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**ПРАКТИЧЕСКИЙ КУРС ОСНОВНОГО
ИНОСТРАННОГО ЯЗЫКА**

АНГЛИЙСКИЙ ЯЗЫК

ДОМАШНЕЕ ЧТЕНИЕ

ЮНИТА 4

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ПРАКТИЧЕСКИЙ КУРС ОСНОВНОГО ИНОСТРАННОГО ЯЗЫКА

АНГЛИЙСКИЙ ЯЗЫК

ДОМАШНЕЕ ЧТЕНИЕ

Юниты 1-20: Тексты из художественной литературы на английском языке.

ЮНИТА 4

Содержит тексты пяти рассказов О'Генри, сопровождается комплексом заданий и упражнений для работы с текстами. Учебное пособие представляет собой курс уроков английского языка по домашнему чтению, включающих в себя диалоги, ролевые игры, адаптированные тексты художественных произведений. Сопровождается аудиокурсом EHR.

Для студентов факультета лингвистики СГУ

Юнита соответствует профессиональной образовательной программе №4

ОГЛАВЛЕНИЕ

ТЕМАТИЧЕСКИЙ ПЛАН	4
ЛИТЕРАТУРА	5
ПЕРЕЧЕНЬ УМЕНИЙ	6
УРОК 1	9
Text: Witches' Loaves	9
Tasks and Exercises	12
УРОК 2	22
Text: The Exact Science of Matrimony	22
Tasks and Exercises	27
УРОК 3	38
Text: The Brief Debut of Tildy	38
Tasks and Exercises	42
УРОК 4	54
Text: The Pendulum	54
Tasks and Exercises	58
УРОК 5	69
Text: A Service of Love	69
Tasks and Exercises	73
ГЛОССАРИЙ *	

* Глоссарий расположен в середине учебного пособия и предназначен для самостоятельного заучивания новых понятий.

ТЕМАТИЧЕСКИЙ ПЛАН

Биография О'Генри. Witches' Loaves (Заколдованные хлебцы). The Exact Science of Matrimony (Супружество как точная наука). The Brief Debut of Tildy (Дебют Тильди). The Pendulum (Маятник). A Service of Love (Из любви к искусству).

ЛИТЕРАТУРА

Базовый учебник

1. Henry O., *Selected Stories*.

Дополнительная литература:

2. О.Генри, Рассказы. Любое издание.

Примечание. Знаком (*) отмечены работы, на основе которых составлен научный обзор.

ПЕРЕЧЕНЬ УМЕНИЙ

№	Наименование	Содержание
1.	Ответы на вопросы с использованием предположений из текста	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1.Прочитайте текст. 2.Переведите его на русский язык, при необходимости пользуйтесь словарем. 3.Прочитайте вопрос. 4.Переведите его на русский язык. 5.Исходя из смысла вопроса, найдите в тексте ту часть, в которой содержится ответ на вопрос. 6.Определите предложение, которое является ответом на вопрос, и используйте его в качестве ответа.
2.	Составление диалогов по тексту на заданную тему.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1.Прочитайте текст. 2.Переведите его на русский язык, используя при необходимости словарь. 3.Прочитайте тему диалога и переведите ее на русский язык. 4.Определите, какие герои текста участвуют в диалоге. 5.Определите основную тему диалога. 6.Найдите в тексте отрывок, описывающий тему диалога с участием героев. 7.Еще раз прочитайте этот отрывок, обратив внимание на действия, слова, мнения и т.д. его героев. 8.Распределите роли между участниками диалога. 9.На основе текста составьте реплики для каждого из участников, а затем составьте целый диалог.
3.	Перевод текста с одного языка на другой	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1.Прочитайте текст, выявляя его стиль, структуру, цели автора и обращая внимание на основные идеи и логические связи. 2.Переведите текст на русский язык, уточняя все неясные моменты при помощи словаря и других доступных материалов. 3.Прочитайте полученный перевод, проверьте его, внося при необходимости стилистические правки.

№	Наименование	Содержание
4.	Пересказ (краткий) та	<p>1. Структуру, цель автора и формулу внимания на основные идеи и логические связи.</p> <p>2. Прочитайте текст еще раз более детально, уточняя все неясные моменты при помощи словаря и других дополнительных материалов.</p> <p>3. Составьте план пересказа, стараясь придерживаться структуры исходного текста; в начале приведите краткую презентацию текста, затем охарактеризуйте точку зрения автора и выскажите свое мнение.</p> <p>4. Определите основные ключевые слова, лексику, которые используются в тексте и выражают его основные идеи.</p> <p>5. Составьте пересказ текста (при необходимости в письменной форме). В пересказе используйте ключевые слова исходного текста. При этом старайтесь избегать употребления фраз и языковых конструкций, содержащихся в исходном тексте, без изменений; старайтесь употребить наименьшее количество слов.</p>

O. HENRY

Pseudonym of WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER (born Sept. 11, 1862, Greensboro, N.C., U.S. – died June 5; 1910, New York City), U.S. short-story writer whose tales romanticized the commonplace — in particular the life of ordinary people in New York City. His stories expressed the effect of coincidence on character through humour, grim or ironic, and often had surprise endings, a device that became identified with his name and cost him critical favour when its vogue had passed.

Porter attended a school taught by his aunt, then clerked in his uncle's drugstore. In 1882 he went to Texas, where he worked on a ranch, in a general land office, and later as teller in the First National Bank in Austin. He began writing sketches at about the time of his marriage to Athol Estes in 1887, and in 1894 he started a humorous weekly, *The Rolling Stone*. When that venture failed, Porter joined the *Houston Post* as reporter, columnist, and occasional cartoonist.

In February 1896 he was indicted for embezzlement of bank funds. Friends aided his flight to Honduras. News of his wife's fatal illness, however, brought him back to Austin, and lenient authorities did not press his case until after her death. When convicted, Porter received the lightest sentence possible and in 1898 he entered the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio; his sentence was shortened to three years and three months for good behaviour. As night druggist in the prison hospital, he could write to earn money for support of his daughter Margaret. His stories of adventure in the southwest U.S. and Central America were immediately popular with magazine readers, and when he emerged from prison W.S. Porter had become O. Henry.

In 1902 O. Henry arrived in New York — his "Bagdad on the Subway." From December 1903 to January 1906 he produced a story a week for the *New York World*, writing also for magazines. His first book, *Cabbages and Kings* (1904), depicted fantastic characters against exotic Honduran backgrounds. Both *The Four Million* (1906) and *The Trimmed Lamp* (1907) explored the lives of the multitude of New York in their daily routines and searchings for romance and adventure. *Heart of the West* (1907) presented accurate and fascinating tales of the Texas range.

Then in rapid succession came *The Voice of the City* (1908), *The Gentle Gaffer* (1908), *Roads of Destiny* (1909), *Options* (1909), *Strictly Business* (1910), and *Whirligigs* (1910). *Whirligigs* contains perhaps Porter's funniest story, "The Ransom of Red Chief."

Despite his popularity, O. Henry's final years were marred by ill-health, a desperate financial struggle, and alcoholism. A second marriage in 1907 was unhappy. After his death three more collected volumes appeared: *Sixes and Sevens* (1911), *Rolling Stones* (1912), and *Waifs and Strays* (1917).

Later, seven fugitive stories and poems, *O. Henryana* (1920), *Letters to Lithopolis* (1922) and two collections of his early work on the *Houston Post*, *Postscripts* (1923), and *O. Henry Encore* (1939), were published. Foreign translations and adaptations for other art forms, including films and television, attest his universal application and appeal.

LESSON 1

YPOK 1

WITCHES' LOAVES

MISS MARTHA MEACHAM kept the little bakery on the corner (the one where you go up three steps, and the bell tinkles when you open the door).

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

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

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

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

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

Often when Miss Martha sat down to her chops and light rolls and jam and tea she would sigh, and wish that the gentle-mannered artist might share her tasty meal instead of eating his dry crust in that draughty attic.

Miss Martha's heart, as you have been told, was a sympathetic one.

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

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

Two days afterward the customer came in.

'Two loafs of stale bread, if you please.'

'You haf here a fine bicture, madame,' he said while she was wrapping up the bread.

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

'Der balace,' said the customer, 'is not in good drawing. Der bairspective of it is not true. Goot morning, madame.'

He took his bread, bowed, and hurried out.

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

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

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

Often now when he came he would chat for awhile across the showcase. He seemed to crave Miss Martha's cheerful words.

He kept on buying stale bread. Never a cake, never a pie, never one other delicious Sally Lunnis.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

‘*Dummkopf!*’ he shouted with extreme loudness; and then ‘*Tausendonfer!*’ or something like it, in German.

The young man tried to draw him away.

‘I vill not go,’ he said angrily, ‘else I shall told her.’

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

‘You haf shpoilt me,’ he cried, his blue eyes blazing behind his spectacles. ‘I vill tell you. You vas von *meddingsome old cat!*’

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

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

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

‘He’s been working hard for three months drawing a plan for a new city hall. It was a prize competition. He finished inking the lines yesterday. You know, a draughtsman always makes his drawing in pencil first. When it’s done he rubs out the pencil lines with handfuls of stale breadcrumbs. That’s better than india-rubber.’

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

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

Tasks and Exercises

1. Read the text paying attention to the following words:

- to keep the bakery – держать булочную
- a sympathetic heart – доброе сердце
- a customer – покупатель, посетитель
- to take an interest – проявлять интерес
- a middle-aged man – мужчина средних лет
- to speak with a strong (German) accent – говорить с сильным немецким акцентом
- to wear spectacles – носить очки
- to look neat – выглядеть опрятно
- two loaves of stale bread – два черствых хлеба
- to have good (bad) manners – иметь хорошие (дурные) манеры;
- быть хорошо (дурно) воспитанным
- a red and brown stain on his fingers – следы красной и коричневой краски на пальцах
- occupation – род занятий, деятельности
- a painting – картина, живопись
- to test smb's theory – испытать (проверить) теорию (догадку)
- a Venetian scene – сценка из венецианской жизни
- a splendid marble palazzo – великолепное мраморное палаццо
- No artist could fail to notice it. – Ни один художник не сможет не заметить ее (картину).
- What a broad brow he had! – Какой у него высокий лоб!
- at a glance – на первый взгляд
- showcase – прилавок
- to keep on doing smth – продолжать что-либо делать
- to struggle – бороться, сражаться
- to recognize – признать кого-либо
- to look thinner and discouraged – выглядеть более худым и грустным
- her courage failed at the act – мужество покидало ее
- She didn't dare affront him. – Она не осмеливалась нанести ему обиду.
- the pride of artists – гордость художников
- a mysterious compound – таинственная смесь
- complexion – белизна кожи
- to seize the opportunity – использовать возможность, шанс

a pound of fresh butter – фунт сливочного масла
 a dairyman – молочник
 to make a deep slash – сделать глубокий надрез
 to press the loaves tight – крепко прижать верхние половинки (хлебца) к нижним
 pleasant little chat – приятная недолгая беседа
 to dwell (dwelt, dwelt) on the subject – говорить о чем-то (особенно о неприятном)
 to discover smb's deception – обнаружить, раскрыть обман
 to make a great deal of noise – произвести шум, шуметь
 to smoke a pipe – курить трубку
 easel – мольберт
 to lay down smb's brushes and palette – откладывать в сторону кисти и палитру
 his hair was wildly rumpled – его волосы были взлохмачены
 to clinch the fists – сжимать кулаки
 to draw smb away – потянуть в сторону, оттащить
 a draughtsman – чертежник
 to rub out the pencil's lines – стирать карандашные линии

2. Answer the following questions:

1. What kind of woman was Miss Martha?

2. What kind of man was the customer?

3. What made Miss Martha suspect that the customer was an artist?

4. What did Miss Martha do to find out the customer's occupation?

5. Why didn't Miss Martha offer anything good to eat to the customer?

6. How did Miss Martha manage to add butter to the customer's stale loaves?

7. Why didn't Miss Martha recognize her customer at first?

8. How did the customer's companion explain the strange behaviour of his friend to Miss Martha?

9. What did Miss Martha do with the picture she brought from her room?

10. Why did Miss Martha hang the picture on the wall?

11. How did Miss Martha feel when she was speaking with the customer about art and paintings?

12. What did Miss Martha suspect her customer was?

13. Why did Miss Martha get frightened when the customer came to her bakery accompanied by a man? Did she know what had made him so angry?

14. What did the customer's friend think of what Miss Martha had done?

15. What did Miss Martha think about what had happened?

16. What made Miss Martha think that the customer was poor?

17. What made Miss Martha hang a picture in the bakery?

18. What made the customer buy only stale bread?

19. What made the young man draw the artist out of the bakery?

20. What made the customer take part in the prize competition?

21. The customer beat Miss Martha, didn't he?

3. Choose the correct variant to complete the sentence.

1. Miss Martha was
A) forty and rather rich
B) young and rich
C) poor and unhappy
2. Miss Martha
A) hasn't a husband
B) has a husband
C) has two children
3. The customer was
A) a middle-aged man
B) very young and handsome
C) very old and ugly

4. The customer spoke English with
 - A) a strong German accent
 - B) a strong French accent
 - C) a strong Russian accent
5. The customer kept on buying
 - A) stale bread
 - B) a cake
 - C) a pie
6. The customer was
 - A) a draughtsman
 - B) an artist
 - C) a painter
7. A draughtsman rubs out the pencil lines with
 - A) stale breadcrumbs
 - B) an india-rubber
 - C) an eraser
8. The customer's companion asked him
 - A) to calm down
 - B) to beat the woman
 - C) to shout at Miss Martha
7. When adding butter to the customer's loaves Miss Martha
 - A) wanted to please him
 - B) to spoil his drawing
 - C) make him angry

4. Translate the expressions below and make up your own sentences with them.

the customer

stale loaves

two false teeth

a sympathetic heart

a middle-aged man

to live in a garret

to share smb's tasty meal

occupation

gentle and kindly his eyes shone

a bakery

to look thinner and discourage

the pride of artist

to affront smb.

meagre purchase

to seize the opportunity

pleasant little chat

to make a great deal of noise

companion

a prize competition

draughtsman

ask can

to work hard

to rub out the pencil's lines

showcase

little deception

5. Translate the expressions below into English:

маленькая булочная на углу

две тысячи долларов

два вставных зуба

покупатель

человек средних лет, в очках и с темной бородкой

хорошие манеры

следы красной и коричневой краски

питаться черствым хлебом

аукцион (распродажа)

задняя комната

монета в пять центов

высокий лоб

пожарная машина

нахальная старая кошка

шелковая блузка

разъяренный приятель

карандашные линии

хлеб лучше резинки

коротенькая приятная беседа

надрезать ножом

прижать верхние половинки

невинная хитрость

6. Make literary translation into Russian of the paragraph:

- 1) from the words: “two or three times a week a customer came in...”
to the words: “where he painted pictures and ate stale bread and
thought of the good things to eat in Miss Martha’s bakery”;

- 2) from the words: “It was a Venetian scene...”
to the words: “He took his bread, bowed and hurried out”;

- 3) from the words: “Often now when he came he would chat for a while...”
to the words: “She knew the pride of artists”;

- 4) from the words: “One day the customer came in as usually,...”
to the words: “... but not without a slight fluttering of the heart”;

- 5) from the words: “Guess you ought to be told, ma’am...”
to the words: “except to cut up into railroad sandwiches”.

7. Translate from Russian into English:

A. У мисс Марты была маленькая булочная. Мисс Марта была довольно богата, и у нее было доброе сердце.

Ее внимание привлек один из покупателей, который заходил в булочную два или три раза в неделю и покупал только черствый хлеб. Мисс Марта подозревала, что он художник. Чтобы выяснить, что это действительно так, она повесила в булочной картину. Она была уверена, что, если покупатель – художник, картина привлечет его внимание. Хотя мисс Марта не была любопытна, ей хотелось знать все о покупателе.

Ей очень хотелось добавить чего-нибудь вкусного к его черствому хлебу, но она не осмеливалась сделать этого, так как боялась, что покупатель обидится. Однажды она добавила свежего масла к его черствому хлебу. Мисс Марта была уверена, что молодой человек будет растроган, когда увидит масло. Но он не был признателен бедной мисс Марте. Дело в том, что он покупал черствый хлеб, чтобы стирать карандашные линии на своих чертежах. Масло испортило его чертеж, за который он надеялся получить премию.

В.

1. Мисс Марта содержала маленькую булочную на углу (ту самую, где три ступеньки вниз и когда открываешь дверь, дребезжит колокольчик).

2. Это был человек средних лет, в очках и с темной бородкой.

3. Он говорил по-английски с сильным немецким акцентом.

4. Костюм на нем – старенький, неотутюженный, местами подштопанный – сидел мешковато.

5. Принимаясь теперь за свой завтрак – телячья отбивная, булочки, джем и чай – мисс Марта частенько выпускала вздох и сокрушалась, что этот художник такой деликатный, воспитанный, вместо того, чтобы делить с ней ее вкусную трапезу, гложет сухие корки у себя на чердаке, где гуляет сквозняк.

6. Весь красный, в сдвинутой на затылок шляпе, взлохмаченный, он сжал кулаки и яростно затряс ими перед лицом мисс Марты.

7. Блумбергер три месяца, не разгибая спины, трудился над проектом здания.

8. Вчера вечером он закончил обводить чертеж тушью.

9. В тот день мисс Марта много думала обо всем этом. Она представила себе как он обнаружит ее невинную хитрость.

10. В один прекрасный день покупатель зашел в булочную, положил на прилавок, как обычно, монету в пять центов и спросил как всегда черствые хлебцы.

8. Retell the text, playing the role of:

- a) Miss Martha;
- b) a customer (draughtsman);
- c) a companion of a draughtsman.

9. Make up the dialogues pertaining to the following situations:

- a) Miss Martha and a customer are discussing the art;
- b) Miss Martha is discussing what has happened to her with one of her neighbour.

10. Have you or your friends ever happened to be in such a situation when you got the result opposite to the expected one?

LESSON 2

УРОК 2

THE EXACT SCIENCE OF MATRIMONY

“AS I HAVE TOLD YOU BEFORE,” said Jeff Peters, “I never had much confidence in the perfidiousness of woman. As partners or coeducators in the most innocent line of graft they are not trustworthy.”

“They deserve the compliment,” said I. “I think they are entitled to be called the honest sex.”

“Why shouldn’t they be?” said Jeff. “They’ve got the other sex either grafting or working overtime for em. They’re all right in business until they get their emotions or their hair touched up too much. Then you want to have a flat-footed, heavy-breathing man with sandy whiskers, five kids and a building and loan mortgage ready as an understudy to take her desk.” Now there was that widow lady that me and Andy Tucker engaged to help us in a little matrimonial agency scheme we floated out in Cairo.

When you’ve got enough advertising capital – say a roll as big as the little end of a wagon tongue – there’s money in matrimonial agencies. We had about \$6,000 and we expected to double it in two months, which is about as long as a scheme like ours can be carried on without taking out a New Jersey charter.

We fixed up an advertisement that read about like this:

‘Charming widow, beautiful, home loving, 32 years, possessing \$3,000 cash and owning valuable country property, would remarry. Would prefer a poor man with affectionate disposition to one with means, as she realizes that the solid virtues are oftenest to be found in the humble waifs of life. No objection to elderly man or one of homely appearance if faithful and true and competent to manage property and invest money with judgement. Address, with particulars,

LONELY,

Care of Peters & Tucker, agents, Cairo, Ill.’

СОВРЕМЕННЫЙ ГУМАНИТАРНЫЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ

“So far, so pernicious,” says I, when we had finished the literary concoction. “And now,” says I, “where is the lady?”

Andy gives me one of his looks of calm irritation.

“Jeff,” says he, “I thought you had lost them ideas of realism in your art. Why should there be a lady? When they sell a lot of watered stock on Wall Street would you expect to find a mermaid in it? What has a matrimonial ad got to do with a lady?”

“Now listen,” says I. “You know my rule, Andy, that in all my illegitimate inroads against the legal letter of the law the article sold must be existent, visible, producible. In that way and by a careful study of city ordinances and train schedules I have kept out of all trouble with the police that a five-dollar bill and a cigar could not square. Now, to work this scheme we’ve got to be able to produce bodily a charming widow or its equivalent with or without the beauty, hereditaments and appurtenances set forth in the catalogue and writ of errors, or hereafter be held by a justice of the peace.”

“Well,” says Andy, reconstructing his mind, “maybe it would be safer in case the post office or the peace commission should try to investigate our agency. But where,” he says, “could you hope to find a widow who would waste time on a matrimonial scheme that had no matrimony in it?”

I told Andy that I thought I knew of the exact party. An old friend of mine, Zeke Trotter, who used to draw soda-water and teeth in a tent show, had made his wife a widow a year before by drinking some dyspepsia cure of the old doctor’s instead of the liniment that he always got boozed up on. I used to stop at their house often, and I thought we could get her to work with us.

“I was only sixty miles to the little town where she lived, so I jumped out on the I. C. and finds her in the same cottage with the same sunflowers and roosters standing on the wash-tub. Mrs. Trotter fitted our ad first-rate except, maybe, for beauty and age and property valuation. But she looked feasible and praiseworthy to the eye, and it was a kindness to Zeke’s memory to give her the Job.

“Is this an honest deal you are putting on, Mr. Peters?” she asks me when I tell her what we want.

“Mrs. Trotter,” says I, “Andy Tucker and me have computed the calculation that 3,000 men in this broad and unfair country will endeavour to secure your fair hand and ostensible money and property through our advertisement. Out of that number something like thirty hundred will expect to give you in exchange, if they should win you, the carcass of a lazy and mercenary loafer, a failure in life, a swindler and contemptible fortune-seeker.”

“Me and Andy,” says I, “propose to teach these prayers upon society a lesson. It was with difficulty,” says I, “that me and Andy could refrain from

forming a corporation under the title of the Great Moral and Millennial Malevolent Matrimonial Agency. Does that satisfy you?"

"It does, Mr. Peters," says she. "I might have known you wouldn't have gone into anything that wasn't opprobrious. But what will my duties be? Do I have to reject personally these 3,000 rascallions you speak of, or can I throw them out in bunches?"

"Your job, Mrs. Trotter," says I, "will be practically a cynosure. You will live at a quiet hotel and will have no work to do. Andy and I will attend to all the correspondence and business end of it."

"Of course," says I, "some of the more ardent and impetuous suitors who can raise the railroad fare may come to Cairo to personally press their suit or whatever fraction of a suit they may be wearing. In that case you will be probably put to the inconvenience of kicking them out face to face. We will pay you \$25 per week and hotel expenses."

"Give me five minutes," says Mrs. Trotter, "to get my powder rag and leave the front-door key with a neighbour and you can let my salary begin."

So I conveys Mrs. Trotter to Cairo and establishes her in a family hotel far enough away from mine and Andy's quarters to be unsuspecting and available, and I tell Andy.

"Great," says Andy. "And now that your conscience is appeased as to the tangibility and proximity of the bait, and leaving mutton aside, suppose we revenoo a noo fish."

So, we began to insert our advertisement in newspapers covering the country far and wide. One ad was all we used. We couldn't have used more without hiring so many clerks and marcelled paraphernalia that the sound of the gum-chewing would have disturbed the Postmaster-General.

We placed \$2,000 in a bank to Mrs. Trotter's credit and gave her the book to show in case anybody might question the honesty and good faith of the agency. I knew Mrs. Trotter was square and reliable and it was safe to leave it in her name.

With that one ad Andy and me put in twelve hours a day answering letters.

About one hundred a day was what came in. I never knew there was so many large-hearted but indigent men in the country who were willing to acquire a charming widow and assume the burden of investing her money.

Most of them admitted that they ran principally to whiskers and lost jobs and were misunderstood by the world, but all of 'em were sure that they were so chock-full of affection and manly qualities that the widow would be making the bargain of her life to get em.

Every applicant got a reply from Peters & Tucker informing them that the widow had been deeply impressed by his straightforward and interesting letter and requesting them to write again; stating more particulars; and enclosing photograph if convenient. Peters & Tucker also informed the

applicant that their fee for handing over the second letter to their fair client would be \$2, enclosed therewith.

There you see the simple beauty of the scheme. About 90 per cent of them domestic foreign noblemen raised the price somehow and sent it in. That was all there was to it. Except that me and Andy complained an amount about being put to the trouble of slicing open them envelopes, and taking the money out.

Some few clients called in person. We sent 'em to Mrs. Trotter and she did the rest; except for three or four who came back to strike us for car-fare. After the letters began to get in from the r.f.d. districts Andy and me were taking in about \$200 a day.

One afternoon when we were busiest and I was stuffing the two and ones into cigar boxes and Andy was whistling "No Wedding Bells for Her," a small, slick man drops in and runs his eye over the walls like he was on the trail of a lost Gainsborough painting or two. As soon as I saw him I felt a glow of pride, because we were running our business on the level.

"I see you have quite a large mail to-day," says the man.

I reached and got my hat.

"Come on," says I. "We've been expecting you. I'll show you the goods. How was Teddy when you left Washington?"

I took him down to the Riverview Hotel and had him shake hands with Mrs. Trotter. Then I showed him her bank book with the \$2,000 to her credit.

"It seems to be all right," says the Secret Service.

"It is," says I. "And if you're not a married man I'll leave you to talk a while with the lady. We won't mention the two dollars."

"Thanks," says he. "If I wasn't, I might. Good day, Mrs. Peters."

Toward the end of three months we had taken in something over \$5,000, and we saw it was time to quit. We had a good many complaints made to us; and Mrs. Trotter seemed to be tired of the job. A good many suitors had been calling to see her, and she didn't seem to like that.

So we decides to pull out, and I goes down to Mrs. Trotter's hotel to pay her last week's salary and say farewell and get her cheque for the \$2,000.

When I got there I found her crying like a kid that don't want to go to school.

"Now, now," says I, "what's it all about? Somebody sassed you or you getting home-sick?"

"No, Mr. Peters," says she. "I'll tell you. You was always a friend of Zeke's, and I don't mind. Mr. Peters, I'm in love. I just love a man so hard I can't bear not to get him. He's just the ideal I've always had in mind."

"Then take him," says I. "That is, if it's a mutual case. Does he return the sentiment according to the specifications and painfulness you have described?"

"He does," says she. "But he's one of the gentlemen that's been coming to see me about the advertisement and he won't marry me unless I give him the \$2,000." His name is William Wilkinson." And then she goes off again in the agitations and hysterics of romance.

"Mrs. Trotter," says I, "there's no man more sympathizing with a woman's affections than I am. Besides, you was once the life partner of one of my best friends. If it was left to me I'd say take this \$2,000 and the man of your choice and be happy.

"We could afford to do that, because we have cleaned up over \$5,000 from these suckers that wanted to marry you. But," says I, "Andy Tucker is to be consulted."

"He is a good man, but keen in business. He is my equal partner financially. I will talk to Andy," says I, "and see what can be done."

I goes back to our hotel and lays the case before Andy.

"I was expecting something like this all the time," says Andy. "You can't trust a woman to stick by you in any scheme that involves her emotions and preferences."

"It's a sad thing, Andy," says I, "to think that we've been the cause of the breaking of a woman's heart."

"It is," says Andy, "and I tell you what I'm willing to do, Jeff. You've always been a man of a soft and generous heart and disposition. Perhaps I've been too hard and worldly and suspicious, for once I'll meet you half-way. Go to Mrs. Trotter and tell her to draw the \$2,000 from the bank and give it to this man she's infatuated with and be happy."

I jumps up and shakes Andy's hand for five minutes, and then I goes back to Mrs. Trotter and tells her, and she cries as hard for joy as she did for sorrow.

Two days afterward me and Andy packed up to go.

"Wouldn't you like to go down and meet Mrs. Trotter once before we leave?" I asks him. "She'd like mightily to know you and express her encomiums and gratitude."

"Why, I guess not," says Andy. "I guess we'd better hurry and catch that train."

I was strapping our capital around me in a memory belt like we always carried it, when Andy pulls a roll of large bills out of his pocket and asks me to put 'em with the rest.

"What's this?" says I.

"It's Mrs. Trotter's two thousand," says Andy.

"How do you come to have it?" I asks.

"She gave it to me," says Andy. "I've been calling on her three evenings a week for more than a month."

"Then are you William Wilkinson?" says I.

"I was," says Andy.

Tasks and Exercises

1. Read the text paying attention to the following expressions and words:

confidence – доверие

the perfidiousness of woman – женское коварство

partner – компаньон

coeducators – соучастник

innocent line of graft – невинное жульничество

they deserve the compliment – они заслуживают комплимент

the honest sex – честнейший пол

a flat-footed man – “тяжеловоз”

a heavy-breathing man – мужчина с одышкой

loan mortgage – заложенный дом

a widow – вдова

to engage to help smb – оказать содействие (помощь)

matrimonial agency – брачное агентство

advertising capital – деньги на рекламу

a roll – пачка

to double – удвоить

a scheme – план, схема

to carry on – выполнять что-либо

a New Jersey charter – официальное разрешение от штата Нью-

Джерси

charming widow, possessing \$3.000 cash – симпатичная вдова с капиталом в 3000 долларов

valuable country property – ценное обширное поместье

solid virtues – солидные добродетели

to invest money with judgment – распорядиться капиталом

literary concoction – литературное произведение

calm irritation – холодное раздражение

a matrimonial ad – брачное объявление

the legal letters of law – легальная буква закона

illegitimate inroads – незаконные отклонения

to study of city ordinances and train schedule – изучать городской устав и расписание поездов

I have kept out of all trouble with the police – я избежал столкновений с полицией

five-dollar bill – бумажка в 5 долларов

a charming widow – симпатичная вдова

to be held by a justice of the peace – быть наказанным по закону

peace commission – судебное ведомство

to investigate – произвести расследование, ревизию

to waste time – тратить время впустую

made his wife a widow – сделал свою жену вдовой

to drink some dyspepsia cure – “хлебнуть” какого-либо снадобья

sunflowers – подсолнухи

Mrs. Trotter fitted our ad – Миссис Троттер вполне подходила под наше объявление.

to give smb the Job – дать кому-либо работу

to compute the calculation – сделать подсчет (подсчитывать что-либо)

in this broad and unfair country – в этой обширной и бесчестной стране

a lazy and mercenary loader – лентяй и бездельник

a failure in life – неудачник

a swindler and contemptible fortune-seeker – мошенник и презренный прохвост

to teach smb a lesson – проучить кого-либо

Do I have to reject personally these 3,000 rascallions? – Неужели мне придется отказывать каждому из этих 3000 мерзавцев?

We will pay you \$ 25 per week and hotel expenses. – Платить мы вам будем 25\$ в неделю, включая проживание в гостинице.

You can let my salary begin. – Вы можете считать меня на службе.

Mrs. Trotter was square and reliable. – Миссис Троттер – женщина честная и надежная.

large-hearted – любящий, с добрым сердцем

to will to acquire a charming widow and assume the burden of investing her money – желать жениться на симпатичной вдове и взвалить на себя бремя забот о ее капитале

every applicant – каждый клиент

to complain – жаловаться

called in person – явились лично

a small slick man – маленький шустрый субъект

to feel a glow of pride – чувствовать гордость

to run one's business – вести дело, заниматься бизнесом

a large mail today – много почты сегодня

It was time to quit. – Пора остановиться (закончить какое-либо дело).

to be tired of the job – устать от работы

to say farewell – попрощаться с кем-либо

He's just the ideal I've always had in mind. – В нем воплотился мой идеал, который я лелеяла всю жизнь.

a mutual case – взаимный интерес (зд. взаимная любовь)

many suitors – много поклонников

a life partner – спутница (спутник) жизни

He is a good man, but a keen in business. – Он добрый человек, но делец.

an equal partner – пайщик в равной доле

You can't trust a woman to stick by you in any scheme that involves her emotions and preferences. – Нельзя полагаться на женщину в таком предприятии, где затрагиваются сердечные струны (ее эмоции и предпочтения).

the cause of the breaking of a woman's heart – причина разбитого женского сердца

You're a man of a soft and generous heart and disposition. – Вы человек с добрым сердцем и мягким характером.

to draw the \$ 2.000 from the bank – взять из банка 2000 долларов

We packed up to go. – Мы упаковали вещи и приготовились к отъезду.

We'd better hurry and catch the train! – Нам бы поторопиться и не опоздать на поезд!

to pull a roll of large bills out of his pocket – вынимать из кармана целую пачку крупных банкнот

I've been calling on her three evenings a week for more than a month.

– Я целый месяц бывал у нее вечерами по три раза в неделю.

2. Choose the correct variant to complete the sentence.

1. Jeff Peters and Andy Tucker had about \$ _____
A) 6.000
B) 4.000
C) 5.000
2. Jeff and Andy wanted to double their capital in _____
A) two months
B) a week
C) two weeks
3. Mrs. Trotter was ...
A) a widow
B) Jeff's sister
C) Andy's cousin
4. It was a kindness to Zeke's memory to give Mrs. Trotter _____
A) the Job
B) advice
C) a lot of money
5. Andy and Jeff paid Mrs. Trotter \$ _____ per week and hotel expenses
A) 25
B) 15
C) 35

6. Andy and Jeff placed \$ _____ in a bank to Mrs. Trotter's credit
A) 5.000
B) 2.000
C) 3.000
7. Zeke Trotter, made his wife a widow because he _____
A) drank some dyspepsia cure of old doctor's
B) was killed
C) died of heart attack
8. Mrs. Trotter was _____ woman
A) square and reliable
B) greedy
C) envious

3. Answer the following questions:

1. What was Andy's Tucker idea of matrimonial agency?

2. Why and for what did Andy and Jeff fix up an advertisement?

3. Who found a real widow fitted their Ad?

4. Where did Mrs. Trotter live?

5. What was Mrs. Trotter's husband?

6. Why did her husband die?

7. Was Mrs. Trotter very smart and charming woman?

8. Could you describe the circumstances under which Andy and Jeff met Mrs. Trotter?

9. What were Mrs. Trotter duties?

10. How much did Andy and Jeff pay her per week?

11. Could you sum up everything you know about Mrs. Trotter?

12. What kind of person was Mrs. Trotter?

13. How many letters did they receive every day?

14. What do you think of Mrs. Trotter's applicants (suitors)?

15. What's your attitude to Mrs. Trotter and her suitors?

16. What's your attitude to Andy and Jeff?

17. Do you agree with the statement that Andy and Jeff are the fair and honest people?

18. How could it happen that Mrs. Trotter fell in love?

19. What do you know of Mrs. Trotter's "fiance"?

20. Could you imagine that one day Andy and Jeff would get in prison? (Is it possible?)

4. Make up sentences with the expressions below and translate them into Russian.

innocent line of graft

widow

matrimonial agency

to double

matrimonial ad

calm irritation

five-dollar bill

investigate smb's agency

sunflowers

to teach smb lesson

a failure in life

every applicant

complain

to give smb the job

equal partner

a mutual case

to say farewell

to be tired of the job

a small slick man

the life partner

It was time to quit

in this broad and unfair country

5. Translate the expressions below from Russian into English.

компаньон

невинное жульничество

мужчина с одышкой

вдова

честнейший пол

брачное агентство

удвоить капитал

симпатичная вдова с капиталом в 3000 долларов

пачка

холодное раздражение

брачное объявление

жаловаться

проучить кого-либо

подсолнухи

тратить время

симпатичная вдова

неудачники по жизни

каждый клиент (проситель)

сделать свою жену вдовой

пайщик в равной доле

устать от работы

вести дело

попрощаться с кем-либо

спутница (спутник) жизни

упаковали вещи и приготовились к отъезду

6. Make literary translation into Russian of the paragraph.

- 1) from the words "Charming widow, beautiful..."
to the words "... Lonely";

- 2) from the words “An old friend of mine, Zeke Trotter...”
to the words “...to give her the Job”;

- 3) from the words “Your job Mrs. Trotter, says I ...”
to the words “... and hotel expenses”;

- 4) from the words “So, we began to insert ...”
to the words “... twelve hours a day answering letters”;

- 5) from the words “Toward the end of three months...”
to the words “... get her cheque for the \$2000”;

- 6) from the words “No, Mr. Peters, says she ...”
to the words “... and hysterics of romance”;

- 7) from the words “You’ve always been a man...”
to the words “...she cries as hard for joy as she did for sorrow”.

7. Give the English equivalents for the following sentences.

1. Даже в самом невинном жульничестве невозможно полагаться на женщин как на соучастников и компаньонов.

2. Симпатичная вдова, прекрасной наружности, тридцати двух лет, с капиталом в три тысячи долларов, обладающая обширным поместьем, желала бы вторично выйти замуж. Ничего не имеет против старого и некрасивого мужа, если он будет ей верен и сумеет распорядиться ее капиталом.

3. Может быть, и в самом деле тут необходима вдова, на случай, если почтовое или судебное ведомство вздумает сделать ревизию нашей конторы? Но где же мы найдем такую вдову, что согласится тратить время на брачные шашни, которые не кончатся браком?

-
-
-
4. Старый мой приятель Зики Троттер, который торговал содовой и дергал зубы в палатке на ярмарках, около года назад сделал из своей жены вдову, хлебнув какого-то снадобья.
-
-

5. Мисс Троттер вполне подходила под наше объявление, если, конечно, не считать пустяков: она была значительно старше, причем не имела ни денег, ни красивой наружности.
-
-

6. Но в чем будут заключаться мои обязанности? Неужели мне придется отказывать каждому из этих трех тысяч мерзавцев в отдельности?
-
-

7. Я и не подозревал никогда, что на свете есть столько любящих, но бедных мужчин, которые хотели бы жениться на симпатичной вдове и взвалить на себя бремя забот о ее капитале.
-
-
-

8. Питерс и Таккер присовокупляли к сему, что их гонорар за передачу второго письма в прекрасные ручки вдовы выражается в сумме два доллара, каковые деньги и следует приложить к письму.
-
-
-

9. К концу трех месяцев у нас набралось что-то около пяти тысяч долларов и мы решили, что пора остановиться.
-
-

10. Мистер Питерс, я влюблена. Я влюблена в одного человека, влюблена так сильно, что не могу жить без него. В нем воплотился весь мой идеал, который я лелеяла всю жизнь.

8. Retell the text, playing the role of:

- a) Jeff Peters;
- b) Andy Tucker;
- c) Mrs. Trotter.

9. Make up the dialogues pertaining to the following situations:

- a) Jeff Peters and Andy Tucker are going to double their capital, so they decide to found a matrimonial agency.
- b) Jeff and Andy are meeting Mrs. Trotter.
- c) Mrs. Trotter is speaking to one of her suitors.
- d) Mrs. Trotter is speaking with Mr. Wilkinson.
- e) scene of parting of Mrs. Trotter and Jeff Peters.

10. Discuss the problem set in the story.

What do you consider to be the main problem of the story?

What's your attitude to a matrimonial agency?

Could you advise your friend to address a matrimonial agency?

Have you ever met the swindlers in your life?

What's your attitude to such people?

LESSON 3

УРОК 3

THE BRIEF DEBUT OF TILDY

IF YOU DO NOT KNOW Bogle's Chop House and Family Restaurant it is your loss. For if you are one of the fortunate ones who dine expensively you should be interested to know how the other half consumes provisions. And if you belong to the half to whom waiters' checks are things of moment, you should know Bogle's, for there you get your money's worth – in quantity, at least.

Bogle's is situated in that highway of *bourgeoisie*, that boulevard of Brown–Jones–and–Robinson, Eighth Avenue. There are two rows of tables in the room, six in each row. On each table is a castor–stand, containing cruets of condiments and seasons. From the pepper cruet you may shake a cloud of something tasteless and melancholy, like volcanic dust. From the salt cruet you may expect nothing. Though a man should extract a sanguinary stream from the pallid turnip, yet will his prowess be balked when he comes to wrest salt from Bogle's cruets. Also upon each table stands the counterfeit of that benign sauce made 'from the recipe of a nobleman in India.'

At the cashier's desk sits Bogle, cold, sordid, slow, smouldering, and takes your money. Behind a mountain of toothpicks he makes your change, files your check, and ejects at you, like a toad, a word about the weather. Beyond a corroboration of his meteorological statement you would better not

venture. You are not Bogle's friend; you are a fed, transient customer, and you and he may not meet again until the blowing of Gabriel's dinner horn. So take your change and go – to the devil if you like. There you have Bogle's sentiments.

The needs of Bogle's customers were supplied by two waitresses and a Voice. One of the waitresses was named Aileen. She was tall, beautiful, lively, gracious and learned in persiflage. Her other name? There was no more necessity for another name at Bogle's than there was for finger-bowls.

The name of the other waitress was Tildy. Why do you suggest Matilda? Please listen this time – Tildy – Tildy. Tildy was dumpy, plain-faced, and too anxious to please to please. Repeat the last clause to yourself once or twice, and make the acquaintance of the duplicate infinite.

The Voice at Bogle's was invisible. It came from the kitchen, and did not shine in the way of originality. It was a heathen Voice, and contented itself with vain repetitions of exclamations emitted by the waitresses concerning food.

Will it tire you to be told again that Aileen was beautiful? Had she donned a few hundred dollars' worth of clothes and joined the Easter parade, and had you seen her, you would have hastened to say so yourself.

The customers at Bogle's were her slaves. Six tables full she could wait upon at once. They who were in a hurry restrained their impatience for the joy of merely gazing upon her swiftly moving, graceful figure. They who had finished eating ate more that they might continue in the light of her smiles. Every man there – and they were mostly men – tried to make his impression upon her.

Aileen could successfully exchange repartee against a dozen at once. And every smile that she sent forth lodged, like pellets from a scatter-gun, in as many hearts. And all this while she would be performing astounding feats with orders of pork and beans, pot roasts, ham-and, sausage-and-the-wheats, and any quantity of things on the iron and in the pan and straight up and on the side. With all this feasting and flirting and merry exchange of wit Bogle's came mighty near being a salon, with Aileen for its Madame Recamier.

If the transients were entranced by the fascinating Aileen, the regulars were her adorers. There was much rivalry among many of the steady customers. Aileen could have had an engagement every evening. At least twice a week someone took her to a theatre or to a dance. One stout gentleman whom she and Tildy had privately christened 'The Hog' presented her with a turquoise ring. Another one known as 'Freshy,' who rode on the Traction Company's repair wagon, was going to give her a poodle as soon as his brother got the hauling contract in the Ninth. And the man who always ate spareribs and spinach and said he was a stockbroker asked her to go to 'Parsifal' with him.

‘I don’t know where this place is,’ said Aileen while talking it over with Tildy, ‘but the wedding–ring’s got to be on before I put a stitch into a travelling dress – ain’t that right? Well, I guess!’

But, Tildy!

In steaming, chattering, cabbage-scented Bogle’s there was almost a heart tragedy. Tildy with the blunt nose, the haycoloured hair, the freckled skin the bag-o’-meal figure, had never had an admirer. Not a man followed her with his eyes when she went to and fro in the restaurant save now and then when they glared with the beast–hunger for food. None of them bantered her gaily to coquettish interchanges of wit. None of them loudly ‘jollied’ her of mornings as they did Aileen, accusing her, when the eggs were slow in coming, of late hours in the company of envied swains. No one had ever given her a turquoise ring or invited her upon a voyage to mysterious distant ‘Parsifal.’

Tildy was a good waitress, and the men tolerated her. They who sat at her tables spoke to her briefly with quotations from the bill of fare; and then raised their voices in honeyed and otherwise-flavoured accents, eloquently addressed to the fair Aileen. They writhed in their chairs to gaze around and over the impending form of Tildy, that Aileen’s pulchritude might season and make ambrosia of their bacon and eggs.

And Tildy was content to be the unwooded drudge if Aileen could receive the flattery and the homage. The blunt nose was loyal to the short Grecian. She was Aileen’s friend; and she was glad to see her rule hearts and wean the attention of men from smoking pot–pie and lemon meringue. But deep below our freckles and hay–coloured hair the unhandsomest of us dream of a prince or a princess, not vicarious, but coming to us alone.

There was a morning when Aileen tripped in to work with a slightly bruised eye; and Tildy’s solicitude was almost enough to heal any optic.

‘Fresh guy,’ explained Aileen, ‘last night as I was going home at Twenty–third and Sixth. Sashayed up, so he did, and made a break. I turned him down, cold, and he made a sneak; but followed me down to Eighteenth, and tried his hot air again. Gee! but I slapped him a good one, side of the face. Then he give me that eye. Does it look real awful, Til? I should hate that Mr. Nicholson should see it when he comes in for his tea and toast at ten.’

Tildy listened to the adventure with breathless admiration. No man had ever tried to follow her. She was safe abroad at any hour of the twenty-four. What bliss it must have been to have had a man follow one and black one’s eye for love!

Among the customers at Bogle’s was a young man named Seeders, who worked in a laundry office. Mr. Seeders was thin and had light hair, and appeared to have been recently rough-dried and starched. He was too diffident to aspire to Aileen’s notice; so he usually sat at one of Tildy’s tables, where he devoted himself to silence and boiled weakfish.

One day when Mr. Seeders came in to dinner he had been drinking beer. There were only two or three customers in the restaurant. When Mr. Seeders had finished his weakfish he got up, put his arm around Tildy's waist, kissed her loudly and impudently, walked out upon the street, snapped his fingers in the direction of the laundry, and hied himself to play pennies in the slot machines at the Amusement Arcade.

For a few moments Tildy stood petrified. Then she was aware of Aileen shaking at her an arch forefinger, and saying:

'Why, Til, you naughty girl! Ain't you getting to be awful, Miss Slyboots! First thing I know you'll be stealing some of my fellows. I must keep an eye on you, my lady.'

Another thing dawned upon Tildy's recovering wits. In a moment she had advanced from a hopeless, lowly admirer to be an Eve-sister of the potent Aileen. She herself was now a mancharmer, a mark for Cupid, a Sabine who must be coy when the Romans were at their banquet boards. Man had found her waist achievable and her lips desirable. The sudden and amatory Seeders had, as it were, performed for her a miraculous piece of one-day laundry-work. He had taken the sackcloth of her uncomeliness, had washed, dried, starched and ironed it, and returned it to her sheer embroidered lawn – the robe of Venus herself.

The freckles on Tildy's cheeks merged into a rosy flush. Now both Circe and Psyche peeped from her brightened eyes. Not even Aileen herself had been publicly embraced and kissed in the restaurant.

Tildy could not keep the delightful secret. When trade was slack she went and stood at Bogle's desk. Her eyes were shining; she tried not to let her words sound proud and boastful.

'A gentleman insulted me to-day,' she said. 'He hugged me around the waist and kissed me.'

'That so?' said Bogle, cracking open his business armour. 'After this week you get a dollar a week more.'

At the next regular meal when Tildy set food before customers with whom she had acquaintance she said to each of them modestly, as one whose merit needed no bolstering:

'A gentleman insulted me to-day in the restaurant. He put his arm around my waist and kissed me.'

The diners accepted the revelation in various ways – some incredulously, some with congratulations; others turned upon her the stream of badinage that had hitherto been directed at Aileen alone. And Tildy's heart swelled in her bosom, for she saw at last the towers of Romance rise above the horizon of the grey plain in which she had for so long travelled.

For two days Mr. Seeders came not again. During that time Tildy established herself firmly as a woman to be wooed. She bought ribbons, and arranged her hair like Aileen's, and tightened her waist two inches. She had a

thrilling but delightful fear that Mr. Seeders would rush in suddenly and shoot her with a pistol. He must have loved her desperately; and impulsive lovers are always blindly jealous.

Even Aileen had not been shot at with a pistol. And then Tildy rather hoped that he would not shoot at her, for she was always loyal to Aileen; and she did not want to overshadow her friend.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the third day Mr. Seeders came in. There were no customers at the tables. At the back end of the restaurant Tildy was refilling the mustard pots and Aileen was quartering pies. Mr. Seeders walked back to where they stood.

Tildy looked up and saw him, gasped, and pressed the mustard spoon upon her heart. A red hair-bow was in her hair; she wore Venus's Eighth Avenue badge, the blue bead necklace with the swinging silver symbolic heart.

Mr. Seeders was flushed and embarrassed. He plunged one hand into his hip pocket and the other into a fresh pumpkin pie.

'Miss Tildy,' said he, 'I want to apologize for what I done the other evenin'. 'Tell you the truth, I was pretty well tanked up or I wouldn't of done it. I wouldn't do no lady that a-way when I was sober. So I hope, Miss Tildy, you'll accept my apology, and believe that I wouldn't of done it if I'd known what I was doin' and hadn't of been drunk.'

With this handsome plea Mr. Seeders backed away, and departed, feeling that reparation had been made.

But behind the convenient screen Tildy had thrown herself flat upon a table among the butter chips and the coffee cups, and was sobbing her heart out – out and back again to the grey plain wherein travel they with blunt noses and hay-coloured hair. From her knot she had torn the red hair-bow and cast it upon the floor. Seeders she despised utterly; she had but taken his kiss as that of a pioneer and prophetic prince who might have set the clocks going and the pages to running in fairyland. But the kiss had been maudlin and unmeant; the court had not stirred at the false alarm; she must for evermore remain the Sleeping Beauty.

Yet not all was lost. Aileen's arm was around her; and Tildy's red hand groped among the butter chips till it found the warm grasp of her friend's.

'Don't you fret, Til,' said Aileen, who did not understand entirely. 'That turnip-faced little clothes-pin of a Seeders ain't worth it. He ain't anything of a gentleman or he wouldn't ever of apologized.'

Tasks and Exercises

1. Read the text, paying attention to the following words:

quantity – количество

bourgeoisie – буржуазия

СОВРЕМЕННЫЙ ГУМАНИТАРНЫЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ

boulevard of Brown-Jones-and-Robinson – бульвар Брауна-Джонса-Робинсона

eight Avenue – восьмая авеню

volcanic dust – вулканическая пыль

from the recipe of a nobleman in India – по рецепту одного индийского раджи

cashier's desk – касса

behind a mountain of toothpicks – за горой зубочисток

to make your change – давать вам сдачу

to file your check – накалывать ваш чек

like a toad – как жаба

corroboration – подтверждение

go to the devil – “катитесь к черту!”

Aileen – Эйлин (женск. имя)

Tildy – Тильди (женск. имя)

dummy, plain-faced – толстенная, маленькая и некрасивая

to be invisible – быть невидимым

way of originality – оригинальность

a heathen Voice – непросвещенный голос

Easter parade – пасхальное шествие; парад

a customer – клиент, посетитель

slaves – рабы

to be in a hurry – торопиться, спешить

to restrain the impatience – сдерживать нетерпение

her swiftly moving, graceful figure – ее легкая, быстрая походка и грациозная фигура

to make impression upon her – произвести на нее впечатление

like pellets from a scatter-gun – как дробины из дробовика

to perform outstanding feats – проявлять чудеса ловкости

an engagement – веселье, развлечение

her adorers – ее обожатели

“The Hog” – “Боров”

a turquoise ring – кольцо с бирюзой

“Freshy” – “Нахал”

a poodle – пудель

a stockbroker – биржевой маклер

a wedding-ring – обручальное кольцо

to put a stitch into a travelling dress – сделать стежок на дорожном платье

a heart tragedy – сердечная трагедия

the blunt nose – нос-пуговка

the hay-coloured hair – волосы цвета соломы

the freckled skin – веснушчатое лицо

never had an admirer – никогда не имела “ухажера”
the men tolerated her – мужчины терпели ее
they writhed in their chairs – они ерзали на стульях
dream of a prince or a princess – мечта о принце или принцессе
a slightly bruised eye – подбитый глаз
breathless admiration – замирание от восторга
to follow smb – следовать за кем-либо

She was safe abroad at any hour of the twenty-four. – Она была в безопасности в любой час дня и ночи.

What bliss it must have been. – Какое это должно быть блаженство.

light hair – белобрысый (светлые волосы)

he devoted himself to silence – он обрекал себя на молчание

he put his arm around Tildy's waist – он обнял Тильду за талию

to kiss smb loudly and impudently – поцеловать кого-либо громко и бесцеремонно

she stood petrified – она стояла, окаменев

I must keep an eye on you – Я должна следить за тобой

her waist achievable – ее талия привлекательная

her lips desirable – ее губы желанные

to perform for her a miraculous piece of one day – в один прекрасный день совершить над ней чудо

He had taken the sackcloth of her uncomeliness. – Он снял с нее грубую дерюгу ее непривлекательности.

Tildy's cheeks merged into a rosy flush. – Веснушки Тильды потонули в огне румянца.

her words sound proud and boastful – в ее словах звучали гордость и похвальба

to insult smb. – оскорблять кого-либо

he hugged me around the waist – он обнял меня за талию

Tildy's heart swelled in her bosom. – Сердце Тильды разрывалось от счастья.

the towns of Romance – башни романтики

the grey plain – серая равнина

to rush in – мчаться, врываться

to shoot smb. with a pistol – застрелить кого-либо из пистолета

impulsive lovers – страстные влюбленные

to be jealous – ревновать, быть ревнивым

to overshadow – затмить кого-либо

a red hair-bow – красный бант в волосах

the blue bead necklace with the swinging silver – ожерелье из голубых бус с символическим серебряным сердечком

symbolic heart – символическое сердечко

a fresh pumpkin pie – свежий пирог с тыквой

to plunge – опускать

I was pretty well tanked up. – Я тогда здорово выпил.

he backed away and departed, feeling that reparation had been made –
он дал задний ход и вышел из ресторана, чувствуя, что вина его
заглажена

false alarm – ложная тревога

the Sleeping Beauty – спящая красавица

Yet not all was lost. – Однако не все было потеряно.

that turnip-faced little clothes-pin – “белобрысая защипка для белья”

2. Choose the correct variant to complete the sentence.

1. The needs of Bogle’s customers were supplied by ____.
A) three young men
B) two waitresses
C) three old women
2. At the cashier’s desk sits ____.
A) the Bogle’s wife
B) Bogle
C) Tildy
3. Every men in the restaurant tried to make his impression upon ____.
A) Tildy
B) Aileen
C) the Bogle’s wife
4. The customers at Bogle’s restaurant were Aileen’s ____.
A) slaves
B) enemies
C) lovers
5. One stout gentleman presented Aileen a ____.
A) turquoise ring
B) golden chain
C) silver earrings
6. Tildy was a good waitress, and the men ____ her.
A) tolerated
B) hated
C) insulted
7. A young man named Seeders worked in ____.
A) a laundry
B) shop
C) post office
8. One day Seeders ____.
A) put his arm around Tildy’s waist and kissed her
B) insulted her
C) invited her to make love with him

9. Mr. Bogle promised Tildy to ____.
- A) to get a dollar a week more
 - B) to get three dollars a week more
 - C) dismiss her

3. Answer the following questions:

1. Where is Bogle's restaurant situated?

2. How does Bogle's restaurant look like?

3. Could you describe Mr.Bogle and his manners?

4. The needs of Bogle's customers were supplied by two waitresses, weren't they?

5. Aileen one of the waitresses was beautiful, wasn't she?

6. Are you sorry for Tildy and her appearance?

7. Could you compare these young waitresses (give the descriptions of their appearance)?

8. How did the customers of Bogle's restaurant treat Aileen (Tildy)?

9. What was Aileen's attitude to customers?

10. What did she (Aileen) think of her adorers (her marriage)?

11. Why did the customers at Bogle's pay no attention to Tildy?

12. Wasn't Tildy very ugly?

13. What do you think of natural beauty?

14. Could you suppose that Tildy were not so unattractive? Could you fall in love with Tildy (if you were one of the Bogle's customers)?

15. Who was a young man named Seeders?

16. Why did Seeders kiss Tildy?

17. Was Tildy very happy when Seeders "insulted" her?

18. Could you agree with the statement that Seeders's kiss had taken the sackcloth of her uncomeliness?

19. Seeders was a real gentleman, wasn't he?

4. Make sentences with the expressions below and translate them into Russian.

file your check

go to the devil

dumpy, plain-faced

customer

slaves

restrain the impatience

make impression upon smb.

engagement

a poodle

stockbroker

adorer

light hair

tolerate smb

blunt nose

follow smb

insult smb

impulsive lovers

desirable lips

kiss smb loudly and impudently

be jealous

5. Give the English equivalents for:

касса

Катитесь к черту!

быть невидимым

пасхальное шествие

спешить, торопиться

сдерживать нетерпение

грациозная фигура

веселье, развлечение

обручальное кольцо

произвести на кого-либо впечатление

биржевой маклер

ложная тревога

свежий пирог с сыром

опускать

спящая красавица

светлые волосы

оскорблять кого-либо

мужчины терпели ее

романтики

страстные влюбленные

ревнивый

он обрекал себя на молчание

подбитый глаз

нос-пуговка

затмить кого-либо

следить за кем-либо

волосы цвета соломы

6. Make literary translation into Russian of the paragraph:

- 1) from the words: "At the cashier's desk sits ..."
to the words: "... you would better not venture";

- 2) from the words: "The customers at Bogle's were her slaves..."
to the words: "... tried to make his impression upon her";

- 3) from the words: "If the transients entranced by ..."
to the words: "... he was a stockbroker asked her to go to
"Parsifal" with him";

- 4) from the words: "In steaming, chattering, cabbage-scented
Bogle's..."
to the words: "... to coquettish interchanges of wit";

- 5) from the words: "There was a morning when Aileen tripped in ..."
to the words: "... in for his tea and toast at ten";

- 6) from the words: "One day when Mr. Seeders came in ..."
to the words: "... at the Amusement Arcade";

- 7) from the words: "For two days Mr. Seeders came not again..."
to the words: "... impulsive lovers are always blindly jealous";

- 8) from the words: "Mr. Seeders was flushed and embarrassed."
to the words: "...and departed, feeling that reparation had been made".

7. Translate the following sentences from Russian into English:

1. Ресторан Богля расположен в самом центре буржуазного квартала, на бульваре Брауна-Джонса-Робинсона, на Восьмой авеню.

2. За кассой сидит Богль, холодный, суровый, медлительный, грозный и принимает от вас деньги. Выглядывая из-за горы

зубочисток, он дает вам сдачу, накалывает ваш счет, отрывисто, как жаба, бросает замечание насчет погоды.

3. Одну из девушек звали Эйлин. Она была высокого роста, красивая, живая, приветливая и мастерица позубоскалить.

4. Эйлин умела перебрасываться шутками с десятью клиентами одновременно. Каждая ее улыбка, как дробинки из дробовика, попадала сразу в несколько сердец.

5. Они обожали ее. Они соперничали между собой. Эйлин могла бы весело проводить время хоть каждый вечер. По крайней мере два раза в неделю кто-нибудь водил ее в театр или на танцы.

6. В пропитанном парами, болтовней и запахом капусты заведении Богля разыгрывалась настоящая трагедия. За Тильди, с ее носом-пуговкой, волосами цвета соломы и веснушчатым лицом, никогда никто не ухаживал.

7. Тильди была хорошей работницей, и мужчины терпели ее.

8. Но глубоко под веснушчатой кожей и соломенными волосами у самых некрасивых из нас таится мечта о принце или принцессе, которые придут только для нас одних.

9. Тильди слушала и сердце у нее замирало от восторга. Ни один мужчина никогда не пытался приставать к ней. Она была в безопасности в любой час дня и ночи.

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10. Мистер Сидерс был худ и белобрыс, и казалось, что его только что хорошенько высушили и накрахмалили.

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11. Покончив с вареной рыбой, мистер Сидерс встал, обнял Тильди за талию, громко и бесцеремонно поцеловал ее.

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12. Правду сказать, я тогда здорово выпил, а то никогда не сделал бы этого. Я бы никогда ни с одной женщиной не поступил так, если бы был трезвый.
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8. Retell the text, playing the role of:

- a) Mr. Bogle;
 - b) Tildy;
 - c) Aileen;
 - d) Seeders.
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9. Make dialogues pertaining to the following situations:

- a) Tildy and Aileen are talking about the customers;
 - b) Aileen and one of the customers at Bogle's;
 - c) Tildy and Mr. Seeders;
 - d) Tildy are retelling Aileen how Seeders "insulted" her.
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10. Discuss the problems set in the story.

What do you consider to be the main problem of the story?

Comment on the title of the story.

What's your attitude to the main characters? Do you like them?

Could you imagine Tildy's future life? (Say a few words about the circumstances of Tildy's marriage).

Speak about the author's mastership in portraying characters. (Does the author say that the person is good or bad, clever or stupid?)

LESSON 4

УРОК 4

THE PENDULUM

'EIGHTY-FIRST STREET – let 'em out, please,' yelled the shepherd in blue.

A flock of citizen sheep scrambled out and another flock scrambled aboard. Ding-ding! The cattle cars of the Manhattan Elevated rattled away, and John Perkins drifted down the stairway of the station with the released flock.

John walked slowly toward his flat. Slowly, because in the lexicon of his daily life there was no such word as 'perhaps.' There are no surprises

awaiting a man who has been married two years and lives in a flat. As he walked John Perkins prophesied to himself with gloomy and downtrodden cynicism the foregone conclusions of the monotonous day.

Katy would meet him at the door with a kiss flavoured with cold cream and butterscotch. He would remove his coat, sit upon a macadamized lounge and read, in the evening paper, of Russians and Japs slaughtered by the deadly linotype. For dinner there would be pot roast; a salad flavoured with a dressing warranted not to crack or injure the leather, stewed rhubarb and the bottle of strawberry marmalade blushing at the certificate of chemical purity on its label. After dinner Katy would show him the new patch in her crazy quilt that the iceman had cut for her off the end of his four-in-hand. At half-past seven they would spread newspapers over the furniture to catch the pieces of plastering that fell when the fat man in the flat overhead began to take his physical culture exercises. Exactly at eight Hickey & Mooney, of the vaudeville team (unbooked) in the flat across the hall would yield to the gentle influence of delirium tremens and begin to overturn chairs under the delusion that Hammerstein was pursuing them with a five-hundred-dollar-a-week contract. Then the gent at the window across the air-shaft would get out his flute; the nightly gas leak would steal forth to frolic in the highways; the dumb-waiter would slip off its trolley; the janitor would drive Mrs. Zanolowski's five children once more across the Yalu, the lady with the champagne shoes and the Skye terrier would trip downstairs and paste her Thursday name over her bell and letter-box – and the evening routine of the Frogmore flats would be under way.

John Perkins knew these things would happen. And he knew that at a quarter-past eight he would summon his nerve and reach for his hat, and that his wife would deliver this speech in a querulous tone:

‘Now, where are you going, I’d like to know, John Perkins?’

‘Thought I’d drop up to McCloskey’s,’ he would answer, ‘and play a game or two of pool with the fellows.’

Of late such had been John Perkins’ habit. At ten or eleven he would return. Sometimes Katy would be asleep; sometimes waiting up; ready to melt in the crucible of her ire a little more gold plating from the wrought-steel chains of matrimony. For these things Cupid will have to answer when he stands at the bar of justice with his victims from the Frogmore flats.

To-night John Perkins encountered a tremendous upheaval of the commonplace when he reached his door. No Katy was there with her affectionate, confectionate kiss. The three rooms seemed in portentous disorder. All about lay her things in confusion. Shoes in the middle of the floor, curling tongs, hair bows, kimonos, powder-box, jumbled together on dresser and chairs this was not Katy’s way. With a sinking heart John saw the comb with a curling cloud of her brown hair among its teeth. Some unusual hurry and perturbation must have possessed her, for she always

carefully placed these combings in the little blue base on the mantel, to be some day formed into the coveted feminine 'rat.'

Hanging conspicuously to the gas jet by a string was a folded paper. John seized it. It was a note from his wife running thus:

DEAR JOHN, –

'I just had a telegram saying mother is very sick. I am going to take the 4.30 train. Brother Sam is going to meet me at the depot there. There is cold mutton in the ice-box. I hope it isn't her quinsy again. Pay the milkman 60 cents. She had it bad last spring. Don't forget to write to the company about the gas meter, and your good socks are in the top drawer. I will write to-morrow.

'Hastily, 'KATY.'

Never during their two years of matrimony had he and Katy been separated for a night. John read the note over and over in a dumbfounded way. Here was a break in a routine that had never varied, and it left him dazed.

There on the back of a chair hung, pathetically empty and formless, the red wrapper with black dots that she always wore while getting the meals. Her week-day clothes had been tossed here and there in her haste. A little paper bag of her favourite butter-scotch lay with its string yet unwound. A daily paper sprawled on the floor, gaping rectangularly where a railroad timetable had been clipped from it. Everything in the room spoke of a loss, of an essence gone, of its soul and life departed. John Perkins stood among the dead remains with a queer feeling of desolation in his heart.

He began to set the rooms tidy as well as he could. When he touched her clothes a thrill of something like terror went through him. He had never thought what existence would be without Katy. She had become so thoroughly annealed into his life that she was like the air he breathed – necessary but scarcely noticed. Now, without warning, she was gone, vanished, as completely absent as if she had never existed. Of course it would be only for a few days, or at most a week or two, but it seemed to him as if the very hand of death had pointed a finger at his secure and uneventful home.

John dragged the cold mutton from the ice-box, made coffee and sat down to a lonely meal face to face with the strawberry marmalade's shameless certificate of purity. Bright among withdrawn blessings now appeared to him the ghosts of pot roast and the salad with tan polish dressing. His home was dismantled. A quinsied mother-in-law had knocked his lares and penates sky-high. After his solitary meal John sat at a front window.

He did not care to smoke. Outside the city roared to him to come join in its dance of folly and pleasure. The night was his. He might go forth unquestioned and thrum the strings of jollity as free as any gay bachelor there. He might carouse and wander and have his fling until dawn if he liked; and there would be no wrathful Katy waiting for him, bearing the chalice that held the dregs of his joy. He might play pool at McCloskey's with his roistering friends until Aurora dimmed the electric bulbs if he chose. The hymeneal strings that had curbed him always when the Frogmore flats had palled upon him were loosened. Katy was gone.

John Perkins was not accustomed to analysing his emotions. But as he sat in his Katy-bereft 10x12 parlour he hit unerringly upon the keynote of his discomfort. He knew now that Katy was necessary to his happiness. His feeling for her, lulled into unconsciousness by the dull round of domesticity, had been sharply stirred by the loss other presence. Has it not been dinned into us by proverb and sermon and fable that we never prize the music till the sweet-voiced bird has flown – or in other no less florid and true utterances?

'I'm a double-dyed dub,' mused John Perkins, 'the way I've been treating Katy. Off every night playing pool and bumming with the boys instead of staying home with her. The poor girl here all alone with nothing to amuse her, and me acting that way! John Perkins, you're the worst kind of a shine. I'm going to make it up for the little girl. I'll take her out and let her see some amusement. And I'll cut out the McCloskey gang right from this minute.'

Yes, there was the city roaring outside for John Perkins to come dance in the train of Momus. And at McCloskey's the boys were knocking the balls idly into the pockets against the hour for the nightly game. But no primrose way nor clicking cue could woo the remorseful soul of Perkins, the bereft. The thing that was his, lightly held and half scorned, had been taken away from him, and he wanted it. Backward to a certain man named Adam, whom the cherubim bounced from the orchard, could Perkins, the remorseful, trace his descent.

Near the right hand of John Perkins stood a chair. On the back of it stood Katy's blue shirtwaist. It still retained something other contour. Midway of the sleeves were fine, individual wrinkles made by the movements of her arms in working for his comfort and pleasure. A delicate but impelling odour of bluebells came from it. John took it and looked long and soberly at the unresponsive grenadine. Katy had never been unresponsive. Tears – yes, tears – came into John Perkins' eyes. When she came back things would be different. He would make up for all his neglect. What was life without her?

The door opened. Katy walked in carrying a little hand satchel. John stared at her stupidly.

'My! I'm glad to get back,' said Katy. 'Ma wasn't sick to amount to anything. Sam was at the depot, and said she just had a little spell, and got all

right soon after they telegraphed. So I took the next train back. I'm just dying for a cup of coffee."

Nobody heard the click and the rattle of the cogwheels as the third-floor front of the Frogmore flats buzzed its machinery back into the Order of Things. A band slipped, a spring was touched, the gear was adjusted and the wheels revolved in their old orbits.

John Perkins looked at the clock. It was 8.15. He reached for his hat and walked to the door.

'Now, where are you going, I'd like to know, John Perkins?' asked Katy, in a querulous tone.

'Thought I'd drop up to McCloskeys,' said John, 'and play a game or two of pool with the fellows.'

Tasks and Exercises

1. Read the text paying attention to the following words.

shepherd – пастух

flock – стадо

citizen-sheep – бараны-обыватели

to drift down the stairway – спуститься по лестнице

gloomy and downtrodden cynism – мрачный и унылый цинизм

monotonous day – скучный день

cream and butterscotch – крем и тянучки

macadamized lounge – "жесткая кушетка"

Japs – японцы

slaughtered by the deadly linotype – убитые смертоносным
линотипом

stewed rhubarb – тушеное мясо

the certificate of chemical purity on its label – этикетка с надписью
"химически чистое"

new patch – заплатка, кусочек ткани

to spread newspapers – расстелить газеты

to catch the pieces of plastering – ловить куски штукатурки

to take his physical culture exercises – заниматься гимнастикой
(выполнять физические упражнения)

Delirium Tremens – *лат.* белая горячка

gent – *разг.* от gentleman

flute – флейта

Yalu – река Ялу (на реке Ялу происходили бои во время русско-японской войны)

Skye terrier – шотландский терьер

letter-box – почтовый ящик

evening routine – вечерний порядок

to summon one's nerve – собраться с духом
 querulous tone – раздраженный тон
 I'd drop up to McCloskey's – заглянуть (заскочить) к Мак-Клоски
 wrought-steel chains of matrimony – стальные цепи брака
 at the bar of justice – “страшный суд”
 victims – жертвы
 encountered a tremendous upheaval of the commonplace –
 обнаружить поразительное нарушение повседневной рутины
 a lodger – жилец
 the Frogmore flats – дом Фрогмора
 portentous disorder – зловещий беспорядок
 in confusion – в беспорядке
 curling tongs – щипцы для завивки
 a curling cloud of her brown hair among its teeth – кудрявое облачко
 ее каштановых волос в зубьях (расчески)
 a gas jet – газовый рожок
 a folded paper – сложенная бумажка
 to be sick – быть больной
 to meet smb at the depot – встретить кого-либо на станции
 cold mutton – холодная баранина
 quinsy – ангина
 a milkman – молочник
 gas meter – газовый счетчик
 top drawer – верхний ящик
 matrimony – брак, супружеская жизнь
 a break in a routine – нарушение порядка
 red wrapper with black dots – красный с черными крапинками фартук
 week-day clothes – будничные платья (повседневная одежда)
 in haste – в спешке
 a railroad timetable had been clipped from it – вырезанное из газеты
 расписание поездов
 soul and life departed – жизнь и душа покинули (его)
 dead remains with a queer feeling of desolation in his heart – мертвые
 развалины, странное чувство тоски в его сердце
 existence – существование
 to be annealed into one's life – раствориться в чьей-либо жизни
 scarcely noticed – едва заметный
 she was gone, vanished, as completely absent as if she had never
 existed – она внезапно ушла, исчезла, скрылась, как будто никогда и не
 существовала
 secure and uneventful home – прочное и спокойное убежище
 his home was dismantled – его очаг был разрушен
 solitary – одинокий

dregs of his joy – осадок его радости
 to play pool – играть в бильярд
 electric bulb – электрическая лампочка
 roistering friends – шумные приятели
 hymeneal strings – цепи Гименея
 I'm a double-dyed dub! – Ну и дубина же я!
 to treat smb – обращаться с кем-либо
 the worst kind of a shine – последний из негодяев
 I'll cut out the McCloskey gang. – Я покончу с Мак-Клоски и всей
 этой шайкой.
 blue shirtwaist – голубая блузка
 a delicate but impelling odour of bluebells – слабый, но настойчивый
 аромат колокольчиков
 unresponsive grenadine – неотзывчивый маркизет
 hand satchel – маленький саквояж
 a little spell – легкий приступ
 click and rattle – скрип и скрежет
 wheels revolved in their old orbits – колеса снова завертелись по-
 старому
 I'd drop up to ... – Я загляну (зайду) к ...

2. Answer the following questions.

- Where did John Perkins live?

- How long has John been married to Katy?

- Can you describe John's monotonous day when he arrived at home?

- What do you know about the inhabitants of the Frogmore flats?

- What games did John like to play?

- When did John usually return home? (What was Katy's attitude to John's habits?)

- What did John discover when he returned home?

- John Perkins encountered a tremendous upheaval of the commonplace when he reached his door, didn't he?

- What was hanging to the gas jet by a string?

10. Why wasn't Kate at home? What was the reason of her leaving?

11. What left John Perkins dazed?

12. What did John feel when he didn't see his wife Katy at home?

13. After Katy's disappearance his home was dismantled, wasn't it?

14. Do you agree with the statement that John Perkins was "a man of property?"

15. Could you confirm the following statement that we never prize the music till the sweet-voiced bird has flown, using facts from the story or your own life?

16. Why did his wife Katy come back home? What had happened?

17. Was Katy necessary to John's happiness?

3. Choose the correct variant to complete the sentence.

1. John walked slowly toward his _____
A) cottage
B) flat
C) car
2. Katy would meet John at the door with a _____
A) kiss
B) stick
C) music
3. On returning home John would _____
A) read the evening paper
B) argue with his wife
C) talk on the phone
4. At a quarter past eight John would _____
A) play chess with his friend
B) play cards
C) play a game or two of pool
5. The gent at the window across the air-shaft would get out his _____
A) violin
B) flute
C) guitar
6. John's mother-in-law was _____
A) sick

- B) dead
C) injured in the car accident
7. John has been married to Katy _____
A) five years
B) two years
C) four years
8. Katy's _____ had been tossed here and there in her haste.
A) week-clothes
B) letters
C) shoes
9. Here was a break in _____ that had never varied and left him dazed.
A) wall
B) life
C) routine

4. Make sentences with the expressions below and translate them into Russian.

shepherd

drift down the stairway

monotonous day

flute

letter-box

drop up to

victim

in confusion

to be sick

top drawer

matrimony

week-day clothes

a railroad timetable

secure and uneventful home

play pool

treat smb

a little spell

quinsy

milkman

a break in a routine

5. Translate the expressions below from Russian into English.

ангина

МОЛОЧНИК

цепи Гименея

нарушение повседневной рутины

щипцы для завивки

мрачный, унылый цинизм

белая горячка

облачко ее каштановых волос

играть в бильярд

дом Фрогмора

жертвы

зловещий беспорядок

его очаг разрушен

шумные приятели

прочное и спокойное убежище

маленький саквояж

расписание поездов

встретить кого-либо на станции

6. Make literary translation into Russian of the paragraph:

- 1) from the words "A flock of citizen sheep scrambled out ..."
to the words: "... conclusions of the monotonous day";

- 2) from the words: "At ten or eleven he would return ..."
to the words: "... a curling cloud of her brown hair among its
teeth";

- 3) from the words: "Dear John, I just had a telegram ..."
to the words: "... 'Hastily, 'Katy'";

- 4) from the words: "Never during their two years of matrimony ..."
to the words: "...a queer feeling of desolation in his heart";

- 5) from the words: “When he touched her clothes ...”
to the words: “... if she had never existed”;

- 6) from the words: “Outside the city roared ...”
to the words: “... Katy was gone”;

- 7) from the words: “I’m a double-dyed dub ...”
to the words: “... I’ll cut out the McCloskey gang right from this minute”.

7. Translate from Russian into English:

1. По дороге Джон Перкинс с мрачным, унылым цинизмом рисовал себе неизбежный конец скучного дня.

2. И еще Джон знал, что в четверть девятого он соберется с духом и потянется за шляпой, а жена его произнесет раздраженным голосом: “Куда это вы, Джон Перкинс, хотела бы я знать?”

3. В этот вечер Джон Перкинс, войдя к себе обнаружил поразительное нарушение повседневной рутины. Кэти не встретила его в прихожей своим сердечным поцелуем.

4. Никакие сюрпризы не ожидают человека, который два года как женат и живет в дешевой квартире.

5. Дорогой Джон, только что получила телеграмму, что мама очень больна. Еду поездом в 4.30. Мой брат Сэм встретит меня на станции.

6. За два года супружеской жизни они еще не провели врозь на одной ночи. Джон с озадаченным видом перечитал записку. Неизменный порядок был нарушен и это ошеломило его.

7. Джон Перкинс стоял среди мертвых развалин и странное, тоскливое чувство наполняло его сердце.

8. Когда он дотронулся до платьев Кэти, его охватил страх. Он никогда не задумывался о том, чем была бы его жизнь без Кэти.

9. Она так растворилась в его существовании, что стала как воздух, которым он дышал, – необходимой, но почти незаметной.

10. Теперь она внезапно ушла, скрылась, исчезла, будто ее никогда не было.

11. Бедная девочка всегда одна, без всяких развлечений, а я так себя веду! Джон Перкинс, ты последний из негодяев. Но я постараюсь загладить свою вину. Я буду водить мою девочку в театр, развлекать ее. И немедленно покончу с Мак-Клоски и всей этой шайкой.

12. Он понял, что Кэти необходима для его счастья. Его чувство к ней, убаюканное монотонным бытом, разом пробудилось от сознания, что ее нет.

8. Retell the text, playing the role of:

- a) John Perkins,
- b) Katy,
- c) Katy's mother.

9. Make up dialogues pertaining to the following situations:

- a) Katy meets her husband John at night;
- b) Katy has returned home.

10. Discuss the problems, set in the story.

Compare the English proverb: "We never prize the music till the sweet-voiced bird has flown" with the Russian one: "Что имеем – не жалеем, потерявши – плачем!".

LESSON 5

УРОК 5

A SERVICE OF LOVE

WHEN ONE LOVES ONES ART no service seems too hard.

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

Joe Larrabee came out of the post-oak flats of the Middle West pulsing with a genius for pictorial art. At six he drew a picture of the town pomp with a prominent citizen passing it hastily. This effort was framed and hung in the drug store window by the side of the ear of corn with an uneven number of rows. At twenty he left for New York with a flowing necktie and a capital tied up somewhat closer.

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

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

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

Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee began housekeeping in a flat. It was a lonesome flat – something like the A sharp way down at the lefthand end of the keyboard. And they were happy, for they had their Art and they had each other. And my advice to the rich young man would be – sell all thou hast, and

give it to the poor – janitor for the privilege of living in a flat with your Art and your Delia.

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

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

They were mighty happy as long as their money lasted. So is every – but I will not be cynical. Their aims were very deaf and defined. Joe was to become capable very soon of turning out pictures that old gentlemen with thin side-whiskers and thick pocketbooks would sandbag one another in his studio for the privilege of buying. Delia was to become familiar and then contemptuous with Music, so that when she saw the orchestra seats and boxes unsold she could have sore throat and lobster in a private dining-room and refuse to go on the stage.

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

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

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

'Joe, dear,' she said gleefully, 'I've a pupil. And, oh, the loveliest people! General – General A. B. Pinkney's daughter – on Seventy first Street. Such a splendid house, Joe – you ought to see the front door! Byzantine I think you would call it. And inside! Oh, Joe, I never saw anything like it before.'

'My pupil is his daughter Clementina. I dearly love her already. She's a delicate thing – dresses always in white; and the sweetest, simplest manners! Only eighteen years old. I'm to give three lessons a week; and, just think, Joe! \$5 a lesson. I don't mind it a bit; for when I get two or three more pupils

I can resume my lessons with Herr Rosenstock. Now, smooth out that wrinkle between your brows, dear, and let's have a nice supper.'

'That's all right for you. Dele,' said Joe, attacking a can of peas with a carving knife and a hatchet, 'but how about me? Do you think I'm going to let you hustle for wages while I philander in the regions of high art? Not by the bones of Benvenuto Cellini! I guess I can sell papers or lay cobblestones, and bring in a dollar or two.'

Delia came and hung about his neck.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Sometimes,' she said, a little wearily, 'Clementina tries me. I'm afraid she doesn't practise enough, and I have to tell her the same things so often. And then she always dresses entirely in white, and that does get monotonous. But General Pinkney is the dearest old man! I wish you could know him, Joe. He comes in sometimes when I am with Clementina at the piano – he is a widower, you know – and stands there pulling his white goatee. "And how are the semiquavers and the demi-semiquavers progressing?" he always asks.'

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

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

'Sold that water-colour of the obelisk to a man from Peoria,' he announced overwhelmingly

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

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

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

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

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

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

'How is this?' asked Joe after the usual greetings.

Delia laughed, but not very joyously.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

‘I couldn’t get any pupils,’ she confessed. ‘And I couldn’t bear to have you give up your lessons; and I got a place ironing shirts in that big Twenty-fourth Street laundry. And I think I did very well to make up both General Pinkney and Clementina, don’t you, Joe? And when a girl in the laundry set down a hot iron on my hand this afternoon I was all the way home making up that story about the Welsh rabbit. You’re not angry are you, Joe? And if I hadn’t got the work you mightn’t have sold your sketches to that man from Peoria.’

‘He wasn’t from Peoria,’ said Joe slowly.

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

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

‘And then you didn’t –’

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

And then they both laughed, and Joe began:

‘When one loves one’s Art no service seems –’

But Delia stopped him with her hand on his lips. ‘No,’ she said – just “When one loves.”’

Tasks and Exercises

1. Read the text paying attention to the following words and word combinations.

premise – предпосылки

conclusion – вывод из чего-либо

Great Wall of China – Великая Китайская Стена

pictorial art – изобразительное искусство

town pump – городская водочка

prominent citizen – почтенный обыватель

drug store window – окно аптеки

the ear of corn with an uneven number of rows – початок кукурузы, в котором зерна составляли нечетное количество рядов

to leave for New York – уехать в Нью-Йорк
 an atelier – студия
 housekeeping in a flat – вести хозяйство
 a lonesome flat – уединенная квартирка
 the privilege of living in a flat with your Art and your Delia – иметь привилегию, чтобы проживать в квартирке с Искусством и своей Дилией
 flat-dwellers – обитатели квартир
 to endorse ones dictum – подписаться под заявлением
 Golden Gate – “Золотые Ворота”
 Hatteras – Гаттерас
 Cape Horn – мыс Горн
 Labrador – Лабрадор
 his reputе as a disturber of the piano keys – широкая известность как возмутителя покоя фортепианных клавиш
 lobster – лобстер
 to refuse to go on the stage – отказаться выйти на сцену
 When one loves one’s Art no service seems too hard. – Когда любишь искусство, никакие жертвы не тяжелы.
 to give music lessons to keep the chafing dish bubbling – давать уроки, чтобы свести концы с концами
 to come home elated – возвращаться домой в приподнятом настроении
 to go out canvassing for pupils – уходить из дома “вербовать” (искать) учеников
 General – Генерал
 to resume one’s lessons – возобновить уроки
 smooth out that wrinkle between your brows, dear – дорогой, перестань хмуриться
 a can of peas – банка консервированного горошка
 Do you think I’m going to let you hustle for wages while I philander in the regions of high art? – Ты будешь бегать по урокам и зарабатывать на жизнь, а я – беззаботно витать в сферах высокого искусства?!
 to sell papers or lay cobblestones – продавать газеты или мостить улицы
 a sketch – набросок, этюд
 to give smb permission to do smth – дать кому-либо разрешение что-либо сделать
 moneyed idiot – идиот с деньгами
 Art is an engaging mistress. – Искусство – требовательная возлюбленная.
 she is so gentle and high bred – она такая ласковая и кроткая, и хорошо воспитана
 woolen muffler – шерстяное кашне

We'll have oysters tonight. – У нас сегодня будут устрицы на ужин.
 filet mignon with champignons – филе-миньон с шампиньонами
 her right hand tied up in a shapeless bundle of wraps and bandages –
 кисть ее правой руки, вся обмотанная бинтами, похожая на
 бесформенный узел
 a queer girl – странная девушка
 an eye full of love and stubbornness – взгляд, исполненный любви и
 упрямства
 to get a place ironing shirts in laundry – получить место в прачечной
 гладить рубашки
 the girl in the laundry set down a hot iron on my hand – девушка в
 прачечной обожгла мою руку горячим утюгом
 to make up the story – придумать историю
 I've been firing the engine in the laundry for the last two weeks. – Я
 уже как две недели топлю котел в прачечной.
 my purchaser from Peoria – мой покупатель из Пеории
 creations of the art – произведения искусства

2. Answer the following questions:

1. Where is Joe Larrabee from?

2. When did Joe draw his first picture?

3. Joe drew a picture of the town pump with a prominent citizen,
didn't he?

4. At what age did Joe leave for New York?

5. Did Delia Caruthers come to the "North" from a small pine-tree
village in the South?

6. Where did Joe and Delia meet?

7. Did they get married?

8. Were they very happy?

9. Did they live in a hotel or in a lonesome flat?

10. Joe was painting in the class of the great Magister, wasn't he?

11. Who was Rosenstock?

12. Who was the reason that made Delia give music lessons?

13. Did Delia give music lessons to General's daughter Clementina?

14. What story about her pupil Clementina did Delia retell Joe?

15. What did Joe tell Delia about his job?

16. How did Joe understand that Delia didn't give her music lessons?

17. What was Delia's truth story about her job?

18. Can you prove the statement that "When one loves Art no service seems too hard?"

3. Choose the correct variant to complete the sentence.

1. Joe Larrabee came out of the post-oak of the _____
A) Middle West
B) South
C) North
2. Joe drew his first picture at the age of _____
A) six
B) four
C) eleven
3. At the age of _____ Joe left for New York with a flowing necktie.
A) twenty
B) twenty five
C) sixteen
4. Joe and Delia met in _____ where a number of art and music students had gathered.
A) an atelier
B) museum
C) church
5. Joe and Delia began housekeeping in _____
A) a flat
B) small cottage
C) a beautiful palace
6. Delia was studying under _____ you know his reputation as a disturber of the piano keys.
A) Rosenstock
B) Chopin
C) Wagner

7. Delia got a place _____
A) ironing shirts in a laundry
B) teaching music at a private school
C) giving music lessons to General's daughter Clementina
8. Joe got a job _____
A) firing the engine in the laundry
B) selling papers in the street
C) selling the pictures in the street

4. Translate the expressions below and make your own sentences with them.

prominent citizen

drug store window

leave for New York

housekeeping in a flat

lonesome flat

flat-dwellers

to give music lessons to keep the chafing dish bubbling

to resume one's lessons

sketch

creations of the art

an eye full of love and stubbornness

a queer girl

moneyed idiot

sell papers or lay cobblestones

5. Translate the expressions below into English.

обитатели квартир

уединенная квартирка

возмутитель покоя фортепианных клавиш

вступить в брак

уютные обеды вдвоем

легкие завтраки

чудесный старик

ласковая, кроткая и хорошо воспитанная

взгляд, исполненный любви и упрямства

покупатель из Пеории

произведение искусства

живопись

большая прачечная

бурный поток слез

роскошный дом

привязаться к кому-либо с первого взгляда

давать уроки музыки, чтобы свести концы с концами

молодые люди, изучающие живопись или музыку

прожить все свои деньги

познать все тайны музыки

искусство – требовательная возлюбленная

6. Make literary translation into Russian of the paragraph:

- 1) from the words: "Joe Larrabee came out of the post-oak flats of the Middle West ..."

to the words: "...a capital tied up somewhat closer";

- 2) from the words: "Joe and Delia met in an atelier ..."

to the words: "...when one loves one's Art no service seems too hard";

- 3) from the words: "Joe was painting in the class of the great Magister..."

to the words: "... in a private dining-room and refuse to go on the stage";

- 4) from the words: "For two or three days she went out canvassing for pupils..."

to the words: "...Now, smooth out your wrinkle between your brows, dear, and let's have a nice supper";

- 5) from the words: “Joe, dear, you are silly ...”
to the words: “...when one loves one’s Art no service seems too hard, said Delia.”;

- 6) from the words: “Delia laughed but not very joyously...”
to the words: “... It doesn’t hurt so much now”;

- 7) from the words: “She braved it for a moment or two with an eye full of...”
to the words: “... I’ve been firing the engine in that laundry for the last two weeks”.

7. Translate from Russian into English:

1. Джо и Дилия встретились в студии, где молодые люди, изучающие живопись или музыку, собирались, чтобы потолковать о светотени, Вагнере, музыке, творениях Рембрандта, картинах, обоях, Вальдтейфеле, Шопене и Улонге.

2. Супруги были счастливы. Они принадлежали друг другу, а искусство принадлежало им.

3. Вы, без сомнения, слышали это имя. Дерет он за свои уроки крепко, а обучает слегка, что, вероятно, и снискало ему громкую славу мастера эффектных контрастов.

4. Джо и Дилия были очень счастливы, пока не прожили все свои деньги.

5. День за днем уходила она из дома искать учеников и, наконец, однажды вернулась домой к вечеру в очень приподнятом настроении.

6. “Джо, дорогой мой, я получила урок!”, – торжествующе объявила она, “И, знаешь, такие милые люди! Генерал... генерал Пинкни с дочкой!”

7. Я буду давать уроки его дочке Клементине. Я просто привязалась к ней с первого взгляда. Она такая нежная, деликатная и так просто держится. И вся в белом с головы до пят. Ей 18 лет. Я буду заниматься с ней 3 раза в неделю. Ты только подумай, Джо, урок – 5 долларов! Это же чудно! Еще 2-3 таких урока и я возобновлю занятия с герром Розенштоком.

8. Ты, значит, будешь бегать по урокам и зарабатывать на жизнь, а я – беззаботно витать в сферах высокого искусства?! Ну, уж нет! Я, вероятно, тоже могу продавать газеты или мостить улицы.

9. Всю следующую неделю чета Лэрреби рано садилась завтракать. Джо был необычайно увлечен эффектами утреннего освещения в Центральном парке, где он делал зарисовки, и в 7 часов Дилия провожала его, насытив завтраками, нежными заботами, поцелуями и поощрениями.

10. “Я так рада, что ты занимаешься своим делом”, – горячо сказала Дилия. “Тебя ждет успех, дорогой. Тридцать три доллара! Мы никогда не жили так богато! У нас сегодня будут устрицы на ужин.”

11. В следующую субботу Джо вернулся домой первым. Он положил восемнадцать долларов на столик в гостиной и поспешно смыл с рук что-то черное, по-видимому, толстый слой масляной краски.

12. Мой покупатель из Пеории, так же, как и твой генерал Пинкни, – всего лишь произведения искусства, которые не имеют ничего общего ни с живописью, ни с музыкой.

8. Retell the text, playing the role of:

- a) Joe;
- b) Delia;
- c) Joe's and Delia's friend.

9. Make up dialogues pertaining to the following situations:

- a) Joe's and Delia's first meeting in an atelier;
- b) Joe and Delia began housekeeping in a flat;
- c) Delia is looking for a job (She is going to give music lessons to General's daughter Clementina.);
- d) Joe is eager to help her wife to earn their living.

10. Discuss the problems set in the story.

Do you agree to the statement that “when one loves ones Art no service seems too hard”? Can you prove the statement that “Love is a great power, that helps (to) overcome all difficulties”?

**ПРАКТИЧЕСКИЙ КУРС ОСНОВНОГО ИНОСТРАННОГО ЯЗЫКА
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