as a performer  
 tumble (v.) – to fall down suddenly and quickly  
 treat (v.) – to think of and act toward (someone or something) in a specified way

**Find the correct definition of the following words:**

***To acquire***

- 1) to get as one's own :
  - a* : to come into possession or control of often by unspecified means
  - b* : to come to have as a new or added characteristic, trait, or ability (as by sustained effort or natural selection) <*acquire* fluency in French>  
<bacteria that *acquire* tolerance to antibiotics>
- 2) to locate and hold (a desired object) in a detector <*acquire* a target by radar>

***To conclude***

- 1) obsolete : to shut up : enclose
- 2) to bring to an end especially in a particular way or with a particular action <conclude a meeting with a prayer>
  - 3) *a* : to reach as a logically necessary end by reasoning : infer on the basis of evidence <concluded that her argument was sound>
  - b* : to make a decision about : decide <concluded he would wait a little longer>
  - c* : to come to an agreement on : effect <conclude a sale>
- 4) to bring about as a result : complete
  - intransitive verb
  - 1) end
  - 2) *a* : to form a final judgment
  - b* : to reach a decision or agreement

### **Breath**

- 1) *a* : air filled with a fragrance or odor  
*b* : a slight indication : suggestion <the faintest breath of scandal>
- 2) *a* : the faculty of breathing <recovering his breath after the race>  
*b* : an act of breathing <fought to the last breath>  
*c* : opportunity or time to breathe : respite
- 3) *a* slight breeze
- 4) *a* : air inhaled and exhaled in breathing <bad breath>  
*b* : something (as moisture on a cold surface) produced by breath or breathing  
*c* : inhalation
- 5) a spoken sound : utterance
- 6) spirit, animation

### **3. Choose the Russian equivalent to the phrasal verbs:**

|             |  |
|-------------|--|
| turned down | появляться, приходить  |
| show up     | контролировать деятельность  |
| send up     | сгореть  |
| pull off    | наблюдать, присутствовать, участвовать в качестве наблюдателя, гостя |
| come around | отвергать  |
| move in     | заезжать, приходить  |
| sit in      | уезжать, уклоняться от (чего-л.); избегать (чего-л.)                 |
| run away    | добиться, отъезжать  |
| burn up     | повышать передразнивать  |

### **Read the text**

#### **THE RATHSKELLER AND THE ROSE**

Miss Posie Carrington had earned her success. She began life handicapped by the family name of "Boggs," in the small town known as Cranberry Corners. At the age of eighteen she had acquired the name of "Carrington" and a position in the chorus of a metropolitan burlesque company. Thence upward she had ascended by the legitimate and delectable steps of "broiler," member of the famous "Dickey-bird" octette, in the successful musical comedy, "Fudge and Fellows," leader of the potato-bug dance in "Fol-de-Rol," and at length to the part of the maid "Toinette" in "The King's Bath-Robe," which captured the critics and gave her chance. And when we come to consider Miss Carrington she is in the heyday of flattery, and fizz; and that astute manager, Herr Timothy Goldstein, has her signature to iron-clad papers that she will star the coming season in Dyde Rich's new play, "Paresis by Gaslight."

Promptly there came to Herr Timothy a capable twentieth-century young character actor by the name of Highsmith, who besought engagement as “Sol Haytosser,” the comic and chief male character part in “Paresis by Gaslight.”

“My boy,” said Goldstein, “take the part if you can get it. Miss Carrington won’t listen to any of my suggestions. She has half a dozen of the best imitators of the rural dub in the city. She declares she won’t set a foot on the stage unless ‘Haytosser’ is the best that can be raked up. She was raised in a village, you know, and when a Broadway orchid sticks a straw in his hair and tries to call himself a clover blossom she’s on, all right. I asked her, in a sarcastic vein, if she thought Denman Thompson would make any kind of a show in the part. ‘Oh, no,’ says she. ‘I don’t want him or John Drew or Jim Corbett or any of these swell actors that don’t know a turnip from a turnstile. I want the real article.’ So, my boy, if you want to play ‘Sol Haytosser’ you will have to convince Miss Carrington. Luck be with you.”

Highsmith took the train the next day for Cranberry Corners. He remained in that forsaken and inanimate village three days. He found the Boggs family and corkscrewed their history unto the third and fourth generation. He amassed the facts and the local color of Cranberry Corners. The village had not grown as rapidly as had Miss Carrington. The actor estimated that it had suffered as few actual changes since the departure of its solitary follower of Thespis as had a stage upon which “four years is supposed to have elapsed.” He absorbed Cranberry Corners and returned to the city of chameleon changes.

It was in the rathskeller that Highsmith made the hit of his histrionic career. There is no need to name the place; there is but one rathskeller where you could hope to find Miss Posie Carrington after a performance of “The King’s Bath-Robe.”

There was a jolly small party at one of the tables that drew many eyes. Miss Carrington, petite, marvellous, bubbling, electric, fame-drunken, shall be named first. Herr Goldstein follows, sonorous, curly-haired, heavy, a trifle anxious, as some bear that had caught, somehow, a butterfly in his claws. Next, a man condemned to a newspaper, sad, courted, armed, analyzing for press agent’s dross every sentence that was poured over him, eating his a la Newburg in the silence of greatness. To conclude, a youth with parted hair, a name that is ochre to red journals and gold on the back of a supper check. These sat at a table while the musicians played, while waiters moved in the mazy performance of their duties with their backs toward all who desired their service, and all was bizarre and merry because it was nine feet below the level of the sidewalk.

At 11.45 a being entered the rathskeller. The first violin perceptibly flatted a C that should have been natural; the clarinet blew a bubble instead of a grace note; Miss Carrington giggled and the youth with parted hair swallowed an olive seed.

Exquisitely and irreproachably rural was the new entry. A lank, disconcerted, hesitating young man it was, flaxen-haired, gaping of mouth, awkward, stricken to misery by the lights and company. His clothing was butternut, with bright blue tie, showing four inches of bony wrist and white-socked ankle. He upset a chair, sat in another one, curled a foot around a table leg and cringed at the approach of a waiter.

"You may fetch me a glass of lager beer," he said, in response to the discreet questioning of the servitor.

The eyes of the rathskeller were upon him. He was as fresh as a collard and as ingenuous as a hay rake. He let his eye rove about the place as one who regards, big-eyed, hogs in the potato patch. His gaze rested at length upon Miss Carrington. He rose and went to her table with a lateral, shining smile and a blush of pleased trepidation.

"How're ye, Miss Posie?" he said in accents not to be doubted. "Don't ye remember me – Bill Summers – the Summerses that lived back of the blacksmith shop? I reckon I've growed up some since ye left Cranberry Corners.

"Liza Perry 'lowed I might see ye in the city while I was here. You know 'Liza married Benny Stanfield, and she says – "

"Ah, say!" interrupted Miss Carrington, brightly, "Lize Perry is never married – what! Oh, the freckles of her!"

"Married in June," grinned the gossip, "and livin' in the old Tatum Place. Ham Riley perfessed religion; old Mrs. Blithers sold her place to Cap'n Spooner; the youngest Waters girl run away with a music teacher; the courthouse burned up last March; your uncle Wiley was elected constable; Matilda Hoskins died from runnin' a needle in her hand, and Tom Beedle is courtin' Sallie Lathrop – they say he don't miss a night but what he's settin' on their porch."

"The wall-eyed thing!" exclaimed Miss Carrington, with asperity. "Why, Tom Beedle once – say, you folks, excuse me a while – this is an old friend of mine – Mr. – what was it? Yes, Mr. Summers – Mr. Goldstein, Mr. Ricketts, Mr. – Oh, what's yours? 'Johnny' 'll do – come on over here and tell me some more."

She swept him to an isolated table in a corner. Herr Goldstein shrugged his fat shoulders and beckoned to the waiter. The newspaper man brightened a little and mentioned absinthe. The youth with parted hair was plunged into melancholy. The guests of the rathskeller laughed, clinked glasses and enjoyed the comedy that Posie Carrington was treating them to after her regular performance. A few cynical ones whispered "press agent" and smiled wisely.

Posie Carrington laid her dimpled and desirable chin upon her hands, and forgot her audience – a faculty that had won her laurels for her.

"I don't seem to recollect any Bill Summers," she said, thoughtfully gazing straight into the innocent blue eyes of the rustic young man. "But I know the



Summerses, all right. I guess there ain't many changes in the old town. You see any of my folks lately?"

And then Highsmith played his trump. The part of "Sol Haytosser" called for pathos as well as comedy. Miss Carrington should see that he could do that as well.

"Miss Posie," said "Bill Summers," "I was up to your folkese's house jist two or three days ago. No, there ain't many changes to speak of. The lilac bush by the kitchen window is over a foot higher, and the elm in the front yard died and had to be cut down. And yet it don't seem the same place that it used to be."

"How's ma?" asked Miss Carrington.

"She was settin' by the front door, crocheting a lamp-mat when I saw her last," said "Bill." "She's older'n she was, Miss Posie. But everything in the house looked jest the same. Your ma asked me to set down. 'Don't touch that willow rocker, William,' says she. 'It ain't been moved since Posie left; and that's the apron she was hemmin', layin' over the arm of it, jist as she flung it. I'm in hopes,' she goes on, 'that Posie'll finish runnin' out that hem some day.'"

Miss Carrington beckoned peremptorily to a waiter.

"A pint of extra dry," she ordered, briefly; "and give the check to Goldstein."

"The sun was shinin' in the door," went on the chronicler from Cranberry, "and your ma was settin' right in it. I asked her if she hadn't better move back a little. 'William,' says she, 'when I get sot down and lookin' down the road, I can't bear to move. Never a day,' says she, 'but what I set here every minute that I can spare and watch over them palin's for Posie. She went away down that road in the night, for we seen her little shoe tracks in the dust, and somethin' tells me she'll come back that way ag'in when she's weary of the world and begins to think about her old mother.'

"When I was comin' away," concluded "Bill," "I pulled this off'n the bush by the front steps. I thought maybe I might see you in the city, and I knowed you'd like somethin' from the old home."

He took from his coat pocket a rose – a drooping, yellow, velvet, odorous rose, that hung its head in the foul atmosphere of that tainted rathskeller like a virgin bowing before the hot breath of the lions in a Roman arena.

Miss Carrington's penetrating but musical laugh rose above the orchestra's rendering of "Bluebells."

"Oh, say!" she cried, with glee, "ain't those poky places the limit? I jist know that two hours at Cranberry Corners would give me the horrors now. Well, I'm awful glad to have seen you, Mr. Summers. Guess I'll bustle around to the hotel now and get my beauty sleep."

She thrust the yellow rose into the bosom of her wonderful, dainty, silken garments, stood up and nodded imperiously at Herr Goldstein.

Her three companions and “Bill Summers” attended her to her cab. When her flounces and streamers were all safely tucked inside she dazzled them with *au revours* from her shining eyes and teeth.

“Come around to the hotel and see me, Bill, before you leave the city,” she called as the glittering cab rolled away.

Highsmith, still in his make-up, went with Herr Goldstein to a cafe booth.

“Bright idea, eh?” asked the smiling actor. “Ought to land ‘Sol Haytosser’ for me, don’t you think? The little lady never once tumbled.”

“I didn’t hear your conversation,” said Goldstein, “but your make-up and acting was O. K. Here’s to your success. You’d better call on Miss Carrington early tomorrow and strike her for the part. I don’t see how she can keep from being satisfied with your exhibition of ability.”

At 11.45 A. M. on the next day Highsmith, handsome, dressed in the latest mode, confident, with a fuchsia in his button-hole, sent up his card to Miss Carrington in her select apartment hotel.

He was shown up and received by the actress’s French maid.

“I am *sorree*,” said Mlle. Hortense, “but I am to say this to all. It is with great regret. Mees Carrington have cancelled all engagements on the stage and have returned to live in that – how you call that town? Cranberry Cornaire!”

## Translating Practice

### 1) Complete the Russian sentences:

1. Она, видите ли, выросла в провинции, и когда ... (She was raised in a village, you know, and when a Broadway orchid sticks a straw in his hair and tries to call himself a clover blossom she’s on, all right.)

2. Он разыскал Богсов и ... (He found the Boggs family and corkscrewed their history unto the third and fourth generation.)

3. Миниатюрная, пикантная, ... (Miss Carrington, petite, marvellous, bubbling, electric, fame-drunken, shall be named first..)

4. Следующий – некий служитель прессы, грустный, ... (Next, a man condemned to a newspaper, sad, courted, armed, analyzing for press agent’s dross every sentence that was poured over him, eating his *a la Newburg* in the silence of greatness.)

5. Посетители погребка смеялись, ... (The guests of the rathskeller laughed, clinked glasses and enjoyed the comedy that Posie Carrington was treating them to after her regular performance.)

6. Он вытащил из кармана пиджака розу – ... (He took from his coat pocket a rose – a drooping, yellow, velvet, odorous rose, that hung its head in the foul atmosphere of that tainted rathskeller like a virgin bowing before the hot breath of the lions in a Roman arena.)

**2) Find in the text the English equivalents for the underlined words and word combinations in Russian:**

a) Незамедлительно к герру Тимоти явился молодой талантливый сын века, актер на характерные роли, мистер Хайсмис, рассчитывавший получить ангажемент на роль Соля Хэйтосера, главного мужского комического персонажа в пьесе "При свете газа".

b) Вид у вновь вошедшего был восхитительно и безупречно деревенский. Тощий, нескладный, неповоротливый парень с льняными волосами, с разинутым ртом, неуклюжий, одуревший от обилия света и публики. На нем был костюм цвета орехового масла и ярко-голубой галстук, из рукавов на четыре дюйма торчали костлявые руки, а из-под брюк на такую же длину высовывались лодыжки в белых носках.

c) Взоры всего погребка устремились на прищельца. Он был свеж, как молодой редис, и незатейлив, как грабли. Вытаращив глаза, он сразу же принялся блуждать взглядом по сторонам, словно высматривая, не забрели ли свиньи на грядки с картофелем.

**3) Translate into Russian the words and word combinations in italic:**

1. The village had not grown as rapidly as had Miss Carrington. The actor estimated that it had suffered as few actual changes since the departure of its solitary follower of Thespis as had a stage upon which "four years is supposed to have elapsed."

2. Herr Goldstein follows, *sonorous, curly-haired, heavy, a trifle anxious*, as some bear that *had caught, somehow, a butterfly in his claws.*

3. Ham Riley *professed religion*; old Mrs. Blithers sold her place to Cap'n Spooner; the youngest Waters girl *run away with a music teacher*; *the courthouse burned up* last March; your uncle Wiley *was elected constable*; Matilda Hoskins *died from runnin' a needle in her hand*, and Tom Beedle is courtin' Sallie Lathrop – they say he don't miss a night but what he's setting on their porch."

4. Posie Carrington *laid her dimpled and desirable chin upon her hands*, and forgot her audience – *a faculty that had won her laurels for her.*

**4) Replace the underlined words with its synonyms:**

a) Highsmith took the train the next day for Cranberry Corners.

b) She swept him to an isolated table in a corner. Herr Goldstein shrugged his fat shoulders and beckoned to the waiter. The newspaper man brightened a little and mentioned absinthe. The youth with parted hair was plunged into melancholy.

c) "I didn't hear your conversation," said Goldstein, "but your make-up and acting was O. K. Here's to your success. You'd better call on Miss Carrington early tomorrow and strike her for the part. I don't see how she can keep from being satisfied with your exhibition of ability."

d) Her three companions and “Bill Summers” attended her to her cab. When her flounces and streamers were all safely tucked inside she dazzled them with au revours from her shining eyes and teeth.

### **5) Translate the following into Russian in written form**

1. Miss Posie Carrington had earned her success. She began life handicapped by the family name of “Boggs,” in the small town known as Cranberry Corners. At the age of eighteen she had acquired the name of “Carrington” and a position in the chorus of a metropolitan burlesque company. Thence upward she had ascended by the legitimate and delectable steps of “broiler,” member of the famous “Dickey-bird” octette, in the successful musical comedy, “Fudge and Fellows,” leader of the potato-bug dance in “Fol-de-Rol,” and at length to the part of the maid “Toinette” in “The King’s Bath-Robe,” which captured the critics and gave her chance.

2. “How’s ma?” asked Miss Carrington.

“She was setting by the front door, crocheting a lamp-mat when I saw her last,” said “Bill.” “She’s older than she was, Miss Posie. But everything in the house looked just the same. Your ma asked me to set down. ‘Don’t touch that willow rocker, William,’ says she. ‘It ain’t been moved since Posie left; and that’s the apron she was hemming, laying over the arm of it, just as she flung it. I’m in hopes,’ she goes on, ‘that Posie’ll finish running out that hem some day.’”

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He was shown up and received by the actress’s French maid.

“I am sorree,” said Mlle. Hortense, “but I am to say this to all. It is with great regret. Mees Carrington have cancelled all engagements on the stage and have returned to live in that – how you call that town? Cranberry Cornaire!”

## **Speaking practice**

### **1) Answer the questions:**

1. How did Miss Posie Carrington earn her success?
2. What did Mr. Highsmith beseech about?
3. What was the manager Herr Timothy Goldstein’s advise?
4. Where did Highsmith spend three days of his life?
5. Who entered the rathskeller at 11.45? Describe him, please.
6. Did Miss Posie Carrington believe “Bill Summers” and his stories about village life? Was it Mr. Highsmith’s success?
7. What did Miss Posie Carrington do? Where did she return to live?
8. What is the main idea of the story?

**2) Act out a dialogue between “Bill Summers” and Miss Posie Carrington. Use the text to help you.**

**3) Recall the situation when things or people came to be different than you thought about them at first. Tell a real story from your life. Make up sentences using the following:** Once ....., I was pretty sure that..., Earnestly..., I could bet that..., No doubt that..., I assure you that... , I was absolutely shocked when ..., I kept on being deceived..., It was my strong believe that..., Then some hesitation came into my mind..., Suddenly I realised..., How stupid was it to trust..., I felt really disappointed when..., I was badly mistaken..., Nothing was left then..., Eventually...

**4) Which adjectives would you use to speak about “Bill Summers”:**

Rural, petite, marvellous, bubbling, electric, fame-drunken, sonorous, curly-haired, heavy, a trifle anxious, lank, disconcerted, hesitating, flaxen-haired, gaping of mouth, awkward, butternut.

**5) Add more details to these:**

1. Miss Posie Carrington had earned her success.
2. Promptly there came to Herr Timothy a capable twentieth-century young character actor by the name of Highsmith.
3. Highsmith took the train the next day for Cranberry Corners.
4. At 11.45 a being entered the rathskeller.
5. Posie Carrington swept “Bill Summers” to an isolated table in a corner.
6. He took from his coat pocket a rose.
7. Highsmith, still in his make-up, went with Herr Goldstein to a cafe booth.
8. At 11.45 A. M. on the next day Highsmith, handsome, dressed in the latest mode, confident, with a fuchsia in his button-hole, sent up his card to Miss Carrington in her select apartment hotel.

## THE MEMENTO

### Before reading

**Study the definition of the new words:**

tumult (*n.*) – a state of noisy confusion or disorder

glitter (*v.*) – to shine brightly : to shine with bright points of light

stifling (*n.*) – the joint next above the hock in the hind leg of a quadruped (as a horse or dog) corresponding to the human knee

neglect (*v.*) – to fail to take care of or to give attention to (someone or something)

anxiety (*n.*) – fear or nervousness about what might happen  
 stalking (*n.*) – a slender upright object or supporting or connecting part  
 besiege (*v.*) – to gather around (someone) in a way that is aggressive,  
 annoying  
 mossy (*adj.*) – covered with moss or something like moss  
 starry (*adj.*) – full of stars  
 indeterminate (*adj.*) – not able to be stated or described in an exact way  
 salubrious (*adj.*) – making good health possible or likely accoutrement  
 glance (*v.*) – to look at someone or something very quickly  
 swing (*v.*) – to move (your arm, a tool, etc.) with a quick, curving motion  
 especially to try to hit something  
 soaring (*n.*) – the act or process of soaring  
 guerdon (*v.*) – to give money or another kind of payment to (someone or  
 something) for something good that has been done  
 flush (*v.*) – to fly away suddenly  
 disturb (*v.*) – to worry or upset (someone)  
 effusion (*n.*) – something that is said or expressed too much or with a lot of  
 emotion  
 clinch (*v.*) – to make (something) certain or final  
 wriggle (*v.*) – to twist from side to side with small quick movements like a  
 worm  
 handkerchief(*n.*) – a small cloth used for wiping your face, nose, or eyes  
 sorrow (*n.*) – a feeling of sadness or grief caused especially by the loss of  
 someone or something  
 widow lady (*n.*) – a woman whose husband has died  
 keepsake (*n.*) – something that you keep to help you remember a person,  
 place, or event : a memento or souvenir  
 memento (*n.*) – something that is kept as a reminder of a person, place, or  
 thing  
 curiosity (*n.*) – the desire to learn or know more about something or someone

### **Find the correct definition of the following words:**

#### **Anxiety**

- 1) *a* : painful or apprehensive uneasiness of mind usually over an impending or anticipated ill  
*b* : fearful concern or interest  
*c* : a cause of anxiety
- 2) an abnormal and overwhelming sense of apprehension and fear often marked by physiological signs (as sweating, tension, and increased pulse), by doubt concerning the reality and nature of the threat, and by self-doubt about one's capacity to cope with it

### ***To quit***

- 1) to make full payment of : pay up <quit a debt>
- 2) to set free : relieve, release <quit oneself of fear>
- 3) conduct, acquit <the youths quit themselves like men>
- 4) *a* : to depart from or out of  
*b* : to leave the company of  
*c* : give up 1 <quit a job>  
*d* : give up 2 <quit smoking>

- intransitive verb

- 1) to cease normal, expected, or necessary action <the engine quit>
- 2) to give up employment
- 3) to admit defeat : give up

### **3. Choose the Russian equivalent to the phrasal verbs:**

|           |  |
|-----------|--|
| bring up  | разочаровывать, подводить              |
| let down  | организовывать, устраивать             |
| throw off | вынимать                               |
| put up    | вскармливать, воспитывать              |
| take out  | свергнуть (что-л.), победить (кого-л.) |
| cut out   | вычеркнуть; исключить                  |

### **Read the text**

#### **THE MEMENTO**

Miss Lynnette D'Armande turned her back on Broadway. This was but tit for tat, because Broadway had often done the same thing to Miss D'Armande. Still, the "tats" seemed to have it, for the ex-leading lady of the "Reaping the Whirlwind" company had everything to ask of Broadway, while there was no vice-versa.

So Miss Lynnette D'Armande turned the back of her chair to her window that overlooked Broadway, and sat down to stitch in time the lisle-thread heel of a black silk stocking. The tumult and glitter of the roaring Broadway beneath her window had no charm for her; what she greatly desired was the stifling air of a dressing-room on that fairyland street and the roar of an audience gathered in that capricious quarter. In the meantime, those stockings must not be neglected. Silk does wear out so, but – after all, isn't it just the only goods there is?

The Hotel Thalia looks on Broadway as Marathon looks on the sea. It stands like a gloomy cliff above the whirlpool where the tides of two great

thoroughfares clash. Here the player-bands gather at the end of their wanderings, to loosen the buskin and dust the sock. Thick in the streets around it are booking-offices, theatres, agents, schools, and the lobster-palaces to which those thorny paths lead.

Wandering through the eccentric halls of the dim and fusty Thalia, you seem to have found yourself in some great ark or caravan about to sail, or fly, or roll away on wheels. About the house lingers a sense of unrest, of expectation, of transientness, even of A and apprehension. The halls are a labyrinth. Without a guide, you wander like a lost soul in a Sam Loyd puzzle.

Turning any corner, a dressing-sack or a *cul-de-sac* may bring you up short. You meet alarming tragedians stalking in bath-robcs in search of rumored bathrooms. From hundreds of rooms come the buzz of talk, scraps of new and old songs, and the ready laughter of the convened players.

Summer has come; their companies have disbanded, and they take their rest in their favorite caravansary, while they besiege the managers for engagements for the coming season.

At this hour of the afternoon the day's work of tramping the rounds of the agents' offices is over. Past you, as you ramble distractedly through the mossy halls, flit audible visions of houris, with veiled, starry eyes, flying tag-ends of things and a swish of silk, bequeathing to the dull hallways an odor of gaiety and a memory of *frangipanni*. Serious young comedians, with versatile Adam's apples, gather in doorways and talk of Booth. Far-reaching from somewhere comes the smell of ham and red cabbage, and the crash of dishes on the American plan.

The indeterminate hum of life in the Thalia is enlivened by the discreet popping – at reasonable and salubrious intervals – of beer-bottle corks. Thus punctuated, life in the genial hostel scans easily – the comma being the favorite mark, semicolons frowned upon, and periods barred.

Miss D'Armande's room was a small one. There was room for her rocker between the dresser and the wash-stand if it were placed longitudinally. On the dresser were its usual accoutrements, plus the ex-leading lady's collected souvenirs of road engagements and photographs of her dearest and best professional friends.

At one of these photographs she looked twice or thrice as she darned, and smiled friendlily.

"I'd like to know where Lee is just this minute," she said, half-aloud.

If you had been privileged to view the photograph thus flattered, you would have thought at the first glance that you saw the picture of a many-petalled white flower, blown through the air by a storm. But the floral kingdom was not responsible for that swirl of petalous whiteness.



You saw the filmy, brief skirt of Miss Rosalie Ray as she made a complete heels-over-head turn in her wistaria-entwined swing, far out from the stage, high above the heads of the audience. You saw the camera's inadequate representation of the graceful, strong kick, with which she, at this exciting moment, sent flying, high and far, the yellow silk garter that each evening spun from her agile limb and descended upon the delighted audience below.

You saw, too, amid the black-clothed, mainly masculine patrons of select vaudeville a hundred hands raised with the hope of staying the flight of the brilliant aerial token.

Forty weeks of the best circuits this act had brought Miss Rosalie Ray, for each of two years. She did other things during her twelve minutes – a song and dance, imitations of two or three actors who are but imitations of themselves, and a balancing feat with a step-ladder and feather-duster; but when the blossom-decked swing was let down from the flies, and Miss Rosalie sprang smiling into the seat, with the golden circlet conspicuous in the place whence it was soon to slide and become a soaring and coveted guerdon – then it was that the audience rose in its seat as a single man – or presumably so – and indorsed the specialty that made Miss Ray's name a favorite in the booking-offices.

At the end of the two years Miss Ray suddenly announced to her dear friend, Miss D'Armande, that she was going to spend the summer at an antediluvian village on the north shore of Long Island, and that the stage would see her no more.

Seventeen minutes after Miss Lynnette D'Armande had expressed her wish to know the whereabouts of her old chum, there were sharp raps at her door.

Doubt not that it was Rosalie Ray. At the shrill command to enter she did so, with something of a tired flutter, and dropped a heavy hand-bag on the floor. Upon my word, it was Rosalie, in a loose, travel-stained automobileless coat, closely tied brown veil with yard-long, flying ends, gray walking-suit and tan oxfords with lavender overgaiters.

When she threw off her veil and hat, you saw a pretty enough face, now flushed and disturbed by some unusual emotion, and restless, large eyes with discontent marring their brightness. A heavy pile of dull auburn hair, hastily put up, was escaping in crinkly, waving strands and curling, small locks from the confining combs and pins.

The meeting of the two was not marked by the effusion vocal, gymnastical, osculatory and catechetical that distinguishes the greetings of their unprofessional sisters in society. There was a brief clinch, two simultaneous labial dabs and they stood on the same footing of the old days. Very much like the short salutations of soldiers or of travellers in foreign wilds are the welcomes between the strollers at the corners of their criss-cross roads.

"I've got the hall-room two flights up above yours," said Rosalie, "but I came straight to see you before going up. I didn't know you were here till they told me."

"I've been in since the last of April," said Lynnette. "And I'm going on the road with a 'Fatal Inheritance' company. We open next week in Elizabeth. I thought you'd quit the stage, Lee. Tell me about yourself."

Rosalie settled herself with a skilful wriggle on the top of Miss D'Armande's wardrobe trunk, and leaned her head against the papered wall. From long habit, thus can peripatetic leading ladies and their sisters make themselves as comfortable as though the deepest armchairs embraced them.

"I'm going to tell you, Lynn," she said, with a strangely sardonic and yet carelessly resigned look on her youthful face. "And then to-morrow I'll strike the old Broadway trail again, and wear some more paint off the chairs in the agents' offices. If anybody had told me any time in the last three months up to four o'clock this afternoon that I'd ever listen to that 'Leave-your-name-and-address' rot of the booking bunch again, I'd have given 'em the real Mrs. Fiske laugh. Loan me a handkerchief, Lynn. Gee! but those Long Island trains are fierce. I've got enough soft-coal cinders on my face to go on and play *Topsy* without using the cork. And, speaking of corks – got anything to drink, Lynn?"

Miss D'Armande opened a door of the wash-stand and took out a bottle.

"There's nearly a pint of Manhattan. There's a cluster of carnations in the drinking glass, but –"

"Oh, pass the bottle. Save the glass for company. Thanks! That hits the spot. The same to you. My first drink in three months!

"Yes, Lynn, I quit the stage at the end of last season. I quit it because I was sick of the life. And especially because my heart and soul were sick of men – of the kind of men we stage people have to be up against. You know what the game is to us – it's a fight against 'em all the way down the line from the manager who wants us to try his new motor-car to the bill-posters who want to call us by our front names.

"And the men we have to meet after the show are the worst of all. The stage-door kind, and the manager's friends who take us to supper and show their diamonds and talk about seeing 'Dan' and 'Dave' and 'Charlie' for us. They're beasts, and I hate 'em.

"I tell you, Lynn, it's the girls like us on the stage that ought to be pitied. It's girls from good homes that are honestly ambitious and work hard to rise in the profession, but never do get there. You hear a lot of sympathy sloshed around on chorus girls and their fifteen dollars a week. Piffle! There ain't a sorrow in the chorus that a lobster cannot heal.

"If there's any tears to shed, let 'em fall for the actress that gets a salary of from thirty to forty-five dollars a week for taking a leading part in a bum show.

She knows she'll never do any better; but she hangs on for years, hoping for the 'chance' I that never comes.

"And the fool plays we have to work in! Having another girl roll you around the stage by the hind legs in a 'Wheelbarrow Chorus' in a musical comedy is dignified drama compared with the idiotic things I've had to do in the thirty-centers.

"But what I hated most was the men – the men leering and blathering at you across tables, trying to buy you with Wuerzburger or Extra Dry, according to their estimate of your price. And the men in the audiences, clapping, yelling, snarling, crowding, writhing, gloating – like a lot of wild beasts, with their eyes fixed on you, ready to eat you up if you come in reach of their claws. Oh, how I hate 'em!

"Well, I'm not telling you much about myself, am I, Lynn?

"I had two hundred dollars saved up, and I cut the stage the first of the summer. I went over on Long Island and found the sweetest little village that ever was, called Soundport, right on the water. I was going to spend the summer there, and study up on elocution, and try to get a class in the fall. There was an old widow lady with a cottage near the beach who sometimes rented a room or two just for company, and she took me in. She had another boarder, too – the Reverend Arthur Lyle.

"Yes, he was the head-liner. You're on, Lynn. I'll tell you all of it in a minute. It's only a one-act play.

"The first time he walked on, Lynn, I felt myself going; the first lines he spoke, he had me. He was different from the men in audiences. He was tall and slim, and you never heard him come in the room, but you felt him. He had a face like a picture of a knight – like one of that Round Table bunch – and a voice like a 'cello solo. And his manners!

"Lynn, if you'd take John Drew in his best drawing-room scene and compare the two, you'd have John arrested for disturbing the peace.

"I'll spare you the particulars; but in less than a month Arthur and I were engaged. He preached at a little one-night stand of a Methodist church. There was to be a parsonage the size of a lunch-wagon, and hens and honeysuckles when we were married. Arthur used to preach to me a good deal about Heaven, but he never could get my mind quite off those honeysuckles and hens.

"No; I didn't tell him I'd been on the stage. I hated the business and all that went with it; I'd cut it out forever, and I didn't see any use of stirring things up. I was a good girl, and I didn't have anything to confess, except being an elocutionist, and that was about all the strain my conscience would stand.

"Oh, I tell you, Lynn, I was happy. I sang in the choir and attended the sewing society, and recited that 'Annie Laurie' thing with the whistling stunt in it, 'in a manner bordering upon the professional,' as the weekly village paper

reported it. And Arthur and I went rowing, and walking in the woods, and clamming, and that poky little village seemed to me the best place in the world. I'd have been happy to live there always, too, if –

“But one morning old Mrs. Gurley, the widow lady, got gossipy while I was helping her string beans on the back porch, and began to gush information, as folks who rent out their rooms usually do. Mr. Lyle was her idea of a saint on earth – as he was mine, too. She went over all his virtues and graces, and wound up by telling me that Arthur had had an extremely romantic love-affair, not long before, that had ended unhappily. She didn't seem to be on to the details, but she knew that he had been hit pretty hard. He was paler and thinner, she said, and he had some kind of a remembrance or keepsake of the lady in a little rosewood box that he kept locked in his desk drawer in his study.

“Several times,’ says she, ‘I’ve seen him gloomerin’ over that box of evenings, and he always locks it up right away if anybody comes into the room.’

“Well, you can imagine how long it was before I got Arthur by the wrist and led him down stage and hissed in his ear.

“That same afternoon we were lazying around in a boat among the water-lilies at the edge of the bay.

“Arthur,’ says I, ‘you never told me you’d had another love-affair. But Mrs. Gurley did,’ I went on, to let him know I knew. I hate to hear a man lie.

“Before you came,’ says he, looking me frankly in the eye, ‘there was a previous affection – a strong one. Since you know of it, I will be perfectly candid with you.’

“I am waiting,’ says I.

“My dear Ida,’ says Arthur – of course I went by my real name, while I was in Soundport – ‘this former affection was a spiritual one, in fact. Although the lady aroused my deepest sentiments, and was, as I thought, my ideal woman, I never met her, and never spoke to her. It was an ideal love. My love for you, while no less ideal, is different. You wouldn't let that come between us.’

“Was she pretty?’ I asked.

“She was very beautiful,’ said Arthur.

“Did you see her often?’ I asked.

“Something like a dozen times,’ says he.

“Always from a distance?’ says I.

“Always from quite a distance,’ says he.

“And you loved her?’ I asked.

“She seemed my ideal of beauty and grace – and soul,’ says Arthur.

“And this keepsake that you keep under lock and key, and moon over at times, is that a remembrance from her?’

“A memento,’ says Arthur, ‘that I have treasured.’

“Did she send it to you?’

“‘It came to me from her,’ says he.

“‘In a roundabout way?’ I asked.

“‘Somewhat roundabout,’ says he, ‘and yet rather direct.’

“‘Why didn’t you ever meet her?’ I asked. ‘Were your positions in life so different?’

“‘She was far above me,’ says Arthur. ‘Now, Ida,’ he goes on, ‘this is all of the past. You’re not going to be jealous, are you?’

“‘Jealous!’ says I. ‘Why, man, what are you talking about? It makes me think ten times as much of you as I did before I knew about it.’

“‘And it did, Lynn – if you can understand it. That ideal love was a new one on me, but it struck me as being the most beautiful and glorious thing I’d ever heard of. Think of a man loving a woman he’d never even spoken to, and being faithful just to what his mind and heart pictured her! Oh, it sounded great to me. The men I’d always known come at you with either diamonds, knock-out-drops or a raise of salary,--and their ideals!--well, we’ll say no more.

“‘Yes, it made me think more of Arthur than I did before. I couldn’t be jealous of that far-away divinity that he used to worship, for I was going to have him myself. And I began to look upon him as a saint on earth, just as old lady Gurley did.

“‘About four o’clock this afternoon a man came to the house for Arthur to go and see somebody that was sick among his church bunch. Old lady Gurley was taking her afternoon snore on a couch, so that left me pretty much alone.

“‘In passing by Arthur’s study I looked in, and saw his bunch of keys hanging in the drawer of his desk, where he’d forgotten ‘em. Well, I guess we’re all to the Mrs. Bluebeard now and then, ain’t we, Lynn? I made up my mind I’d have a look at that memento he kept so secret. Not that I cared what it was – it was just curiosity.

“‘While I was opening the drawer I imagined one or two things it might be. I thought it might be a dried rosebud she’d dropped down to him from a balcony, or maybe a picture of her he’d cut out of a magazine, she being so high up in the world.

“‘I opened the drawer, and there was the rosewood casket about the size of a gent’s collar box. I found the little key in the bunch that fitted it, and unlocked it and raised the lid.

“‘I took one look at that memento, and then I went to my room and packed my trunk. I threw a few things into my grip, gave my hair a flirt or two with a side-comb, put on my hat, and went in and gave the old lady’s foot a kick. I’d tried awfully hard to use proper and correct language while I was there for Arthur’s sake, and I had the habit down pat, but it left me then.

“‘Stop sawing gourds,’ says I, ‘and sit up and take notice. The ghost’s about to walk. I’m going away from here, and I owe you eight dollars. The expressman will call for my trunk.’

“I handed her the money.

“‘Dear me, Miss Crosby!’ says she. ‘Is anything wrong? I thought you were pleased here. Dear me, young women are so hard to understand, and so different from what you expect ‘em to be.’

“‘You’re damn right,’ says I. ‘Some of ‘em are. But you can’t say that about men. WHEN YOU KNOW ONE MAN YOU KNOW ‘EM ALL! That settles the human-race question.’

“And then I caught the four-thirty-eight, soft-coal unlimited; and here I am.”

“You didn’t tell me what was in the box, Lee,” said Miss D’armande, anxiously.

“One of those yellow silk garters that I used to kick off my leg into the audience during that old vaudeville swing act of mine. Is there any of the cocktail left, Lynn?”

## Translating Practice

### 1) Complete the Russian sentences:

1. Ей больше всего хотелось бы сейчас ... (The tumult and glitter of the roaring Broadway beneath her window had no charm for her; what she greatly desired was the stifling air of a dressing-room on that fairyland street and the roar of an audience gathered in that capricious quarter.)

2. На столике были разложены обычные туалетные принадлежности и ... (On the dresser were its usual accoutrements, plus the ex-leading lady’s collected souvenirs of road engagements and photographs of her dearest and best professional friends.)

3. Когда она откинула вуаль и сняла шляпу, ... (When she threw off her veil and hat, you saw a pretty enough face, now flushed and disturbed by some unusual emotion, and restless, large eyes with discontent marring their brightness.)

4. Но вот как-то раз утром, когда я помогала старухе миссис Герли ... (But one morning old Mrs. Gurley, the widow lady, got gossipy while I was helping her string beans on the back porch, and began to gush information, as folks who rent out their rooms usually do. Mr. Lyle was her idea of a saint on earth – as he was mine, too.)

5. Бедняжка так побледнел, осунулся, – рассказывала она. – ... (He was paler and thinner, she said, and he had some kind of a remembrance or keepsake of the lady in a little rosewood box that he kept locked in his desk drawer in his study.)

**2) Find in the text the English equivalents for the underlined words and word combinations in Russian:**

а) В течение двух лет, сорок недель подряд, этот номер приносил мисс Розали Рэй полный сбор и неизменный успех в каждом турне. Ее выступление длилось двенадцать минут: песенка, танец, имитация двух-трех актеров, которые искусно имитируют сами себя, и эквилибристическая шутка с лестницей и метелкой; но когда сверху на авансцену спускались увитые цветами качели и мисс Розали, улыбаясь, вскакивала на сиденье и золотой ободок ярко выступал на ее ножке, откуда он вот-вот должен был слететь и превратиться в парящий в воздухе желанный приз, тогда вся публика в зале срывалась с мест как один человек и дружные аплодисменты, приветствовавшие этот изумительный полет, прочно обеспечивали мисс Рэй репутацию любимицы публики.

б) Ну, я тебя избавлю от всяких подробностей; словом, не прошло и месяца, как мы с Артуром были помолвлены. Он был проповедником в маленькой методистской церквушке, просто такая часовенка, вроде будки. После свадьбы мы с ним должны были поселиться в маленьком пасторском домике, величиной с закусочный фургон, и у нас были бы свои куры и садик, весь заросший жимолостью. Артур очень любил проповедовать мне о небесах, но мои мысли невольно устремлялись к этой жимолости и курам, и он ничего не мог с этим поделать.

Нет, я, конечно, не говорила ему, что была на сцене, я ненавидела это ремесло и все, что с ним было связано. Я навсегда покончила с театром и не видела никакого смысла ворошить старое. Я была честная, порядочная девушка, и мне не в чем было каяться, разве только в том, что я занималась дикцией. Вот и все, что у меня было на совести.

**3) Translate into Russian the words and word combinations in italic:**

а) *The tumult and glitter of the roaring Broadway* beneath her window had no charm for her; what *she greatly desired* was the stifling air of a *dressing-room* on that fairyland street and *the roar of an audience gathered in that capricious quarter*. In the meantime, those stockings must not be neglected. Silk does wear out so, but – after all, isn't it just *the only goods there is*?

б) If you had been privileged to *view the photograph thus flattered*, you would have thought at *the first glance* that you saw the picture of a *many-petalled white flower, blown through the air by a storm*. But the *floral kingdom* was not responsible for that *swirl of petalous whiteness*.

в) I had two hundred dollars *saved up*, and I *cut the stage* the first of the summer. I *went over on Long Island* and found the sweetest little village that ever was, called Soundport, *right on the water*. I was going to spend the summer there, and *study up on elocution*, and *try to get a class in the fall*. There was an

*old widow* lady with a cottage near the beach who sometimes *rented a room* or two just for company, and she took me in. She *had another boarder*, too – the Reverend Arthur Lyle.

d) I *took one look* at that memento, and then I *went to my room and packed my trunk*. I threw a few things into my grip, *gave my hair a flirt* or two with a side-comb, *put on my hat*, and went in and *gave the old lady's foot a kick*. I'd tried *awfully hard to use* proper and correct language while I was there for Arthur's sake, and I *had the habit down pat*, but it left me then.

#### **4) Replace the underlined words with its synonyms:**

a) You saw the filmy, brief skirt of Miss Rosalie Ray as she made a complete heels-over-head turn in her wistaria-entwined swing, far out from the stage, high above the heads of the audience.

b) The meeting of the two was not marked by the effusion vocal, gymnastical, osculatory and catechetical that distinguishes the greetings of their unprofessional sisters in society. There was a brief clinch, two simultaneous labial dabs and they stood on the same footing of the old days. Very much like the short salutations of soldiers or of travellers in foreign wilds are the welcomes between the strollers at the corners of their criss-cross roads.

c) She went over all his virtues and graces, and wound up by telling me that Arthur had had an extremely romantic love-affair, not long before, that had ended unhappily. She didn't seem to be on to the details, but she knew that he had been hit pretty hard.

#### **5) Translate the following into Russian in written form**

1. "My dear Ida," says Arthur – of course I went by my real name, while I was in Soundport – 'this former affection was a spiritual one, in fact. Although the lady aroused my deepest sentiments, and was, as I thought, my ideal woman, I never met her, and never spoke to her. It was an ideal love. My love for you, while no less ideal, is different. You wouldn't let that come between us.'

"Was she pretty?" I asked.

"She was very beautiful," said Arthur.

"Did you see her often?" I asked.

"Something like a dozen times," says he.

"Always from a distance?" says I.

"Always from quite a distance," says he.

"And you loved her?" I asked.

"She seemed my ideal of beauty and grace – and soul," says Arthur.

"And this keepsake that you keep under lock and key, and moon over at times, is that a remembrance from her?"

"A memento," says Arthur, 'that I have treasured.'



2. "I opened the drawer, and there was the rosewood casket about the size of a gent's collar box. I found the little key in the bunch that fitted it, and unlocked it and raised the lid.

"I took one look at that memento, and then I went to my room and packed my trunk. I threw a few things into my grip, gave my hair a flirt or two with a side-comb, put on my hat, and went in and gave the old lady's foot a kick. I'd tried awfully hard to use proper and correct language while I was there for Arthur's sake, and I had the habit down pat, but it left me then.

3. "'Dear me, Miss Crosby!' says she. 'Is anything wrong? I thought you were pleased here. Dear me, young women are so hard to understand, and so different from what you expect 'em to be.'

"'You're damn right,' says I. 'Some of 'em are. But you can't say that about men. WHEN YOU KNOW ONE MAN YOU KNOW 'EM ALL! That settles the human-race question.'

"And then I caught the four-thirty-eight, soft-coal unlimited; and here I am."

"You didn't tell me what was in the box, Lee," said Miss D'Armande, anxiously.

"One of those yellow silk garters that I used to kick off my leg into the audience during that old vaudeville swing act of mine. Is there any of the cocktail left, Lynn?"

## Speaking practice

### 1. Answer the questions:

1. Why did Miss Lynnette D'Armande turn her back on Broadway? What did she greatly desire?

2. Where were Miss Lynnette D'Armande's souvenirs of road engagements and photographs of her dearest and best professional friends. Why did she look at one of them?

3. Who was Miss Rosalie Ray? What did she do?

4. Why did Miss Rosalie Ray return?

5. Where did she rent a room?

6. Who was another boarder?

7. Did Miss Rosalie Ray and Arthur Lynn get married?

8. What was Arthur Lynn's memento?

### 2) Put the sentences in the logical order:

1. In less than a month Arthur Lynn and Miss Rosalie Ray were engaged.

2. Miss Rosalie Ray made a complete heels-over-head turn in her wistaria-entwined swing, far out from the stage, high above the heads of the audience.

3. Miss Rosalie Ray opened the drawer, and there was the rosewood casket about the size of a gent's collar box. She found the little key in the bunch that fitted it, and unlocked it and raised the lid.

4. Mrs. Gurley, the widow lady went over all his virtues and graces, and wound up by telling her that Arthur had had an extremely romantic love-affair, not long before, that had ended unhappily.

5. Miss Rosalie Ray went over on Long Island and found the sweetest little village that ever was called Soundport.

6. Miss Lynnette D'Armande turned the back of her chair to her window that overlooked Broadway.

7. In the box was one of those yellow silk garters that I Miss Rosalie Ray used to kick off her leg into the audience during that old vaudeville swing act.

8. Arthur Lynn had some kind of a remembrance or keepsake of the lady in a little rosewood box that he kept locked in his desk drawer in his study.

**3) What is the main idea of the story?**

**4) Act out a dialogue between Arthur Lynn and Miss Rosalie Ray. Use the text to help you.**

**5) Say why:**

1. Miss Lynnette D'Armande was surprised facing Miss Rosalie Ray.
2. Miss Rosalie Ray left Broadway.
3. Arthur Lynn had some kind of a remembrance.
4. Miss Rosalie Ray caught the four-thirty-eight, soft-coal unlimited.

**6) Comment on: WHEN YOU KNOW ONE MAN YOU KNOW THEM ALL!**

## Part II. TEXTS FOR INDEPENDENT TRANSLATING

### Text I. DOUGHERTY'S EYE-OPENER

#### Learn the new words by heart

1. Eye-opener – (разг.) что-то, вызывающее сильное удивление, открывающее человеку глаза на действительное положение вещей
2. Sport – (амер.) повеса, бездельник
3. Distinct – особый, отличительный
4. Artful – хитрый, коварный, искусный, ловкий
5. Self-sufficient – самодостаточный
6. Clannish – клановой, родовой
7. Honorable – благородный, достойный
8. Substantive – существенный, основной, материальный
9. Nobility – знать
10. Habitat – среда обитания
11. Lobby – вестибюль (гостиницы)
12. Unanimous – единодушный, единогласный, дружный
13. Copper – покрывать медью
14. Spouse – супруг, супруга, спутник жизни
15. Chowder – похлебка
16. Patent – явный, очевидный, открытый, доступный
17. Divert – отвлекать, уводить, направлять
18. Bulbul – Бюль-Бюль
19. Integer – целый, целостный
20. Herd – пастись вместе со стадом
21. Lapel – лацкан
22. Slumber – сон, дремота
23. Rendezvous – randevу, свидание, встреча
24. Charge – поручение, требование, обязанность
25. Matinees – дневной спектакль или концерт
26. Astound – поражать, изумлять
27. Proposition – предложение
28. Gown – платье
29. Plumage – оперенье
30. Revelation – откровение, озарение
31. Remind – напоминать
32. Stalk – красться, преследовать
33. Outing – прогулка, экскурсия, вылазка
34. Unwonted – нежелательный
35. Inconspicuous – незаметный, неброский
36. Precept – заповедь, предписание, правило

37. Countenance – менять выражение лица, самообладание
38. Complain – жаловаться
39. Resolve – решать
40. Petrified – окаменевший
41. Flicker – вспышка, мерцание
42. Beam – излучать свет, светиться
43. Gregariousness – общительность
44. Immurement – замуровывание
45. Deed – поступок
46. Sue – преследовать
47. Rascal – негодяй, шалун
48. Dumb – немой, безсловесно, глупо, по-дурацки
49. Witty – остроумный
50. Grim – мрачный, угрюмый
51. Radiate – излучать, светиться, сиять
52. Vanquish – побеждать
53. Repartee – реплики
54. Selfish – эгоистичный

### **Read and translate paragraphs in italic in the written form**

*Big Jim Dougherty was a sport. He belonged to that race of men. In Manhattan it is a distinct race. They are the Caribs of the North – strong, artful, self-sufficient, clannish, honorable within the laws of their race, holding in lenient contempt neighboring tribes who bow to the measure of Society's tapeline. I refer, of course, to the titled nobility of sportdom. There is a class which bears as a qualifying adjective the substantive belonging to a wind instrument made of a cheap and base metal. But the tin mines of Cornwall never produced the material for manufacturing descriptive nomenclature for "Big Jim" Dougherty.*

The habitat of the sport is the lobby or the outside corner of certain hotels and combination restaurants and cafes. They are mostly men of different sizes, running from small to large; but they are unanimous in the possession of a recently shaven, blue-black cheek and chin and dark overcoats (in season) with black velvet collars.

Of the domestic life of the sport little is known. It has been said that Cupid and Hymen sometimes take a hand in the game and copper the queen of hearts to lose. Daring theorists have averred – not content with simply saying – that a sport often contracts a spouse, and even incurs descendants. Sometimes he sits in the game of politics; and then at chowder picnics there is a revelation of a Mrs. Sport and little Sports in glazed hats with tin pails.

*But mostly the sport is Oriental. He believes his women-folk should not be too patent. Somewhere behind grilles or flower-ornamented fire escapes they*

*await him. There, no doubt, they tread on rugs from Teheran and are diverted by the bulbul and play upon the dulcimer and feed upon sweetmeats. But away from his home the sport is an integer. He does not, as men of other races in Manhattan do, become the convoy in his unoccupied hours of fluttering laces and high heels that tick off delectably the happy seconds of the evening parade. He herds with his own race at corners, and delivers a commentary in his Carib lingo upon the passing show.*

“Big Jim” Dougherty had a wife, but he did not wear a button portrait of her upon his lapel. He had a home in one of those brown-stone, iron-railed streets on the west side that look like a recently excavated bowling alley of Pompeii.

To this home of his Mr. Dougherty repaired each night when the hour was so late as to promise no further diversion in the arch domains of sport. By that time the occupant of the monogamistic harem would be in dreamland, the bulbul silenced and the hour propitious for slumber.

“Big Jim” always arose at twelve, meridian, for breakfast, and soon afterward he would return to the rendezvous of his “crowd.”

He was always vaguely conscious that there was a Mrs. Dougherty. He would have received without denial the charge that the quiet, neat, comfortable little woman across the table at home was his wife. In fact, he remembered pretty well that they had been married for nearly four years. She would often tell him about the cute tricks of Spot, the canary, and the light-haired lady that lived in the window of the flat across the street.

*“Big Jim” Dougherty even listened to this conversation of hers sometimes. He knew that she would have a nice dinner ready for him every evening at seven when he came for it. She sometimes went to matinees, and she had a talking machine with six dozen records. Once when her Uncle Amos blew in on a wind from up-state, she went with him to the Eden Musee. Surely these things were diversions enough for any woman.*

*One afternoon Mr. Dougherty finished his breakfast, put on his hat and got away fairly for the door. When his hand was on the knob he heard his wife’s voice.*

*“Jim,” she said, firmly, “I wish you would take me out to dinner this evening. It has been three years since you have been outside the door with me.”*

*“Big Jim” was astounded. She had never asked anything like this before. It had the flavour of a totally new proposition. But he was a game sport.*

*“All right,” he said. “You be ready when I come at seven. None of this ‘wait two minutes till I primp an hour or two’ kind of business, now, Dele.”*

*“I’ll be ready,” said his wife, calmly.*

*At seven she descended the stone steps in the Pompeian bowling alley at the side of “Big Jim” Dougherty. She wore a dinner gown made of a stuff that the spiders must have woven, and of a color that a twilight sky must have contributed. A light coat with many admirably unnecessary capes and adorably*

*inutile ribbons floated downward from her shoulders. Fine feathers do make fine birds; and the only reproach in the saying is for the man who refuses to give up his earnings to the ostrich-tip industry.*

“Big Jim” Dougherty was troubled. There was a being at his side whom he did not know. He thought of the sober-hued plumage that this bird of paradise was accustomed to wear in her cage, and this winged revelation puzzled him. In some way she reminded him of the Delia Cullen that he had married four years before. Shyly and rather awkwardly he stalked at her right hand.

“After dinner I’ll take you back home, Dele,” said Mr. Dougherty, “and then I’ll drop back up to Seltzer’s with the boys. You can have swell chuck to-night if you want it. I made a winning on Anaconda yesterday; so you can go as far as you like.”

*Mr. Dougherty had intended to make the outing with his unwonted wife an inconspicuous one. Uxoriousness was a weakness that the precepts of the Caribs did not countenance. If any of his friends of the track, the billiard cloth or the square circle had wives they had never complained of the fact in public. There were a number of table d’hote places on the cross streets near the broad and shining way; and to one of these he had purposed to escort her, so that the bushel might not be removed from the light of his domesticity.*

But while on the way Mr. Dougherty altered those intentions. He had been casting stealthy glances at his attractive companion and he was seized with the conviction that she was no selling plater. He resolved to parade with his wife past Seltzer’s cafe, where at this time a number of his tribe would be gathered to view the daily evening procession. Yes; and he would take her to dine at Hoogley’s, the swellest slow-lunch warehouse on the line, he said to himself.

*The congregation of smooth-faced tribal gentlemen were on watch at Seltzer’s. As Mr. Dougherty and his reorganized Delia passed they stared, momentarily petrified, and then removed their hats – a performance as unusual to them as was the astonishing innovation presented to their gaze by “Big Jim”. On the latter gentleman’s impassive face there appeared a slight flicker of triumph – a faint flicker, no more to be observed than the expression called there by the draft of little casino to a four-card spade flush.*

Hoogley’s was animated. Electric lights shone as, indeed, they were expected to do. And the napery, the glassware and the flowers also meritoriously performed the spectacular duties required of them. The guests were numerous, well-dressed and gay.

A waiter – not necessarily obsequious – conducted “Big Jim” Dougherty and his wife to a table.

“Play that menu straight across for what you like, Dele,” said “Big Jim.” “It’s you for a trough of the gilded oats to-night. It strikes me that maybe we’ve been sticking too fast to home fodder.”

*“Big Jim’s” wife gave her order. He looked at her with respect. She had mentioned truffles; and he had not known that she knew what truffles were. From the wine list she designated an appropriate and desirable brand. He looked at her with some admiration.*

*She was beaming with the innocent excitement that woman derives from the exercise of her gregariousness. She was talking to him about a hundred things with animation and delight. And as the meal progressed her cheeks, colorless from a life indoors, took on a delicate flush. “Big Jim” looked around the room and saw that none of the women there had her charm. And then he thought of the three years she had suffered immurement, uncomplaining, and a flush of shame warmed him, for he carried fair play as an item in his creed.*

But when the Honorable Patrick Corrigan, leader in Dougherty’s district and a friend of his, saw them and came over to the table, matters got to the three-quarter stretch. The Honorable Patrick was a gallant man, both in deeds and words. As for the Blarney stone, his previous actions toward it must have been pronounced. Heavy damages for breach of promise could surely have been obtained had the Blarney stone seen fit to sue the Honorable Patrick.

“Jimmy, old man!” he called; he clapped Dougherty on the back; he shone like a midday sun upon Delia.

“Honorable Mr. Corrigan – Mrs. Dougherty,” said “Big Jim.”

The Honorable Patrick became a fountain of entertainment and admiration. The waiter had to fetch a third chair for him; he made another at the table, and the wineglasses were refilled.

“You selfish old rascal!” he exclaimed, shaking an arch finger at “Big Jim,” “to have kept Mrs. Dougherty a secret from us.”

*And then “Big Jim” Dougherty, who was no talker, sat dumb, and saw the wife who had dined every evening for three years at home, blossom like a fairy flower. Quick, witty, charming, full of light and ready talk, she received the experienced attack of the Honorable Patrick on the field of repartee and surprised, vanquished, delighted him. She unfolded her long-closed petals and around her the room became a garden. They tried to include “Big Jim” in the conversation, but he was without a vocabulary.*

And then a stray bunch of politicians and good fellows who lived for sport came into the room. They saw “Big Jim” and the leader, and over they came and were made acquainted with Mrs. Dougherty. And in a few minutes she was holding a salon. Half a dozen men surrounded her, courtiers all, and six found her capable of charming. “Big Jim” sat, grim, and kept saying to himself: “Three years, three years!”

The dinner came to an end. The Honorable Patrick reached for Mrs. Dougherty’s cloak; but that was a matter of action instead of words, and Dougherty’s big hand got it first by two seconds.

While the farewells were being said at the door the Honorable Patrick smote Dougherty mightily between the shoulders.

*“Jimmy, me boy,” he declared, in a giant whisper, “the madam is a jewel of the first water. Ye’re a lucky dog.”*

*“Big Jim” walked homeward with his wife. She seemed quite as pleased with the lights and show windows in the streets as with the admiration of the men in Hoogley’s. As they passed Seltzer’s they heard the sound of many voices in the cafe. The boys would be starting the drinks around now and discussing past performances.*

At the door of their home Delia paused. The pleasure of the outing radiated softly from her countenance. She could not hope for Jim of evenings, but the glory of this one would lighten her lonely hours for a long time.

“Thank you for taking me out, Jim,” she said, gratefully. “You’ll be going back up to Seltzer’s now, of course.”

“To ---- with Seltzer’s,” said “Big Jim,” emphatically. “And d----

Pat Corrigan! Does he think I haven’t got any eyes?”

And the door closed behind both of them.

### **Answer the questions to the text**

1. What features are common for the so-called tribe of “the sport”?
2. Did “Big Jim” belong to the distinct race?
3. How did most sports look like?
4. Why was the domestic life of the sport little known to the public?
5. What does the author mean by “mostly sport is Oriental”?
6. Where did “Big Jim” live?
7. What way of life did he lead?
8. What time did he fall asleep and arise?
9. Was Big Jim interested in his wife’s company at home?
10. What did his wife talk him about?
11. What diversions did his wife have?
12. Why his wife’s proposition astounded “Big Jim”?
13. Why was he troubled at the sight of his wife’s appearance?
14. What revelation wasn’t he accustomed to?
15. Where did he decide to make the outing with his wife first?
16. Why did he alter his intentions later?
17. What flicker of triumph did the main character experience?
18. Why did “Big Jim” look at his wife with respect and admiration at the public?
19. Can you prove that his wife was a charming and intelligent woman?
20. What made him suffer from shame?
21. Did “Big Jim” regret taking his wife out?



22. How did his wife delight Honorable Patrick?
23. What does the author mean by “in a few minutes she was holding a salon”?
24. Why did Patrick call “Big Jim” a lucky dog?
25. Can you comment on the title of the story?

## Text II. THE DEFEAT OF THE CITY

### Learn the new words by heart

1. Defeat – поражение
2. Descend (upon) – спускаться, внезапно нападать
3. Fortune – состояние, богатство
4. Swallow (up) – поглощать, проглатывать
5. Trim – обтесать, приводить в порядок
6. Insolence – оскорбительное высокомерие, наглость, дерзость
7. Crassness – грубость
8. Freckle – веснушка
9. Couch – карета, экипаж
10. Cotillion – котильон (танец)
11. Figure – упоминать
12. Waylay – подстерегать, устраивать засаду
13. Hyphenated – американцы иностранного происхождения
14. Clap – хлопать
15. Inaccessible – недоступный, недостижимый, неприступный
16. Chaste – целомудренный, строгий (о стиле)
17. Accomplish – достигать (совершенства)
18. Ripple – рябь, журчание
19. Crops – сельскохозяйственные культуры
20. Calf – теленок
21. Lorgnette – театральный бинокль
22. Trunk – дорожный чемодан, сундук
23. Attorney – адвокат, юрист
24. Endeavor – стараться, прилагать усилия
25. Nail – окликнуть, приветствовать
26. Grin – усмехаться, скалиться
27. Strip (of) – сдирать, снимать, лишаться
28. Confide – ограничивать
29. Chant – песня
30. Seize – захватывать
31. Bestrew – покрывать, устилать
32. Naughty – надменный, высокомерный

33. Writh – страдать от смущения, стыда
34. Landlubber – новичок (разг.)
35. Dude – пижон
36. Distinguished – известный
37. Disheveled – растрепанный, взъерошенный
38. Pert – дерзкий
39. Boisterous – неистовый, бурный, шумливый
40. Yokel – деревенщина, неотесанный парень
41. Clodhopper – дурень, олух (разг.)
42. Reprove – порицать, бранить, делать выговор
43. Immaculate – безупречный, безукоризненный
44. Behold – замечать, видеть
45. Poise – уравниовешенность, самообладание, осанка
46. Condemnation – приговор, осуждение

### **Read and translate paragraph in italic in the written form**

*Robert Walmsley's descent upon the city resulted in a Kilkenny struggle. He came out of the fight victor by a fortune and a reputation. On the other hand, he was swallowed up by the city. The city gave him what he demanded and then branded him with its brand. It remodelled, cut, trimmed and stamped him to the pattern it approves. It opened its social gates to him and shut him in on a close-cropped, formal lawn with the select herd of ruminants. In dress, habits, manners, provincialism, routine and narrowness he acquired that charming insolence, that irritating completeness, that sophisticated crassness, that overbalanced poise that makes the Manhattan gentleman so delightfully small in his greatness.*

*One of the up-state rural counties pointed with pride to the successful young metropolitan lawyer as a product of its soil. Six years earlier this county had removed the wheat straw from between its huckleberry-stained teeth and emitted a derisive and bucolic laugh as old man Walmsley's freckle-faced "Bob" abandoned the certain three-per-diem meals of the one-horse farm for the discontinuous quick lunch counters of the three-ringed metropolis. At the end of the six years no murder trial, coaching party, automobile accident or cotillion was complete in which the name of Robert Walmsley did not figure. Tailors waylaid him in the street to get a new wrinkle from the cut of his unwrinkled trousers. Hyphenated fellows in the clubs and members of the oldest subpoenaed families were glad to clap him on the back and allow him three letters of his name.*

*But the Matterhorn of Robert Walmsley's success was not scaled until he married Alicia Van Der Pool. I cite the Matterhorn, for just so high and cool and white and inaccessible was this daughter of the old burghers. The social Alps that ranged about her over whose bleak passes a thousand climbers*

*struggled – reached only to her knees. She towered in her own atmosphere, serene, chaste, prideful, wading in no fountains, dining no monkeys, breeding no dogs for bench shows. She was a Van Der Pool. Fountains were made to play for her; monkeys were made for other people's ancestors; dogs, she understood, were created to be companions of blind persons and objectionable characters who smoked pipes.*

This was the Matterhorn that Robert Walmsley accomplished. If he found, with the good poet with the game foot and artificially curled hair, that he who ascends to mountain tops will find the loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow, he concealed his chilblains beneath a brave and smiling exterior. He was a lucky man and knew it, even though he were imitating the Spartan boy with an ice-cream freezer beneath his doublet frappeeing the region of his heart.

After a brief wedding tour abroad, the couple returned to create a decided ripple in the calm cistern (so placid and cool and sunless it is) of the best society. They entertained at their red brick mausoleum of ancient greatness in an old square that is a cemetery of crumbled glory. And Robert Walmsley was proud of his wife; although while one of his hands shook his guests' the other held tightly to his alpenstock and thermometer.

*One day Alicia found a letter written to Robert by his mother. It was an unerudite letter, full of crops and motherly love and farm notes. It chronicled the health of the pig and the recent red calf, and asked concerning Robert's in return. It was a letter direct from the soil, straight from home, full of biographies of bees, tales of turnips, paeans of new-laid eggs, neglected parents and the slump in dried apples.*

"Why have I not been shown your mother's letters?" asked Alicia. There was always something in her voice that made you think of lorgnettes, of accounts at Tiffany's, of sledges smoothly gliding on the trail from Dawson to Forty Mile, of the tinkling of pendant prisms on your grandmothers' chandeliers, of snow lying on a convent roof; of a police sergeant refusing bail. "Your mother," continued Alicia, "invites us to make a visit to the farm. I have never seen a farm. We will go there for a week or two, Robert."

"We will," said Robert, with the grand air of an associate Supreme Justice concurring in an opinion. "I did not lay the invitation before you because I thought you would not care to go. I am much pleased at your decision."

"I will write to her myself," answered Alicia, with a faint foreshadowing of enthusiasm. "Felice shall pack my trunks at once. Seven, I think, will be enough. I do not suppose that your mother entertains a great deal. Does she give many house parties?"

Robert arose, and as attorney for rural places filed a demurrer against six of the seven trunks. He endeavored to define, picture, elucidate, set forth and describe a farm. His own words sounded strange in his ears. He had not realized how thoroughly urbsidized he had become.

*A week passed and found them landed at the little country station five hours out from the city. A grinning, stentorian, sarcastic youth driving a mule to a spring wagon hailed Robert savagely.*

“Hallo, Mr. Walmsley. Found your way back at last, have you? Sorry I couldn’t bring in the automobile for you, but dad’s bull-tonguing the ten-acre clover patch with it to-day. Guess you’ll excuse my not wearing a dress suit over to meet you – it ain’t six o’clock yet, you know.”

“I’m glad to see you, Tom,” said Robert, grasping his brother’s hand.

“Yes, I’ve found my way at last. You’ve a right to say ‘at last.’ It’s been over two years since the last time. But it will be oftener after this, my boy.”

*Alicia, cool in the summer heat as an Arctic wraith, white as a Norse snow maiden in her flimsy muslin and fluttering lace parasol, came round the corner of the station; and Tom was stripped of his assurance. He became chiefly eyesight clothed in blue jeans, and on the homeward drive to the mule alone did he confide in language the inwardness of his thoughts.*

They drove homeward. The low sun dropped a spendthrift flood of gold upon the fortunate fields of wheat. The cities were far away. The road lay curling around wood and dale and hill like a ribbon lost from the robe of careless summer. The wind followed like a whinnying colt in the track of Phoebus’s steeds.

By and by the farmhouse peeped gray out of its faithful grove; they saw the long lane with its convoy of walnut trees running from the road to the house; they smelled the wild rose and the breath of cool, damp willows in the creek’s bed. And then in unison all the voices of the soil began a chant addressed to the soul of Robert Walmsley. Out of the tilted aisles of the dim wood they came hollowly; they chirped and buzzed from the parched grass; they trilled from the ripples of the creek ford; they floated up in clear Pan’s pipe notes from the dimming meadows; the whippoorwills joined in as they pursued midges in the upper air; slow-going cow-bells struck out a homely accompaniment – and this was what each one said: “You’ve found your way back at last, have you?”

*The old voices of the soil spoke to him. Leaf and bud and blossom conversed with him in the old vocabulary of his careless youth – the inanimate things, the familiar stones and rails, the gates and furrows and roofs and turns of the road had an eloquence, too, and a power in the transformation. The country had smiled and he had felt the breath of it, and his heart was drawn as if in a moment back to his old love. The city was far away.*

This rural atavism, then, seized Robert Walmsley and possessed him. A queer thing he noticed in connection with it was that Alicia, sitting at his side, suddenly seemed to him a stranger. She did not belong to this recurrent phase. Never before had she seemed so remote, so colorless and high – so intangible and unreal. And yet he had never admired her more than when she sat there by

him in the rickety spring wagon, chiming no more with his mood and with her environment than the Matterhorn chimes with a peasant's cabbage garden.

That night when the greetings and the supper were over, the entire family, including Buff, the yellow dog, bestrewed itself upon the front porch. Alicia, not haughty but silent, sat in the shadow dressed in an exquisite pale-gray tea gown. Robert's mother discoursed to her happily concerning marmalade and lumbago. Tom sat on the top step; Sisters Millie and Pam on the lowest step to catch the lightning bugs. Mother had the willow rocker. Father sat in the big armchair with one of its arms gone. Buff sprawled in the middle of the porch in everybody's way. The twilight pixies and pucks stole forth unseen and plunged other poignant shafts of memory into the heart of Robert. A rural madness entered his soul. The city was far away.

Father sat without his pipe, writhing in his heavy boots, a sacrifice to rigid courtesy. Robert shouted: "No, you don't!" He fetched the pipe and lit it; he seized the old gentleman's boots and tore them off. The last one slipped suddenly, and Mr. Robert Walmsley, of Washington Square, tumbled off the porch backward with Buff on top of him, howling fearfully. Tom laughed sarcastically.

*Robert tore off his coat and vest and hurled them into a lilac bush.*

*"Come out here, you landlubber," he cried to Tom, "and I'll put grass seed on your back. I think you called me a 'dude' a while ago. Come along and cut your capers."*

*Tom understood the invitation and accepted it with delight. Three times they wrestled on the grass, "side holds," even as the giants of the mat. And twice was Tom forced to bite grass at the hands of the distinguished lawyer. Dishevelled, panting, each still boasting of his own prowess, they stumbled back to the porch. Millie cast a pert reflection upon the qualities of a city brother. In an instant Robert had secured a horrid katydid in his fingers and bore down upon her. Screaming wildly, she fled up the lane, pursued by the avenging glass of form. A quarter of a mile and they returned, she full of apology to the victorious "dude." The rustic mania possessed him unabatedly.*

"I can do up a cowpenful of you slow hayseeds," he proclaimed, vaingloriously. "Bring on your bulldogs, your hired men and your log-rollers."

He turned handsprings on the grass that prodded Tom to envious sarcasm. And then, with a whoop, he clattered to the rear and brought back Uncle Ike, a battered colored retainer of the family, with his banjo, and strewed sand on the porch and danced "Chicken in the Bread Tray" and did buck-and-wing wonders for half an hour longer. Incredibly, wild and boisterous things he did. He sang, he told stories that set all but one shrieking, he played the yokel, the humorous clodhopper; he was mad, mad with the revival of the old life in his blood.

*He became so extravagant that once his mother sought gently to reprove him. Then Alicia moved as though she were about to speak, but she did not.*

*Through it all she sat immovable, a slim, white spirit in the dusk that no man might question or read.*

By and by she asked permission to ascend to her room, saying that she was tired. On her way she passed Robert. He was standing in the door, the figure of vulgar comedy, with ruffled hair, reddened face and unpardonable confusion of attire – no trace there of the immaculate Robert Walmsley, the courted clubman and ornament of select circles. He was doing a conjuring trick with some household utensils, and the family, now won over to him without exception, was beholding him with worshipful admiration.

As Alicia passed in Robert started suddenly. He had forgotten for the moment that she was present. Without a glance at him she went on upstairs.

After that the fun grew quiet. An hour passed in talk, and then Robert went up himself.

*She was standing by the window when he entered their room. She was still clothed as when they were on the porch. Outside and crowding against the window was a giant apple tree, full blossomed.*

*Robert sighed and went near the window. He was ready to meet his fate. A confessed vulgarian, he foresaw the verdict of justice in the shape of that whiteclad form. He knew the rigid lines that a Van Der Pool would draw. He was a peasant gambolling indecorously in the valley, and the pure, cold, white, unthawed summit of the Matterhorn could not but frown on him. He had been unmasked by his own actions. All the polish, the poise, the form that the city had given him had fallen from him like an ill-fitting mantle at the first breath of a country breeze. Dully he awaited the approaching condemnation.*

“Robert,” said the calm, cool voice of his judge, “I thought I married a gentleman.”

Yes, it was coming. And yet, in the face of it, Robert Walmsley was eagerly regarding a certain branch of the apple tree upon which he used to climb out of that very window. He believed he could do it now. He wondered how many blossoms there were on the tree – ten millions? But here was some one speaking again:

*“I thought I married a gentleman,” the voice went on, “but – “*

*Why had she come and was standing so close by his side?*

*“But I find that I have married” – was this Alicia talking?-- “something better – a man – Bob, dear, kiss me, won’t you?”*

The city was far away.

### **Answer the questions to the text**

1. Why did one of the up-state rural counties point with pride to Robert Walmsley as a product of its soil?
2. What did Robert do in the city?
3. Why did the city swallow him?

4. How does a true Manhattan gentlemen look like?
5. What happened since Robert left his farm?
6. When did people figure Robert's name? Why?
7. Do you agree that Robert's success with the public was due to his lucky marriage?
8. Why was Robert proud of his wife?
9. What did Robert's mother write in the letter?
10. Why did Robert never show his mother's letters to Alicia?
11. Was Robert surprised to hear that Alicia want to visit the farm?
12. Who met Robert and his wife at the country station?
13. Why did Tom confide in the language the inwardness of his thoughts at the presence of Alicia?
14. What did Robert feel on their way to the farm?
15. What did "the voices of the soil" speak to him?
16. When and why did Alicia seem so remote to him?
17. How did the family spend the first night?
18. What insulted Robert?
19. Why did a distinguished lawyer become a disheveled, wild and boisterous yokel?
20. When did Robert's mother reprove him?
21. What did the family behold with worshipful admiration?
22. Was Alicia disappointed with Robert's change?
23. Why did Robert feel as a peasant when he went upstairs to have a talk with Alicia?
24. What was Alicia's "condemnation"?
25. Why was the city "defeated"?

### Text III. THE SHOCKS OF DOOM

#### **Learn the new words by heart**

1. Doom – судьба, рок
2. Astringent – строгий, суровый
3. Debt – долг
4. Sponge (on) – жить на чужой счет
5. Carnation – гвоздика
6. Pretense – предлог, отговорка, обман
7. Disinherit – лишать наследства
8. Allowance – материальное содержание
9. Disobey – не слушаться
10. Nephew – племянник
11. Warn – предупреждать

12. Heir – наследник
13. Mire – болото, трясина
14. Dragnet – сеть, бредень
15. Pit – западня, яма
16. Severing – разлука, откол
17. Elation – приподнятое настроение, восторг, бурная радость
18. Lounger – бездельник
19. Dweller – житель, обитатель
20. Lodging-house – ночлежный дом
21. Match – спичка
22. Panhandler – нищий, попрошайка
23. Raise up – воспитываться
24. Chap – (разг.) малый, парень, старина
25. Sign – знак, подпись
26. Prodigal – расточительный, щедрый
27. Vagrant – бродяга
28. Moan – стонать, жаловаться, ворчать
29. Disgust – отвращение, презрение
30. Cower – сжиматься, съеживаться (от страха, холода)
31. Shiver – дрожать, вздрагивать, трепетать
32. Trickle – течь тонкой струйкой
33. Bow – кланяться
34. Ragged – одетый о лохмотья, нечесанный, косматый, оборванный, небрежный
35. Blind – слепой
36. Stir – шевелиться
37. Calm – успокоиться
38. Alarmed – встревоженный
39. Hustle – суесться
40. Bartender – бармен
41. Fake – подделывать, прикидываться
42. Regret – сожалеть
43. Fear – испытывать страх
44. Wink – моргать, мигать
45. Favor – одолжение, любезность, благосклонность, расположение
46. Relations – взаимоотношения
47. Reconcile – примирять, улаживать, согласовывать
48. Faint – упасть в обморок, лишиться чувств
49. Cease – прекращать, переставать, приостанавливаться



### **Read and translate paragraphs in italic in the written form**

There is an aristocracy of the public parks and even of the vagabonds who use them for their private apartments. Vallance felt rather than knew this, but when he stepped down out of his world into chaos his feet brought him directly to Madison Square.

*Raw and astringent as a schoolgirl – of the old order – young May breathed austere among the budding trees. Vallance buttoned his coat, lighted his last cigarette and took his seat upon a bench. For three minutes he mildly regretted the last hundred of his last thousand that it had cost him when the bicycle cop put an end to his last automobile ride. Then he felt in every pocket and found not a single penny. He had given up his apartment that morning. His furniture had gone toward certain debts. His clothes, save what were upon him, had descended to his man-servant for back wages. As he sat there was not in the whole city for him a bed or a broiled lobster or a street-car fare or a carnation for buttonhole unless he should obtain them by sponging on his friends or by false pretenses. Therefore he had chosen the park.*

*And all this was because an uncle had disinherited him, and cut down his allowance from liberality to nothing. And all that was because his nephew had disobeyed him concerning a certain girl, who comes not into this story – therefore, all readers who brush their hair toward its roots may be warned to read no further. There was another nephew, of a different branch, who had once been the prospective heir and favorite. Being without grace or hope, he had long ago disappeared in the mire. Now dragnets were out for him; he was to be rehabilitated and restored. And so Vallance fell grandly as Lucifer to the lowest pit, joining the tattered ghosts in the little park.*

Sitting there, he leaned far back on the hard bench and laughed a jet of cigarette smoke up to the lowest tree branches. The sudden severing of all his life's ties had brought him a free, thrilling, almost joyous elation. He felt precisely the sensation of the aeronaut when he cuts loose his parachute and lets his balloon drift away.

The hour was nearly ten. Not many loungers were on the benches. The park-dweller, though a stubborn fighter against autumnal coolness, is slow to attack the advance line of spring's chilly cohorts.

*Then arose one from a seat near the leaping fountain, and came and sat himself at Vallance's side. He was either young or old; cheap lodging-houses had flavoured him mustily; razors and combs had passed him by; in him drink had been bottled and sealed in the devil's bond. He begged a match, which is the form of introduction among park benchers, and then he began to talk.*

"You're not one of the regulars," he said to Vallance. "I know tailored clothes when I see 'em. You just stopped for a moment on your way through the park. Don't mind my talking to you for a while? I've got to be with somebody.

I'm afraid – I'm afraid. I've told two or three of those bummers over about it. They think I'm crazy. Say – let me tell you – all I've had to eat to-day was a couple pretzels and an apple. To-morrow I'll stand in line to inherit three millions; and that restaurant you see over there with the autos around it will be too cheap for me to eat in. Don't believe it, do you?

"Without the slightest trouble," said Vallance, with a laugh. "I lunched there yesterday. To-night I couldn't buy a five-cent cup of coffee."

*"You don't look like one of us. Well, I guess those things happen. I used to be a high-flyer myself – some years ago. What knocked you out of the game?"*

"I – oh, I lost my job," said Vallance.

"It's undiluted Hades, this city," went on the other. "One day you're eating from china; the next you are eating in China – a chop-suey joint. I've had more than my share of hard luck. For five years I've been little better than a panhandler. I was raised up to live expensively and do nothing. Say – I don't mind telling you – I've got to talk to somebody, you see, because I'm afraid – I'm afraid."

My name's Ide. You wouldn't think that old Paulding, one of the millionaires on Riverside Drive, was my uncle, would you? Well, he is. I lived in his house once, and had all the money I wanted. Say, haven't you got the price of a couple of drinks about you – er – what's your name – "

"Dawson," said Vallance. "No; I'm sorry to say that I'm all in, financially."

*"I've been living for a week in a coal cellar on Division Street," went on Ide, "with a crook they called 'Blinky' Morris. I didn't have anywhere else to go. While I was out to-day a chap with some papers in his pocket was there, asking for me. I didn't know but what he was a fly cop, so I didn't go around again till after dark. There was a letter there he had left for me. Say – Dawson, it was from a big downtown lawyer, Mead. I've seen his sign on Ann Street. Paulding wants me to play the prodigal nephew – wants me to come back and be his heir again and blow in his money. I'm to call at the lawyer's office at ten to-morrow and step into my old shoes again – heir to three million, Dawson, and \$10,000 a year pocket money. And – I'm afraid – I'm afraid."*

The vagrant leaped to his feet and raised both trembling arms above his head. He caught his breath and moaned hysterically.

Vallance seized his arm and forced him back to the bench.

"Be quiet!" he commanded, with something like disgust in his tones. "One would think you had lost a fortune, instead of being about to acquire one. Of what are you afraid?"

Ide cowered and shivered on the bench. He clung to Vallance's sleeve, and even in the dim glow of the Broadway lights the latest disinherited one could see drops on the other's brow wrung out by some strange terror.

*"Why, I'm afraid something will happen to me before morning. I don't know what – something to keep me from coming into that money. I'm afraid a tree will*

*fall on me – I'm afraid a cab will run over me, or a stone drop on me from a housetop, or something. I never was afraid before. I've sat in this park a hundred nights as calm as a graven image without knowing where my breakfast was to come from. But now it's different. I love money, Dawson – I'm happy as a god when it's trickling through my fingers, and people are bowing to me, with the music and the flowers and fine clothes all around. As long as I knew I was out of the game I didn't mind. I was even happy sitting here ragged and hungry, listening to the fountain jump and watching the carriages go up the avenue. But it's in reach of my hand again now – almost – and I can't stand it to wait twelve hours, Dawson – I can't stand it. There are fifty things that could happen to me – I could go blind – I might be attacked with heart disease – the world might come to an end before I could – “ Ide sprang to his feet again, with a shriek. People stirred on the benches and began to look. Vallance took his arm.*

“Come and walk,” he said, soothingly. “And try to calm yourself. There is no need to become excited or alarmed. Nothing is going to happen to you. One night is like another.”

“That's right,” said Ide. “Stay with me, Dawson – that's a good fellow. Walk around with me awhile. I never went to pieces like this before, and I've had a good many hard knocks. Do you think you could hustle something in the way of a little lunch, old man? I'm afraid my nerve's too far gone to try any panhandling.”

Vallance led his companion up almost deserted Fifth Avenue, and then westward along the Thirties toward Broadway. “Wait here a few minutes,” he said, leaving Ide in a quiet and shadowed spot. He entered a familiar hotel, and strolled toward the bar quite in his old assured way.

“There's a poor devil outside, Jimmy,” he said to the bartender, “who says he's hungry and looks it. You know what they do when you give them money. Fix up a sandwich or two for him; and I'll see that he doesn't throw it away.”

“Certainly, Mr. Vallance,” said the bartender. “They ain't all fakes.

Don't like to see anybody go hungry.”

He folded a liberal supply of the free lunch into a napkin. Vallance went with it and joined his companion. Ide pounced upon the food ravenously. “I haven't had any free lunch as good as this in a year,” he said. “Aren't you going to eat any, Dawson?

“I'm not hungry – thanks,” said Vallance.

“We'll go back to the Square,” said Ide. “The cops won't bother us there. I'll roll up the rest of this ham and stuff for our breakfast. I won't eat any more; I'm afraid I'll get sick. Suppose I'd die of cramps or something to-night, and never get to touch that money again! It's eleven hours yet till time to see that lawyer. You won't leave me, will you, Dawson? I'm afraid something might happen. You haven't any place to go, have you?”

“No,” said Vallance, “nowhere to-night. I'll have a bench with you.”

"You take it cool," said Ide, "if you've told it to me straight. I should think a man put on the bum from a good job just in one day would be tearing his hair."

"I believe I've already remarked," said Vallance, laughing, "that I would have thought that a man who was expecting to come into a fortune on the next day would be feeling pretty easy and quiet."

*"It's funny business," philosophized Ide, "about the way people take things, anyhow. Here's your bench, Dawson, right next to mine. The light don't shine in your eyes here. Say, Dawson, I'll get the old man to give you a letter to somebody about a job when I get back home. You've helped me a lot to-night. I don't believe I could have gone through the night if I hadn't struck you."*

"Thank you," said Vallance. "Do you lie down or sit up on these when you sleep?"

For hours Vallance gazed almost without winking at the stars through the branches of the trees and listened to the sharp slapping of horses' hoofs on the sea of asphalt to the south. His mind was active, but his feelings were dormant. Every emotion seemed to have been eradicated. He felt no regrets, no fears, no pain or discomfort. Even when he thought of the girl, it was as of an inhabitant of one of those remote stars at which he gazed. He remembered the absurd antics of his companion and laughed softly, yet without a feeling of mirth. Soon the daily army of milk wagons made of the city a roaring drum to which they marched. Vallance fell asleep on his comfortless bench.

At ten o'clock on the next day the two stood at the door of Lawyer Mead's office in Ann Street.

Ide's nerves fluttered worse than ever when the hour approached; and Vallance could not decide to leave him a possible prey to the dangers he dreaded.

*When they entered the office, Lawyer Mead looked at them wonderingly. He and Vallance were old friends. After his greeting, he turned to Ide, who stood with white face and trembling limbs before the expected crisis.*

*"I sent a second letter to your address last night, Mr. Ide," he said. "I learned this morning that you were not there to receive it. It will inform you that Mr. Paulding has reconsidered his offer to take you back into favor. He has decided not to do so, and desires you to understand that no change will be made in the relations existing between you and him."*

*Ide's trembling suddenly ceased. The color came back to his face, and he straightened his back. His jaw went forward half an inch, and a gleam came into his eye. He pushed back his battered hat with one hand, and extended the other, with levelled fingers, toward the lawyer. He took a long breath and then laughed sardonically.*

"Tell old Paulding he may go to the devil," he said, loudly and clearly, and turned and walked out of the office with a firm and lively step.

*Lawyer Mead turned on his heel to Vallance and smiled.*

*“I am glad you came in,” he said, genially. “Your uncle wants you to return home at once. He is reconciled to the situation that led to his hasty action, and desires to say that all will be as – “*

*“Hey, Adams!” cried Lawyer Mead, breaking his sentence, and calling to his clerk. “Bring a glass of water – Mr. Vallance has fainted.”*

### **Answer the questions to the text**

1. What does the author mean by “There is an aristocracy of the public parks and even of the vagabonds who use them for their private apartments.”?
2. What brought Vallance to the park bench one May day?
3. Why he was deprived of his apartment and furniture?
4. Did he used to sponge on his friends?
5. Who cut down his allowance and leave him with nothing to live on?
6. When did his uncle disinherit Vallance?
7. Who was the other nephew in the park?
8. Why did the author compare Vallance with Lucifer?
9. Was Vallance happy with his new life? What way did it differ from the old living?
10. Why did the park-dweller want tot have a talk with Vallance?
11. What did Vallance learn about Ide?
12. Can you prove that Ide was a panhandler and a regular in the park?
13. What was Ide afraid of?
14. What kind of life did Ide lead before?
15. Why was Ide going to come back to his uncle again?
16. How did Ide feel at the night before visiting the lawyer? Why was he so excited and alarmed?
17. Did Ide care for money?
18. Why was it hard for Ide to wait 12 hours till he acquired his fortune?
19. Where did they have their lunch?
20. How did Ide want to thank Vallance for the lunch?
21. Where did two park-dwellers fall asleep?
22. Was Lawyer Mead surprised to see Vallance in the company with a beggar in his office the next morning?
23. What was the second letter for Mr. Ide about?
24. Whose uncle reconciled to the situation and wanted to bring his nephew back?
25. Why did Mr. Vallance faint?

## Text IV. THE CLARION CALL

### Learn the new words by heart

- 1) murder – убийство (предумышленное, совершённое со злым умыслом)
- 2) burglar – человек, незаконно проникший в помещение (с целью совершения преступления) ; вор-домушник; взломщик
- 3) run plump – встретиться лицо к лицу
- 4) near-sighted – близорукий
- 5) patting – похлопывая
- 6) tide – течение, развитие, общее направление (событий и т. п.)
- 7) sandy mustache – выгоревшие усы
- 8) squinting – косоглазие
- 9) sell shares – продавать акции
- 10) copper mine – медный рудник
- 11) guess – гадать, догадываться; пытаться отгадать; ломать голову
- 12) string – нитка (бус, жемчуга)
- 13) watch-charm – талисман
- 14) rug – коврик
- 15) put away – отказаться (от мысли)
- 16) put up – убирать, прятать (вещи)
- 17) pop – палить, стрелять (из оружия)
- 18) darling – замечательный человек, прелесть, душка
- 19) necklace – ожерелье
- 20) have back – вернуть
- 21) chatelaine watch – цепочка на поясе (для часов, ключей, кошелька)
- 22) owe – задолжать
- 23) stuff – что-л. украденное или провезённое контрабандой
- 24) pile out – вытряхивать
- 25) crook – улик, мошенник, плут
- 26) be off – уходить, убираться, смываться
- 27) vanity – тщеславие
- 28) plundering – расхищение
- 29) plot – интрига, заговор
- 30) transgression – нарушение (закона, обязательства и т.п.) ; правонарушение; неповиновение, непослушание; злоупотребление, посягательство
- 31) abhorrence – отвращение, омерзение; ненависть
- 32) vicious man – порочный
- 33) rage – ярость, гнев, бешенство; приступ сильного гнева
- 34) transmitter – передающее устройство, передатчик; радиопередающее устройство, радиопередатчик

- 35) crank – хитрость, ловкий трюк, уловка, обман
- 36) bobtail scooper – негодный человек, шваль
- 37) fraud – мошенник
- 38) faint – чувствующий головокружение, слабость
- 39) keen – проникательный, сообразительный
- 40) fate – судьба; доля, жребий, фатум
- 41) vengeance – месть
- 42) flip a dime – подбросить монету

**Read and translate paragraphs in italic in the written form**

*Half of this story can be found in the records of the Police Department; the other half belongs behind the business counter of a newspaper office.*

*One afternoon two weeks after Millionaire Norcross was found in his apartment murdered by a burglar, the murderer, while strolling serenely down Broadway ran plump against Detective Barney Woods.*

*"Is that you, Johnny Kernan?" asked Woods, who had been near-sighted in public for five years.*

*"No less," cried Kernan, heartily. "If it isn't Barney Woods, late and early of old Saint Jo! You'll have to show me! What are you doing East? Do the green-goods circulars get out that far?"*

*"I've been in New York some years," said Woods. "I'm on the city detective force."*

*"Well, well!" said Kernan, breathing smiling joy and patting the detective's arm.*

*"Come into Muller's," said Woods, "and let's hunt a quiet table. I'd like to talk to you awhile."*

*It lacked a few minutes to the hour of four. The tides of trade were not yet loosed, and they found a quiet corner of the cafe. Kernan, well dressed, slightly swaggering, self-confident, seated himself opposite the little detective, with his pale, sandy mustache, squinting eyes and ready-made cheviot suit.*

*"What business are you in now?" asked Woods. "You know you left Saint Jo a year before I did."*

*"I'm selling shares in a copper mine," said Kernan. "I may establish an office here. Well, well! and so old Barney is a New York detective. You always had a turn that way. You were on the police in Saint Jo after I left there, weren't you?"*

*"Six months," said Woods. "And now there's one more question, Johnny. I've followed your record pretty close ever since you did that hotel job in Saratoga, and I never knew you to use your gun before. Why did you kill Norcross?"*

*Kernan stared for a few moments with concentrated attention at the slice of lemon in his high-ball; and then he looked at the detective with a sudden, crooked, brilliant smile.*

*"How did you guess it, Barney?" he asked, admiringly. "I swear I thought the job was as clean and as smooth as a peeled onion. Did I leave a string hanging out anywhere?"*

*Woods laid upon the table a small gold pencil intended for a watch-charm.*

"It's the one I gave you the last Christmas we were in Saint Jo. I've got your shaving mug yet. I found this under a corner of the rug in Norcross's room. I warn you to be careful what you say. I've got it put on to you, Johnny. We were old friends once, but I must do my duty. You'll have to go to the chair for Norcross."

Kernan laughed.

"My luck stays with me," said he. "Who'd have thought old Barney was on my trail!" He slipped one hand inside his coat. In an instant Woods had a revolver against his side.

*"Put it away," said Kernan, wrinkling his nose. "I'm only investigating. Aha! It takes nine tailors to make a man, but one can do a man up. There's a hole in that vest pocket. I took that pencil off my chain and slipped it in there in case of a scrap. Put up your gun, Barney, and I'll tell you why I had to shoot Norcross. The old fool started down the hall after me, popping at the buttons on the back of my coat with a peevish little .22 and I had to stop him. The old lady was a darling. She just lay in bed and saw her \$12,000 diamond necklace go without a chirp, while she begged like a panhandler to have back a little thin gold ring with a garnet worth about \$3. I guess she married old Norcross for his money, all right. Don't they hang on to the little trinkets from the Man Who Lost Out, though? There were six rings, two brooches and a chatelaine watch. Fifteen thousand would cover the lot."*

"I warned you not to talk," said Woods.

"Oh, that's all right," said Kernan. "The stuff is in my suit case at the hotel. And now I'll tell you why I'm talking. Because it's safe. I'm talking to a man I know. You owe me a thousand dollars, Barney Woods, and even if you wanted to arrest me your hand wouldn't make the move."

"I haven't forgotten," said Woods. "You counted out twenty fifties without a word. I'll pay it back some day. That thousand saved me and – well, they were piling my furniture out on the sidewalk when I got back to the house."

*"And so," continued Kernan, "you being Barney Woods, born as true as steel, and bound to play a white man's game, can't lift a finger to arrest the man you're indebted to. Oh, I have to study men as well as Yale locks and window fastenings in my business. Now, keep quiet while I ring for the waiter. I've had a thirst for a year or two that worries me a little. If I'm ever caught the lucky sleuth will have to divide honors with old boy Booze. But I never drink during business hours. After a job I can crook elbows with my old friend Barney with a clear conscience. What are you taking?"*



The waiter came with the little decanters and the siphon and left them alone again.

"You've called the turn," said Woods, as he rolled the little gold pencil about with a thoughtful fore-finger. "I've got to pass you up. I can't lay a hand on you. If I'd a-paid that money back – but I didn't, and that settles it. It's a bad break I'm making, Johnny, but I can't dodge it. You helped me once, and it calls for the same."

"I knew it," said Kernan, raising his glass, with a flushed smile of self-appreciation. "I can judge men. Here's to Barney, for – 'he's a jolly good fellow.'"

"I don't believe," went on Woods quietly, as if he were thinking aloud, "that if accounts had been square between you and me, all the money in all the banks in New York could have bought you out of my hands to-night."

"I know it couldn't," said Kernan. "That's why I knew I was safe with you."

"Most people," continued the detective, "look sideways at my business. They don't class it among the fine arts and the professions. But I've always taken a kind of fool pride in it. And here is where I go 'busted.' I guess I'm a man first and a detective afterward. I've got to let you go, and then I've got to resign from the force. I guess I can drive an express wagon. Your thousand dollars is further off than ever, Johnny."

*"Oh, you're welcome to it," said Kernan, with a lordly air. "I'd be willing to call the debt off, but I know you wouldn't have it. It was a lucky day for me when you borrowed it. And now, let's drop the subject. I'm off to the West on a morning train. I know a place out there where I can negotiate the Norcross sparks. Drink up, Barney, and forget your troubles. We'll have a jolly time while the police are knocking their heads together over the case. I've got one of my Sahara thirsts on to-night. But I'm in the hands – the unofficial hands – of my old friend Barney, and I won't even dream of a cop."*

*And then, as Kernan's ready finger kept the button and the waiter working, his weak point – a tremendous vanity and arrogant egotism, began to show itself. He recounted story after story of his successful plunderings, ingenious plots and infamous transgressions until Woods, with all his familiarity with evil-doers, felt growing within him a cold abhorrence toward the utterly vicious man who had once been his benefactor.*

*"I'm disposed of, of course," said Woods, at length. "But I advise you to keep under cover for a spell. The newspapers may take up this Norcross affair. There has been an epidemic of burglaries and manslaughter in town this summer."*

*The word sent Kernan into a high glow of sullen and vindictive rage.*

*"To h---l with the newspapers," he growled. "What do they spell but brag and blow and boodle in box-car letters? Suppose they do take up a case – what does it amount to? The police are easy enough to fool; but what do the*

*newspapers do? They send a lot of pin-head reporters around to the scene; and they make for the nearest saloon and have beer while they take photos of the bartender's oldest daughter in evening dress, to print as the fiancée of the young man in the tenth story, who thought he heard a noise below on the night of the murder. That's about as near as the newspapers ever come to running down Mr.Burglar."*

"Well, I don't know," said Woods, reflecting. "Some of the papers have done good work in that line. There's the *Morning Mars*, for instance. It warmed up two or three trails, and got the man after the police had let 'em get cold."

"I'll show you," said Kernan, rising, and expanding his chest. "I'll show you what I think of newspapers in general, and your *Morning Mars* in particular."

*Three feet from their table was the telephone booth. Kernan went inside and sat at the instrument, leaving the door open. He found a number in the book, took down the receiver and made his demand upon Central. Woods sat still, looking at the sneering, cold, vigilant face waiting close to the transmitter, and listened to the words that came from the thin, truculent lips curved into a contemptuous smile.*

*"That the Morning Mars? . . . I want to speak to the managing editor. . . Why, tell him it's some one who wants to talk to him about the Norcross murder.*

*"You the editor? . . . All right. . . I am the man who killed old Norcross . . . Wait! Hold the wire; I'm not the usual crank . . . Oh, there isn't the slightest danger. I've just been discussing it with a detective friend of mine. I killed the old man at 2:30 A. M. two weeks ago to-morrow. . . . Have a drink with you? Now, hadn't you better leave that kind of talk to your funny man? Can't you tell whether a man's guying you or whether you're being offered the biggest scoop your dull dishrag of a paper ever had? . . . Well, that's so; it's a bobtail scoop – but you can hardly expect me to 'phone in my name and address . . . Why? Oh, because I heard you make a specialty of solving mysterious crimes that stump the police. . . No, that's not all. I want to tell you that your rotten, lying, penny sheet is of no more use in tracking an intelligent murderer or highwayman than a blind poodle would be. . . What? . . . Oh, no, this isn't a rival newspaper office; you're getting it straight. I did the Norcross job, and I've got the jewels in my suit case at – 'the name of the hotel could not be learned' – you recognize that phrase, don't you? I thought so. You've used it often enough. Kind of rattles you, doesn't it, to have the mysterious villain call up your great, big, all-powerful organ of right and justice and good government and tell you what a helpless old gas-bag you are? . . . Cut that out; you're not that big a fool – no, you don't think I'm a fraud. I can tell it by your voice. . . . Now, listen, and I'll give you a pointer that will prove it to you. Of course you've had this murder case worked over by your staff of bright young blockheads. Half of the second button on old Mrs. Norcross's nightgown is broken off. I saw it when I took the garnet ring off her finger. I thought it was a ruby. . . Stop that! it won't work."*

*Kernan turned to Woods with a diabolic smile.*

*"I've got him going. He believes me now. He didn't quite cover the transmitter with his hand when he told somebody to call up Central on another 'phone and get our number. I'll give him just one more dig, and then we'll make a 'get-away.'*

*"Hello! . . . Yes. I'm here yet. You didn't think I'd run from such a little subsidized, turncoat rag of a newspaper, did you? . . . Have me inside of forty-eight hours? Say, will you quit being funny? Now, you let grown men alone and attend to your business of hunting up divorce cases and street-car accidents and printing the filth and scandal that you make your living by. Good-by, old boy – sorry I haven't time to call on you. I'd feel perfectly safe in your sanctum asinorum. Tra-la!"*

"He's as mad as a cat that's lost a mouse," said Kernan, hanging up the receiver and coming out. "And now, Barney, my boy, we'll go to a show and enjoy ourselves until a reasonable bedtime. Four hours' sleep for me, and then the west-bound."

The two dined in a Broadway restaurant. Kernan was pleased with himself. He spent money like a prince of fiction. And then a weird and gorgeous musical comedy engaged their attention. Afterward there was a late supper in a grillroom, with champagne, and Kernan at the height of his complacency.

Half-past three in the morning found them in a corner of an all-night cafe, Kernan still boasting in a vapid and rambling way, Woods thinking moodily over the end that had come to his usefulness as an upholder of the law.

But, as he pondered, his eye brightened with a speculative light.

"I wonder if it's possible," he said to himself, "I won-der if it's pos-si-ble!"

And then outside the cafe the comparative stillness of the early morning was punctured by faint, uncertain cries that seemed mere fireflies of sound, some growing louder, some fainter, waxing and waning amid the rumble of milk wagons and infrequent cars. Shrill cries they were when near – well-known cries that conveyed many meanings to the ears of those of the slumbering millions of the great city who waked to hear them. Cries that bore upon their significant, small volume the weight of a world's woe and laughter and delight and stress. To some, cowering beneath the protection of a night's ephemeral cover, they brought news of the hideous, bright day; to others, wrapped in happy sleep, they announced a morning that would dawn blacker than sable night. To many of the rich they brought a besom to sweep away what had been theirs while the stars shone; to the poor they brought – another day.

*All over the city the cries were starting up, keen and sonorous, heralding the chances that the slipping of one cogwheel in the machinery of time had made; apportioning to the sleepers while they lay at the mercy of fate, the vengeance, profit, grief, reward and doom that the new figure in the calendar had brought them. Shrill and yet plaintive were the cries, as if the young voices grieved that*

*so much evil and so little good was in their irresponsible hands. Thus echoed in the streets of the helpless city the transmission of the latest decrees of the gods, the cries of the newsboys – the Clarion Call of the Press.*

*Woods flipped a dime to the waiter, and said: “Get me a \_Morning Mars\_.”*

*When the paper came he glanced at its first page, and then tore a leaf out of his memorandum book and began to write on it with the little gold pencil.*

*“What’s the news?” yawned Kernan.*

*Woods flipped over to him the piece of writing:*

*“The New York Morning Mars:*

*“Please pay to the order of John Kernan the one thousand dollars reward coming to me for his arrest and conviction.*

*“BARNARD WOODS.”*

*“I kind of thought they would do that,” said Woods, “when you were jollyng them so hard. Now, Johnny, you’ll come to the police station with me.”*

### **Answer the questions to the text**

1. Where can this story be found?
2. Who was found in his apartment murdered by a burglar?
3. Where did the murderer Johny Kernan meet Barney Woods?
4. What did Barney Woods do?
5. Why did the detective Barney Woods and the murderer Johny Kernan go to the café?
6. Were they friends or not?
7. What business was Johny Kernan in?
8. Why did Johny Kernan kill Millionaire Norcross?
9. How did Barney Woods guess it?
10. Where was the stuff?
11. Why didn’t Barney Woods arrest Johny Kernan for the murder?
12. Why did Barney Woods feel growing within him a cold abhorrence toward Kernan?
13. What sent Kernan into a high glow of sullen and vindictive rage?
14. What did Kernan think of newspapers in general?
15. What did Kernan tell the editor of the *Morning Star*?
16. Kernan gave them a pointer that would prove the evidence of the murder, didn’t he?
17. Where was Kernan going to go?
18. Where did Kernan and Barney Woods go at first?
19. What was engaged their attention then?
20. What time did they get a corner of an all-night café?
21. How did the author describe the early morning?
22. What were the cries of the newsboys about? What was the news?

23. How much was the reward for Kernan arresting?
24. Did the detective Barney Woods arrest Kernan?
25. What is the main idea of the story?

## Text V. A PHILISTINE IN BOHEMIA

### Learn the new words by heart

- 1) philistine – мещанин, обыватель, филистер
- 2) buzz on – суетиться, сновать
- 3) haven – убежище, укрытие; прибежище, пристанище, приют
- 4) oppressed – поправанный, угнетённый, подавленный
- 5) spill – высыпать толпой (откуда-л. / куда-л.)
- 6) effervescent – кипучий; искромётный; возбуждённый
- 7) vicinity – близость, соседство
- 8) hover over – зависать
- 9) dazzle – ослеплять блеском, великолепием; поражать, изумлять
- 10) coronet – венок, венец (символ награды, признания)
- 11) furnished-room – меблированная комната
- 12) lodger – квартирант, съёмщик квартиры
- 13) alien – чужестранец; иностранец; проживающий в данной стране  
подданный другого государства
- 14) profitable – выгодный, приносящий доход
- 15) Irish stew – ирландское рагу (из баранины, тушённой с луком и картофелем; заправляется мукой)
- 16) plump – полный; округлый, пухлый
- 17) pert – дерзкий; задиристый, нахальный; бойкий; развязный
- 18) be guilty – ответственный за
- 19) distinguish – отличаться
- 20) raiment – одежда, наряд, одеяние
- 21) mustache – усы
- 22) tackle – еда, хавка, жрачка; провизия
- 23) foregoing assertion – вышеупомянутое утверждение
- 24) suspicion – подозрение
- 25) nobleman – знать, дворянин; аристократ
- 26) wooing – попытки привлечь на свою сторону
- 27) hesitate – колебаться
- 28) whisper – вздох
- 29) veal – телятина
- 30) shades – тени, отзвуки (чего-л.); то, что напоминает о ком-л. / чём-л.
- 31) lower – ронять достоинство, унижаться
- 32) dozen – десяток

- 33) bare ground – голая земля
- 34) be crowded – быть наполнен
- 35) assume – допускать, предполагать
- 36) table d'hôte – табльдот (общий обеденный стол в гостиницах, ресторанах)
- 37) embower – окружать, огораживать, охватывать; укрывать
- 38) motionless – неподвижный, без движения; в состоянии покоя; неспособный двигаться
- 39) napkins – салфетки
- 40) nod – кивнуть головой
- 41) flung off – броситься вон
- 42) tear – слеза
- 43) suspicions – подозрение, сомнение, опасение
- 44) arouse – вызывать

### **Read and translate paragraphs in italic in the written form**

*George Washington, with his right arm upraised, sits his iron horse at the lower corner of Union Square, forever signaling the Broadway cars to stop as they round the curve into Fourteenth Street. But the cars buzz on, heedless, as they do at the beck of a private citizen, and the great General must feel, unless his nerves are iron, that rapid transit gloria mundi.*

*Should the General raise his left hand as he has raised his right it would point to a quarter of the city that forms a haven for the oppressed and suppressed of foreign lands. In the cause of national or personal freedom they have found a refuge here, and the patriot who made it for them sits his steed, overlooking their district, while he listens through his left ear to vaudeville that caricatures the posterity of his proteges. Italy, Poland, the former Spanish possessions and the polyglot tribes of Austria-Hungary have spilled here a thick lather of their effervescent sons. In the eccentric cafes and lodging-houses of the vicinity they hover over their native wines and political secrets. The colony changes with much frequency. Faces disappear from the haunts to be replaced by others. Whither do these uneasy birds flit? For half of the answer observe carefully the suave foreign air and foreign courtesy of the next waiter who serves your table d'hôte. For the other half, perhaps if the barber shops had tongues (and who will dispute it?) they could tell their share.*

Titles are as plentiful as finger rings among these transitory exiles. For lack of proper exploitation a stock of title goods large enough to supply the trade of upper Fifth Avenue is here condemned to a mere pushcart traffic. The new-world landlords who entertain these offshoots of nobility are not dazzled by coronets and crests. They have doughnuts to sell instead of daughters. With

them it is a serious matter of trading in flour and sugar instead of pearl powder and bonbons.

These assertions are deemed fitting as an introduction to the tale, which is of plebeians and contains no one with even the ghost of a title.

Katy Dempsey's mother kept a furnished-room house in this oasis of the aliens. *The business was not profitable. If the two scraped together enough to meet the landlord's agent on rent day and negotiate for the ingredients of a daily Irish stew they called it success. Often the stew lacked both meat and potatoes. Sometimes it became as bad as consomme with music.*

*In this mouldy old house Katy waxed plump and pert and wholesome and as beautiful and freckled as a tiger lily. She was the good fairy who was guilty of placing the damp clean towels and cracked pitchers of freshly laundered Croton in the lodgers' rooms.*

*You are informed (by virtue of the privileges of astronomical discovery) that the star lodger's name was Mr. Brunelli. His wearing a yellow tie and paying his rent promptly distinguished him from the other lodgers. His raiment was splendid, his complexion olive, his mustache fierce, his manners a prince's, his rings and pins as magnificent as those of a traveling dentist.*

*He had breakfast served in his room, and he ate it in a red dressing gown with green tassels. He left the house at noon and returned at midnight. Those were mysterious hours, but there was nothing mysterious about Mrs. Dempsey's lodgers except the things that were not mysterious. One of Mr. Kipling's poems is addressed to "Ye who hold the unwritten clue to all save all unwritten things." The same "readers" are invited to tackle the foregoing assertion.*

Mr. Brunelli, being impressionable and a Latin, fell to conjugating the verb "amare," with Katy in the objective case, though not because of antipathy. She talked it over with her mother.

"Sure, I like him," said Katy. "He's more politeness than twinty candidates for Alderman, and lie makes me feel like a queen whin he walks at me side. But what is he, I dinno? I've me suspicions. The marnin'll coom whin he'll throt out the picture av his baronial halls and ax to have the week's rint hung up in the ice chist along wid all the rist of 'em."

"'Tis throe," admitted Mrs. Dempsey, "that he seems to be a sort iv a Dago, and too coolchured in his spache for a rale gentleman. But ye may be misjudgin' him. Ye should niver suspect any wan of bein' of noble descint that pays cash and pathronizes the laundry rig'lar."

"He's the same thricks of spakin' and blarneyin' wid his hands," sighed Katy, "as the Frinch nobleman at Mrs. Toole's that ran away wid Mr. Toole's Sunday pants and left the photograph of the Bastile, his grandfather's chat-taw, as security for tin weeks' rint."

*Mr. Brunelli continued his calorific wooing. Katy continued to hesitate. One day he asked her out to dine and she felt that a denouement was in the air. While*

*they are on their way, with Katy in her best muslin, you must take as an entr'acte a brief peep at New York's Bohemia.*

*'Tonio's restaurant is in Bohemia. The very location of it is secret. If you wish to know where it is ask the first person you meet. He will tell you in a whisper. 'Tonio discountenances custom; he keeps his house-front black and forbidding; he gives you a pretty bad dinner; he locks his door at the dining hour; but he knows spaghetti as the boarding-house knows cold veal; and – he has deposited many dollars in a certain Banco di – something with many gold vowels in the name on its windows.*

*To this restaurant Mr. Brunelli conducted Katy. The house was dark and the shades were lowered; but Mr. Brunelli touched an electric button by the basement door, and they were admitted.*

*Along a long, dark, narrow hallway they went and then through a shining and spotless kitchen that opened directly upon a back yard.*

The walls of houses hemmed three sides of the yard; a high, board fence, surrounded by cats, the other. A wash of clothes was suspended high upon a line stretched from diagonal corners. Those were property clothes, and were never taken in by 'Tonio. They were there that wits with defective pronunciation might make puns in connection with the ragout.

*A dozen and a half little tables set upon the bare ground were crowded with Bohemia-hunters, who flocked there because 'Tonio pretended not to want them and pretended to give them a good dinner. There was a sprinkling of real Bohemians present who came for a change because they were tired of the real Bohemia, and a smart shower of the men who originate the bright sayings of Congressmen and the little nephew of the well-known general passenger agent of the Evansville and Terre Haute Railroad Company.*

*Here is a bon mot that was manufactured at 'Tonio's:*

"A dinner at 'Tonio's," said a Bohemian, "always amounts to twice the price that is asked for it."

Let us assume that an accommodating voice inquires:

"How so?"

"The dinner costs you 40 cents; you give 10 cents to the waiter, and it makes you feel like 30 cents."

Most of the diners were confirmed table d'hoters – gastronomic adventurers, forever seeking the El Dorado of a good claret, and consistently coming to grief in California.

*Mr. Brunelli escorted Katy to a little table embowered with shrubbery in tubs, and asked her to excuse him for a while.*

*Katy sat, enchanted by a scene so brilliant to her. The grand ladies, in splendid dresses and plumes and sparkling rings; the fine gentlemen who laughed so loudly, the cries of "Garson!" and "We, monseer," and "Hello, Mame!" that distinguish Bohemia; the lively chatter, the cigarette smoke, the*



*interchange of bright smiles and eye-glances – all this display and magnificence overpowered the daughter of Mrs. Dempsey and held her motionless.*

*Mr. Brunelli stepped into the yard and seemed to spread his smile and bow over the entire company. And everywhere there was a great clapping of hands and a few cries of “Bravo!” and “’Tonio! ‘Tonio!” whatever those words might mean. Ladies waved their napkins at him, gentlemen almost twisted their necks off, trying to catch his nod.*

*When the ovation was concluded Mr. Brunelli, with a final bow, stepped nimbly into the kitchen and flung off his coat and waistcoat.*

*Flaherty, the nimblest “garsong” among the waiters, had been assigned to the special service of Katy. She was a little faint from hunger, for the Irish stew on the Dempsey table had been particularly weak that day. Delicious odors from unknown dishes tantalized her. And Flaherty began to bring to her table course after course of ambrosial food that the gods might have pronounced excellent.*

*But even in the midst of her Lucullian repast Katy laid down her knife and fork. Her heart sank as lead, and a tear fell upon her filet mignon. Her haunting suspicions of the star lodger arose again, fourfold. Thus courted and admired and smiled upon by that fashionable and gracious assembly, what else could Mr. Brunelli be but one of those dazzling titled patricians, glorious of name but shy of rent money, concerning whom experience had made her wise? With a sense of his ineligibility growing within her there was mingled a torturing conviction that his personality was becoming more pleasing to her day by day. And why had he left her to dine alone?*

*But here he was coming again, now coatless, his snowy shirt-sleeves rolled high above his Jeffriesonian elbows, a white yachting cap perched upon his jetty curls.*

*“’Tonio! ‘Tonio!” shouted many, and “The spaghetti! The spaghetti!” shouted the rest.*

*Never at ‘Tonio’s did a waiter dare to serve a dish of spaghetti until ‘Tonio came to test it, to prove the sauce and add the needful dash of seasoning that gave it perfection.*

*From table to table moved ‘Tonio, like a prince in his palace, greeting his guests. White, jewelled hands signalled him from every side.*

*A glass of wine with this one and that, smiles for all, a jest and repartee for any that might challenge – truly few princes could be so agreeable a host! And what artist could ask for further appreciation of his handiwork? Katy did not know that the proudest consummation of a New Yorker’s ambition is to shake hands with a spaghetti chef or to receive a nod from a Broadway head-waiter.*

*At last the company thinned, leaving but a few couples and quartettes lingering over new wine and old stories. And then came Mr. Brunelli to Katy’s secluded table, and drew a chair close to hers.*

*Katy smiled at him dreamily. She was eating the last spoonful of a raspberry roll with Burgundy sauce.*

*“You have seen!” said Mr. Brunelli, laying one hand upon his collar bone. “I am Antonio Brunelli! Yes; I am the great ‘Tonio! You have not suspect that! I loave you, Katy, and you shall marry with me. Is it not so? Call me ‘Antonio,’ and say that you will be mine.”*

*Katy’s head drooped to the shoulder that was now freed from all suspicion of having received the knightly accolade.*

*“Oh, Andy,” she sighed, “this is great! Sure, I’ll marry wid ye. But why didn’t ye tell me ye was the cook? I was near turnin’ ye down for bein’ one of thim foreign counts!”*

### **Answer the questions to the text**

1. What does the George Washington’s monument sign the Broadway cars?
2. Where was a quarter of the city that forms a haven for the oppressed and suppressed of foreign lands?
3. What nationalities lived in this quarter?
4. Who kept a furnished-room house in this oasis of the aliens?
5. Was the business profitable or not?
6. What was the daily course for the lodgers?
7. What was Katy guilty of?
8. What was the star lodger’s name?
9. What distinguished Mr. Brunelli from the other lodgers? Describe him, please.
10. When did he leave the house and return it?
11. Did Mr. Brunelli fall in love with Katy or her moter?
12. What were Katy suspicions about?
13. Where did Mr. Brunelli and Katy go to dine?
14. What was Tonio’s restaurant in Bohemia?
15. What distinguished it from the other restaurants?
16. How many tables were crowded with Bohemia-hunters?
17. Why did they visit Tonio’s restaurant in Bohemia?
18. How much did the dinner cost?
19. Was Katy impressed by the grand ladies, in splendid dresses and plumes and sparkling rings and the fine gentlemen?
20. Why was there a great clapping of hands and a few cries of “Bravo!” and “Tonio! ‘Tonio!”?
21. Where did Mr. Brunelli step when the ovation was concluded?
22. What did Mr. Brunelli do?
23. Did Katy like course of ambrosial food that the gods might have pronounced excellent?
24. Why did her heart sink as lead, and a tear fall upon her filet mignon?
25. What was the Mr. Brunelli’s real name?
26. Were Katy and Mr. Brunelli going to get married?

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