

*English with the classics*

*Английский с классиками литературы*

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Учебное пособие содержит отрывки из произведений известных американских писателей в адаптированном виде. Задания к текстам представляют собой методические разработки авторов и направлены на повторение и закрепление правил грамматики, пополнение лексического запаса и расширение общего языкового кругозора. Предназначено для студентов, изучающих английский язык как второй иностранный, студентов неязыковых направлений обучения, а также для всех тех, кто интересуется английским языком и литературой.

### *Jack London (1876—1916)*

Jack London, the famous American novelist and short-story writer, was born in San Francisco, California. The family was very poor. Speaking of his childhood, the writer said later that those were the hungriest years in his life. When the boy was eight, he learned to read. Since that time he read everything he could get. He borrowed books from the public library and spent all his free time with a book. He began to work very early, when he was a boy of nine. He got up at three in the morning and delivered newspapers, after that he went to school. After school he delivered evening papers. On week-ends he worked as a porter at a hotel.

After graduating from a grammar school at the age of thirteen, he continued working as a newspaper boy and did other small jobs. His father was seriously ill at that time and Jack had to feed the family. He found work in a factory, but his wages were so low that he worked overtime, standing at his machine for eighteen hours a day. When Jack was a boy, he dreamed of being a sailor and now, when he had a little free time, he spent it near the sea. On one such day he was offered work as a sailor on board a ship going to Japan. Jack London worked on that ship for a year and in 1893 came back to San Francisco. His family was near starvation. Jack found a job at a factory where he earned one dollar for ten hours of hard work. After a day at the factory Jack could think of nothing but sleep. Then a San Francisco newspaper offered a prize for the best story. Jack sent his short story and was awarded the first prize.

It was more and more difficult to get a job in San Francisco and Jack London marched with the army of unemployed to Washington to ask for bread and work. Then he tramped all over the US and Canada and spent a month in prison for tramping. That month in prison helped him to understand the class struggle. He saw men go mad or beaten to death there. When London returned home he began to read books on socialism and in 1895 joined the Socialist Labour Party. He decided to continue his education and after three months of study entered the University of California. But he studied there only for one term: his family needed his help. London found a job at a laundry and at the same time decided to try his luck in literature.

Working day and night, he wrote poetry, essays and stories. He sent them to magazines, but nothing was published. Gold was found in Alaska at that time, so London went there. He hoped to become rich enough to devote himself to literature. He worked there for a year, but didn't find any gold. But there he found the heroes of his stories: strong and brave people.

In 1896, London came back home and found his father dead. Again he had to take different jobs. At the same time he continued to write, and in 1898 his story "To the Man on Trail" was published and was a success.

In the next four years the writer published his northern stories “The Son of the Wolf” and “A Daughter of the Snows” among others, which made Jack London famous and brought him enough money to devote himself to literature.

In 1902 London visited the capital of England. He bought some old clothes, took a small room in the East End and lived there as a poor American sailor. He spent much time in the slums of London and later wrote one of his best books “The People of the Abyss” (1903), revealing a horrible picture of poverty of English working people at that time.

His works “The War of the Classes” (1905), “Revolution” (1908), “The Iron Heel” (1907) were written under the influence of the Russian Revolution.

The years 1905—1909 were most successful for the writer. He published “White Fang”, “Martin Eden” and many other works which brought the author great fame. In “Martin Eden” he used many facts from his own life.

His literary works of his last years were less important.

In 1916, Jack London left the Socialist Labour Party. The same year the writer died.

Martin Eden

*(Open the brackets)*

Part I

*Martin Eden, a strong man and talented worker, belongs to a work- ing-class family. He (to meet) Ruth Morse, a girl from a rich bourgeois family, and (to fall) in love with her. He (to decide) to become her equal in knowledge and culture. He must (to make) a career for himself and become famous. He begins to read and study and Ruth helps him.*

A week of heavy reading (to pass) since the evening he first met Ruth Morse, and still he did not dare to go and see her. He (to be afraid) of making mistakes in speech and manners.

Martin tried to read books that (to require) years of preparatory work. One day he (to read) a book on philosophy, and the next day a book on art. He read poetry, he read books by Karl Marx. He (not to understand) what he was reading but he (to want) to know. He had become interested in economy, industry and politics. He (to sit) up in bed and (to try) to read, but the dictionary was in front of him more often than the book. He looked up so many new words that when he saw them again, he (to forget) their meaning and had to look them up again. He decided to write the words down in a note-book, and filled page after page with them. And still he could not (to understand) what he was reading. Poetry (not to be) so difficult. He loved poetry and beauty, and there he (to find) beauty, as he (to find) it in music.

At last Martin Eden (to have) enough courage to go and see Ruth. She met him at the door herself and took him into the living- room. They talked first of the books he (to borrow) from her, then of poets. He told her of his plans (to educate) himself.

“You should (to go) back and (to finish) grammar school, and then (to go) through the high school and university,” Ruth said.

“But that (to take) money,” he said.

“Oh!” she cried, “I (not to think) of that. But then you have relatives, somebody who could (to help) you?”

He shook his head.

“My father and mother are dead. I’ve two sisters and some brothers,—I (to be) the youngest,—but they never helped anybody. The oldest died in India. Two are in South Africa now, and another is on a fishing-boat at sea. One is travelling with a circus. And I think I am just like them. I (to take care) of myself since I was eleven—that’s when my mother died. I think I must (to study) by myself, and what I want (to know) is where to begin.”

“I should (to say) the first thing of all would be to get a grammar. Your grammar is not particularly good.”

He (to get) red. “I know I talk a lot of slang. I know words, picked them up from books, but I cannot say them correctly, so I (not to use) them.”

“It isn’t what you say, so much as how you say it. You don’t mind my saying that, do you? I (not to want) to hurt you.”

“No, no,” he cried. “Tell me everything. I must know, and I had better hear it from you than from anybody else.”

“Well, then, you say ‘You was’; it must be ‘You were’. You say ‘I seen’ for ‘I saw’.”

“That is clear,” said Martin. “I never (to think) of it before.” “You (to find) it all in the grammar,” she said and went to the bookcase. She took one of the books from the shelf and gave it to Martin.

Several weeks went by, during which Martin Eden studied his grammar and read books. During those weeks he (to see) Ruth five or six times and each time he (learn) something. She helped him with his English, corrected his pronunciation and taught him arithmetic.

## Part II

*A few months after Martin had started to educate himself, he (to have) to go to sea again as all his money was spent. He went as a sailor on a ship that was going to the South Sea.*

The captain of the ship had a complete Shakespeare, which he never read. Martin (to wash) his clothes for him and in return was allowed to read the books. For a time all the world took the form of Shakespearean tragedy or comedy; even Martin's thoughts (to express) in the language of Shakespeare. This trained his ear and gave him a feeling for good English. The eight months were spent well; he (to learn) to understand Shakespeare and speak correctly, and what was most important, he (to learn) much about himself. Now he knew that he (can) do more than he had done. He wanted to show Ruth the beauty of the South Sea and decided (to do) it in his letters.

And then the great idea came to him. He would (to describe) the beauty of the world not only for Ruth but for other people as well. He could do it. He would be one of the eyes through which the world saw, one of the ears through which the world heard, one of the hearts through which it felt. He would be a writer. He would write—everything—poetry and prose, novels and descriptions, and plays like Shakespeare. There (to be) career and the way to win Ruth.

For the first time he (to see) the aim of his life, and (to see) it in the middle of the great sea. Martin decided to begin writing when he comes back. He would describe the voyage to the South Sea and sell it to some San Francisco newspaper. He would go on (to study), and then, after some time, when he (to learn) and (to prepare) himself, he would write great things.

### Part III

*When Martin Eden returned to San Francisco, he (to begin) to write. He sent his works to newspapers and magazines, but the editors sent his manuscripts back. Martin continued to write and study at the same time.*

Martin lived in a small room where he slept, studied, wrote and cooked his meals. Before the window there was the kitchen table that (to serve) as desk and library. The bed occupied two-thirds of the room. Martin slept five hours; only a man in very good health (can) work for nineteen hours a day. He never (lose) a moment. On the looking-glass were lists of words: when he (to shave) or (to comb) his hair, he learned these words. Some lists were on the wall over the kitchen table, and he studied them while he was cooking or washing the dishes. New lists always (to put) there in place of the old ones. Every new word he met in his reading was (to mark) and later (to put down) on paper and (to pin) to the wall or looking-glass. He even carried them in his pockets and looked them through in the street or in the shop.

The weeks passed. All Martin's money was spent and publishers continued (to send) his manuscripts back. Day by day he worked on and day by day the postman delivered to him his manuscripts. He had no money for stamps, so the manuscripts lay on the floor under the table. Martin pawned his overcoat, then his watch.

One morning the postman (to bring) him a short thin envelope. There was no manuscript in that envelope, therefore, Martin thought, they (to take) the story. It was "The Ring of Bells". In the letter the editor of a San Francisco magazine said that the story was good. They would pay the author five dollars for it. And he would receive the check when the story was (to publish).

Martin thought that five dollars for five thousand words (to be) very little. After a few weeks the story was published but the check did not arrive. Martin wrote to the editor asking him for the money. But when (to answer) his letter the editor asked for more of his works and did not send any money.

One morning Martin decided to go and get the five dollars from the editor of the magazine. He entered the office and said that he wanted to see Mr. Ford—the editor. He was (to take) to the editor's room.

"I—I am Martin Eden," Martin began the conversation. He wanted to ask for his five dollars, but it was his first editor and he (not to want) to scare him. To his surprise Mr. Ford quickly (to stand up) with the words "You don't say so!" and the next moment, with both hands, was shaking Martin's hand.

"Can't say how glad I am to see you, Mr. Eden!" Here he (to hold) Martin at a distance and (to look) at his suit which was old and past repair.

"I thought you were a much older man than you are. Your story, you know, showed such maturity. A masterpiece, that story—I knew it when I (to read) the first lines. Let me tell you how I first read it. But no; first let me (to introduce) you to the staff."

Still talking, Mr. Ford led him into the office, where he introduced him to the assistant editor, Mr. White.

"And Mr. Ends, Mr. Eden, (to be) our business manager, you know."

The three men were now (to stand) round Martin and talking all together.

"I'll tell you what I came for," Martin said finally. "To be paid for that story all of you like so well. Five dollars, I think, is what you (to promise) me would be paid after publication."

Mr. Ford started (to put) his hand into his pocket, then turned suddenly to Mr. Ends and said that he (to leave) his money at home. It was clear that Mr. Ends (not to like) that.

"I am sorry," said he, "but I (to pay) the printer an hour ago." Both men looked at Mr. White, but he laughed and shook his head.

"I'll (to tell) you what we'll (to do)," said Mr. Ford. "We'll (to send) you a check the first thing in the morning. You have Mr. Eden's address, haven't you, Mr. Ends?"

Yes, Mr. Ends had the address.

"Then it is (to understand), Mr. Eden, that we'll send you the check tomorrow," Mr. Ford said.

“I need the money today,” Martin answered firmly.

“Mr. Ford (to explain) already the situation,” Mr. Ends said. “And so have I. The check will be (to send).”

“I also (to explain),” said Martin, “and I (to explain) that I need the money today.”

“It’s too bad—” Mr. Ford began.

At that moment Mr. Ends turned as if (to leave) the room. At the same time Martin turned and caught him by the throat with one hand. To the horror of Mr. White and Mr. Ford they (to see) Martin shake their business manager.

“Lay out, you killer of young talent,” Martin ordered. “Lay out, or I’ll shake it out of you, even if it’s all in nickels.” Then, to Mr. White and Mr. Ford: “You stand there, or somebody will get hurt.” Mr. Ends found in his pockets four dollars and twenty-five cents.

“You next!” Martin shouted at Mr. Ford. “I want seventy- five cents more.”

Mr. Ford (not to wait), but (to search) his pockets with the result of sixty cents.

“You (to be sure) that is all?” Martin asked. “What have you in your vest pockets?”

Mr. Ford quickly turned two of his pockets inside out. A ferry ticket fell to the floor from one of them. He took it and was going to put it back in his pocket, when Martin cried:

“What’s that? A ferry ticket? Here, give it to me. It is ten cents. I’ve now got four dollars and ninety-five cents. Five cents is (to need).” He looked at Mr. White and the man gave him a nickel.

“Thank you,” Martin said (to address) all three of them. “I wish you a good day.”



1. Match the words and the definitions

1. To be interested in
  2. To look up
  3. Courage
  4. Circus
  5. To teach
  6. To allow
  7. Aim
  8. Voyage
  9. Manuscript
  10. Looking-glass
  11. To pawn
  12. Maturity
  13. Firmly
  14. Nickel
- a) wanting to give your attention to something and discover more about it
  - b) to try to find something
  - c) the ability to control your fear in a dangerous or difficult situation
  - d) a group of travelling performers including acrobats (= people skilled in difficult physical movements) or those who work with trained animals, or a performance by such people usually in a large tent
  - e) to give advice to someone about a subject that they already know more about than you
  - f) to give permission for someone to do something, or to not prevent something from happening
  - g) a result that your plans or actions are intended to achieve
  - h) a long journey, especially by ship
  - i) the original copy of a book or article before it is printed
  - j) a mirror
  - k) to leave a possession with a pawnbroker in return for money, who can sell it if the money is not paid back within a certain time
  - l) a very advanced or developed form or state
  - m) in a way that will not become loose
  - n) a chemical element that is a silver-white metal

**2. Find the English equivalents for the following words and word combinations in the text**

Рабочий класс, влюбиться, осмелиться, требовать, гостиная, заботиться о ком-либо, произношение, самообразование, трагедии Шекспира, тренировать, просматривать, пальто, держать на расстоянии

**3. Find the English equivalents for the following sentences in the text**

1. Он читал поэзию, английские книги Карла Маркса.
2. Его начали интересовать экономика, производство и политика.
3. В конце концов Мартин Иден набрался смелости и пошел повидать Рут.
4. Я думаю, что должен учиться самостоятельно.
5. Она помогала ему с английским, исправляла его произношение и учила арифметике.
6. У капитана корабля была полная коллекция произведений Шекспира.
7. Кровать занимала две трети комнаты.
8. День за днем он продолжал работать.
9. Сказать невозможно, как я рад вас видеть, мистер Иден.
10. Я объяснил, что мне нужны деньги сегодня.

**4. Find in the text**

**a) the antonyms for:**

send, go out, cry, turn under, whisper

**b) the synonyms for**

gifted, to adopt, depiction, goal, periodical

**5.**

**a) translate in writing and learn the following passage by heart: "Martin lived..." up to "Martin pawned his overcoat, then his watch"**

**b) act out the dialog between Martin Eden and the editor**

**6. Questions and tasks**

1. Why didn't Martin dare to see Ruth?
2. What books did Martin read? What difficulties did he face?
3. Why did he like poetry?
4. What did Ruth advise him during their first meeting?
5. Where were Martin's relatives?
6. Did Ruth help him in his studying?
7. Did Martin continue self-education being on the ship?

8. Why did he appreciate Shakespeare?
9. What ideas came to his mind in the middle of the great sea?
10. What was Martin's way of life like?
11. How much money was he promised for his story? Was it enough?
12. Retell the dialog between Martin Eden and the editor.
13. How much money did Martin get at last?
14. Are there any similarities in Martin's life and the life of Jack London?
15. What was Martin's character like? How often do you meet such people?
16. Was Ruth able to understand Martin?
17. Would you like to read the whole book? Why?

### ***Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald (1896-1940)***

Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald, one of the most outstanding American writers of the lost generation, was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, in the family of an unsuccessful businessman. Yet the money, inherited from Fitzgerald's grandfather, a wealthy grocer, enabled him to attend Princeton, a university for well- to-do Americans. The cult of success, popular at Princeton, lies at the basis of Fitzgerald's dual attitude to the rich. Influenced by the spirit of competition ruling at the University, he tried to join the most fashionable and respectable students' clubs, enjoying their carefree, aristocratic, idle atmosphere. He was fascinated by the independence, privileges and elegance that money gave. Money gave style and ease and beauty. Poverty was mean, gray and narrow. It is much later that he found out the falseness of his belief.

Fitzgerald left Princeton without a degree because of illness and poor grades. However, his literary career started at the University. He wrote pieces for the "Tiger", the university magazine, and contributed texts to several campus variety shows.

In 1917, he joined the army as a second lieutenant. All his life he regretted the fact that he spent his time in service in American training camps and was never sent to the war in Europe.

His major novels appeared from 1920 to 1934: "This Side of Paradise" (1920), "The Beautiful and Damned" (1922), "The Great Gatsby" (1925) and "Tender is the Night" (1934). Fitzgerald's best stories have been collected in four volumes: "Flappers and Philosophers" (1920), "Tales of the Jazz Age" (1922), "All the Sad Young Men" (1926) and "Taps at Reveille" (1925).

The main theme of almost all Fitzgerald's fiction is the attraction and the corrupting force of money. Once he said to Hemingway, "The very rich are different from you and me." And when Hemingway made a remark, "Yes, they have more money," he did not understand the joke. He thought that they were a special glamorous race and only gradually, moving from one painful revelation to another, as his work progressed, he found out their corruption, inhumanity, spiritual emptiness and futility. He found it out together with his heroes who are largely autobiographical.

Fitzgerald is the first American author to portray the lost generation, a generation, for whom "all the battles have been fought" and "all the gods were dead". The young generation has no ideals to uphold against the corruption of the rich. They are empty people afraid of poverty and idolizing richness, trying to fill their spiritual void with all kinds of wild entertainments.

#### **"The Great Gatsby"**

Fitzgerald's best work "The Great Gatsby" tells the life story of Jay Gatsby, the son of a poor farmer, who falls in love with a rich and beautiful girl Daisy Fay who answers his love while his uniform conceals for a time his poverty. When the war is over, she marries the rich and

elegant Tom Buchanan. Gatsby devotes his whole life to obtaining money and social position to make himself worthy of Daisy, though the only road open to him is bootlegging and dealing in dubious stocks.

When later he meets Daisy again, she is impressed by rumours of his incredibly large fortune, his mysterious origin, his rich mansion and his gorgeous and fashionable parties and makes him believe she would leave Tom. Yet once, driving Jay back from New York to Long Island in his car, she runs over and kills Myrtle Wilson, her husband's vulgar mistress. Myrtle's husband, whom Tom has persuaded that Gatsby was driving the car, follows Jay and shoots him. Daisy, having learned about Gatsby's dubious source of income, deserts him even before his death, notwithstanding the fact that Gatsby gallantly takes the blame of Myrtle's death upon himself.

Gatsby's fanatic attempt to reach his dreams is contrasted to the disillusioned drifting life of the cynical members of upper society who do not know what to do "this afternoon, the day after that and the next thirty years", and whose existence with wild parties and vulgar merriment is compared to the terrible grey "valley of ashes" with the sordid eyes of an oculist's advertising sign watching the gaudy show. Fitzgerald stresses that Gatsby's romantic dreams of the vast possibilities for happiness on "the fresh green breast of the New World" no longer correspond to reality.

The device of the intelligent and sympathetic observer at the center of the novel allowed the author gradually to expose the moral corruption behind the false structure of upper class respectability and splendor, at the same time the stature of Gatsby gradually growing and achieving almost poetic elevation. Satire in the portrayal of the empty pleasures of the rich is combined with lyrical atmosphere enveloping Gatsby's romantic dream.

Thus, if Dreiser was the scientist dissecting vast cross-sections of American society with his social observations, Fitzgerald was the chronicler of its moral atmosphere.

Put a proper preposition.

The Great Gatsby

*(Put the proper preposition)*

One afternoon late in October I saw Tom Buchanan. He was walking ahead of me ( ) Fifth Avenue in his alert, aggressive way, his hands out a little from his body as if to fight off interference, his head moving sharply here and there, adapting itself ( ) his restless eyes. Just as I slowed up to avoid overtaking him he stopped and began frowning into the window of a jewelry store. Suddenly he saw me and walked back, holding out his hand.

"What's the matter, Nick? Do you object ( ) shaking hands ( ) me?"

“Yes. You know what I think ( ) you.”

“You’re crazy, Nick,” he said quickly. “Crazy as hell. I don’t know what’s the matter ( ) you.”

“Tom,” I inquired, “what did you say to Wilson that afternoon?”

He stared ( ) me without a word, and I knew I had guessed right about those missing hours. I started to turn away, but he took a step ( ) me and grabbed ( ) my arm.

“I told him the truth,” he said. “He came to the door while we were getting ready to leave, and when I sent down word that we weren’t in he tried to force his way upstairs. He was crazy enough to kill me if I hadn’t told ( ) him who owned the car. His hand was ( ) a revolver in his pocket every minute he was in the house—” He broke off defiantly. “What if I did tell him? That fellow had it coming to him. He threw dust ( ) your eyes just like he did in Daisy’s, but he was a tough one. He ran ( ) Myrtle like you’d run ( ) a dog and never even stopped his car.”

There was nothing I could say, except one unutterable fact that it wasn’t true.

“And if you think I didn’t have my share of suffering—look here, when I went to give up that flat and saw that damn box of dog biscuits there on the sideboard, I sat down and cried like a baby. By God it was awful—”

I couldn’t forgive him or like him, but I saw that what he had done was, to him, entirely justified. It was all very careless and confused. They were careless people. Tom and Daisy—they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back ( ) their money or their vast carelessness, or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made...

I shook hands ( ) him, it seemed silly not to, for I felt suddenly as though I were talking ( ) a child. Then he went into the jewelry store to buy a pearl necklace—or perhaps only a pair of cuff buttons- rid ( ) my provincial squeamishness forever.

**1. Match the words and the definitions**

- |                  |   |
|------------------|---|
| 1. to overtake   | a) to come upon from behind   |
| 2. to frown      | b) to repress or repel by expressing displeasure or disapproval   |
| 3. jewelry       | c) the art or trade of a jeweler  |
| 4. to break off  | d) to interrupt before its natural or planned end   |
| 5. sideboard     | e) a piece of dining-room furniture having compartments and shelves for keeping or displaying articles of table service |
| 6. justified     | f) to show to be right by providing justification or proof  |
| 7. carelessness  | g) the quality of not being careful   |
| 8. necklace      | h) a string of beads  |
| 9. squeamishness | i) a mild state of nausea   |
| 10. forever      | j) through eternity   |

**2. Find the English equivalents for the following words and word combinations in the text**

Отбивать, беспокойный, замедлиться, ювелирный магазин, пожать друг другу руки, уставиться, схватить, вызывающе, манжета

**3. Find the English equivalents for the following sentences in the text**

1. Он шел впереди меня вдоль пятой авеню.
2. Вдруг он увидел меня и пошел ко мне навстречу, протягивая руку.
3. Что случилось?
4. Ты – больной.
5. Он был настолько взбешен, что мог бы и убить меня.
6. Он переехал Миртл как собаку и даже не собирался останавливаться.
7. Мне нечего было сказать.
8. Я пожал ему руку, глупо было бы этого не делать, так как внезапно мне показалось, будто я разговариваю с ребенком.

**4. Find in the text**

**a) the antonyms for:**

kind, restful, slowly, turn away, lie

**b) the synonyms for:**

silent, sorrow, careful, dirty, senseless

**5. Act out the dialog between Nick and Tom starting with the words "What's the matter...?"**

**6. Answer the following questions**

1. What did Tom Buchanan look like when Nick saw him?
2. What did Tom say to Wilson?
3. Did Nick believe Tom?
4. What kept Tom and Daisy together from Nick's point of view?
5. Where did Tom go after their talk?



### *Ernest Hemingway (1899—1961)*

Ernest Hemingway was one of the greatest American writers of his age. He was born in Oak Park, Illinois, in the family of a doctor. His father was fond of hunting and fishing and in his school-days Ernest became an excellent sportsman. He played football, was a member of the swimming team and learned to box, as a result of which his nose was broken and an eye injured. At school he was a successful pupil. He wrote poetry and prose to the school literary magazine and edited the school newspaper.

In 1917, when the United States entered the First World War, Hemingway wanted to join the army but was refused because of his eye. Then he left home and went to Kansas City. He lived in his uncle's house and worked as a newspaper reporter. In 1918, he tried to join the army again and was given the job of driving American Red Cross ambulances on the Italian front. Two months later he was badly wounded in the leg. He was taken to a hospital in Milan where he had twelve operations. Some time later he returned to the army. Hemingway was awarded a silver medal by the Italian Government. His war experiences influenced the life and all the works of the writer.

In 1920, Hemingway returned to the US and began to work as a foreign correspondent of a newspaper.

At that time, he was earning enough to support himself by his pen and he began writing stories. His dream was to become a novelist. To get the material for his future stories and novels Hemingway travelled all over the world. He visited Spain, Switzerland, Germany and other countries. His first work, "Three Stories and Ten Poems", was written in 1923. Hemingway's first novel "The Sun Also Rises" known in our country as "Fiesta", was published in 1926. Then followed his masterpiece, the novel "Farewell to Arms", a protest against war. It was published in 1929 and made the author famous.

Hemingway continued to write short stories. The collection includes "The Killer", "In Another Country" and others. Here the author shows the disappointment of young people in the post-war period.

In 1935, Hemingway published his novel "The Green Hills of Africa" in which he expresses the idea that nature and art are the two things that live long in the world.

When the Civil War in Spain began in 1936, Hemingway collected money (140,000 dollars) for an ambulance service in the Spanish Republic and went to Spain. He took part in the war as an anti-fascist correspondent. He met many progressive people in Spain. After the end of the Civil War in Spain Hemingway wrote one of his best novels "For Whom the Bell Tolls", where he speaks about the American, who died in the fight for the Republic in Spain.

Hemingway's sympathy with the Spanish people and their struggle against fascism was expressed in his speech at the Congress of American Writers in 1937.

During the Second World War Hemingway was a war correspondent. He took part in air raids over Germany and fought against the fascists together with French partisans.

The last years of his life Hemingway spent in Cuba, visiting the USA and Spain. He loved freedom and supported the revolution in Cuba and greeted the revolutionary government there. Hemingway's last work, "The Old Man and the Sea" (1952), is about the courage of an old fisherman, who was fighting a big fish and the sea for many hours and won the victory over them. In 1954, the author was awarded the Nobel prize for literature and "The Old Man and the Sea" was mentioned as one of his best works.

In 1960, he returned to the United States and very soon died there.

### In Another Country

*(Open the brackets)*

In the autumn the war was always there, but we (not to go) to it any more. It (to be) cold in the autumn in Milan and darkness came very early. Then the electric lights (to come on), and it was pleasant to walk along the streets (to look) in the windows. There were many people outside the shops. It was a cold autumn and the wind came down from the mountains.

We were all at the hospital every afternoon, and we (to come) to the hospital by different ways across the town. Two of the ways were along canals, but they (to be) long. You always crossed a bridge across a canal (to enter) the hospital. There was a choice of three bridges. On one of them a woman (to sell) roasted chestnuts. The chestnuts were warm in your pockets for some time. The hospital was very old and very beautiful, and you (to walk) across a yard from where funerals were usually starting. Behind the old hospital were the new buildings, and there we (to meet) every afternoon and all very polite and (to be interested) in each other and (to sit) in the machines that were helping us to get well.

The doctor came up to the machine where I (to sit) and said: "What you (to like) best to do before the war? You (to do) sports?"

I said: "Yes, football."

"Good," he said. "You (to be able) to play football again better than ever."

My knee (not to bend) and the machine would bend the knee and make it (to move) as in riding a bicycle. But it did not bend yet. The doctor said: "That (to come). You are a lucky man. You (to play) football again like a champion."

In the next machine was a major, who (to have) a little hand like a child's. He (to wink) at me when the doctor examined his hand and said: "And will I too play football, doctor?" He (to be) a very great fencer, and before the war the greatest fencer in Italy. The doctor went to his office in a back room and (to bring) a photograph which (to show) a hand that (to be) as small as the major's before it had taken the machine course, and after the treatment it (to be) a little larger. The major held the photograph with his good hand and (to look) at it with great attention.

"(To wound)?" he asked.

"An industrial accident," the doctor said.

"Very interesting, very interesting," the major said, and (to hand) it back to the doctor.

"You (to believe) in it?"

"No," said the major.

There (to be) three boys of the same age I was, who came every day. They were all three from Milan, and one of them (to be going) to be a lawyer, one (to be) to be a painter, and one (to want) to be a soldier. Sometimes after we finished with the machines, we (to walk) back together to the cafe, which was next door to the

Scala. Another boy who walked with us sometimes and (to make) us five, (to wear) a black silk handkerchief across his face because he had no nose and (to prepare) for an operation. He (to go) to the front from the military academy, and (to be wounded) an hour after he had gone into the front line for the first time.

We all (to have) the same medals, except the boy with the black silk handkerchief across his face, and he (not to be) at the front long enough (to get) any medals. The tall boy with a very pale face, who had prepared to be a lawyer, had been a lieutenant in the army and had three medals, while each of us had only one. He (to live) a very long time with death and was a little detached. We (to be) all a little detached and there was nothing that (to hold) us together, except that we met every afternoon at the hospital. The boys at first were very polite about my medal and asked me what I (to do) to get it. I showed them the papers which (to write) in very beautiful language and full of nice words, but which really said, if you drop all the nice words, that I (to get) the medal because I (to be) an American. After that their manner changed a little though I (to remain) their friend. I was never really one of them after they (to read) the papers, because it had been different with them and they (to do) much more to get their medals.

I had been wounded, it was true; but we all (to know) that it was really an accident. I knew that I was very much afraid (to die). The three young men with the medals were like hunting hawks; and I was not a hawk; they, the three, knew it and so we (to drift) apart. But I stayed good friends with the boy who (to be wounded) his first day at the front.

The major, who (to be) the great fencer, (not to believe) in bravery. So he remained a good friend too, and we (to spend) much time while we sat in the machines (to correct) my grammar! He said I (to speak) Italian well and we talked together very easily. The major came to the hospital very regularly, though I am sure he did not believe in the machine. He was a small man and he sat straight up in his chair with his right hand in the machine.

“What you (to do) when the war (to be) over if it is ever?” he asked me one day. “Speak grammatically!”

“I (to go) to the States.”

“You (to marry)?”

“No, but I hope (to be).”

“Then you are a fool,” he said.

He looked angry. “A man must not (to marry).”

“Why mustn’t a man marry?”

“He cannot (to marry),” he said angrily. “He may lose everything. He must (to find) things in his life which he cannot lose.”

“But why should he (to lose) anything?”

“He will lose it,” the major said. He (to look) at the wall. Then he looked down at the machine and (to take) his hand out of it. He went into the other room and heard him (to ask) the doctor if he might (to use) the telephone. When he came back into the room, I (to sit) in another machine. He had his cap on and came straight to my machine.

“I am sorry,” he said. “You must (to forgive) me. My wife just (to die).”

“Oh—” I said (to feel) sick for him. “I am sorry.”

“It is very difficult,” he said. “I cannot understand it.” He looked past me through the window. Then he began (to cry). “I cannot believe it,” he said again. And then crying, his head up (to look) at nothing, he walked past the machine and out of the door.

The doctor told me that the major’s wife who was very young and whom he had married when he was invalided out of the war, (to die) of pneumonia. She had been sick only a few days. No one expected her (to die). The major did not come to the hospital for three days. Then he (not to come) at the usual hour.

**1. Match the words and the definitions**

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. autumn                                     | a) to be indifferent and uninterested   |
| 2. hospital                                   | b) a strong swift, keen-sighted bird of prey  |
| 3. to bend                                    | c) a person taking the first place in a competition   |
| 4. a champion                                 | d) something that happens without a cause that can be seen at once, usually something unfortunate |
| 5. a fencer                                   | e) feel sure of the truth of something  |
| 6. an accident                                | f) third season of the year, between summer and winter  |
| 7. to believe in something                    | g) place where people are treated for their illnesses   |
| 8. a lawyer                                   | h) to force into a curve or angle   |
| 9. to be detached                             | i) a person who practices the art of fighting with long slender swords or foils                   |
| 10. the papers                                | j) a person who practices law   |
| 11. a hawk                                    | k) pardon or show mercy to somebody, no longer have hard feelings towards somebody                |
| 12. to forgive somebody (for doing something) | l) documents showing who somebody is, what authority he has                                       |

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## **2. Find in the text**

### **a) the antonyms for:**

cold, dark, pleasant, outside, different, long, to enter, old, beautiful, polite, to lose, to be married, to die

### **b) the synonyms for:**

to be interested in something, to get well, to be lucky, to play football, like a champion, to examine something, to look at something with great attention, a painter, to remain somebody's friend, a fool

## **3. Find the English equivalents for the following sentences in the text**

1. Вы занимались спортом?
2. У меня не сгибалось колено.
3. Вы – счастливчик.
4. Вы верите в это?
5. Там было три мальчика моего возраста.
6. Он готовился к операции.
7. Я показал им документы.
8. Я очень боялся умереть.
9. Чем вы будете заниматься, когда закончится война?
10. Я слышал, как он спросил у врача, может ли он позвонить.
11. Никто не думал, что она умрет.

## **4. Act out the dialog between the storyteller and the major.....**

### **5. Answer the following questions**

1. What season was it? What was the weather like?
2. What did the wounded enjoy doing in the evening?
3. How did the wounded come to the hospital?
4. What are the details mentioned by the writer that create the atmosphere of quiet and peaceful life in Milan? Is it in a way opposed to the front, in your opinion?
5. Were the hospital patients polite and interested in each other?
6. Why did they sit in the machines?
7. What health problem did the storyteller have?
8. Do you think the doctor's words were encouraging for .....?
9. What was wrong with the major's hand?

10. The major had been a great fencer before the war, hadn't he? Do you think he would be able to fence after the course of treatment? Did he believe in it?
11. What do you come to know about the three boys and their ambitions?
12. Why was another boy with the black silk handkerchief across his face preparing for an operation? Did he fight long at the front?
13. Did they all have the same medals?
14. Why were all the wounded a little detached?
15. Was there anything that held them together?
16. Why do you think the boys' manner changed after they saw the storyteller's papers? Did they drift apart?
17. Did the storyteller believe he had deserved to get the medals?
18. Why did the major think that a man must not marry?
19. What had the major's wife die of?
20. Would you like to read the story up to the end? Why?

***Jerome David Salinger (born 1919)***

Salinger has become a classic because of his real understanding of American youth.

Jerome David Salinger was born in 1919 in New York. His father was a prosperous importer of ham and cheese. The boy grew up with a sister who was eight years older than he. He was said to be friendly with other children, but he always wanted to do unconventional things: for hours no one in the family knew where he was or what he was doing; he only showed up for meals. He seldom joined other boys in a game.

Salinger did not do well at school, so his parents enrolled him in a military academy. There at night, tenting a blanket over his head, Salinger wrote his first short stories. Literature had been the only subject he had really liked at school.

On graduating from the Valley Forge Academy he told his family that he wanted to become a writer. His father thought that was not the career for him. So Salinger was sent to Poland to learn the ham business. Some time later he returned to America.

Salinger tried to attend college but soon found that academic program was of no avail to him. The first story he published was "The Young Men" (1940).

During the Second World War he spent four years in the army and was sent to Europe. In 1943, while Salinger was still in France, the American magazine "Saturday Evening Post" published his story "The Varioni Brothers". Sergeant Salinger sent the money he earned to the editor of the magazine "Story" to help other young writers.

In 1944, Salinger met Ernest Hemingway. Hemingway had read Salinger's stories and said that the young man had "a helluva talent" (a hell of a talent). Some other stories of his, published in 1946 in a very respectable literary magazine, brought him fame as a writer.

Salinger's short novel "The Catcher in the Rye" appeared in the summer of 1951. The book became popular with its readers and was admired by many writers, too. Salinger uses an original form of narration. The story is told by a teen-ager in funny schoolboy slang. The tone is intimate and friendly. He seems to be full of laughter. But through the boy's artless humorous talk his tragic attitude towards life becomes soon visible.

The extract from the novel describes the talk between Holden and his sister Phoebe whom he loves. Holden tells her of his troubles. The conversation Holden has with Phoebe carries out the main idea of Salinger. Here is part of the conversation:

*(Put the proper article)*

"Phoebe says: 'You don't like anything that's happening.' "It made me even more depressed when she said that.

"Yes, I do. Yes, I do. *Sure* I do. Don't say that. Why the hell do you say that?"



“Because you don’t. You don’t like any schools. You don’t like ( ) million things. You don’t’

“I do! That’s where you’re wrong—that’s exactly where you’re wrong! Why the hell do you have to say that? Boy, was she depressing me?”

“‘Because you don’t,’ she said. ‘Name one thing.’

“One thing? One thing I like?” I said ‘Okay.’

“The trouble was, I couldn’t concentrate too hot. Sometimes it’s hard to concentrate.

“‘One thing I like ( ) lot you mean?’ I asked her.

“She didn’t answer me, though. She was in ( ) cockeyed position way the hell over ( ) other side of ( ) bed. She was about ( ) thousand miles away. ‘C’mon, answer me,’ I said. ‘One thing I like ( ) lot, or one thing I just like?’

“You like, ( ) lot.’

“AH right,’ I said. But the trouble was I couldn’t concentrate. ... There was this one boy at Elkton Hills, named James Castle, that wouldn’t take back something he said about this very conceited boy, Phil Stabile. James Castle called him ( ) very conceited guy, and one of Stabile’s lousy friends went and squealed him to Stabile. So Stabile, with about six other dirty bastards, went down to James Castle’s room and went in and locked ( ) goddam door and tried to make him take tack what he said, but he wouldn’t do it. So they started in on him... but he still wouldn’t take it back, old James Castle. And you should have seen him. He was ( ) skinny little weak-looking guy, with wrists about as big as pencils. Finally, what he did, instead of taking back what he said, he jumped out of ( ) window. I was in ( ) shower and all, and even I could hear him land outside. But I just thought something fell out of ( ) window, ( ) radio or ( ) desk or something, not ( ) boy or anything. Then I heard everybody running through ( ) corridor and down ( ) stairs, so I put on my bathrobe and I ran downstairs too, and there was old James Castle lying right on ( ) stone steps and all. He was dead, and his teeth, and blood were all over ( ) place, and nobody would even go near him...

“That was about all I could think of, though...”

**1. Match the words and the definitions**

1. cockeyed
2. conceited
3. lousy
4. to squeal somebody to somebody
5. skinny
6. weak looking
7. a wrist
8. strains
9. a bathrobe
10. blood

- a. colloq. bad
- b. lacking in strength in appearance
- c. series of fixed steps leading from one floor to another
- d. a loose-filing robe
- e. colloq. Become an informer
- f. very thin
- g. red liquid flowing throughout the body
- h. a joint between the hand and the arm
- i. full of overhigh opinion of oneself
- j. squinting , crooked, turned or twisted to one side

**2. Write antonyms or synonyms for the following words and word-combinations.**

To like, to be depressed, to be wrong, to have to do something, to depress somebody, to name something, to concentrate, it is hard to do something, to answer somebody, to like something a lot, the trouble was that, conceived, lousy, to squeal somebody to somebody, to go down, to go in skinny, to take back, to run downstairs, to put on a bathrobe.

**3. Find the English equivalents for the following words, word combinations and sentences**

**in the text**

Тебе ничего не нравится, вот здесь ты ошибаешься, беда в том, что..., я не мог сконцентрироваться, по имени..., взять свои слова обратно, самодовольный, донести на кого-либо, запереть дверь на замок, выпрыгнуть из окна, упасть из окна, побежать вниз по лестнице, он был мертв

**4. Answer the following questions**

1. What did Phoebe dislike about her brother?
2. Did Holden try to defend himself? Why?
3. Was Phoebe really depressing Holden?
4. Why do you think Holden failed to answer Phoebe's questions right away?
5. What did Holden think of?
6. What did James Castle look like?
7. He called Phil Stabile a very conceived guy, didn't he? Did Holden share James's opinion?
8. Did James take back what he had said? What did he do instead?
9. What do you think Stabile and the other boys did to make James take back his words?
10. Why did James jump out of the rainbow?
11. Do you think Holden                      James's behavior? Why?

**Theodore Herman Albert Dreiser (August 27, 1871 – December 28, 1945)** was an American novelist and journalist of the naturalist school. His novels often featured main characters who succeeded at their objectives despite a lack of a firm moral code, and literary situations that more closely resemble studies of nature than tales of choice and agency. Dreiser's best known novels include *Sister Carrie* (1900) and *An American Tragedy* (1925). His first novel, *Sister Carrie*, published in 1900, tells the story of a woman who flees her country life for the city (Chicago) and there lives a life far from a Victorian ideal. It sold poorly and was not widely promoted largely because of moral objections to the depiction of a country girl who pursues her dreams of fame and fortune through relationships to men. The book has since acquired a considerable reputation. It has been called the "greatest of all American urban novels." It was made into a 1952 film by William Wyler, which starred Laurence Olivier and Jennifer Jones. He witnessed a lynching in 1893 and wrote the short story, *Nigger Jeff*, which appeared in *Ainslee's Magazine* in 1901. His second novel, *Jennie Gerhardt*, was published in 1911. His first commercial success was *An American Tragedy*, published in 1925, which was made into a film in 1931 and again in 1951 (as *A Place in the Sun*). Already in 1892, when Dreiser began work as a newspaperman he had begun "to observe a certain type of crime in the United States that proved very common. It seemed to spring from the fact that almost every young person was possessed of an ingrown ambition to be somebody financially and socially." "Fortune hunting became a disease" with the frequent result of a peculiarly American kind of crime, a form of "murder for money", when "the young ambitious lover of some poorer girl" found "a more attractive girl with money or position" but could not get rid of the first girl, usually because of pregnancy. Dreiser claimed to have collected such stories every year between 1895 and 1935. The 1906 murder of Grace Brown by Chester Gillette eventually became the basis for *An American Tragedy*. Though primarily known as a novelist, Dreiser published his first collection of short stories, *Free and Other Stories* in 1918. The collection contained 11 stories. Another story, "My Brother Paul", was a brief biography of his older brother, Paul Dresser, who was a famous songwriter in the 1890s. This story was the basis for the 1942 romantic movie, "My Gal Sal". Dreiser also wrote poetry. His poem, "The Aspirant," continues his theme of poverty and ambition, as a young man in a shabby furnished room describes his own and the other tenants' dreams, and asks "why? why?" The poem appeared in *The Poetry Quartos*, collected and printed by Paul Johnston, and published by Random House in 1929. Other works include *Trilogy of Desire*, which was based on the life of the Chicago streetcar tycoon Charles Tyson Yerkes and composed of *The Financier* (1912), *The Titan* (1914), and *The Stoic*. The last was published

posthumously in 1947. Dreiser was often forced to battle against censorship because his depiction of some aspects of life, such as sexual promiscuity, offended authorities and challenged popular opinion.

## An American Tragedy

### Part I

Clyde began to think harder than ever about himself. And the result of his thinking was that he must do something for himself and soon. Up to this time the best he had been able to do was to work at such jobs as all boys between their twelfth and fifteenth years take up: selling newspapers during the summer months of one year, working in a poor little shop all one summer long, and on Saturdays, for a period during the winter, opening boxes and unpacking goods, for which he received the great sum of five dollars a week, a sum which at the time seemed almost a fortune. He felt himself rich and could sometimes go to the theatre or to the cinema though his parents were against it. But Clyde felt that he had a right to go with his own money, also to take his younger brother Frank, who was glad enough to go with him and say nothing.

Later in the same year, wishing to get out of school and start a regular job, he got a place as an assistant to a soda-water clerk in one of the cheaper drugstores of the city which was near a theatre. A sign "Boy Wanted", which was directly on his way to school, first interested him. Later, in conversation with the young man whose assistant he would be and from whom he would learn the trade, he found out that he might make as much as fifteen and even eighteen dollars a week.

But to learn the trade, as he was told, needed time and the friendly help of an expert. If he wished to come here and work for five or six dollars to begin with, he might soon know enough about the art of making sweet drinks, like lemonades, coca-colas and so on. While he was learning, he would have to wash and rub all the machinery of the soda-water counter and also to sweep out and dust the store at so early an hour as seven-thirty and then deliver such orders as the owner would send out by him.

Yet this interesting job he decided to take after a talk with his mother. For one thing, he could drink as many ice-cream sodas as he wanted free. In the next place, as he thought, it was an open door to a trade. In the third place, he would have to work there sometimes at

night, as late as twelve o'clock. And this took him out of his home where his father and mother held religious meetings. They could not ask him to attend any meetings, not even on Sundays, because he would work Sunday afternoons and evenings.

Clyde soon found out to his pleasure, that the place was much visited by girls, who sat at the tables and laughed and talked. For the first time in his life, while Clyde was busy washing glasses and making drinks, he studied these girls with great interest. How well-dressed they were, and what interesting things they discussed—parties, dances, the shows they had seen, the places in or near Kansas City to which they were soon going, the different actors or actresses—mostly actors—who were now playing or soon coming to the city. And to this day, in his way home he had heard nothing of all this.

But very soon Clyde understood that this job was not quite what he had expected. For Albert Sieberling, whose assistant he was, kept his knowledge about the trade to himself and did all the more pleasant tasks. Clyde had very little money and he did not make any friends.

Clyde was already sixteen and old enough to make his own way in life. And yet he was earning almost nothing—not enough to live on, if he were alone. So he decided to find something better.

## Part II

*(Put the proper conjunction or preposition)*

Looking here (\_\_\_) there, Clyde thought one day that he would speak ( ) the manager of the soda-water counter, that was connected ( ) the drugstore in the biggest hotel in Kansas City, the Green-Davidson Hotel. One day he entered the drugstore. He came up ( ) a short well-dressed man of about thirty-five. "Well!" the man asked when he saw the boy.

"You don't happen to need a soda-counter assistant, do you?" Clyde said, looking ( ) the man with hope. "No, no, no," answered the man quickly and turned away. But seeing the look of disappointment ( ) Clyde's face, he turned his head ( ) added:

"Did you ever work ( ) a place like this before?"

"No place ( ) fine ( ) this. No, sir," answered Clyde, looking around. "I'm working now ( ) Mr. Klinkle's store ( ) 7th and Brooklyn Street but it isn't anything like this one and I would like to get something better if I could."

"Ah," said the man, rather pleased by Clyde's words about his store. "Well, you are quite right. But there isn't anything here that I could offer you. But if you'd like to be a bell-boy, I can tell you where you might get a place. They're looking for an extra boy ( ) the hotel inside there now. The captain of the boys was telling me he was ( ) need of one. I should think that would be ( ) good ( ) helping about a soda counter."

Then he quickly added: “But you mustn’t say that I sent you, because I don’t know you. Just ask for Mr. Squires inside there and he can tell you all about it.”

### Part III

Thanking his advisor for his kindness, Clyde went to a green door which opened from the back of this drugstore into the lobby of the hotel. When he entered the lobby, he stood looking around. Under his feet was a black-and-white marble floor. There were a great many black marble columns, and between the columns were lamps, chairs and sofas.

As Clyde stood, looking about the lobby, he saw a large number of people—some women and children, and a great many men as he could see—either walking or standing about and talking or sitting in chairs.

Suddenly Clyde remembered the name of Squires and began to look for him in his office. He saw that not far from the door through which he had come, was a desk, at which stood a young man of about his own age in a brown uniform bright with many buttons. And on his head was a small cap. He was busy writing in a big book which lay open before him. Other boys about his own age, and uniformed as he was, were seated upon a long bench near him or were seen running here and there, sometimes returning to the desk with a slip of paper or a key or note of some kind, and then seating themselves upon the bench to wait for another call, which came quickly enough. A telephone upon the small desk at which stood the uniformed youth was ringing all the time, and after learning what was wanted, this youth rang a small bell before him, or called “front”, to which the first boy on the bench jumped up and would run either to one of the entrances or to the elevators. The boys would carry the bags and suitcases of the arrivals, show them the way to their rooms, bring them drinks or cigarettes from the stores.

Clyde stood, looking at all this, and hoped that he might get a job here. But would he? And where was Mr. Squires? He came to the youth at the small desk. “Do you know where I will find Mr. Squires?” he asked.

“Here he comes now,” answered the youth, looking up. Clyde turned round and saw a man of twenty-nine or thirty years of age. His nose was long and thin, his eyes sharp, his lips thin. He was well dressed. He paid no attention to Clyde. His assistant at the desk said:

“That young fellow there is waiting to see you.”

“You want to see me?” asked the captain of the bell-boys, turning to Clyde and noticing his not-very-good clothes.

“The owner of the store here,” began Clyde, who wanted to make a good impression on this man, but did not quite know how to do it, “said that I might ask you if there was any work for me here as a bell-boy. I’m working now at Klinkle’s drugstore at 7th and Brooklyn Street as an assistant, but I would like to get out of it.”

Clyde was so nervous that he could not find the right words to say what he wanted. He only knew that he had to say something to make that man like him and he added: “If you would take me, I would try very hard and be very willing.”

The man before him looked at him coldly, but he liked Clyde’s diplomatic words.

“But you haven’t had any training in this work?”

“No, sir, but couldn’t I pick it up quickly, if I tried hard?” “Well, I don’t know,” said the head of the bell-boys. “I haven’t any time to talk to you now. Come here Monday afternoon. I’ll see you then.” He turned and walked away.



### **1. Match the words and the definitions**

- |                                 |   |
|---------------------------------|---|
| 1. a newspaper                  | a. the quality of being friendly, generous, and considerate |
| 2. goods                        | b. a printed publication (usually issued daily or weekly)   |
| 3. to receive                   | c. merchandise or possessions                               |
| 4. rich                         | d. a feeling of expectation and desire                      |
| 5. an assistant                 | e. be given, presented with, or paid (something)            |
| 6. an expert                    | f. a feeling of happy satisfaction and enjoyment            |
| 7. free                         | g. having a great deal of money or assets                   |
| 8. a pleasure                   | h. given or available without charge                        |
| 9. a hope                       | i. a person who ranks below a senior person                 |
| 10. kindness<br>particular area | j. a person who is very knowledgeable about or skilful in a |

### **2. Find in the text**

#### **a) the antonyms for:**

to sell, interesting, sweet, busy, inside, to enter, to send, to answer, to get, quickly, coldly, long, thin

#### **b) the synonyms for**

quickly, to own, a store, children, lemonade, a talk, to attend, an elevator

### **3. Find the English equivalents for the following sentences in the text**

Но очень скоро Клайд понял, что эта работа была не совсем такой, как он ожидал. У Клайда было очень мало денег и он ни с кем не подружился. Он подошёл к невысокому, хорошо одетому мужчине лет тридцати пяти. Вы когда-нибудь работали в таком месте, как это? Здесь нет ничего, что я мог бы вам предложить. Войдя в вестибюль, он остановился, озираясь. Он был занят написанием чего-то в большой книге, которая лежала перед ним. Вы не знаете, где я могу найти мистера Скуаерса? Он не обратил внимания на Клайда. Клайд так нервничал, что не мог подобрать слов, чтобы сказать, что хотел.

**4. Answer the following questions**

1. Why did Clyde want to get out of school?
2. Why did Clyde decide to work as an assistant to a soda-water clerk?
3. What were the things about this job he didn't like?
4. What kinds of sweet drinks did he want to learn to make?
5. Why did he like working on Sundays?
6. Why did Clyde study the girls with great interest?
7. What did Clyde want to talk to Mr. Squires for?
8. What were the bell-boys doing in the hotel where Clyde came to look for Mr. Squires?
9. What did Mr. Squires look like?
10. Why was Clyde nervous talking to the captain of the bell-boys?
11. Why didn't Mr. Squires talk to Clyde that day?
12. Why did Clyde mention the owner of the store while speaking to Mr. Squires?
13. Would you like to find out whether Clyde got the job or not?
14. Why did Clyde want to get out of school?
15. Why did Clyde decide to work as an assistant to a soda-water clerk?
16. What were the things about this job he didn't like?
17. What kinds of sweet drinks did he want to learn to make?
18. Why did he like working on Sundays?
19. Why did Clyde study the girls with great interest?
20. What did Clyde want to talk to Mr. Squires for?
21. What were the bell-boys doing in the hotel where Clyde came to look for Mr. Squires?
22. What did Mr. Squires look like?
23. Why was Clyde nervous talking to the captain of the bell-boys?
24. Why didn't Mr. Squires talk to Clyde that day?
25. Why did Clyde mention the owner of the store while speaking to Mr. Squires?
26. Would you like to find out whether Clyde got the job or not?

**William Sydney Porter** (September 11, 1862 – June 5, 1910), known by his pen name **O. Henry**, was an American writer. O. Henry's short stories are known for their wit, wordplay, warm characterization, and clever twist endings.

William Sidney Porter was born on September 11, 1862, in Greensboro, North Carolina. He changed the spelling of his middle name to Sydney in 1898. His parents were Dr. Algernon Sidney Porter (1825–88), a physician, and Mary Jane Virginia Swaim Porter (1833–65). They were married on April 20, 1858. When William was three, his mother died from tuberculosis, and he and his father moved into the home of his paternal grandmother. As a child, Porter was always reading, everything from classics to dime novels; his favorite works were Lane's translation of *One Thousand and One Nights*, and Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.<sup>[2]</sup>

Porter graduated from his aunt Evelina Maria Porter's elementary school in 1876. He then enrolled at the Lindsey Street High School. His aunt continued to tutor him until he was fifteen. In 1879, he started working in his uncle's drugstore and in 1881, at the age of nineteen, he was licensed as a pharmacist. At the drugstore, he also showed off his natural artistic talents by sketching the townsfolk.

O. Henry's stories frequently have surprise endings. In his day, he was called the American answer to Guy de Maupassant. Both authors wrote plot twist endings, but O. Henry stories were much more playful. His stories are also known for witty narration.

Most of O. Henry's stories are set in his own time, the early 20th century. Many take place in New York City and deal for the most part with ordinary people: clerks, policemen, waitresses, etc.

O. Henry's work is wide-ranging, and his characters can be found roaming the cattle-lands of Texas, exploring the art of the con-man, or investigating the tensions of class and wealth in turn-of-the-century New York. O. Henry had an inimitable hand for isolating some element of society and describing it with an incredible economy and grace of language. Some of his best and least-known work is contained in *Cabbages and Kings*, a series of stories each of which explores some individual aspect of life in a paralytically sleepy Central American town, while advancing some aspect of the larger plot and relating back one to another.

*Cabbages and Kings* was his first collection of stories, followed by *The Four Million*. The second collection opens with a reference to Ward McAllister's "assertion that there were only 'Four Hundred' people in New York City who were really worth noticing. But a wiser man has arisen—the census taker—and his larger estimate of human interest has been preferred in marking out the field of these little stories of the 'Four Million.'" To O. Henry, everyone in New York counted.

He had an obvious affection for the city, which he called "Bagdad-on-the-Subway,"<sup>[4]</sup> and many of his stories are set there—while others are set in small towns or in other cities.

Among his most famous stories are:

- "The Gift of the Magi" about a young couple who are short of money but desperately want to buy each other Christmas gifts. Unbeknownst to Jim, Della sells her most valuable possession, her beautiful hair, in order to buy a platinum fob chain for Jim's watch; while unbeknownst to Della, Jim sells his own most valuable possession, his watch, to buy jeweled combs for Della's hair. The essential premise of this story has been copied, re-worked, parodied, and otherwise re-told countless times in the century since it was written.
- "The Ransom of Red Chief", in which two men kidnap a boy of ten. The boy turns out to be so bratty and obnoxious that the desperate men ultimately pay the boy's father \$250 to take him back.
- "The Cop and the Anthem" about a New York City hobo named Soapy, who sets out to get arrested so that he can be a guest of the city jail instead of sleeping out in the cold winter. Despite efforts at petty theft, vandalism, disorderly conduct, and "mashing" with a young prostitute, Soapy fails to draw the attention of the police. Disconsolate, he pauses in front of a church, where an organ anthem inspires him to clean up his life—and is ironically charged for loitering and sentenced to three months in prison.
- "A Retrieved Reformation", which tells the tale of safecracker Jimmy Valentine, recently freed from prison. He goes to a town bank to case it before he robs it. As he walks to the door, he catches the eye of the banker's beautiful daughter. They immediately fall in love and Valentine decides to give up his criminal career. He moves into the town, taking up the identity of Ralph Spencer, a shoemaker. Just as he is about to leave to deliver his specialized tools to an old associate, a lawman who recognizes him arrives at the bank. Jimmy and his fiancée and her family are at the bank, inspecting a new safe, when a child accidentally gets locked inside the airtight vault. Knowing it will seal his fate, Valentine opens the safe to rescue the child. However, much to Valentine's surprise, the lawman denies recognizing him and lets him go.
- "The Duplicity of Hargraves". A short story about a nearly destitute father and daughter's trip to Washington, D.C.

## Witches' Loaves

*(Open the brackets)*

Miss Martha Meacham *(to keep)* the little bakery on the corner. Miss Martha *(to be)* forty, she *(to have)* two thousand dollars in a bank, two false teeth and a kind heart.

Many people have married who had less possibilities to do so than Miss Martha.

Two or three times a week a man *(to come)* into her shop to buy bread and very soon she *(to begin)* to take interest in him. He *(to be)* a man of middle age with spectacles and a short brown beard. His clothes *(to be)* poor, but he looked clean and *(to have)* very good manners.

He always *(to buy)* two loaves of stale bread. Fresh bread *(to be)* five cents a loaf. Stale loaves *(to be)* two for five. He never *(to buy)* anything but stale bread.

Once Miss Martha *(to see)* red and brown stains on his fingers. She *(to be)* sure then that he *(to be)* an artist and very poor. Of course he *(to live)* in a little room, where he *(to paint)* pictures and *(to eat)* stale bread, and *(to think)* of the good things in Miss Martha's bakery.

Often when Miss Martha *(to sit)* down to eat her good dinner, she *(to think)* about the poor artist and *(to want)* him to share her meal instead of eating his stale bread.

Miss Martha's heart, as you have been told, *(to be)* a very kind one.

In order to find out his profession, she *(to bring)* from her room one day a painting that she had once bought and *(to put)* it against the shelves behind the bread counter.

It *(to be)* an Italian painting. A beautiful palace *(to stand)* near a lake. Miss Martha *(to be)* sure that an artist would notice it.

Two days later the man *(to come)* into the shop.

"Two loaves of stale bread, if you please/

*(Put Definite or Indefinite Articles)*

"You have *(a/the)* fine picture here, madam," he said while she was getting *(a/the)* bread.

"Yes?" said Miss Martha. "I love art and" (she could not say "artists") "and paintings," she added. "You think it is *(a/the)* good picture?"

"*(A/The)* palace," said *(a/the)* man, "is not in good drawing. The perspective of it is not true. Good morning, madam."

He took his bread and hurried out.

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

How kind his eyes were behind his spectacles! What (*a/the*) broad forehead he had! To be (*an/the*) artist—and to live on stale bread! But genius has to struggle before it is recognized.

How good it would be for art if genius was helped by two thousand dollars in (*a/the*) bank, (*a/the*) bakery, and (*a/the*) kind heart too—but these were only dreams, Miss Martha.

Often now when he came, he talked for some time with Miss Martha. And he continued buying stale bread, never anything else.

(*Degree of Comparison: Give All Three Forms of the Adjectives*)

She thought he was looking *thinner*. She wanted to add something good to eat to his stale bread, but she had no courage to do it. She knew the pride of artists.

Miss Martha began to wear her *best* blue silk blouse almost every day. In the room behind the shop she cooked some mixture for her face.

One day the man came as usual, and asked for his stale loaves. While Miss Martha was getting them, there was a *great* noise in the street and the man hurried to the door to look. Suddenly Miss Martha had a *bright* idea.

On the shelf behind the counter was some *fresh* butter. With a bread knife Miss Martha made a deep cut in each of the stale

loaves, put a *big* piece of butter there, and pressed the loaves together again.

When the man turned to her, she was putting the loaves into a paper bag.

When he had gone, after a very *pleasant* little talk, Miss Martha smiled to herself and her heart beat very *fast*.

For a *long* time that day she could not think of anything else. She imagined his face when he would discover her *little* secret. He would stop painting and lay down his brushes. There would stand his picture in which the perspective was *perfect*. He would prepare for his meal of stale bread and water. He would take a loaf—ah!

Miss Martha blushed. Would he think of the hand that had put it there as he ate? Would he—

The front bell rang loudly. Somebody was coming in, making very much noise.

Miss Martha hurried into the shop. Two men were there. One was a *young* man smoking a pipe—a man she had never seen before. The other man was her artist.

His face was very *red*, his hat was on the back of his head, his hair was falling all over his face. He shook his two fists angrily at Miss Martha. At Miss Martha!

“Fool!” he shouted very loudly.

The young man tried to draw him away.

*(Prepositions)*

“I shall not go,” he said angrily, “before I tell her.” He beat his fists (\_\_\_) Miss Martha’s counter. “You have spoilt my work,” he cried, “I will tell you. You are a stupid old cat!”

Miss Martha stood back against the shelves and laid one hand (\_\_\_) her heart. The young man took his companion (\_\_\_) the arm.

“Come on,” he said, “you have said enough.”

He drew the angry man (\_\_\_) into the street, and then came back.

“I think I must tell you, ma’am,” he said, “why he is so angry. That is Blumberger. He is a draughtsman. I work (\_\_\_) the same office with him.

“He worked very hard for three months drawing a plan (\_\_\_) a new City Hall. It was a prize competition. He finished it yesterday. You know, a draughtsman always makes his drawing (\_\_\_) pencil first. When it is finished he rubs (\_\_\_) the pencil lines with stale bread. That is better than india-rubber.

“Blumberger always bought the bread here. Well, today- well, you know, ma’am, that butter isn’t—well, Blumberger’s plan isn’t good for anything now.”

Miss Martha went (\_\_\_) the back room. She took (\_\_\_) the blue silk blouse and put (\_\_\_) the old brown one she had worn before, then she poured the mixture for her face (\_\_\_) of the window.

**1. Match the words and the definitions**

- |                |   |
|----------------|---|
| 1. a pipe      | a. a place where bread and cakes are made or sold   |
| 2. to discover | b. food made of flour, water, and yeast mixed together and baked                                      |
| 3. a knife     | c. a pair of glasses  |
| 4. a palace    | d. a growth of hair on the chin and lower cheeks of a man’s face                                      |
| 5. an artist   | e. any of the regular occasions in a day when a reasonably large amount of food is eaten              |
| 6. a meal      | f. a person who creates paintings or drawings as a profession or hobby                                |
| 7. a beard     | g. a large and impressive building forming the official residence of a ruler                          |
| 8. a forehead  | h. the part of the face above the eyebrows  |
| 9. a genius    | i. an exceptionally intelligent person or one with exceptional skill in a particular area of activity |

10. spectacles     j. an instrument composed of a blade fixed into a handle, used for cutting or as a weapon
11. bread             k. to find unexpectedly or during a search
12. a bakery          l. a device for smoking tobacco

## **2. Find in the text**

### **a) the antonyms for:**

kind, false, to buy, short, poor, little, beautiful, later, to love, to continue

### **b) the synonyms for**

to talk, pride, to begin, usual, pleasant, to imagine, to hurry, to spoil, a companion

## **3. Find the English equivalents for the following sentences in the text**

Красивый дворец стоял рядом с озером. Я люблю искусство. Думаете, это хорошая картина? Мисс Марта отнесла картину обратно в свою комнату. Мисс Марта начала носить свою лучшую голубую шелковую блузку каждый день. Неожиданно у Мисс Марты появилась отличная идея. Мисс Марта покраснела. Мисс Марта поспешила в магазин. Молодой человек попытался оттащить его. Вы испортили мою работу. Блумбергер всегда покупал хлеб здесь.

## **4. Answer the following questions**

1. What were the fortunes of Miss Martha?
2. How often would the man come into Miss Martha's shop?
3. What did he look like?
4. What did he usually buy there?
5. What did Miss Martha think about his purchases?
6. Why did Miss Martha think that the man was an artist?
7. What did she do to check whether he was an artist or not?
8. Why did Miss Martha begin to wear her best blouse?
9. What did she do when the man was distracted by a great noise?
10. Who yelled at Miss Martha afterwards?
11. How did Miss Martha find out that the man was a draughtsman?
12. Why did Miss Martha pour the mixture for her face out of the window?
13. What would you do if you were that draughtsman?
14. What would you do if you very Miss Martha?



## Keys

### Martin Eden

#### Part I

*Martin Eden, a strong man and talented worker, belongs to a work- ing-class family. He meets Ruth Morse, a girl from a rich bourgeois family, and falls in love with her. He decides to become her equal in knowledge and culture. He must make a career for himself and become famous. He begins to read and study and Ruth helps him.*

A week of heavy reading had passed since the evening he first met Ruth Morse, and still he did not dare to go and see her. He was afraid of making mistakes in speech and manners.

Martin tried to read books that required years of preparatory work. One day he read a book on philosophy, and the next day a book on art. He read poetry, he read books by Karl Marx. He did not understand what he was reading but he wanted to know. He had become interested in economy, industry and politics. He sat up in bed and tried to read, but the dictionary was in front of him more often than the book. He looked up so many new words that when he saw them again, he had forgotten their meaning and had to look them up again. He decided to write the words down in a note-book, and filled page after page with them. And still he could not understand what he was reading. Poetry was not so difficult. He loved poetry and beauty, and there he found beauty, as he found it in music.

At last Martin Eden had enough courage to go and see Ruth. She met him at the door herself and took him into the living- room. They talked first of the books he had borrowed from her, then of poets. He told her of his plans to educate himself.

“You should go back and finish grammar school, and then go through the high school and university,” Ruth said.

“But that takes money,” he said.

“Oh!” she cried, “I had not thought of that. But then you have relatives, somebody who could help you?”

He shook his head.

“My father and mother are dead. I’ve two sisters and some brothers,—I’m the youngest,—but they never helped anybody. The oldest died in India. Two are in South Africa now, and another is on a fishing-boat at sea. One is travelling with a circus. And I think I am just like them. I’ve taken care of myself since I was eleven—that’s when my mother died. I think I must study by myself, and what I want to know is where to begin.”

“I should say the first thing of all would be to get a grammar. Your grammar is not particularly good.”

He got red. “I know I talk a lot of slang. I know words, picked them up from books, but I cannot say them correctly, so I don’t use them.”

“It isn’t what you say, so much as how you say it. You don’t mind my saying that, do you? I don’t want to hurt you.”

“No, no,” he cried. “Tell me everything. I must know, and I had better hear it from you than from anybody else.”

“Well, then, you say ‘You was’; it must be ‘You were’. You say ‘I seen’ for ‘I saw’.”

“That is clear,” said Martin. “I never thought of it before.” “You’ll find it all in the grammar,” she said and went to the bookcase. She took one of the books from the shelf and gave it to Martin.

Several weeks went by, during which Martin Eden studied his grammar and read books. During those weeks he saw Ruth five or six times and each time he learned something. She helped him with his English, corrected his pronunciation and taught him arithmetic.

## Part II

*A few months after Martin had started to educate himself, he had to go to sea again as all his money was spent. He went as a sailor on a ship that was going to the South Sea.*

The captain of the ship had a complete Shakespeare, which he never read. Martin had washed his clothes for him and in return was allowed to read the books. For a time all the world took the form of Shakespearean tragedy or comedy; even Martin’s thoughts were expressed in the language of Shakespeare. This trained his ear and gave him a feeling for good English. The eight months were spent well; he learned to understand Shakespeare and speak correctly, and what was most important, he learned much about himself. Now he knew that he could do more than he had done. He wanted to show Ruth the beauty of the South Sea and decided to do it in his letters.

And then the great idea came to him. He would describe the beauty of the world not only for Ruth but for other people as well. He could do it. He would be one of the eyes through which the world saw, one of the ears through which the world heard, one of the hearts through which it felt. He would be a writer. He would write—everything—poetry and

prose, novels and descriptions, and plays like Shakespeare. There was career and the way to win Ruth.

For the first time he saw the aim of his life, and saw it in the middle of the great sea. Martin decided to begin writing when he comes back. He would describe the voyage to the South Sea and sell it to some San Francisco newspaper. He would go on studying, and then, after some time, when he had learned and prepared himself, he would write great things.

### Part III

*When Martin Eden returned to San Francisco, he began to write. He sent his works to newspapers and magazines, but the editors sent his manuscripts back. Martin continued to write and study at the same time.*

Martin lived in a small room where he slept, studied, wrote and cooked his meals. Before the window there was the kitchen table that served as desk and library. The bed occupied two-thirds of the room. Martin slept five hours; only a man in very good health could work for nineteen hours a day. He never lost a moment. On the looking-glass were lists of words: when he was shaving or combing his hair, he learned these words. Some lists were on the wall over the kitchen table, and he studied them while he was cooking or washing the dishes. New lists were always put there in place of the old ones. Every new word he met in his reading was marked and later put down on paper and pinned to the wall or looking-glass. He even carried them in his pockets and looked them through in the street or in the shop.

The weeks passed. All Martin's money was spent and publishers continued to send his manuscripts back. Day by day he worked on and day by day the postman delivered to him his manuscripts. He had no money for stamps, so the manuscripts lay on the floor under the table. Martin pawned his overcoat, then his watch.

One morning the postman brought him a short thin envelope. There was no manuscript in that envelope, therefore, Martin thought, they had taken the story. It was "The Ring of Bells". In the letter the editor of a San Francisco magazine said that the story was good. They would pay the author five dollars for it. And he would receive the check when the story was published.

Martin thought that five dollars for five thousand words was very little. After a few weeks the story was published but the check did not arrive. Martin wrote to the editor asking him for the money. But when answering his letter the editor asked for more of his works and did not send any money.

One morning Martin decided to go and get the five dollars from the editor of the magazine. He entered the office and said that he wanted to see Mr. Ford—the editor. He was taken to the editor's room.

“I—I am Martin Eden,” Martin began the conversation. He wanted to ask for his five dollars, but it was his first editor and he did not want to scare him. To his surprise Mr. Ford quickly stood up with the words “You don't say so!” and the next moment, with both hands, was shaking Martin's hand.

“Can't say how glad I am to see you, Mr. Eden!” Here he held Martin at a distance and looked at his suit which was old and past repair.

“I thought you were a much older man than you are. Your story, you know, showed such maturity. A masterpiece, that story—I knew it when I had read the first lines. Let me tell you how I first read it. But no; first let me introduce you to the staff.”

Still talking, Mr. Ford led him into the office, where he introduced him to the assistant editor, Mr. White.

“And Mr. Ends, Mr. Eden, is our business manager, you know.”

The three men were now standing round Martin and talking all together.

“I'll tell you what I came for,” Martin said finally. “To be paid for that story all of you like so well. Five dollars, I think, is what you promised me would be paid after publication.”

Mr. Ford started to put his hand into his pocket, then turned suddenly to Mr. Ends and said that he had left his money at home. It was clear that Mr. Ends did not like that.

“I am sorry,” said he, “but I paid the printer an hour ago.” Both men looked at Mr. White, but he laughed and shook his head.

“I'll tell you what we'll do,” said Mr. Ford. “We'll send you a check the first thing in the morning. You have Mr. Eden's address, haven't you, Mr. Ends?”

Yes, Mr. Ends had the address.

“Then it is understood, Mr. Eden, that we'll send you the check tomorrow,” Mr. Ford said.

“I need the money today,” Martin answered firmly.

“Mr. Ford has already explained the situation,” Mr. Ends said. “And so have I. The check will be sent.”

“I also have explained,” said Martin, “and I have explained that I need the money today.”

“It's too bad—” Mr. Ford began.

At that moment Mr. Ends turned as if to leave the room. At the same time Martin turned and caught him by the throat with one hand. To the horror of Mr. White and Mr. Ford they saw Martin shake their business manager.

“Lay out, you killer of young talent,” Martin ordered. “Lay out, or I’ll shake it out of you, even if it’s all in nickels.” Then, to Mr. White and Mr. Ford: “You stand there, or somebody will get hurt.” Mr. Ends found in his pockets four dollars and twenty-five cents.

“You next!” Martin shouted at Mr. Ford. “I want seventy- five cents more.”

Mr. Ford did not wait, but searched his pockets with the result of sixty cents.

“Are you sure that is all?” Martin asked. “What have you in your vest pockets?”

Mr. Ford quickly turned two of his pockets inside out. A ferry ticket fell to the floor from one of them. He took it and was going to put it back in his pocket, when Martin cried:

“What’s that? A ferry ticket? Here, give it to me. It is ten cents. I’ve now got four dollars and ninety-five cents. Five cents is needed.” He looked at Mr. White and the man gave him a nickel.

“Thank you,” Martin said addressing all three of them. “I wish you a good day.”

## **The Great Gatsby**

One afternoon late in October I saw Tom Buchanan. He was walking ahead of me along Fifth Avenue in his alert, aggressive way, his hands out a little from his body as if to fight off interference, his head moving sharply here and there, adapting itself to his restless eyes. Just as I slowed up to avoid overtaking him he stopped and began frowning into the window of a jewelry store. Suddenly he saw me and walked back, holding out his hand.

“What’s the matter, Nick? Do you object to shaking hands with me?”

“Yes. You know what I think of you.”

“You’re crazy, Nick,” he said quickly. “Crazy as hell. I don’t know what’s the matter with you.”

“Tom,” I inquired, “what did you say to Wilson that afternoon?”

He stared at me without a word, and I knew I had guessed right about those missing hours. I started to turn away, but he took a step after me and grabbed my arm.

“I told him the truth,” he said. “He came to the door while we were getting ready to leave, and when I sent down word that we weren’t in he tried to force his way upstairs. He was crazy enough to kill me if I hadn’t told him who owned the car. His hand was on a revolver in his pocket every minute he was in the house—” He broke off defiantly. “What if I did tell him? That fellow had it coming to him. He threw dust into your eyes just like he did in Daisy’s, but he was a tough one. He ran over Myrtle like you’d run over a dog and never even stopped his car.”

There was nothing I could say, except one unutterable fact that it wasn’t true.

“And if you think I didn’t have my share of suffering—look here, when I went to give up that flat and saw that damn box of dog biscuits there on the sideboard, I sat down and cried like a baby. By God it was awful—”

I couldn’t forgive him or like him, but I saw that what he had done was, to him, entirely justified. It was all very careless and confused. They were careless people. Tom and Daisy—they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness, or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made...

I shook hands with him, it seemed silly not to, for I felt suddenly as though I were talking to a child. Then he went into the jewelry store to buy a pearl necklace—or perhaps only a pair of cuff buttons—rid of my provincial squeamishness forever.

## Salinger

“Phoebe says: ‘You don’t like anything that’s happening.’ ““It made me even more depressed when she said that.

“Yes, I do. Yes, I do. *Sure* I do. Don’t say that. Why the hell do you say that?”

“Because you don’t. You don’t like any schools. You don’t like a million things. You *don’t*’

“I do! That’s where you’re wrong—that’s exactly where you’re wrong! Why the hell do you have to say that? Boy, was she depressing me?”

“Because you don’t,’ she said. ‘Name one thing.’

“One thing? One thing I like?’ I said ‘Okay.’

“The trouble was, I couldn’t concentrate too hot. Sometimes it’s hard to concentrate.

“One thing I like a lot you mean?’ I asked her.

“She didn’t answer me, though. She was in a cockeyed position way the hell over the other side of the bed. She was about a thousand miles away. ‘C’mon, answer me,’ I said. ‘One thing I like a lot, or one thing and just like?’

“You like, a lot.’

“AH right,’ I said. But the trouble was I couldn’t concentrate. ... There was this one boy at Elkton Hills, named James Castle, that wouldn’t take back something he said about this very conceited boy, Phil Stabile, James Castle called him a very conceited guy, and one of Stabile’s lousy friends went and squealed him to Stabile. So Stabile, with about six other dirty bastards, went down to James Castle’s room and went in and locked the goddam door and tried to make him take tack what he said, but he wouldn’t do it. So they started in on him... but he still wouldn’t take it back, old James Castle. And you should have seen him. He was a skinny little weak-looking guy, with wrists about as big as pencils. Finally, what he did, instead of taking back what he said, he jumped out of the window. I was in the shower and all, and even I could hear him land outside. But I just thought something fell out of the window, a radio or a desk or something, not a boy or anything. Then I heard everybody running through the corridor and down the stairs, so I put on my bathrobe and I ran downstairs too, and there was old James Castle lying right on the stone steps and all. He was dead, and his teeth, and blood were all over the place, and nobody would even go near him...

“That was about all I could think of, though...”

## Witches' Loaves

Miss Martha Meacham kept the little bakery on the corner. Miss Martha was forty, she had two thousand dollars in a bank, two false teeth and a kind heart.

Many people have married who had less possibilities to do so than Miss Martha.

Two or three times a week a man came into her shop to buy bread and very soon she began to take interest in him. He was a man of middle age with spectacles and a short brown beard.

His clothes were poor, but he looked clean and had very good manners.

He always bought two loaves of stale bread. Fresh bread was five cents a loaf. Stale loaves were two for five. He never bought anything but stale bread.

Once Miss Martha saw red and brown stains on his fingers. She was sure then that he was an artist and very poor. Of course he lived in a little room, where he painted pictures and ate stale bread, and thought of the good things in Miss Martha's bakery.

Often when Miss Martha sat down to eat her good dinner, she thought about the poor artist and wanted him to share her meal instead of eating his stale bread.

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

In order to find out his profession, she brought from her room one day a painting that she had once bought and put it against the shelves behind the bread counter.

It was an Italian painting. A beautiful palace stood near a lake. Miss Martha was sure that an artist would notice it.

Two days later the man came into the shop.

"Two loaves of stale bread, if you please.\*"

"You have a fine picture here, madam," he said while she was getting the bread.

"Yes?" said Miss Martha. "I love art and" (she could not say "artists") "and paintings," she added. "You think it is a good picture?"

"The palace," said the man, "is not in good drawing. The perspective of it is not true. Good morning, madam."

He took his bread and hurried out.

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

How kind his eyes were behind his spectacles! What a broad forehead he had! To be an artist—and to live on stale bread! But genius has to struggle before it is recognized.

How good it would be for art if genius was helped by two thousand dollars in a bank, a bakery, and a kind heart too - but these were only dreams, Miss Martha.

Often now when he came, he talked for some time with Miss Martha. And he continued buying stale bread, never anything else.



She thought he was looking thinner. She wanted to add something good to eat to his stale bread, but she had no courage to do it. She knew the pride of artists.

Miss Martha began to wear her best blue silk blouse almost every day. In the room behind the shop she cooked some mixture for her face.

One day the man came as usual, and asked for his stale loaves. While Miss Martha was getting them, there was a great noise in the street and the man hurried to the door to look. Suddenly Miss Martha had a bright idea.

On the shelf behind the counter was some fresh butter. With a bread knife Miss Martha made a deep cut in each of the stale loaves, put a big piece of butter there, and pressed the loaves together again.

When the man turned to her, she was putting the loaves into a paper bag.

When he had gone, after a very pleasant little talk, Miss Martha smiled to herself and her heart beat very fast.

For a long time that day she could not think of anything else. She imagined his face when he would discover her little secret. He would stop painting and lay down his brushes. There would stand his picture in which the perspective was perfect. He would prepare for his meal of stale bread and water. He would take a loaf—ah!

Miss Martha blushed. Would he think of the hand that had put it there as he ate? Would he—  
The front bell rang loudly. Somebody was coming in, making very much noise.

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

His face was very red, his hat was on the back of his head, his hair was falling all over his face. He shook his two fists angrily at Miss Martha. At Miss Martha!

“Fool!” he shouted very loudly.

The young man tried to draw him away.

“I shall not go,” he said angrily, “before I tell her.” He beat his fists on Miss Martha’s counter. “You have spoilt my work,” he cried, “I will tell you. You are a stupid old cat!”

Miss Martha stood back against the shelves and laid one hand on her heart. The young man took his companion by the arm.

“Come on,” he said, “you have said enough.”

He drew the angry man out into the street, and then came back.

“I think I must tell you, ma’am,” he said, “why he is so angry. That is Blumberger. He is a draughtsman. I work in the same office with him.”

“He worked very hard for three months drawing a plan for a new City Hall. It was a prize competition. He finished it yesterday. You know, a draughtsman always makes his drawing in pencil first. When it is finished he rubs out the pencil lines with stale bread. That is better than india-rubber.

“Blumberger always bought the bread here. Well, today- well, you know, ma’am, that butter isn’t—well, Blumberger’s plan isn’t good for anything now.”

Miss Martha went into the back room. She took off the blue silk blouse and put on the old brown one she had worn before, then she poured the mixture for her face out of the window.

## **An American Tragedy**

### **Part I**

Clyde began to think harder than ever about himself. And the result of his thinking was that he must do something for himself and soon. Up to this time the best he had been able to do was to work at such jobs as all boys between their twelfth and fifteenth years take up: selling newspapers during the summer months of one year, working in a poor little shop all one summer long, and on Saturdays, for a period during the winter, opening boxes and unpacking goods, for which he received the great sum of five dollars a week, a sum which at the time seemed almost a fortune. He felt himself rich and could sometimes go to the theatre or to the cinema though his parents were against it. But Clyde felt that he had a right to go with his own money, also to take his younger brother Frank, who was glad enough to go with him and say nothing.

Later in the same year, wishing to get out of school and start a regular job, he got a place as an assistant to a soda-water clerk in one of the cheaper drugstores of the city which was near a theatre. A sign "Boy Wanted", which was directly on his way to school, first interested him. Later, in conversation with the young man whose assistant he would be and from whom he would learn the trade, he found out that he might make as much as fifteen and even eighteen dollars a week.

But to learn the trade, as he was told, needed time and the friendly help of an expert. If he wished to come here and work for five or six dollars to begin with, he might soon know enough about the art of making sweet drinks, like lemonades, coca-colas and so on. While he was learning, he would have to wash and rub all the machinery of the soda-water counter and also to sweep out and dust the store at so early an hour as seven-thirty and then deliver such orders as the owner would send out by him.

Yet this interesting job he decided to take after a talk with his mother. For one thing, he could drink as many ice-cream

sodas as he wanted free. In the next place, as he thought, it was an open door to a trade. In the third place, he would have to work there sometimes at night, as late as twelve o'clock. And this took him out of his home where his father and mother held religious meetings. They could not ask him to attend any meetings, not even on Sundays, because he would work Sunday afternoons and evenings.

Clyde soon found out to his pleasure, that the place was much visited by girls, who sat at the tables and laughed and talked. For the first time in his life, while Clyde was busy washing glasses and making drinks, he studied these girls with great interest. How well-dressed they

were, and what interesting things they discussed—parties, dances, the shows they had seen, the places in or near Kansas City to which they were soon going, the different actors or actresses—mostly actors—who were now playing or soon coming to the city. And to this day, in his own home he had heard nothing of all this.

But very soon Clyde understood that this job was not quite what he had expected. For Albert Sieberling, whose assistant he was, kept his knowledge about the trade to himself and did all the more pleasant tasks. Clyde had very little money and he did not make any friends.

Clyde was already sixteen and old enough to make his own way in life. And yet he was earning almost nothing—not enough to live on, if he were alone. So he decided to find something better.

## **Part II**

Looking here and there, Clyde thought one day that he would speak to the manager of the soda-water counter, that was connected with the drugstore in the biggest hotel in Kansas City, the Green-Davidson Hotel. One day he entered the drugstore. He came up to a short well-dressed man of about thirty-five. “Well!” the man asked when he saw the boy.

“You don’t happen to need a soda-counter assistant, do you?” Clyde said, looking at the man with hope.

“No, no, no,” answered the man quickly and turned away. But seeing the look of disappointment in Clyde’s face, he turned his head and added:

“Did you ever work in a place like this before?”

“No place as fine as this. No, sir,” answered Clyde, looking around. “I’m working now at Mr. Klinkle’s store at 7th and Brooklyn Street but it isn’t anything like this one and I would like to get something better if I could.”

“Ah,” said the man, rather pleased by Clyde’s words about his store. “Well, you are quite right. But there isn’t anything here that I could offer you. But if you’d like to be a bell-boy, I can tell you where you might get a place. They’re looking for an extra boy in the hotel inside there now. The captain of the boys was telling me he was in need of one. I should think that would be as good as helping about a soda counter.”

Then he quickly added: “But you mustn’t say that I sent you, because I don’t know you. Just ask for Mr. Squires inside there and he can tell you all about it.”

## **Part III**

Thanking his advisor for his kindness, Clyde went to a green door which opened from the back of this drugstore into the lobby of the hotel. When he entered the lobby, he stood

looking around. Under his feet was a black-and-white marble floor. There were a great many black marble columns, and between the columns were lamps, chairs and sofas.

As Clyde stood, looking about the lobby, he saw a large number of people—some women and children, and a great many men as he could see—either walking or standing about and talking or sitting in chairs.

Suddenly Clyde remembered the name of Squires and began to look for him in his office. He saw that not far from the door through which he had come, was a desk, at which stood a young man of about his own age in a brown uniform bright with many buttons. And on his head was a small cap. He was busy writing in a big book which lay open before him. Other boys about his own age, and uniformed as he was, were seated upon a long bench near him or were seen running here and there, sometimes returning to the desk with a slip of paper or a key or note of some kind, and then seating themselves upon the bench to wait for another call, which came quickly enough. A telephone upon the small desk at which stood the uniformed youth was ringing all the time, and after learning what was wanted, this youth rang a small bell before him, or called “front”, to which the first boy on the bench jumped up and would run either to one of the entrances or to the elevators. The boys would carry the bags and suitcases of the arrivals, show them the way to their rooms, bring them drinks or cigarettes from the stores.

Clyde stood, looking at all this, and hoped that he might get a job here. But would he? And where was Mr. Squires? He came to the youth at the small desk. “Do you know where I will find Mr. Squires?” he asked.

“Here he comes now,” answered the youth, looking up. Clyde turned round and saw a man of twenty-nine or thirty years of age. His nose was long and thin, his eyes sharp, his lips thin. He was well dressed. He paid no attention to Clyde. His assistant at the desk said:

“That young fellow there is waiting to see you.”

“You want to see me?” asked the captain of the bell-boys, turning to Clyde and noticing his not-very-good clothes.

“The owner of the store here,” began Clyde, who wanted to make a good impression on this man, but did not quite know how to do it, “said that I might ask you if there was any work for me here as a bell-boy. I’m working now at Klinkle’s drugstore at 7 th and Brooklyn Street as an assistant, but I would like to get out of it.”

Clyde was so nervous that he could not find the right words to say what he wanted. He only knew that he had to say something to make that man like him and he added: “If you would take me, I would try very hard and be very willing.”

The man before him looked at him coldly, but he liked Clyde's diplomatic words.

"But you haven't had any training in this work?"

"No, sir, but couldn't I pick it up quickly, if I tried hard?"

"Well, I don't know," said the head of the bell-boys. "I haven't any time to talk to you now. Come here Monday afternoon. I'll see you then." He turned and walked away.

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## **In Another Country**

In the autumn the war was always there, but we did not go to it any more. It was cold in the autumn in Milan and darkness came very early. Then the electric lights came on, and it was pleasant to walk along the streets looking in the windows. There were many people outside the shops. It was a cold autumn and the wind came down from the mountains.

We were all at the hospital every afternoon, and we came to the hospital by different ways across the town. Two of the ways were along canals, but they were long. You always crossed a bridge across a canal to enter the hospital. There was a choice of three bridges. On one of them a woman sold roasted chestnuts. The chestnuts were warm in your pockets for some time. The hospital was very old and very beautiful, and you walked across a yard from where funerals were usually starting. Behind the old hospital were the new buildings, and there we met every afternoon and were all very polite and interested in each other and sat in the machines that were helping us to get well.

The doctor came up to the machine where I was sitting and said: "What did you like best to do before the war? Did you go in for sports?"

I said: "Yes, football."

"Good," he said. "You will be able to play football again better than ever."

My knee did not bend and the machine would bend the knee and make it move as in riding a bicycle. But it did not bend yet. The doctor said: "That will come. You are a lucky man. You will play football again like a champion."

In the next machine was a major, who had a little hand like a child's. He winked at me when the doctor examined his hand and said: "And will I too play football, doctor?" He had been a very great fencer, and before the war the greatest fencer in Italy. The doctor went to his office in a back room and brought a photograph which showed a hand that had been as small as the major's before it had taken the machine course, and after the treatment it was a little larger. The major held the photograph with his good hand and looked at it with great attention.

"Wounded?" he asked.

"An industrial accident," the doctor said.

"Very interesting, very interesting," the major said, and handed it back to the doctor.

"Do you believe in it?"

"No," said the major.

There were three boys of the same age I was, who came every day. They were all three from Milan, and one of them was going to be a lawyer, one was to be a painter, and one wanted to be a soldier. Sometimes after we finished with the machines, we walked back together to the

cafe, which was next door to the Scala. Another boy who walked with us sometimes and made us five, wore a black silk handkerchief across his face because he had no nose and was preparing for an operation. He had gone to the front from the military academy, and had been wounded an hour after he had gone into the front line for the first time.

We all had the same medals, except the boy with the black silk handkerchief across his face, and he had not been at the front long enough to get any medals. The tall boy with a very pale face, who had prepared to be a lawyer, had been a lieutenant in the army and had three medals, while each of us had only one. He had lived a very long time with death and was a little detached. We were all a little detached and there was nothing that held us together, except that we met every afternoon at the hospital. The boys at first were very polite about my medal and asked me what I had done to get it. I showed them the papers which were written in very beautiful language and full of nice words, but which really said, if you drop all the nice words, that I had got the medal because I was an American. After that their manner changed a little though I remained their friend. I was never really one of them after they had read the papers, because it had been different with them and they had done much more to get their medals.

I had been wounded, it was true; but we all knew that it was really an accident. I knew that I was very much afraid to die. The three young men with the medals were like hunting hawks; and I was not a hawk; they, the three, knew it and so we drifted apart. But I stayed good friends with the boy who had been wounded his first day at the front.

The major, who had been the great fencer, did not believe in bravery. So he remained a good friend too, and we spent much time while we sat in the machines correcting my grammar! He said I spoke Italian well and we talked together very easily. The major came to the hospital very regularly, though I am sure he did not believe in the machine. He was a small man and he sat straight up in his chair with his right hand in the machine.

“What will you do when the war is over if it is ever?” he asked me one day. “Speak grammatically!”

“I will go to the States.”

“Are you married?”

“No, but I hope to be.”

“Then you are a fool,” he said.

He looked angry. “A man must not marry.”

“Why mustn't a man marry?”



“He cannot marry,” he said angrily. “He may lose everything. He must find things in his life which he cannot lose.”

“But why should he lose anything?”

“He will lose it,” the major said. He was looking at the wall. Then he looked down at the machine and took his hand out of it. He went into the other room and [ heard him ask the doctor if he might use the telephone. When he came back into the room, I was sitting in another machine. He had his cap on and came straight to my machine.

“I am sorry,” he said. “You must forgive me. My wife has just died.”

“Oh—” I said feeling sick for him. “I am sorry.”

“It is very difficult,” he said. “I cannot understand it.” He looked past me through the window. Then he began to cry. “I cannot believe it,” he said again. And then crying, his head up. looking at nothing, he walked past the machine and out of the door.

The doctor told me that the major’s wife who was very young and whom he had married when he was invalided out of the war, had died of pneumonia. She had been sick only a few days. No one expected her to die. The major did not come to the hospital for three days. Then he came at the usual hour.