

## Предисловие учебного издания

Итак, это четвертая книжка из серии книг для чтения на английском языке и третья книга рассказов О. Генри. Мы очень любим этого автора за его остроумие и краткость и считаем, что его работы больше всего подходят для начального чтения на языке оригинала. Впрочем, тут есть одно но. О. Генри легко читается только в упрощенном варианте текста. Оригинальный О. Генри очень сложен, цветист и неудобоварим для тех, кто только начинает грызть гранит английских наук.

В этой книге семь рассказов с текстом, адаптированным мной, Романом Зинзером, преподавателем английского. Что такое адаптированный текст? Это короткие предложения и общеупотребимые слова. Я старался уменьшить насыщенность текста прилагательными, причастными и деепричастными оборотами, сократил описания и заменил редкие слова на частые в использовании. Да, грамматика, времена в этой адаптированной книге тоже стали проще. В оригинале черт ногу сломит, уверяю вас.

Текст в этой книге устроен следующим образом: жирным шрифтом выделены сложные места (которые, возможно, вам и не покажутся сложными – все зависит от уровня ваших знаний), и некоторые ключевые моменты рассказа. Сразу за жирным текстом в скобках курсивом будет мой перевод и, если

надо, его пояснение. В большинстве случаев мой перевод будет буквальным, слово в слово, что не всегда красиво звучит по-русски, но так лучше для понимания текста. Плюс весь мой курсив стоит в том числе, роде и падеже, в каком он нужен для правильного перевода.

Что еще важно, прежде чем вы начнете читать? Я перевел только сложные места текста. Остальное – ваша работа. Вам точно потребуются словарь и место, куда вы будете записывать новые слова. Тогда с каждым прочитанным рассказом ваш английский будет становиться лучше. Я уверен, что учебные книги с полным переводом текста, будь он построчный или кусками – это плохие учебные книги. Также, как и двуязычные издания, где на одной странице идет английский текст, а на соседней – его дословный перевод. Почему это плохо? Это слишком облегчает задачу читателя. Когда вы не работаете, не ищете в словаре новые слова, не думаете над переводом всего предложения, а просто подсматриваете в готовое, вы не учитесь, не привыкаете к структуре английского языка, а просто считываете. Чтение на английском должно быть достаточно сложным, чтобы оно было полезным. По той же причине в конце книги нет словаря, как это обычно бывает. Это ваша работа, а не моя записывать новые слова, переводить их и запоминать. Да, времени уйдет больше, это скучно, но, если не поленитесь и сделаете это, ваши знания и навыки станут лучше. А словарь в конце книги будет заброшен сразу же после прочтения. Я такое чтение за глаза называю халтурой, а читателей таких книжек – халтурщиками.

Приятного чтения, главное, установите на ваш телефон хороший словарь, записывайте новые слова и составляйте с ними

предложения, которые тоже лучше записывать. Тогда все запомнится. Удачи и спасибо за чтение.

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## **Transients** |*Бродяги*| in Arcadia

Here is a certain hotel on Broadway that is very pleasant in the summer. Not many people **have heard** |*слышали о нем хоть раз*| about it. It is wide and **cool** |*прохладный*|. Its rooms have walls of dark wood. There are green trees around it, and soft winds. It has all the pleasures of mountain living, and **none of the pains** |*буквально — никаких болей. Лучше — никаких недостатков*|. You will eat better fish than you could catch for yourself in streams in the hills. You will have better meat than a hunter brings home from the forest.

**A few** |*Лишь немногие*| have discovered this cool spot in the hot summer of New York. You will see these **few guests** |*редких гостей*|, eating dinner in the hotel restaurant. They are happy to be there, and happy to know that they are very few. They feel especially wise because they have found this delightful place.

More waiters than necessary are always near. They bring what is wanted before anyone asks for it.

The pleasing distant noise of Broadway sounds like running water in a forest. **At every footstep** |*На каждом шагу*|, the guests turn quickly and look. They are afraid that **the restless pleasure-seekers** |*не знающие устали искатели удовольствий*| will find their hotel and destroy its pleasant **quiet** |*тишину*|.

And so **these few** |*эти немногие*| live during the hot season. They enjoy the delights of mountain and seashore. All is brought to them in their Broadway hotel.

This summer a lady came to the hotel giving this name: “Madame Héloïse D’Arcy Beaumont.”

The name was like a name in the story of a great romance. And Madame Beaumont was the kind of lady the Hotel Lotus loved. She was beautiful and her manner was very fine. Everyone wished **to serve her** |оказать ей услугу|. The other guests believed that as a guest she was perfection.

This perfect guest did not often leave the hotel. In this, she was like the other guests of the Hotel Lotus. To enjoy that hotel, one needed to forget the city. New York **might have been** |был как будто бы| miles away. At night sometimes one might go out. But during the hot day **one** |человек, постоялец этого отеля| remained in the cool shade of the Lotus.

Madame was alone in the Hotel Lotus. She was alone as a queen is alone, because of her high position. She rose from bed late in the morning. She was then a sweet, soft person who seemed to shine quietly.

But at dinner she was different. She would wear a beautiful dress. I cannot find words fine enough to tell about it. Always there were red flowers at her shoulder. When **the head waiter** |главный официант| saw a dress like this, he met it at the door. You thought of Paris when you saw it, and of the theater and of old romances.

**A story** about Madame Beaumont **was told** |история рассказывалась| among the guests in the Hotel Lotus. **It was said** |Поговаривали... Стандартная фраза в английском, когда надо сказать, что что-то обсуждалось, но неважно кем именно| that she was a woman who **had traveled** |объездила. *Had traveled* — это время значит, что мир она объездила к моменту, когда заселилась

*в отель*| all over the world. It was said that she knew the most important people everywhere. It was said that in her white hands she held the future of **certain** |*некоторых*| nations.

It was no surprise, they said, that such a lady should choose the Hotel Lotus. It was the most desirable and the most restful place in America during the heat of summer.

On the third day of Madame Beaumont's stay in the hotel, a young man entered as a guest. His clothes were **quiet** |*здесь — скромная*| but good. His face was pleasant. His expression was that of a man who had traveled and could understand the world. He said that he would remain three or four days. He asked about **the sailing of certain ships** |*отплытию некоторых кораблей*|. He seemed to like this hotel the best of all he had known.

The young man put his name on the list of hotel guests: Harold Farrington. It was a name with a fine sound. And the young man belonged perfectly in the quiet life of the Lotus. In one day he became like all the other guests. Like them he had his table and his waiter. He also had the same fear that the wrong people might suddenly discover this hotel and destroy its peace.

After dinner on the next day, Madame Beaumont dropped something **as she passed** |*когда проходила мимо*| Harold Farrington's table. He picked it up and, following her, returned it. He spoke only a few quiet words as he did this, and **she was pleased** |*ей понравились*| by his good manners. She knew that he was a gentleman.

Guests of the Lotus seemed to understand each other very easily. Perhaps it was the result of having discovered this Broadway hotel. Guests felt sure that only especially fine people would enjoy the cool delights of the Lotus. Now, very quickly, a sudden friendship

grew between Farrington and Madame Beaumont. They stood and talked for a few moments.

“I have seen too much of the usual summer hotels,” said Madame Beaumont, with a small but sweet smile. “Why go to the mountains or the **seashore** |морской берег|? We cannot escape noise and dust there. The people who make noise and dust follow us there.”

“Even on the ocean,” said Farrington, sadly, “those same people are all around us. **What shall we do** |Что же нам следует сделать| when they discover the Lotus?”

“I hope they don’t discover the Lotus this week,” said Madame. “I know only one other place I like **as well** |так же как и это. В большинстве случаев фраза *as well* в конце предложения значит «заодно» или «также»|. It is the beautiful home of a **prince** in the mountains in Europe.”

“The best people,” said Farrington, “are seeking for the quiet places, like this one, where they can **escape the crowds** |сбежать от толпы|.”

“I promise myself three more days of this delightful rest,” said Madame Beaumont. “The next day my ship sails.”

Harold Farrington’s eyes showed that **he was sorry** |ему было жаль|. “I too must leave then,” he said. “But I am not sailing for Europe.”

“We cannot stay here forever, though it is so delightful,” said Madame Beaumont. “**I like it better** |Здесь мне нравится больше| than my usual life, which is too full of people. I **shall** |*y shall* в английском два значения: 1) будущего времени (как в этом предложении), 2) «следует». В современном английском *shall* как указатель будущего времени давно уже вытеснен *will*, однако

смысл «следует» до сих пор актуален: *Shall I open the window? — а не следует ли мне открыть окно?*| never forget my week in the Hotel Lotus.”

“**Nor shall I,**” |Я тоже не забуду. *Nor* это русское «ни», который используется в предложениях типа «я тоже не» или «я не пью ни кофе, ни чая»: *I drink neither coffee nor tea* или (без *neither*): *I don't drink coffee nor tea*| said Farrington in a low voice. “And I shall never like the ship that **carries you away** |увезет вас в дальние края|.”

On their last evening the two sat together at a little table. A waiter brought them something **cool** |прохладное. Не крутое. Во времена О.Генри такого смысла у слова *cool* еще не было| to eat.

Madame Beaumont was wearing the same beautiful dress. She seemed **thoughtful** |задумчивой|.

When she had finished eating, she took out a dollar.

“Mr. Farrington,” she said, with the smile that everyone in the Lotus loved, “I want to tell you something. I’m going to leave early tomorrow morning because I must go back to work. I work **selling** |продавая| women’s clothes at Casey’s shop. That dollar is all the money I have. I won’t have more until **I get paid** |мне заплатят| at the end of the week. You’re a real gentleman and you’ve been good to me. I wanted to tell you before I went.

“For a year I’ve been planning to come here. Each week I **put aside** |откладывала| a little of my pay, so that I would have enough money. I wanted to live one week like a rich lady. I wanted to get up in the morning when I wished. I wanted to be served by waiters. I wanted to have the best of everything. Now I’ve done it, and I’ve been happier than I ever was before. And now I’m going back to work.



“I wanted to tell you about it, Mr. Farrington, because I — I thought you liked me, and I — I liked you. This week I’ve told you many things that weren’t true. I told you things I’ve read about. They never happened to me. **I’ve been living in a story** |Эту неделю я жила в выдуманной истории|. It wasn’t real. I wanted you to think I was a great lady.

“This dress I’m wearing — it’s the only pretty dress I own. **I haven’t paid for it yet** |Я за него на настоящий момент еще не расплатилась|. I’m paying for it a little at a time.

“The price was seventy-five dollars. It was made for me at O’Dowd and Levinsky’s shop. I paid ten dollars first, and now I have to pay a dollar a week until it’s all paid.

“And that’s all I have to say, Mr. Farrington, except that my name is Mamie Siviter, and not Madame Beaumont. Thank you for listening to me. This dollar is the dollar I’m going to pay for my dress tomorrow. And now I’ll go up to my room.”

As Harold Farrington listened, his face had not changed. When she had finished, he took out a small book and began to write in it. Then he **pulled out the small page with his writing on it** |вытащил листок с какими-то его записями|, and gave it to her. And he took the dollar from her hand.

“I go to work too, tomorrow morning,” he said. “And I decided to begin now. That paper says you’ve paid your dollar for this week. I’ve been working for O’Dowd and Levinsky for three years. Strange, isn’t it? We both had the same idea. I always wanted to stay at a good hotel. I get twenty dollars a week. Like you, I put aside a little money at a time, until I had enough. Listen, Mamie. Will you go to the pleasure park on Coney Island with me **on pay day?**” |в какой-нибудь из рабочих дней|

The girl who had been Madame Héloïse D'Arcy Beaumont smiled.

“I'd love to go, Mr. Farrington. Coney will be all right, **although we did live here** |*хотя мы и жили*| with rich people for a week.”

They could hear the night noises of the hot city. Inside the Hotel Lotus it was cool. The waiter stood near, ready to get anything they asked for.

Madame Beaumont started up to her room for the last time.

And he said, “Forget that ‘Harold Farrington,’ will you? McManus is the name—James McManus. Some call me Jimmy.”

“Good night, Jimmy,” said Madame.

## The **Count** |Граф| and the Wedding Guest

Andy Donovan had his dinner each evening in the house on Second Avenue where he lived **in a furnished room** |в арендованной меблированной комнате|. One evening at dinner he met a new guest, a young lady, Miss Conway.

Miss Conway was small and quiet. She was wearing a plain brown dress. She seemed **interested in very little** |мало что ее интересовало| except her dinner, and her dinner did not interest her very much. She looked up at Mr. Donovan and spoke his name, and then began to eat again.

Mr. Donovan had a smile that everyone liked. He smiled at her and **then thought no more** |и больше не думал| about her.

Two weeks later Andy was sitting outside the house enjoying the cool evening. He heard a movement behind him. He turned his head, and could not **turn it back** |отвернуться| again.

Coming out of the door was Miss Conway. She was wearing a night-black dress of soft, thin cloth. Her hat was black. She was putting black gloves on her hands. **There was no white and no color** |Не было ни белого, ни какого-либо другого цвета| anywhere about her. All black. Someone in her family had died. Mr. Donovan **was certain** |был уверен| about that.

Her rich golden hair lay soft and thick at the back of her neck. Her face was not really pretty, but her large gray eyes made it almost beautiful. She looked up into the sky with an expression of sadness.

All black, readers. Think of her. All black, and that golden hair, and looking sadly far away.

Mr. Donovan suddenly decided to think about Miss Conway. He stood up.

**“It’s a fine, clear evening** |Какой прекрасный и безоблачный вечер|, Miss Conway,” he said.

**“It is to them with the heart to enjoy it** |Лишь для тех, кто может ему радоваться|, Mr. Donovan,” said Miss Conway. She took a deep slow breath.

“I hope no one—no one of your family—has died?”

**“Death has taken** |Смерть забрала|,” said Miss Conway, “not one of my family, but one who—I must not speak of my troubles to you, Mr. Donovan.”

“Why not, Miss Conway? Perhaps I could understand.”

Miss Conway smiled a little smile. And oh, her face was sadder than when she was not smiling.

“Laugh and the world laughs with you,” she said. “But the world is not interested in sadness. I have learned that, Mr. Donovan. I have no friends in this city. But you have been kind to me. Thank you for it.”

**He had done nothing except offer her the salt at dinner** |Он не сделал ничего доброго в ее отношении, кроме как предложил ей соль за ужином|.

“It’s not easy to be alone in New York,” said Mr. Donovan. “But when New York is friendly, it’s very friendly. Shall we take a little walk in the park? It might be good for you.”

“Thanks, Mr. Donovan. I would enjoy it. But I don’t want my sadness to make you sad.”

They went through the open gates of the park and found a quiet seat.

“**We were going to be married** |Мы собирались пожениться| soon,” said Miss Conway. “He was a real Count. He had land and a big house in Italy. Count Fernando Mazzini was his name. My father didn’t want me to marry him. Once we **ran away** |убежали| to get married, and my father followed and took me home. I was afraid they **were going to fight** |собирались драться|.

“But then my father agreed. Fernando went to Italy to make everything ready for me. My father’s |was| very proud. Fernando wanted to give me several thousand dollars for new clothes, and my father said no. When Fernando went away, I came to the city. I work in a shop.

“Three days ago I had a letter from Italy. It said that Fernando **had been killed** |был убит|.

“That is why I’m wearing black. My heart has died, Mr. Donovan, with Fernando. **I cannot take interest in anyone** |Мне никто больше не интересен|. I **should not keep you from** |не следует удерживать вас от| your friends who can smile and enjoy things with you. Shall we walk back to the house?”

Now, readers, if a girl tells a man her heart has died, he wants to make it live again.

“I’m very sorry,” said Mr. Donovan. “No, we won’t walk back to the house yet. And don’t say you have no friends in this city, Miss Conway. I’m your friend, and I want you to believe that.”

“I have his picture here,” said Miss Conway. “I wear it **on a chain** |на цепочке| around my neck. I never showed it to anyone, but I will

show it to you, Mr. Donovan. I believe you to be a true friend.”

Mr. Donovan looked for a long time and with much interest at the picture. The face of Count Mazzini **commanded** |вызывало| interest. It was wise, bright — the face of a strong, happy man who could be a leader of other men.

“I have a larger picture in my room,” said Miss Conway. “When we return, I will show you that. I have **nothing more** |ничего другого| to help me remember Fernando. But he will always live in my heart. I am sure of that.”

Mr. Donovan decided that he wanted **to take the Count’s place** |занять место графа| in Miss Conway’s heart. He did not seem to think he could **fail** |потерпеть неудачу|. He would be friendly. He would keep smiling.

When they returned to the house, she ran to her room and brought down the larger picture of the Count. Mr. Donovan looked at it. **No one could have guessed** |Никто бы не догадался| what he was thinking.

“He gave me this on the night he left for Italy,” said Miss Conway.

“A fine-looking man,” said Mr. Donovan warmly. “Miss Conway, will you go to Coney Island with me next Sunday afternoon?”

A month later they told the other guests in the house on Second Avenue that they were going to be married. Miss Conway continued to wear black.

A week later the two sat on the same seat in the park. Donovan **had had a sad face all day** |на тот момент у него было очень печальное лицо|. He was so quiet tonight that Miss Conway had to ask him why.

“What’s wrong tonight, Andy?”

“Nothing, Maggie.”

“You never were like this before. What is it?”

“It’s nothing much, Maggie.”

“Yes, it is; and I want to know. Is it some other girl? Why don’t you go to her, if you want her? **Take your arm away** |Убери свою руку|.”

“I will tell you then,” said Andy, wisely. “But you will not understand. **Have you heard** |Слышала ли ты| about Mike Sullivan? Everyone calls him ‘Big Mike’ Sullivan.”

“I never heard about him,” said Maggie. “Who is he?”

“He is the most important man in New York. He is **a mile high** |высокий как миля| and as **broad** |широкий| as the East River. If you say anything bad about Big Mike a million men will be ready to fight you.

“Big Mike is a friend of mine. I am only a little man. But Mike **is as good a friend to a little man as he is to a big man** |друг и большим людям и маленьким|. I met him today **by chance** |случайно|, and what do you think he did? He came up to me to shake my hand. I told him I was going to be married in two weeks. ‘Andy,’ says he, ‘I will come to the wedding.’ That is what he said to me, and he always does what he says.

“You don’t understand it, Maggie, but I want to have Big Mike Sullivan at our wedding. It would make me very proud.”

“Then why don’t you ask him to come?” said Maggie.

“**There’s a reason** |Есть причина| why I can’t,” said Andy, sadly. “Don’t ask me the reason, for I can’t tell you.”

**“But can’t you smile at me?”** |Тогда хотя бы улыбнись мне| said Maggie.

“Maggie,” said Andy, after a few minutes, “do you love me as much as you loved Count Mazzini?”

He waited a long time, but Maggie did not reply.

And then, suddenly, she **put her head against his shoulder** |уткнулась ему головой в плечо| and began to cry. She held his arm, and her tears **wet** |намочили| the black dress.

“Maggie, Maggie,” said Andy, forgetting his own trouble. “Tell me about it.”

“Andy,” said Maggie. “What I told you was not true, and **there never was any Count** |не было никакого графа|. There never was a man in love with me. All the other girls had men in love with them. And Andy, I look good in black — you know I do. So I went to a shop where I could buy that picture. And that story about the Count—none of it was true. I said he had died because I wanted to wear black. And no one can love me, because I didn’t tell the truth. I never liked anyone **but you** |кроме тебя|. And that’s all.”

But Andy did not move away. Instead, his arm pulled her nearer to him. She looked up and saw that he was smiling.

“Do you—do you still love me, Andy?”

“Sure,” said Andy. **“You have made everything fine, Maggie** |Ты все сделала правильно|. I hoped you would do it, before the wedding-day. Good girl!”

“Andy,” said Maggie, after a little time, “did you believe all that story about the Count?”

“No, not very much,” said Andy. “Because that is Big Mike Sullivan’s picture that you are wearing on the chain around your neck.”



## **Mammon and the Archer** |*Богач и Стрелок*|

Old Anthony Rockwall, who had made millions of dollars by making and selling Rockwall's soap, stood at a window of his large Fifth Avenue house. He was looking out at his neighbor, G. Van Schuylight Suffolk-Jones. This neighbor was a proud member of a proud old New York family. He came out of his door and got into a cab. He looked once quickly, as usual, at Anthony Rockwall's house. The look showed that Suffolk-Jones was a very important man, **while** |*в то время как*| a rich soapmaker was nothing.

"I will have this house painted red, white, and blue next summer," said the Soap King to himself. "And we'll see how he likes that."

And then Anthony Rockwall turned around and shouted, "Mike!" in a loud voice. He never used a bell to call a servant.

"Tell my son," he said when the servant came, "to come to me before he leaves the house."

When young Rockwall entered the room, the old man put down the newspaper **he had been reading** |*он читал вплоть до того момента*|. "Richard," said Anthony Rockwall, "what do you pay for the soap that you use?"

Richard had finished college six months before, and he had come home to live. **He had not yet learned** |*На тот момент он еще*

*пока не научился*| to understand his father. He was always being surprised.

He said, “Six dollars for twelve pieces.”

“And your clothes?”

“About sixty dollars, usually.”

“You are a gentleman,” said his father. “I have heard of young men who pay twenty-four dollars for twelve pieces of soap, and more than a hundred for clothes. You have as much money **to throw away as anyone else has** |выбрасывать, разбрасываться как и все остальные|. But what you do is **reasonable** |разумно|. I myself use Rockwall Soap, because it is the best. When you pay more than ten cents for a piece of soap, you are paying for a sweet strong smell and a name.

“But fifty cents is good for a young man like you. You are a gentleman. People say that if a man is not a gentleman, his son can’t be a gentleman; but perhaps his son’s son will be a gentleman. But they are wrong. Money does it faster than that. Money has made you a gentleman. It has almost made me a gentleman. I have become very much like the two gentlemen who own the houses **on each side** |с каждой стороны| of us. My manners are now almost **as bad as** |такие же плохие как| theirs. But they still can’t sleep at night because a soapmaker lives in this house.”

“There are some things that money can’t do,” said the young man rather sadly.

“Don’t say that,” said old Anthony. “Money is successful every time. I don’t know anything you can’t buy with it. Tell me something that money can’t buy. And I want you to tell me something more. Something is wrong with you. I’ve seen it for two weeks. Tell

me. Let me help you. In twenty-four hours I could have eleven million dollars here in my hands. **Are you sick?**" |Ты заболел?|

"Some people call it sickness."

"Oh!" said Anthony. "What's her name? Why don't you ask her to marry you? She would be glad to do it. You have money, you are good-looking, and you are a good boy. Your hands are clean. You have no Rockwall Soap on them."

"**I haven't had** |У меня пока не было| a chance to ask her," said Richard.

"Make a chance," said Anthony. "Take her for a walk in the park. Or walk home with her from church."

"You don't know the life of a rich girl, father. Every hour and minute of her time is planned. I must **have her** |заполучить|, or the world is **worth nothing** |ничего не стоит| to me. And I can't write to say I love her. I can't do that."

"Do you tell me," said the old man, "that with all my money you can't get an hour or two of a girl's time?"

"I've waited too long. She's going to Europe the day after tomorrow. She's going to be there two years. **I'm allowed** |Мне позволено| to see her alone tomorrow evening for a few minutes. She's coming to the city on a train. I'm going to meet her with a cab. Then we'll drive fast to the theater where she must meet her mother and some other people. Do you think she would listen to me then? No. Or in the theater? No. Or after the theater? No! No, father, this is one trouble that your money can't help. We can't buy one minute of time with money. If we could, rich people would live longer. There's no hope of talking with Miss Lantry before she **sails** |отчалим|."

"Richard, my boy," said old Anthony, "I'm glad you're not real-

ly sick. You say money won't buy time? Perhaps it won't buy all of time, but I've seen it buy some little pieces.”

That evening his sister Ellen came to Anthony, to talk about the troubles that lovers have.

“He told me all about it,” said brother Anthony. “I told him he could have all the money he wanted. Then he began to say that money was **no use** |не имеют смысла| to him. He said money couldn't help.”

“Oh, Anthony,” said Ellen, “I wish you wouldn't think so much of money. Money is no help for love. Love is all powerful. If he had only spoken to her earlier! She could never say no to our Richard. But now I fear it is too late. All your gold cannot buy happiness for your son.”

At eight the next evening Ellen took an old gold ring and gave it to Richard.

“Wear it tonight,” she said. “Your mother gave it to me. She asked me to give it to you **when you had found** |когда ты найдешь| the girl you loved.”

Young Rockwall took the ring and tried to put it on his little finger. It was too small. He put it inside his coat, in a place where he thought it would be safe. And then he called for his cab.

At the station he met Miss Lantry.

“We must not keep my mother and the others waiting,” said she.

“To Wallack's Theater **as fast as** |как можно быстрее| you can drive,” said Richard to the cabby.

They **rolled along** |проехали вдоль| Forty-second Street to Broadway and from there to Thirty-fourth Street.

Then young Richard quickly ordered the cabby to stop.

“I’ve dropped a ring,” he said, getting out. “It was my mother’s and I don’t want to lose it. This will take only a minute. I saw where it fell.”

In less than a minute he was again in the cab with the ring.

But within that minute, **a wagon** |*новозка*| had stopped in front of the cab. The cabby tried to pass on the left, but a cab was there. He tried to pass on the right, but another cab was there. He could not go back. He was caught where he was and could not move in any direction.

These sudden stops of movement will happen in the city. Instead of moving along the street in their usual orderly way, all the wagons and cabs will suddenly be mixed together and stopped.

“Why don’t you drive **further** |*дальше*|?” said Miss Lantry. “We’ll be late.”

Richard stood up in the cab and looked around. He saw a stream of cabs and wagons and everything else on wheels rolling toward the corner where Broadway, Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street meet. They came from all directions. And more and more were rolling toward them. More and more **were caught** |*попадались в ловушку*| there. Drivers and cabbies shouted. Everyone on wheels in New York City seemed to be hurrying to this place.

“I’m very sorry,” said Richard. He sat down again. “We can’t move.

They won’t **get this straight** |*разъедутся*| in an hour. If I hadn’t dropped the ring, we—”

“Let me see the ring,” said Miss Lantry. “Since we really can’t hurry, I **don’t care** |*все равно*|. I didn’t want to go to the theater. I don’t like the theater.”

At eleven that night someone stopped at the door of Anthony’s room.

“Come in,” shouted Anthony. He had been reading and he put down his book.

It was Ellen. “They are going to be married Anthony,” she said. “She has promised to marry our Richard. On their way to the theater their cab was stopped in the street. It was two hours before it could move again.

“And oh, brother Anthony, don’t ever talk about the power of money again. It was a little ring, a true love ring, that was the cause of our Richard finding his happiness. He dropped it in the street and had to get out and find it. And before they could continue, the cab was caught among the others. He told her of his love there in the cab. Money is nothing, Anthony. True love is everything.”

“I’m glad the boy got what he wanted,” said old Anthony. “I told him I didn’t care how much money—”

“But, brother Anthony, what could your money do?”

“Sister,” said Anthony Rockwall. “I’m reading a book with a good story in it. It’s a **wild adventure story** |история о невероятных приключениях|, but I like it. And I want to find what happens next. I wish you would let me go on reading.”

The story should end here. I wish it would. I’m sure you too wish it would end here. But we must go on to the truth.

The next day a person with red hands and a blue **necktie** |галстуком|, whose name was Kelly, came to Anthony Rockwall’s house to see Anthony.

“That was good soap we made,” said Anthony. “I gave you \$5,000 yesterday.”

“I paid out \$300 more of my own money,” said Kelly. “It cost more than I expected. I got the cabs, most of them, for \$5, but anything

with two horses was \$10. I **had to pay most** |*больше всего я должен был заплатить*| to the cops — \$50 I paid to two, and the others \$20 and \$25. But didn't it work beautifully, Mr. Rockwall? They were all on time. And it was two hours before anyone could move.”

“Thirteen hundred — **there you are** |*вот, держи*|, Kelly,” said Anthony, giving him the money. A thousand for you, and the \$300 of your own money that you had to spend. You like money, do you, Kelly?”

“I do,” said Kelly.

Anthony stopped Kelly when he was at the door.

“Did you see,” asked he, “anywhere in the street yesterday a little fat boy with no clothes on? **Carrying arrows** |*Несущий стрелы*|?”

Kelly looked surprised. “No. I didn't. But if he was like that, with no clothes, perhaps the cops caught him.”

“I thought **Cupid** |*Купидон*| wouldn't be there,” Anthony said, laughing. “Good-bye, Kelly.”

## The **Caliph** |*Титул, что-то вроде султана*|, Cupid and the Clock

Prince Michael of Valleluna sat in the park on the seat he liked **best** |*больше всего*|. In the coolness of the night, he felt full of life. The other seats **were not filled** |*буквально — не были заполнены, лучше — пустовали*|. Cool weather sends most people home.

The moon was rising over the houses on the east side of the park. Children laughed and played. Music came softly from one of the nearer streets. Around the little park, cabs **rolled by** |*катились мимо*|. The trains that traveled high above the street **rushed past** |*стремились мимо парка*|. These cabs and trains, with their wild noises, seemed like animals outside the park. But they could not enter. The park was safe and quiet. And above the trees was the great, round, shining face of a lighted clock in a tall old building.

Prince Michael's shoes were old and broken. No shoemaker **could ever make** |*мог восстановить*| them like new again. His clothes were very **torn** |*оборванная*|. The hair of his face **had been growing** |*росли уже в течение*| for two weeks. It was all colors—gray and brown and red and green-yellow. His hat was older and more torn than his shoes and his other clothes.

Prince Michael sat on the seat he liked best, and he smiled. It was a happy **thought** |*мысль*| to him that he had enough money to



buy every house he could see near the park, if he wished. He had as much gold as any rich man in this proud city of New York. He had as many jewels, and houses, and land. He could have sat at table with kings and queens. All the best things in the world could be his—art, pleasure, beautiful women, honor. All the sweeter things in life were waiting for Prince Michael of Valleluna **whenever** |в любое время| he might choose to take them. But instead he was choosing to sit in torn clothes on a seat in a park.

**For he had tasted** |Он пробовал| of the fruit of the tree of life. He had not liked the taste. Here, in this park, he felt near to the beating heart of the world. He hoped it would help him to forget that taste.

These thoughts moved like a dream through the mind of Prince Michael. There was a smile across his face with its many-colored hair. Sitting like this, in torn clothes, he loved **to study** |изучать| other men. He loved to do good things for others. **Giving** |Дарение| was more pleasant to him than **owning** all his **riches** |владение богатствами|. It was his **chief** |главное| pleasure to help people who were in trouble. He liked to give to people who needed help. He liked to surprise them with **princely** |достойными принца| gifts. But he always gave wisely, **after careful thought** |после тщательных размышлений|.

And now, as he looked at the shining face of the great clock, his smile changed. The Prince always thought big thoughts. When he thought of time, he always felt a touch of sadness. Time controlled the world. People had to do what time commanded. Their **comings and goings** |передвижения, доходы и расходы| were always controlled by a clock. They were always in a hurry, and always afraid, because of time. It made him sad.

After a little while, a young man in evening clothes came and sat **upon** |на| a seat near the Prince. For half an hour he sat there nervously. Then he began watching the face of the lighted clock above the trees. The Prince could see that the young man had a trouble. He could also see that **somehow** |каким-то образом| the clock was part of the trouble.

The Prince rose and went to the young man's seat.

"I am a stranger, and I shouldn't speak to you," he said. "But I can see that you are troubled. I am Prince Michael of Valleluna. I do not want people to know who I am. That is why I wear these torn clothes. It is a small pleasure of mine to help those who need help. First I must feel sure they **are worth** |стоят того, чтобы| helping. **I think you are** |Я думаю, вы того стоите|. And perhaps your trouble may be ended if you and I together decide what to do about it."

The young man looked up **brightly** |удивленно| at the Prince. Brightly, but he was still troubled. He laughed, then, but still the look of trouble remained. But he **accepted** |принял| this chance to talk to someone.

"I'm glad to meet you, Prince," he said pleasantly. "Yes, I can see you don't want to be known. That's easy to see. Thanks for your offer of help. But I don't see what you can do. It's my own problem. But thanks."

Prince Michael sat down at the young man's side. People often said no to him, but they always said it pleasantly.

"Clocks," said the Prince, "**are tied to the feet** |привязаны к ногам| of all men and women. I have seen you watching that clock. That face commands us to act, **whether or not we wish to act**

|хотим мы действовать или нет. *Whether* — в какой-то степени аналог русского «ли»|. Let me tell you not to trust the numbers **on that face** |на этом циферблате|. They will destroy you if they can. Stop looking at that clock. What does it know about living men and women?”

“I don’t usually look at that clock,” said the young man. “I carry a watch, except when I wear evening clothes.”

“I know men and women as I know the trees and the flowers,” said the Prince, warmly and proudly. “I have studied many years. I am very rich. There are few troubles that I cannot help. I have read what is in your face. I have found **honor and goodness** |честь и доброту| there, and trouble. Please accept my help. I can see that you are wise. Show how wise you are. Do not judge me by my torn clothes. I am sure I can help you.”

The young man looked at the clock again, and his face **grew darker** |помрачнело|. Then he looked at a house beside the park. Lights could be seen in many rooms.

“Ten minutes before nine!” said the young man. He raised his hands and then let them fall, **as if hope had gone** |как будто бы надежда умерла|. He stood up and took a quick step or two away.

“Remain!” commanded Prince Michael. His voice was so powerful that the young man turned quickly. He laughed a little.

“I’ll wait ten minutes and then I’ll go,” he said in a low voice, as if only to himself. Then to the Prince he said, “I’ll join you. We’ll destroy all the clocks. And women, too.”

“Sit down,” said the Prince softly. “I do not accept that. I do not **include** |включая| women. Women are **enemies** |враги| of clocks. **They are born that way** |Они такими рождены|. **Therefore** |Таким

образом| they are friends of those who wish to destroy clocks. If you can trust me, tell me your story.”

The young man sat down again and laughed loudly.

“Prince, **I will**,” |я расскажу| he said. He did not believe that Prince Michael was really a prince. His manner of speaking proved that. “Do you see that house, Prince? That house with lights in three windows on the third floor? At six tonight I was in that house with the young lady **I am going to—was going** |я собираюсь... я собирался| to marry. **I had been doing wrong** |Я наделал глупостей|, my dear Prince, and she had heard about it. I was sorry. I wanted her to forget it. We are always asking women to forget things like that, aren’t we, Prince?

“ ‘I want time to think,’ she said. ‘I will **either** forget it forever, **or** |или... или| never see your face again. At half-past eight,’ she said, ‘watch the middle window on the third floor of this house. If I decide to forget, I **will hang out a long white cloth** |помашу длинной белой тканью|. You will know then that everything **is as it was before** |все между нами по прежнему|. And you may come to me. If you see nothing hanging from the window, you will know that everything between us is finished forever.’

“That,” said the young man, “is why I have been watching that clock. The time was passed twenty-three minutes ago. Do you see why I am a little troubled, my torn Prince?”

“Let me tell you again,” said Prince Michael in his soft voice, “that women are the born enemies of clocks. Clocks are bad, women are good. The white cloth may yet appear.”

“Never!” said the young man, hopelessly. “You don’t know Marian. She is always on time, to the minute. **That was the first thing**

*|Это было первое, что* I liked about her. At 8:31, I should have known that everything was finished. I'm going to go West. I'll get on the train tonight. I'll find some way to forget her. Good night, Prince."

Prince Michael smiled his gentle, understanding smile. **He caught the other's arm** *|Он схватил своего собеседника за руку|*. The bright light in the Prince's eyes was softening. It was dream-like, clouded.

"Wait," he said, "till the clock tells the hour. I have **riches and power** *|богатства... власть|* and I am wiser than most men. But when I hear the clock tell the hour, I am afraid. Stay with me till then. This woman shall be yours. You have the promise of the Prince of Valleluna. On the day you are married I will give you \$100,000 and a great house beside the Hudson River. But there must be no clocks in that house. Do you agree to that?"

"Sure," said the young man. "I don't like clocks."

He looked again at the clock above the trees. It was three minutes before nine.

"I think," said Prince Michael, "that I will sleep a little. It has been a long day."

He lay down on the seat, as if he had often done it before.

"You will find me on this park on any evening when the weather is good," said the Prince. "Come to me when you know the day you'll be married. I'll give you the money."

"Thanks, Prince," said the young man. "That day **isn't going to come** *|не наступит|*. But thanks."

Prince Michael fell into a deep sleep. His hat rolled on the ground. The young man lifted it, placed it over the Prince's face, and moved

one of the Prince's legs **into an easier position** |в более удобную позу|. "Poor fellow!" he said. He pulled the torn coat together over the Prince's body.

It was nine. Loud and surprising came the voice of the clock, telling the hour. The young man took a deep breath, and turned for one more look at the house. And he gave a shout of joy.

From the middle window on the third floor, a snow-white wonderful cloth was hanging.

Through the park a man came, hurrying home.

"Will you tell me the time, please?" asked the young man.

The other man took out his watch and said, "Twenty-nine and a half minutes after eight."

And then he looked up at the clock.

"But that clock is wrong!" the man said. "The first time in ten years! My watch is always—"

**But he was talking to no one** |Буквально — он уже ни с кем не говорил. Лучше — но его слова были обращены в воздух|. He turned and saw the young man running toward a house with three lighted windows on the third floor.

And in the morning two cops walked through the park. There was only one person to be seen—a man, asleep on a long park seat. They stopped to look at him.

"It's Michael the Dreamer," said one. "He has been sleeping like this in the park for twenty years. **He won't live much longer** |Долго он не протянет|, I guess."

The other cop looked at something in the sleeper's hand. "Look at this," he said. "Fifty dollars. I wish I could have a dream like that."

And then they **gave** Prince Michael of Valleluna **a hard shake** |потрясли|, and **brought him out** |вырвали его| of his dreams and into real life.

## The Green Door

**Let us think about adventure** |Давайте подумаем о приключениях|. You are walking along Broadway. You like looking into the shop windows and you are deciding which theater to go to. You are asking yourself, do I want something to make me laugh, or something to make me feel sad?

Suddenly **a hand is placed** |рука ложится| on your arm. You turn to look deep into the eyes of a beautiful woman, wonderful **in jewels** |в драгоценностях| and richly dressed. Quickly she puts into your hand a piece of hot—very hot—bread and butter. She cuts a small piece of **cloth** |материю| from your coat. She speaks one word and it means nothing to you. Then quickly she runs down a side street, looking back fearfully over her shoulder.

That would be pure adventure. Would you accept it? No. Your face **would turn red** |покраснеет|. You would drop the bread and butter. You would walk straight along, **with one hand over** |прикрыв рукой| the hole in your coat. This you would do, if you are not one of the very few in whom the pure spirit of adventure is not dead.

There have never been many true adventurers. You can read stories about men called adventurers. But they were really businessmen. There was something they wanted — lady, or money, or a country, or honor. And so they got it. But a true adventurer is different. He starts without any special purpose. He is ready for anything he may meet.

There have been many **half-adventurers** |искателей приключений наполовину|. And they were great men. History is rich with their stories. But each of them had a special purpose. They were not followers of true adventure.

In the big city of New York, Romance and Adventure are always waiting. As we walk along the streets, they are watching us. We look up suddenly and see a face in a window. The face seems to interest us strangely. Or in a quiet street we hear a cry of fear and pain coming from a house where no one lives. A cab takes us to a strange door, **instead of to our own** |вместо нашей собственной|. The door opens and **we are asked** |нас просят| to enter. At every corner, eyes look toward us, or hands **are raised** |подняты|, or fingers **point** |указывают|. Adventure is offered.

But **few of us** |мало из нас| are ready to accept. We are ready to do only the things we do every day. We wish to do only the things that everyone else does. **We move on** |Мы продолжаем жить|; and some day we come to the end of a long quiet life. Then we begin to think. Then, when it is too late, we are sorry that we have never known true Romance and Adventure.

Rudolf Steiner was a true adventurer. There were few evenings when he did not go out **seeking** |в поисках| something different. He was always interested in what might be waiting around the next corner. Sometimes adventure **led** |приводило| him into strange places. Two times the cops arrested him. Again and again he discovered that he had lost all his money. One night his watch was taken from him. But he continued happily to accept every offer of adventure.

One evening Rudolf was walking slowly along a street in the older part of the city. Many people were walking along the street that night.



Some were hurrying home. Others were going to have their dinner at some restaurant.

The adventurer was a pleasant and good-looking young man. **By day** |Днем|, he worked in a music shop.

He walked quietly and **watchfully** |внимательно|.

He passed a busy restaurant and saw **beside** |рядом| it an open door. Above the door a sign was hanging, a sign for a doctor's office. A very large black man stood at the door. He was strangely and brightly dressed in red and yellow. Quietly, he was offering small pieces of paper to **those who passed by** |тем, кто проходил мимо|.

Rudolf had often seen such a thing before. The black man's small pieces of paper would have the name of the doctor in the office on the third floor. Usually Rudolf walked past without taking the paper that was offered. But tonight the paper was put into his hand very quickly. He kept it, smiling.

When he had **walked on further** |продолжил идти дальше|, he looked down at the paper. Surprised, he **turned it over** |перевернул ее|, and looked again with interest. On one side there was nothing. On the other side were three words: "The Green Door."

And then, three steps **beyond** |буквальный перевод *beyond* — за пределами чего-то. Здесь О.Генри имеет в виду впереди идущего человека|, another man **threw down** |выбросил| the paper the black man had given him. Rudolf picked it up. There was the doctor's name, with the street and the number. This was what Rudolf **had expected** |ожидал| to find on his own piece of paper.

The young adventurer stopped at the corner to think. Then he went across the street, walked further, and returned across the street to the first side.

Now he again walked past the black man. Again he received a piece of paper. Ten steps away, he looked at it. There were the same words that had appeared on the first paper: "The Green Door." Three or four other pieces of paper were lying in the street where they had been dropped. He looked at them. Every one had the doctor's name on it.

Two times, now, Adventure had asked Rudolf to follow. He was ready.

He walked slowly back to where the big black man stood. This time as he passed, he received no paper. The papers were offered to some, but not to all who passed. It seemed to Rudolf that the large black face looked coldly at him.

**The look was painful** |Взгляд был неприятен| to Rudolf. **It seemed to say that he had failed** |Он как будто говорил, что Рудольф все провалил|. It seemed to say that he was not a true adventurer.

Standing away from the crowd of people, the young man looked up at the building. He believed that his adventure must be somewhere inside. The building was five floors high. A small restaurant was **on the ground floor** |на первом этаже|.

On the floor above that was a hat shop. Above the hat shop was the doctor's office. Above this were several signs, of dressmakers, music teachers, and other doctors. On the top floor, people seemed to have **furnished rooms** |комнаты в аренду|.

Rudolf entered the door and walked quickly up.

On the second floor he stopped. The hall was not very well **lighted** |освещен|. There were two gas lights, one far to his right, the other nearer, to his left.

He looked toward the nearer light and saw a green door.

For one moment he waited. Then he remembered the cold face of the black man at the door below. He walked straight to the green door, **striking** |*но стучав*| it loudly with his hand. Then he waited to see who would open the door.

In the moments that passed then, he could feel the quick breath of true adventure. What might not be behind the wood of that green door! Bad men planning bad acts, or **beauty in trouble** |*красавицу в беде*|, or death, or love — anything might be there.

A soft sound **was heard** |*был слышен*|, and the door slowly opened. A girl **not yet** |*ближе к двадцати*| twenty stood there. Her face was very white, and she was very weak. She put out one hand, and started to fall. Rudolf caught her and carried her inside and put her down on a bed.

He closed the door and looked around. It was very clean, but she was very poor. That was what he saw.

The girl laid with her eyes closed. But now she opened them, and the young man looked at her face. He **had never seen** |*никогда до того момента не видел*| it before, but he knew that it was a face he **had always hoped** |*всегда надеялся*| to see some day. Her eyes were gray, her nose was small, her hair was brown. It was a face to make this a wonderful adventure. But her face was very thin and it had no color.

The girl looked at him and then smiled. “I fell, didn’t I?” she said. “That is what happens when you don’t eat for three days.”

“What!” cried Rudolf. “Wait till I come back.”

He rushed out the green door and down to the street. In twenty minutes he returned. Both arms were full of things from a food

shop and from the restaurant. He put them on the table—bread and butter, cold meats, cakes, fish, milk, and more.

“Only **little fools** |*маленькие дурачки*|,” said Rudolf, “stop eating. You must not do things like that. Dinner is ready.” He helped her to move to a chair at the table, and asked, “Is there a cup for the milk?”

“There, by the window,” she answered.

He filled the cup. “Drink that first,” he ordered. “And then you shall have something else. And may I be your guest?”

He moved another chair to the table and sat down.

A little color began to come into the girl’s face. She started to eat like some small wild animal that has been without food for a long time. She seemed to think it was not strange that this young man was helping her. Her need had been so great that she was ready to accept any help.

But slowly, as her strength returned, she began to tell him her little story. There are a thousand stories like hers in the city every day. It was the shop girl’s story — not enough pay, illness, a lost job, lost hope. And then the adventurer at the green door.

But to Rudolf it was not a little story. It was a big story.

“And you **suffered** |*страдала*| all that!” he said.

“It was really bad,” said the girl.

“And you have no family or friends in the city?”

“None.”

“I am all alone in the world, too,” said Rudolf.

“I am glad of that,” said the girl. And **it pleased the young man** |*молодому человеку понравилось*| to hear that she was glad he was alone.

Very suddenly her eyes closed. It was not easy for her to open them again. "I'm falling asleep," she said. "And I feel so good."

Rudolf rose and took his hat.

"Then I'll say good night. A long night's sleep will be fine for you."

He held out his hand and she took it and said, "Good night." But her eyes asked a question.

He answered with words. "I'm coming tomorrow to see how you are."

Then, when he was at the door, she asked, "**How did you happen** |*Как тебе случилось*| to come to my door?"

He looked at her for a moment, and felt a sudden pain. What if those pieces of paper had been placed in some other man's hand? Quickly he decided that she must never know the truth. He must never let her know that he knew that **she had taken such** |*что она предприняла такой*| a strange way to call for help.

"I was looking for someone else," he said.

The last thing he saw was her smile.

Outside the door he stopped and looked around the hall. And then he went along the hall to the other end. He came back and went to the floor above, and walked to the far end of that hall. Every door in the house was painted green.

He went down to the street. The black man was there. Rudolf showed him the two pieces of paper with the words, "The Green Door."

"Why did you give these to me?" he asked.

"I give some of those and some with the doctor's name," the black man said. "I'm paid a dollar to give those."

“But what do they mean?” Rudolf asked.

The black man smiled. “**There it is,**” |*Вон там*| he said. He pointed his finger down the street. “But you are a little late.”

Rudolf looked down the street. There he saw a theater, and over the theater was a big sign, in electric lights. It said, “The Green Door.”

In the shop on the corner near his home, Rudolf stopped to buy a newspaper. As he stepped outside again he said to himself, “I know that **it was planned** |*так было запланировано*| that I should meet her that way. I know it.”

For Rudolf Steiner was a true follower of Romance and Adventure.

## No Story

I worked in a newspaper. One day Tripp came in and leaned on my table. Tripp was **something** |*что-то еще такое*|. He was about twenty-five and looked forty. His face **was covered** |*буквально — было покрыто. Лучше — заросло*| with short, curly red hair. He was pale and unhealthy and **miserable** |*несчастный*| and always was borrowing money from twenty-five cents to a dollar. One dollar was his limit. When he **leaned** |*облокотился*| on my table he held one hand with the other **to keep from shaking** |*чтобы она не тряслась*|. Whisky.

“Well, Tripp,” said I, looking at him rather impatiently, “how is life?” He was looking more miserable than I had ever seen him.

“Have you got a dollar?” asked Tripp looking at me with his dog-like eyes.

That day I **had managed** |*ухитрился*| to get five dollars for my Sunday story. “I have,” I said; and again I said, “I have,” more loudly, “**and four besides** |*и еще четыре. Besides — кроме того*|. And I had hard work getting them. And I need them all.”

“I don’t want to borrow any,” said Tripp, “I thought you would like to get a good story. I’ve got a really fine one for you. It will probably cost you a dollar or two to get **the stuff** |*материал*|. I don’t want anything for myself.”

“What is the story?” I asked.

“It’s girl. A beauty. She has lived all her life on Long Island and never saw New York City before. I ran against her on Thirty-fourth Street. She stopped me in the street and asked me where she could find George Brown. She asked me where she could find George Brown in New York City! What do you think of that? I talked to her. It’s like this.

Some years ago George **set off for** New York **to make his fortune** |отправился... поискать счастья|. He didn’t come back. Now there is a young farmer named Dodd she is going to marry next week. But Ada — her name is Ada Lowery — couldn’t forget George, so this morning she **saddled** |оседлала| a horse and rode eight miles to the railway station to catch the 6.45 a.m. train. She came to the city to look for George.

She **must have thought** |должно быть, подумала| the first person she asked would tell her where her George was! You must see her! What could I do? She had paid her last cent for her railroad ticket. I couldn’t leave her in the street, could I? I took her to a cheap hotel. And she has to pay for the room, too. That is the price per day.”

”That’s no story,” said I. “Every ferry-boat brings or takes away girls from Long Island.”

Tripp looked **disappointed** |расстроенным|. “Can’t you see what an amazing story it would make? You will get fifteen dollars for it. And it will cost you only four, so you will make a profit of eleven dollars.”

“How will it cost me four dollars?” I asked suspiciously.

“One dollar for her room and two dollars to pay the girl’s **fare** |плату за проезд| back home.”



‘And the fourth?’ I asked.

“One dollar to me,” said Tripp. “Don’t you see,” he insisted, “That the girl has to get back home today?”

And then I began to feel **what is known as the sense of duty** |что можно назвать чувством долга|. In a kind of cold **anger** |гнев| I put on my coat and hat. But I **swore** |покаялся| to myself that Tripp wouldn’t get the dollar.

Tripp took me to the hotel. I paid the money.

In a dark hall a girl sat crying quietly and eating sweets out of paper bag. She was a real beauty. Crying only made her eyes brighter.

“My friend, Mr. Chalmers. He is a reporter,” said Tripp “and he will tell you, Miss Lowery, what’s best to do.”

I **felt ashamed of being introduced** |Мне было стыдно за то, что меня представили| as Tripp’s friend to such a beauty. “Why- er — Miss Lowery,” I began feeling terribly **awkward** |неловко|, “will you tell me what has happened?”

“Oh,” said Miss Lowery, “ You see, everything is ready for me to marry Hiram Dodd next Thursday. He’s got one of the best farms on the island. But last night I got to thinking about G – George — ”

“You see, I **can’t help it** |ничего не могу с этим поделатъ|. George and I loved each other since we were children. Four years ago he went to the city. He said he was going to be a policeman, a railroad president or something. And then he would come back for me. But I never heard from him anymore. And I – I – like him.”

“Now, Miss Lowery,” said Tripp, “you like this young man, Dodd, don’t you? He’s all right, and good to you, isn’t he?”

“Of course, I like him. And of course, he is good to me. He’s promised me a automobile and a motor-boat. But somehow I

couldn't stop thinking about George. Something **must have happened** |должно быть, случилось| to him or **he would have written** |он бы написал|. On the day he left, he got a **hammer and a chisel** |молоток и зубило| and cut a cent into two pieces. I took one piece and he took the other, and we promised to be true to each other and always keep the pieces till we saw each other again. I've got mine at home. I guess it was silly of me to come here. I never realized what a big place it is."

Then Tripp spoke with an awkward little laugh. "Oh, the boys from the country forget a lot when they come to the city. May be, he met another girl or something. You come back home, and you'll be all right."

**In the end we persuaded** |В конце концов мы убедили| Miss Lowery to go back home. The three of us hurried to the **ferry** |паром|, and there I found the price for the ticket to be but a dollar and eighty cents. I bought one, and a red, red rose with twenty cents for Miss Lowery. We **saw her aboard** |проводили на борту| her ferry-boat and stood watching her wave her **handkerchief** |платок| at us. And then Tripp and I **faced each other** |посмотрели друг на друга|.

"Can't you get a story out of it?" he asked. "Some sort of a story?"

"**Not a line,**" |Ни строчки| I said.

"I'm sorry," he said quietly. Then Tripp **unbuttoned** |расстегнул| his **shabby** |потрёпанный| coat to get something that had once been a handkerchief. As he did so I saw something shining on his cheap watch-chain. It has the half of a silver cent that had been cut **in halves** |напополам| with a chisel.

“What?!” I exclaimed. «Is that you?!!»

“Oh yes,” he answered. George Brown, or Tripp. **What’s the use?**  
|Только в чем смысл?|

I took a dollar from my pocket and **unhesitatingly** |не сомневаясь|  
put it in his hand.

## The ransom of Mack

Me and old Mack Lonsbury, we **got out of that little gold mine affair** |вышли из небольшого предприятия по разработке золотых рудников| with about \$40,000 **apiece** |на каждого|. I say “old” Mack; but he wasn’t old. Forty-one, I should say; but he always seemed old.

“Andy,” he says to me, “I’m tired of **hustling** |переездов|. You and me have worked hard together for three years. **Say** |Давай-ка| we rest for a while, and spend some of this money we made.”

“The proposition sounds good,” I say. “Let’s be lazy for a while and see how it feels. What’ll we do — travel to the Niagara Falls, or spend a buck at a card game”

“For a good many years,” says Mack, “I’ve thought that if I ever had extra money I’d rent a two-room **cabin** |бунгало| somewhere, hire a **Chinaman** |китайца| to cook, and sit and read History of Civilisation.”

“That sounds nice and **not pompous** |не слишком напыщенно|,” I said; “and I don’t see how money could be better invested. Give me a cuckoo clock and a **Self-Instructor** |самоучитель| for the Banjo, and I’ll join you.”

A week after me and Mack come to this small town of Pina, about thirty miles from Denver, and find an elegant two-room house that

just suits us. We deposited a lot of money in the Pina bank and **shook hands** |пожали руки| with every one of the 340 citizens in the town. We **brought along** |взяли с собой| the Chinaman and the cuckoo clock and the Instructor with us from Denver; and they made the cabin seem like home **at once** |сразу же|.

Never believe it **when they tell you riches** |когда вам говорят, что ваши богатства| don't bring happiness. **If you could have seen** |если бы вы могли увидеть| old Mack sitting in his chair with his feet in the window you'd have seen a picture of content that **would have made Rockefeller jealous** |Рокфеллер бы позавидовал|. And I was learning to play "Old Zip Coon" on the banjo, and the cuckoo was on time with his remarks, and **Ah Sing** |имя повара-китайца| was making **the handsomest** |превосходнейший| smell of ham and eggs. When it got too dark to read the notes in the Instructor, me and Mack would light our pipes and talk about science and **pearl diving** |ныряние за жемчугом| and Egypt and fish **and leather and gratitude** |и о кожаных изделиях, и о благодарности| and eagles, and a lot of subjects that we'd never had time to explain our sentiments about before.

One evening Mack spoke up and asked me if I know much about the habits and policies of women.

"**Why, yes,**" |Да, а в чем дело?| says I, in a tone of voice; "I know **'em** |them| **from Alfred to Omaha** |от А до Я|. The feminine nature," said I, "is **as plain to my sight** |проста, на мой взгляд| as the Rocky Mountains."

"I tell you, Andy," says Mack, "I never had much of the communications with women. Maybe I **might have** |мог бы|, but I never **took the time** |уделял время|. I **made my own living** |Я жил сам

*no себе*| since I was fourteen; and I never go with the sentiments with them. I sometimes wish I had more experience,” says old Mack.

“They’re hard to study,” said I, “and it **all depends on to points of view** |*все зависит от точки зрения*|. Although they **vary** |*различаются*| in rationality, I found ‘em often differing from each other.”

“It seems to me,” goes on Mack, “that a man had better study them when he is young. **I let my chance go by** |*Я пропустил свой шанс*|; and I guess I’m too old now **for that stuff** |*для таких вещей*|.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” I tells him. “Maybe you better prefer for yourself a barrel of money. Still, I don’t **regret** |*сжалею*| my knowledge of ‘em,” I said. “**It takes a man who understands the symptoms and plays** |*Мужчине нужно понимать проявления женского поведения*| of women **to take care** |*чтобы позаботиться*| of himself in this world.”

We stayed on in Pina because we liked the place. Some **folks** |*люди*| might enjoy their money with **noise and rapture and locomotion** |*шумом, бурной радостью, движением*|; but me and Mack we had had plenty of **turmoils** |*суеты*| and hotel towels. The people were friendly; Ah Sing cooked what we liked; Mack was reading I was **hitting out** |*наяривал*| “Buffalo Gals, Can’t You Come Out To-night,” on the banjo.

One day I got a telegram from Speight, the man that was working on a **mine** |*шахте*| I had an interest in out in New Mexico. I had to go out there; and I was gone two months. **I was anxious** |*Я изо всех сил хотел*| to get back to Pina and enjoy life once more.

When I came to the cabin I nearly **fainted** |*почти упал в обморок*|. Mack was standing in the door; and if angels ever cried, they would be crying at that.

That man **was a spectacle** |выглядел как шоу|. Yes; he was worse; **he was the great telescope in the observatory** |как огромный телескоп в обсерватории. О.Генри имеет в виду, что выглядел он совсем непривычно|. He had on a coat and shiny shoes and a white **vest** |жилетку| and a high silk hat. And he was **smirking** |ухмылялся| and like **an infernal storekeeper** |продавец из преисподней| or a kid with colic.

“Hello, Andy,” says Mack, out of his face. “Glad to see you back. Things have happened since you went away.”

“I know it,” I said. “God never made **you that way** |таким образом|, Mack Lonsbury. Why do you spoil His works?”

“Why, Andy,” says he, “they’ve elected me **justice of the peace** |мировым судьей| since you left.”

I looked at Mack close. He was **restless and inspired** |неутомимый и вдохновленный|. A justice of the peace should be **humble and sad** |скромным и печальным|.

Just then a young woman passed on the sidewalk; and I saw Mack **kind of blushing** |как будто бы покраснел|, and then he raised up his hat and smiled and **bowed** |поклонился|, and she smiled and bowed, and went on by.

“No hope for you,” I said, “if you are **love sick** |влюбился| at your age. I thought it wasn’t going **to take on you** |одолевать тебя|. And leather shoes! All this in two little short months!”

“I’m going to marry the young lady who just passed tonight,” says Mack.

“I forgot something at the post-office,” I said, and walked away quick.

I **overtook** |обогнал| that young woman a hundred yards away. I

raised my hat and told her my name. She was about nineteen; and young for her age. She blushed, and then looked at me cold.

“I understand you are to be married tonight,” I said.

“Correct,” says she. “You got any **objections** |возражения|?”

“Listen, **sissy** |милашка|,” I began.

“My name is Miss Rebosa Redd,” she says **in a pained way** |уязвленно|.

“I know it,” I said. “Now, Rebosa, I’m old enough **to have owed money** |чтобы быть должником| to your father. And that old, **dressed-up, sea-sick** |выряженный, страдающий морской болезнью| man running like a turkey with leather shoes on is my best friend. Why did you go and get him in this marriage business?”

“Why, he was the only chance there was,” answers Miss Rebosa.

“**Nay**,” |Нет| I said, giving a look of admiration at her; “with your beauty you might pick any kind of a man. Listen, Rebosa. Old Mack ain’t the man you want. He was twenty- two when you were named Reed. This **bloom won’t last** |цветение не продлится долго| with him. He’s all ventilated with oldness and **decay** |распадом|. Old Mack’s enjoys his **Indian summer** |бабье лето|. Rebosa, do you really want this marriage to happen?”

“Why, sure I am,” says she, “and so is somebody else, I think.”

“What time is it to take place?” I asked.

“At six o’clock,” says she.

**I made up my mind right away** |Я решил сразу же| what to do. I’d save old Mack if I could. To have a good man like that **turn** |превратиться в| chicken for a girl that **hadn’t quit** |еще не перестала| eating pencils was more than I **could make my peace with** |с чем мог смириться|.



“Rebosa,” says I, “**ain’t there** |разве нет| a young man in Pina — a nice young man that you might like?”

“Yep,” says Rebosa, **nodding** |кивая| — “Sure there is! What do you think! Gracious!”

“Does he like you?” I asked. “How does he think of you?”

“Crazy,” says Rebosa. “Mom has **to wet down** |мочить, поливать| the front steps to keep him from sitting there all the time. But I guess **that’ll be all over** |все закончится| after tonight,” she said with a sigh.

“Rebosa,” says I, “you don’t really experience any of this **adoration** |обожания| called love for old Mack, do you?”

“Lord! no,” says the girl, shaking her head. “I think he’s as dry as a lava bed”.

“Who is this young man that you like, Rebosa?” I asked.

“It’s Eddie Bayles,” says she. “He clerks in Crosby’s grocery. But **he makes** |он зарабатывает| only thirty-five a month. Ella Noakes **was wild** |была без ума| about him once.”

“Old Mack tells me,” I says, “that he’s going to marry you at six o’clock this evening.”

“That’s the time,” says she. “It’s to be at our house.”

“Rebosa,” say I, “listen to me. If Eddie Bayles had a thousand dollars cash — a thousand dollars, would buy him **a store of his own** |собственный магазин|, would you **consent** |согласилась| to marry him this evening at five o’clock?”

The girl looks at me a minute; and I can see how she was thinking.

“A thousand dollars?” says she. “Of course I would.”

“Come on,” said I. “We’ll go and see Eddie.”

We went up to Crosby's store and called Eddie outside. He looked to be **respectable and freckled** |почтенно и с веснушками|; and **he had chills and fever** |его аж затрясло| when I made my proposition.

“At five o'clock?” says he, “for a thousand dollars? Please don't wake me up! Well, you are the rich uncle **retired** |вышедший на пенсию| from the **spice** |специй| business in India! **I'll buy out** |Я выкуплю| old Crosby and **run** |управлять| the store myself.”

We went inside and got old man Crosby and explained it. I wrote my check for a thousand dollars and **handed** |передал| it to him. If Eddie and Rebosa married each other at five he was to turn the money over to them.

And then I gave 'em **my blessing** |мое благословение|, and went **to wander** |побродить| in the forest. I sat on a log and thought of life and old age and the zodiac and women and all. I **passed myself** |передал себе| congratulations that I had saved my old friend Mack from his attack of Indian summer. I knew when **he got well** |когда ему полегчает| and he would feel grateful. “To keep old Mack away,” I thought, “from emotions like this, **is worth** |стоит| more than a thousand dollars.” And most of all I was glad that I'd made a study of women, **and wasn't to be deceived any by their means of conceit** |не быть мне обманутым при всем их желании меня обмануть|.

It **must have been** |должно было быть| half-past five when I got back home. I stepped in; and there sat old Mack in his old clothes with his blue socks on the window and the History of Civilisation on his knees.

“This don't look like getting ready for a wedding at six,” I said, **to seem innocent** |с невинным видом|.

“Oh,” says Mack, **reaching** |хватая| for his tobacco, “that **was postponed** |отложили| to five o’clock. They sent me a note saying the hour was changed. It’s all over now. What made you stay away so long, Andy?”

“You heard about the wedding?” I asked.

“I made it,” says he. “I told you I was justice of the peace. **The preacher** |Священник| is off East to visit his parents, and I’m the only one in town that can perform the marriage ceremony I promised Eddie and Rebosa a month ago I’d marry ‘em. He’s a busy **lad** |парень|; and he’ll have a grocery of his own some day.”

“He will,” said I.

“There were lots of women at the wedding,” says Mack, smoking up. “But I didn’t seem to understand ‘em. I wish I knew them like you said you knew them.”

“That was two months ago,” says I, reaching up for the banjo.