

ФЕДЕРАЛЬНОЕ АГЕНТСТВО ПО ОБРАЗОВАНИЮ
ГОСУДАРСТВЕННОЕ ОБРАЗОВАТЕЛЬНОЕ УЧРЕЖДЕНИЕ
ВЫСШЕГО ПРОФЕССИОНАЛЬНОГО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ
«САМАРСКИЙ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ»

Кафедра иностранных языков естественных специальностей

Е.С. Лапшова

**Развитие эмпатии студентов
гуманитарных факультетов**
(на материале английского языка)

Практикум

Издательство «Универс-групп»
2005

*Печатается по решению Редакционно-издательского совета
Самарского государственного университета*

Лапшова, Е.С.

Развитие эмпатии студентов гуманитарных факультетов (на материале английского языка): Практикум. Самара: Изд-во «Универс-групп», 2005. – 72 с.

Учебное пособие по практическому курсу иностранный язык (английский) подготовлено в соответствии с государственным стандартом высшего профессионального образования и типовой программой вуза. Сборник упражнений на развитие эмпатии студентов юридического и психологического факультетов предполагает в качестве конечного результата развитие эмпатии, формирование профессиональной культуры будущих специалистов.

Основной целью пособия является развитие эмпатии на занятиях по иностранному языку. Содержание пособия представлено как лингвистико-психологическим, так и методическим компонентами. Технология развития эмпатии представлена видами упражнений. Тексты и упражнения содержат общелитературную и научную лексику. Предлагаемый курс может быть использован для развития навыков устной и письменной речи, а также профессиональную лексику. Упражнения даны на материале английского языка.

Пособие рассчитано на работу в аудитории (совместно с преподавателем) и дома (самостоятельно). Оно может быть использовано студентами психологами и юристами как дневной, так и вечерней форм обучения, а также слушателями обучающимися по дополнительной программе «Переводчик в сфере профессиональной коммуникации», аспирантами и соискателями.

Рецензент канд. пед. наук, Л.И. Сологуб

CONTENTS

ВВЕДЕНИЕ	4
Section I. Empathy development exercises in listening comprehension and speaking.....	6
Section II. Exercises on self-control and self-reflection	9
Section III. Empathy development exercises in role activity and role games ...	10
Section IV. Empathy development exercises in speech.....	19
Reference List.....	70

ВВЕДЕНИЕ

Формирование профессиональной культуры специалистов, в том числе психологов и юристов представляет собой сложный, многоплановый процесс. Формирование профессиональной культуры будущих психологов и юристов начинается в период обучения в вузе.

Коммуникативная компетентность, культура общения, являясь составными частями профессиональной культуры, предполагают эмпатическое взаимодействие между субъектами профессионального общения. Роль эмпатии проявляется в перцептивной, коммуникативной, интерактивной сторонах профессионального общения данных специалистов. Развитая эмпатия способствует более успешному овладению иностранным языком, так, как коммуникативная направленность обучения иностранному языку предполагает организацию занятий по иностранному языку на принципах овладения всеми аспектами иностранного языка через общение.

Специально подобранные упражнения позволяют реализовать потенциальные возможности обучения иностранному языку в развитии эмпатии студентов психологического и юридического факультетов во всех видах речевой деятельности. Даже такая односторонняя коммуникация как монологическая речь, будет более успешной, если говорящий воспринимает состояние слушателей эмпатично. Систематическое использование широкого спектра вводов диалога обеспечивает развитие эмпатии у студентов. Исходя из того, что «переживания могут быть не только соотнесены к реально-конкретному субъекту, но и к переживаниям-эмоциям-чувствам-замыслам-идеям персонажей из литературных произведений, кинематографа, сценического искусства», прослушивание текстов на иностранном языке будет преследовать цель не только выделять смысловые вехи, отделять основную информацию от второстепенной, но и определять отношение автора к излагаемым фактам. Специально организованное обсуждение услышанного будет способствовать эмпатическому слушанию. Развитие эмпатических способностей при чтении иноязычного текста будет определяться его содержанием. Чтение иноязычных текстов не только развивает познавательный интерес студентов, но и готовит к восприятию иного образа мыслей, новой для них социокультурной среде. Акцентирование эмпатических переживаний в процессе чтения осуществляется с помощью вопросов и организации дискуссии по прочитанному тексту.

Мы предлагаем следующие задания для работы с текстом, для формирования эмпатии:

1. Вопросы о персонажах произведения.

Данное задание направлено на развитие умений анализировать прагматическую направленность текста, сделать собственные выводы о характере персонажей.

2. Интервью. (Вопросы студентов персонажам произведения).

Работа в группах или парах. Присваивая себе роль одного из персонажей, студенты анализируют и обобщают все виды информации текста, чтобы действовать адекватно выбранной «роли», проявляя свои творческие и эмпатические способности.

3. Описание персонажей. Студент соглашается или нет с поведением, высказываниями персонажей, аргументируя свою точку зрения, дополняя список личностных характеристик персонажа.

Несмотря на то, что программа обучения иностранному языку определяет «главной задачей при обучении письму овладение языком деловой переписки и письменных научных текстов, характерных для производственной и научной деятельности», а многие методисты рассматривают письмо как средство и лишь отчасти как цель, тем не менее, письмо выступает как средство общения, определяемое коммуникативной функцией языка. Умение написать деловое, бытовое письмо предполагает выбор таких речевых форм, которые, по мнению отправителя, будут благоприятно восприняты адресатам. Здесь проявляется эмпатия на расстоянии.

Широкое распространение игровых приемов в преподавании иностранного языка объясняется тем, что это эффективное средство общения. Игра призвана активизировать процесс обучения, сделать его более продуктивным.

Таким образом, нами разработаны упражнения на английском языке на развитие эмпатии студентов юридического и психологического факультетов, на основе основных принципов построения упражнений.

1. Упражнения на развитие отдельных навыков эмпатийного общения (приём и передача чувств и эмоциональных состояний, эмпатийное слушание)
2. Упражнения на саморегуляцию и саморефлексию.
3. Упражнения на развитие эмпатии в профессиональной деятельности.
4. Упражнения на развитие эмпатии в чтении.
5. Упражнения на развитие эмпатии в письменной речи.
6. Ролевые игры на развитие эмпатии.

Section I. Empathy development exercises in listening comprehension and speaking

1. Exercise «Greeting».

The purpose: development of sensitivity.

2-3 participants of the group carry out a task: to greet 10 times with various intonation. The other participants verbalize a condition of welcoming and their attitude to those whom they welcome with similar intonation.

2. Exercise: «Give the compliments».

The purpose: development of sensitivity.

The instruction: Imagine that today is unusual day you will give each other compliments. Look each other attentively, notice something unusual in your friends and tell him or her about it and wish something.

- How did you feel yourself, when compliments were given to you?
- Was it easy to pay compliments?
- What expressions did you like best of all?

3. Exercise: «The mood».

The instruction: Think about the mood which have your partner with whom you have just communicated. (Listen to some answers, pay attention to delicacy which it is necessary to speak about the friend.) Try to understand, why it is so important to understand the mood of another? Different variants of the answer can be written down.

If I understand moods of another, I	I will be able to help him (her)
	will not offend him (her)
	I will support him (her)
	I will improve his (her) mood
	I will be pleased

4. Exercise «Conversation in pairs on different distances».

The purpose: allocation of zones of psychological comfort. Participants are divided into pairs. They are offered to have a talk on any set theme, but thus in the beginning they stand in the different corners of a room, and then continue the conversation, standing closely to each other. Then participants can choose the most comfortable distance for them. After that discussion is carried out: what did participants feel when they felt themselves uncomfortable?

5. Exercise: «Detectives».

The purpose: development of observation. All participants of the group are involved in any activity which is organized so that everyone was busy with something. Everyone has a card with the individual task within the framework of which the participant can improvise (tasks on the cards depend on subjects of classes). Thus everyone should choose an object for imperceptible supervision. During performance of activity each participant carries out three tasks: 1) keep up attentively but imperceptibly what the object chosen him makes; 2) tries to understand who keeps up him and 3) define whom his object keeps up. The time of the performance of a game part of the exercise is 5 minutes. Then discussion on the following questions follows: 1) everyone informs, if he satisfied with how has carried out a task; 2) participants share ideas on the one who kept up them. After that, participants tell, what was easier, what was more difficult, what helped and what prevented in the work.

6. Exercise «Reflection of feelings».

The purpose: feel a condition of empathical hearing and raise the ability to understanding of feelings of the partner.

Exercise is carried out in a circle. One of the participants says an emotionally painted phrase, the other participant tries to define a feeling which has the speaker, and reproduces the same phrase. Then he speaks the own phrase to the following partner.

The questions for the discussion: What feelings did you have? What did facilitate and complicate the task?

7. Exercise «My portrait».

The purpose: development of intuition.

Each of the participants in the process of psychological readiness tries to express the representations about what he is seen with surrounding people. In the case of a divergence the group corrects him. Ways which helped to carry out a task and aspects which prevented to achieve the purpose are discussed.

8. Exercise «Closing».

The purpose: drill skills of more exact expression of the inwardness.

The instruction: Make the individual gesture corresponding to your condition of closeness and a phrase: I want to remain one. Look at others and note that there are many painting at one condition (depression, indifference, persistence...). I will give instructions to you for change of poses, carrying out them; listen to sensations in your body: slightly incline a head downwards, slightly bend a knee of the right leg.....Cross hands... Lift the crossed hands to a chin... Lift a chin upwards...Turn palms from itself...

9. Exercise «Past, present, future».

The purpose: increase ability to intuition.

Participants are divided into pairs. One in pair examines the partner attentively, studies, catches the impressions arising at it; then informs the partner the guesses and assumptions concerning what this person was in the childhood what he is today and what he wishes to be in 10 years. Then the story-teller receives a feedback from the partner. Ways of the achievement of the purpose are discussed.

Section II. Exercises on self-control and self-reflection

1. Exercise «The image of group»

The purpose: a reflection of joint activity and relations. Participants draw images of the group then the group gives a feedback about the experiences connected to the given image on separate sheets.

2. Exercise «The deserted garden».

The purpose: take off the sensation of confusion and weariness from congestion different affairs.

The instruction: Close your eyes and image that you are walking on the territory of the big castle. You see a stone wall, with a wooden door. Open it and enter: you are in the old deserted garden. At one time it was fine. However for a long time nobody looked after it. All was over with a grass, it is not visible foot-paths. Imagine how you weed weeds, cut branches, dig out a grass, replace trees, and dig round them; do everything to return to a garden a former view. Now stop and compare that part of a garden where you have already worked, to that you have not touch yet.

3. Exercise «The temple of silence».

The purpose: to restore mental balance.

The instruction: Imagine yourself walking on a suburb of a populous and noisy city. Feel, how you go on a roadway. Pay attention to passers-by, expressions of their faces. Hear sounds which surround you (a rumble of automobiles, voices of birds, and a rustle of crones of trees). You can see something or someone familiar there. Stop and feel your feelings. Turn over a corner and go further. It is more silent and older street. At the end of it is the big building distinguished on architecture. The signboard on it says: «the Temple of Silence». You open a heavy door and appear surrounding by full and deep silence. Remember, your feelings. Remember the road which conducts to the Temple of Silence that you could return there again.

4. Exercise «Revival of pleasant memoirs».

The purpose: to get psychological support.

The instruction: Close your eyes. Remember that time of your life when you were certainly happy and were not anxious concerning trifles. Choose any episode of that period and go through it in all details. Imagine the screen divided into half-and-half. On one half you see yourselves intense and disturbed, and on another weakened, quiet and happy. Tell yourself what you prefer to be, approach to yourself a desirable picture and collect all feelings of the person on it, take that energy in you present life. Then imagine as it is good to operate thus in any situation. Open your eyes and keep this feeling.

Section III. Empathy development exercises in role activity and role games

Instructions to the situations.

Participants are divided into triads *, each of which receives the situation (see below the list of situations). Then participants start a stage of independent work during which answer the following questions.

- 1.1. How will you act and what will you tell to the client?
- 1.2. What will you feel?
- 1.3. What can be your reciprocal actions and words to the client? What will he feel?
- 1.4. What will you feel?
- 2.1. How will your partner A *** act and what will he tell to the client?
- 2.2. What will he feel?
- 2.3. What can reciprocal actions and words of the client be?
- 2.4. What will client feel?
- 2.5. What will the partner A feel?
- 3.1. How your partner *** will act and what particularly he will tell the client?
- 3.2. What partner will feel?
- 3.3. What can be reciprocal actions and words of the client?
- 3.4. What client will feel?
- 3.5. That the partner will feel?

If the numbers of participants of training groups not multiply to three except for triads 1 or 2 triads which participants subsequently answer not all questions but only on questions up to number 3.1 are formed.

** At the answers to questions each participant puts on a place of the abstract person who, in his opinion, could behave himself in a similar way.

*** Partners A also would be meant as two other members of a triad. On this part of work is allocated 6-7 minutes.

Time of this part of work is 6-7 minutes.

Then all groups listen to the conditions of a professional situation, and answers to the questions of members of that triad which worked from the given situation. During time of reading each member of a triad of the answers all other participants of the groups put on a place of characters, trying to understand, their feelings in a similar situation. After each report of the group gives unmarkable a feedback to the given member of a pair: express arising in connection with actions of real and imagined persons of feeling, especially if they differ from the version suggested by the participant, acted with the report.

Time of this part of work is 10-15 minutes.

The list of professional situations (for students of a faculty of Law).

1. You feel that the client does not speak the truth. What can you do?

2. You cannot understand what the client exactly wants from you. What should you do?
3. You have overlooked about the promise to the client and can not consult him. What should you do?
4. The client behaves roughly during the proceedings. What should you do in this case?
5. The client constantly shows unwillingness to cooperate with you. What should you do?
6. The client constantly shows the erudition, nonplusing you and interrupts the defendant. Your reaction.
7. There has come the client to you who wants to work only with your colleague as someone recommended him and does not want a message of an affair with you. Your colleague is on a business trip. How should you behave yourself in this case?
8. The client does not want to understand you. What should you do?
9. It is your colleague birthday. He suited a small party. And you should inform him some unpleasant information. What should you do?
10. In your collective the new employee «the workaholic» has appeared. Your colleagues chuckle at him. Your reaction.
11. You see, that your colleague makes professional mistakes. What should you do?
12. In official papers you found out notes of yours of the colleague of personal, intimate character. What should you do?

The list of professional situations (for students of Psychological faculty).

1. You have started the training, all participants have calmed down, the silence has come, and suddenly someone has loudly laughed. When you have looked on laughing surprisely, he declared: It is ridiculous to look at you, and it would be desirable to laugh, when you begin our classes.

Choose the suitable variant of verbal reaction from among offered below.

«Well»

«And what is so ridiculous to you?»

«Well, and for God's sake!»

«Are you stupid?»

«I like cheerful people».

«I am glad that I make cheerful mood».

.....

2. The client says: I would like you concerned me more attentively than to another.

How should be your reaction?

«Why should I concern to you better, than to others?»

«I do not gather to play favorites!»

«I do not like people which declare how you».

«I wanted to know, why I should allocate you among the others?»
«Would you feel better yourself if I have told you that I treat you better than to others you?»

«What do you think, how actually I treat to you?»

.....

3. The client expressing the doubts concerning an opportunity of good mastering a material of a subject says: I have told you that disturbed me. Now you tell what is the reason of it and what should I do?

«What should you answer it?»

«You have an inferiority complex».

«You have not any bases for anxiety».

«Before I can express the proved opinion, it is necessary to understand the essence of a problem better».

«Let's wait, we shall work and we shall return to the discussion of this problem a bit later. I think, that we can decide it».

«I am not ready to give you the exact answer now, I should think».

«Do not worry; I had the same problems some time ago».

.....

4. The client says: I do not like that you speak and protect on our classes. What should you answer ?

«It is bad».

«Probably you do not understand it».

«I hope, that further, during our classes your opinion will change».

«Why?»

«And what do you like and ready to protect?»

«Tastes differ».

«What do you think, why I speak it and defend?»

.....

5. The client showing the bad attitude to somebody from the group, says: I do not want to work together with her (him).

Your reaction.

«Well, what else?»

«It is silly of you».

«But she (he) will not want to work with you too».

«Why?»

«I think that you are not right».

.....

6. The client when you have come in a room says: You are very tired.

Your reaction to his (her) words.

«I think that it is not decently to do such remarks».

«Yes, I feel myself badly».
«Do not worry about me, it is better look himself».
«I slept badly today; I have a lot of work».
«Do not worry; it will not prevent our classes».
«You are very attentive, thank for care!»

·
.....

7. Your client says: I feel that our classes do not help me.
Your reaction.

«Stop to speak nonsense!»
«Can you find the other psychologist?»
«I would like to know why you had such desire?»
«And what if we work together above the decision of your problem?»
«Can you decide your problem somehow differently?»

.....
.....

8. The client says showing excessive self-confidence: There is nothing that I would fail to make.

What should you do?
«You think too well of yourself»
«With your abilities?! – I Doubt!»
«Probably you feel like enough confidently if declare so?»
«I do not doubt of it».
«Excessive self-confidence harms to business».

.....
.....

9. The client says: I do not need to work much. I am a capable person.
What should you answer?

«This is your own opinion, which you hardly correspond».
«Those difficulties and your knowledge do not testify at all to it».
«Many people count themselves capable, but it is far from being all in practice».

«I am glad, that you have such high opinion».
«It sounds as if you do not trust in you own abilities».

.....
.....

10. At the beginning of the classes the client declares you: I do not think that you can learn us to something as a psychologist.

Your reaction:
«Your business attends our classes instead of to teach me».
«Such as you, I can learn nothing».
«May be you find another psychologist».
«It is interesting to know, why you so think».

«Let's talk about it in details. Probably there is something in my behavior that induces you on a similar idea».

.....
.....

11. You give the task, and the client does not want to carry out it and declares: I do not want to do it!

Your reaction.

«You do not want – we shall force!»

«It is worse for you».

«Please, explain why?»

«Let's sit and discuss it. May be you are right».

·

12. The client is disappointed by the successes, doubts of the abilities. What should you do?

«I doubt of you too».

«You have fine abilities, and I hope for you».

«Why do you doubt of yourselves?»

«Let's talk and find out your problems».

«It depends on our work».

.....

Role games.

1. «The New Employee»

Instructions: Roles are distributed by students during joint discussion of each nominee, business and personal qualities of participants. For an estimation of actions of participants of game the arbitration group is created. In game the following system of incentive and penal points is used.

Incentive points:

- for everyone used ethic formula +1 point
- for use of speech tactics +3 points
- for clearness of motivation +3 points

Penal points:

- non-observance speech ethic – 1 point
- grammar mistakes – 1 point
- speech mistakes – 1 point
- the unpersuasive statements, inadequate reaction – 3 points
- an incorrect question or a retort – 3 points

Stages of game.

- 1) Business conversation with the personnel manager.
- 2) Interview with candidates.
- 3) Discussion and summarizing.

1. At the office.

The main characters:

Ray Murphy is a twenty-nine-year-old bachelor, tall, dark and handsome. He is a Cambridge graduate, a lawyer and a connoisseur of arts. When he is not looking after the legal affairs of his clients, he travels all over the world visiting all sorts of art galleries and exhibitions. Ray has a lot of friends. He manages to keep in touch with them during his long periods of absence from Great Britain where he resides permanently.

Sue Stem is 28 years old. She is tall, neat and alert. She is a good typist. Sue is very devoted to Ray Murphy, who is her boss. She has been working with him for 10 years. She thinks that no one compares with him.

Client 1.

Client 2.

Gregory White usually asks all the people to call him Greg. He is easygoing and amicable. Although he is a young man yet, he has already achieved a lot. He is a famous film producer. He is handsome, dark-skinned and fair-haired. As to his views, he is very broad-minded. He never disapproves of anybody.

Pam Rogerson is a twenty-five-year-old blonde, active, attractive and extremely egoistic. She is not married, she goes out with some young athlete but doesn't tell anybody anything about him. Pam is what is called a career woman. She is an accountant, she works in an automobile company and has a very senior position. Her boss has a very high opinion of her. So do all of their business associates. Their opinion about her professional standing is so high that many headhunter firms have already tried to recruit her.

Ray Murphy is in his office. He is a lawyer. His office is big and well furnished. There are two rooms. In one room he receives his clients and in the other his administrative personnel work. But there is only one secretary in that room at the moment because they are understaffed. His secretary, Sue Stem, is sitting at a big table in front of the computer. She has all the information in files. Besides the computer, there is an in-tray and out-tray, an answer phone (US answering machine), a hole-punch, a stapler, a box of paper clips and a diary (US an appointment book). There is a notice board (US bulletin board) with some notices on the wall and a filing cabinet in the corner.

Sue has a lot of work to do. She sends faxes and e-mails, types letters and contracts, makes telephone calls and takes messages. Besides, she arranges appointments, puts off the appointments or even cancels some of them, if necessary.

This is a very busy office. Right now Sue is on the phone.

Sue: Ray Murphy's office. Hello! What can I do for you?

Client 1: I would like to see Mr. Murphy.

Sue: When would you like to meet him? You see, Mr. Murphy is going to be rather busy this week.

Client 1: Oh, but it's urgent. It's a matter of life and death. I need his advice as soon as possible, today or tomorrow the very latest.

Sue: All right, then. Could you come tomorrow at nine o'clock? Mr. Murphy will see you before going to court. But he won't be able to stay longer than 9.30, he is going to attend a court hearing right after that

Client 1: That suits me perfectly. Thank you so much. I'll be at your office at nine sharp.

Sue: Ray Murphy's office. Hello! What can I do for you?

Client2: Good morning, Miss. Could you tell me, please, what cases does Mr. Murphy specialize in?

Sue: He deals both with criminal law (crimes against society) and civil matters (cases between individuals). What kind of problem do you have?

Client 2: I expect it's a civil matter. You see, my wife has brought suit against me. I need a good barrister (US lawyer) to handle my defense.

Sue: Very good. Mr. Murphy will see you on Monday at 9 o'clock. Your name, please.

Client 2: White, Greg White. *Sue:* Thank you, Mr. White. So, Monday, nine o'clock.

Client 2: Yes, fine. Thanks Miss. Are you married? No? See you on Monday.

Sue: Goodbye, Mr. White.

Sue: Ray Murphy's office. Hello! What can I do for you?

Pam Rogerson: I read your ad in *The New York Times*. It says you need an accountant. I thought I could qualify for the job and have faxed my resume to you.

Sue: That's right, Miss Rogerson. Mr. Murphy has already read your resume. He is impressed with your qualifications and work experience. He even told me that you are the person for the job. But the final decision will, of course, be made only after the interview. When we can arrange that?

Make up your own dialogue.

3. At the meeting.

The main characters:

Ronald Dark is 25. He is married. He is a businessman. He deals in oil. He has a big company. His office occupies a whole floor in a skyscraper in the center of Manhattan. He has made a lot of money lately, but he is a very modest man. There are reasons why he is so modest. Ron is married; his wife's name is Donna.

Jack Bestchoice is a goal-oriented person. When he was in his teens, he had already decided to go into business. He entered a university and graduated from it with two degrees -one in business administration and the other in law. He knows a lot about both these things and that helps him in his work.

Bill Baits is an outstanding person. He is a famous inventor. He began as an amateur, uneducated, unqualified, unknown and very poor. Now he is a famous man, professional, sophisticated and extremely rich. His inventions are

applied all over the world, because people see that they are useful and that they really need them. But people are not fair. Although they make use of Bill's inventions, they are not happy about them. They are complaining about the quality all the time.

Ronald Dark is 25. He is married. He is a businessman. He deals in oil. He has a big company. His office occupies a whole floor in a skyscraper in the center of Manhattan. He has made a lot of money lately, but he is a very modest man. There are reasons why he is so modest. Ron is married; his wife's name is Donna.

Pam Rogerson is a twenty-five-year-old blonde, active, attractive and extremely egoistic. She is not married; she goes out with some young athlete but doesn't tell anybody anything about him. Pam is what is called a career woman. She is an accountant; she works in an automobile company and has a very senior position. Her boss has a very high opinion of her. So do all of their business associates. Their opinion about her professional standing is so high that many headhunter firms have already tried to recruit her.

1. Complete the dialogue.

Ron Dark is in automobile industry. He is a managing director of Fossler Plants. Today he is in fury. The company's annual report has just been submitted to him. Having read it, he found out that the company has ceased to be as profitable as it was. He decides to invite his staff for a meeting to talk things over and brainstorm. The meeting is to be held in his office on Manhattan Island the following day. He decides he himself will be chairing the meeting.

Ron Dark: Ladies and Gentlemen! I invited you to discuss our financial positions.

In spite of all our efforts and growing promotional expenditures the volume of sales has been decreasing lately. The purpose of our meeting is to discuss how we can keep ahead of our competitors. I have appointed a new marketing director, Mr. Jack Bestchoice. He has an absolutely new marketing team. I have also employed a new chief engineer – Mr. Bill Baits, and we are having a new chief accountant – Pam Rogerson, who has recently been promoted to this position and whom you all know very well. I hope these new people will be able to think long-term and their fresh ideas will help to improve the company's profitability. I would now like our new marketing director to give us the details. I give the floor to Jack and then maybe Bill will give us some information on the state of the engineering department.

Jack Bestchoice:

Bill Baits: As the company's new chief engineer, I revised our structure. What we managed to notice during this very short period developed into a new approach to modelling. Instead of one team of people working on the new Fossler model, we now have several independent teams. The resulting prototypes are first demonstrated to several groups of experts and then to peop-

le belonging to different social and ethnic groups. The results have been summed up and conclusions drawn. At the moment we have two models which seem to be the most appealing to the majority of our customers. These two models are going to be demonstrated now. The leaders of the development teams are going to make presentations. I invite everyone to participate in the discussion. We can discuss merits and demerits of each model...

Ron: Thank you, Bill. We appreciate very highly the work you've done. Are there any questions?

Pam Rogerson: What are the target groups?

Ron:.....

Pam: Excuse me, Jack, but have you considered all the psychological, commercial and technological aspects of the problem?

Jack: I take your point, Pam, but we are going to do this at a later stage.

Ron:.....

2. Make up your own dialogue.

Case studies and situations

- 1. Case study A firm needs some good office equipment. They discuss prices and quality of articles offered by different suppliers.
- Situation A manager of a firm employs a secretary. He discusses with her the responsibilities and conditions of service.

- 2. Case study A company needs a secretary (an accountant, a manager, etc). They have several applicants. Now they discuss who is more suitable for the opening. Make two lists of qualities: those that are more important and those that are less important. Use them in your discussion.
- Situation Interviewing for a job.
Prepare in advance questions you feel relevant to the situation, interview the applicant and write (or speak) about the person you have interviewed.

- 3. Case study Career Choices.
Choose an industry or a sphere of application of your abilities, compare it with other job opportunities.
- Situation At the Meeting.
At a subsidiary the staff finds out that an inspector is on the way to check them. They get together and brainstorm the situation, trying to see the way and the means to reverse it

Section IV. Empathy development exercises in speech

I.

Write the letter of 80-100 words on each of below-mentioned themes. Time of the task is about 25 minutes.

1. Write to your director the letter with the request to act in a role of the referee from your name and to support your claims for work as the lawyer (psychologist) of large foreign firm.
2. You have read the announcement in the newspaper about granting a post of the lawyer (psychologist) which is ready to go abroad. Write the letter with your characteristics of suitability for this post.
3. You are the lawyer (psychologist) of the large company, but now want to leave it. Write the letter to your director with a statement of the reasons.
4. Write a letter of recommendation for yours the employee who applies for a post in foreign firm.
5. Write the letter to the friend with the description of your new work.
6. You want to take part in the international conference. Write the letter in the appropriate organization with the request for the information.
7. On the letter which you have written to the partners, the answer was not received. Write one more with inquiry, whether the firm has received the first letter, and with the request to answer as soon as possible.

II.

Agatha Christie. The Double Clue.

«But above everything— no publicity,»said Mr. Marcus Hardman for perhaps the fourteenth time.

He repeated the word *publicity* regularly throughout his conversation. Mr. Hardman was a small man, delicately plump, with exquisitely manicured hands and a plaintive tenor voice. He was rich, but not remarkably so. His hobby was collecting. Old lace, old fans, antique jewelry were the focus of his interest.

Poirot and I, obeying Mr. Hardman's urgent call, had arrived at his house.

«My rubies, Monsieur Poirot, and the emerald necklace — said to have belonged to Catherine de Medici. Oh, the emerald necklace!»

«If you will tell me the circumstances of their disappearance?»suggested Poirot gently.

«You see, yesterday afternoon I had a little tea party – some half a dozen people or so. I have given one or two of them during the season, and they have been quite a success. Some good music – Nacora, the pianist, and Katherine Bird, the Australian contralto – in the big studio. Well, early in the afternoon, I was showing my guests my collection of medieval jewels. I keep them in the

small wall safe over there. It is arranged like a cabinet inside, with colored velvet background, to display the stones. Afterward we *inspected the fans* – in that case on the wall. Then we all went to the studio for music. It was not until after everyone had gone that I discovered the safe rifled! I must have failed to shut it properly! The rubies, Monsieur Poirot, the emerald necklace – the collection of a lifetime! What would I not give to recover them! But there must be no publicity! You fully understand that, do you not, Monsieur Poirot? My own guests, my personal friends! It would be a horrible scandal!»

«Who was the last person to leave this room when you went to the studio?»

«Mr. Johnston. You may know him? The South African millionaire. He has just rented the Abbotburys' house in Park Lane. He stayed in the studio a few moments, I remember. But surely, oh, surely it could not be he!»

«Did any of your guests return to this room during the afternoon on any pretext?»

«I was prepared for that question, Monsieur Poirot. Three of them did so. Countess Vera Rossakoff, Mr. Bernard Parker, and Lady Runcorn.»

«Let us hear about them.»

«The Countess Rossakoff is a very charming Russian lady, a member of the old regime. She has recently come to this country. She had said good-bye, and I was therefore somewhat surprised to find her in this room looking at my cabinet of fans after that. You know, Monsieur Poirot, the more I think of it, the more suspicious it seems to me. Don't you agree?»

«Extremely suspicious; but let us hear about the others.»

«Well, Parker simply came here to fetch a case of miniatures that I was anxious to show to Lady Runcorn.»

«And Lady Runcorn herself?»

«Well, Lady Runcorn, she simply returned to take a handbag she had laid down there.»

«So we have four possible – suspects. The Russian countess, the English *grand dame*, the South African millionaire, and Mr. Bernard Parker. Who is Mr. Parker, by the way?»

The question appeared to embarrass Mr. Hardman considerably.

«He is – er – he is a young fellow. Well, in fact, a young fellow I know.»

«What does he do, this young fellow? And how did he come to be a friend of yours, may I ask?»

«Well – er – on one or two occasions he has performed certain little commissions for me.»

«Continue, monsieur», said Poirot.

Hardman looked piteously at the detective. Evidently the last thing he wanted to do was to continue. But as Poirot maintained silence waiting for the information, Hardman had to go on.

«You see, Monsieur Poirot – it is well known that I am interested in antique jewels. Sometimes there is a family heirloom to be disposed of – which would

never be sold in the open market or to a dealer. But a private sale to me is a very different matter. Packer arranges the details of such things, he is in touch with both sides, and thus any little embarrassment is avoided. He brings anything of that kind to my notice. For instance, the Countess Rossakoff has bought some family jewels with her from Russia. She is anxious to sell them. Bernard Parker was to have arranged the deal.»

«I see», said Poirot thoughtfully. «And you trust him totally?»

«I have had no reason to do otherwise.»

«Mr. Hardman, of these four people, which do you yourself suspect?»

«Oh, Monsieur Poirot, what a question! They are my friends, as I told you. I suspect none of them – or all of them, whichever way you like to put it.»

«I do not agree. You suspect one of those four. It is not Countess Rossakoff. It is not Mr. Parker. Is it Lady Runcorn or Mf. Johnston?»

«You drive me into a corner, Monsieur Poirot, you do indeed. I am most anxious to have no scandal. Lady Runcorn belongs to one of the oldest families in England; but it is true, it is most unfortunately true, that her aunt, Lady Caroline, suffered from a malady. It was understood, of course, by all her friends, and her maid returned the teaspoon whatever it was, as quickly as possible. You see my predicament!»

«So Lady Runcorn had an aunt who was a kleptomaniac? Very interesting. You permit that I examine the safe?»

Poirot pushed back the door of the safe and examined the inside. The velvet-lined shelves were empty.

«Even now the door does not shut properly», murmured Poirot, as he swung it to and fro. «I wonder why? Ah, what have we here? A glove, caught in the hinge. A man's glove.»

He held it out to Mr. Hardman.

«That's not one of my gloves», the latter declared.

«Aha! Something more!» Poirot picked up a small object from the floor of the safe. It was a flat cigarette case made of black moire.

«My cigarette case!» cried Mr. Hardman.

«Yours? Surely not, monsieur. Those are not your initials.»

He pointed to a monogram of two letters executed in platinum.

Hardman took it in his hand.

«You are right», he declared. «It is very like mine, but the initials are different. A *P* and a *B*. Good heavens – Parker!»

«It would seem so», said Poirot. «A somewhat careless young man – especially if the glove is his also. That would be a double clue, would it not?»

«Bernard Parker!» murmured Hardman. «What a relief! Well, Monsieur Poirot, I leave it to you to recover the jewels. Place the matter in the hands of the police if you are quite sure that it is he who is guilty.»

«See you, my friend», said Poirot to me, as we left the house together, «I have sympathy for this young man. The whole thing was a little curious, was it

not? There was Hardman suspecting Lady Runcorn; there was I, suspecting the Countess and Johnston; and all the time, the unclear Mr. Parker was our man.»

«Why did you suspect the other two?»

«It is such a simple thing to be a Russian refugee or South African millionaire. Any woman can call herself a Russian countess; anyone can buy a house in Park Lane and call himself a South African millionaire. Who is going to contradict them? But I observe that we are passing through Bury Street. Our careless young friend lives here. Let us, as you say, strike while the iron is in the fire.»

Mr. Bernard Parker was at home. We found him reclining on some cushions, wearing an amazing dressing gown of purple and orange. I have seldom taken a greater dislike to anyone than I did to this particular young man of such effeminacy in face and manners.

«Good morning, monsieur», said Poirot briskly. «I've come from Mr. Hardman. Yesterday, at the party, somebody stole all his jewels. Let me ask you, monsieur, is this your glove?»

Mr. Parker's mental processes did not seem very rapid. He stared at the glove, as though gathering his wits together.

«Where did you find it?» he asked at last.

«Is it your glove, monsieur?»

Mr. Parker appeared to make up his mind.

«No, it isn't», he declared.

«And this cigarette case, is that yours?»

«Certainly not. I always carry a silver one.»

«Very well, monsieur. I go to put matters in the hands of the police.»

«Oh, I say, I wouldn't do that, if I were you», cried Mr. Parker in some concern. «Beastly unsympathetic people, the police. Wait a bit. I'll go and see old Hardman.»

«We have given him something to think about, have we not?» Poirot noticed when we left the odd young man. «Tomorrow we will see what has occurred.»

But we had a reminder of the Hardman case that afternoon. Without the least warning the door flew open, and a whirlwind in human form invaded our privacy. Countess Vera Rossakoff was a somewhat disturbing personality.

«You are Monsieur Poirot? What is this that you have done? You accuse that poor boy! It is unbelievable. I know him. He is a chicken, a lamb – never would he steal –»

«Tell me, madam, is this his cigarette case?» Poirot held out the black moire case interrupting her.

The Countess paused for a moment while she inspected it. «Yes, it is his. I know it well. What of it? Did you find it in the room? We were all there; he dropped it then, I suppose. Ah, you policemen, you are worse than the Red Guards –» «And is this his glove?»

«How should I know? One glove is like another. Do not try to stop me — he must be set free. His character must be cleared. You shall do it. I will sell my jewels and give you much money.» «Madam —»

«It is agreed, then? No, no, do not argue. The poor boy! He came to me, the tears in his eyes.» I will save you, «I said.» I will go to this man — this monster! Leave it to Vera. «Now it is settled, I go.»

With as little ceremony as she had come, she swept from the room, leaving an overpowering perfume of an exotic nature behind her.

«What a woman!» I exclaimed. «And what furs!»

«Ah, yes, *they* were genuine enough! Could a fake countess have real furs? My little joke, Hastings... No, she is truly Russian, I fancy. Well, well, so Master Bernard went crying to her.»

«The cigarette case is his. I wonder if the glove is also —»

With a smile Poirot drew from his pocket a second glove and placed it by the first. There was no doubt of their being a pair.

«Where did you get the second one, Poirot?»

«It was thrown down with a stick on the table in the hall in Bury Street. Truly, a very careless young man. Monsieur Parker. Well, well, *mon ami* — we must be thorough. Just for the form of the thing, I will make a little visit to Park Lane.»

Needless to say, I accompanied my friend. Johnston was out, but we saw his private secretary who informed us that Johnston had only recently arrived from South Africa. He had never travelled to England before.

«He is interested in precious stones, is he not?» noticed Poirot.

«Gold mining is nearer the mark», laughed the secretary.

Poirot came away from the conversation thoughtful. Late that evening, to *my* surprise, I found him studying a Russian grammar.

«Good heavens, Poirot!» I cried. «Are you learning Russian in order to converse with the Countess in her own language?»

«She certainly would not listen to my English, my friend!»

«But surely, Poirot, well-born Russians as a rule speak French?»

«You are a mine of information, Hastings! I will give up trying to understand the nuances of the Russian alphabet.»

He threw the book from him with a dramatic gesture. I was not entirely satisfied. There was a twinkle in his eye which I knew of old. It was a certain sign that Hercule Poirot was pleased with himself.

«Perhaps», I said guessing, «you doubt her being really a Russian. You are going to test her?»

«Ah, no, no, she is Russian all right.»

«Well, then—»

«If you really want to try yourself with this case, Hastings, I recommend *First Steps in Russian* as an invaluable aid.»

Then he laughed and would say no more. I picked up the book from the floor and dipped into it curiously, but could make neither head nor tail of Poirot's remarks.

The following morning brought us no news of any kind but that did not seem to worry my friend. At breakfast, Poirot announced his intention of calling upon Mr. Hardman early in the day.

We found him at home, and he seemed a little calmer than on the previous day.

«Well, Monsieur Poirot, any news?» Hardman demanded eagerly.

My friend handed him a slip of paper.

«That is the person who took the jewels, monsieur. Shall I put matters in the hands of the police? Or would you prefer me to recover the jewels without bringing the police into the matter'-'?»

Mr. Hardman was staring at the paper. At last he found his voice.

«Most astonishing. I should infinitely prefer to have no scandal in the matter. I give you *carte blanche*. Monsieur Poirot, I am sure you will be discreet.»

Our next procedure was to take a taxi, which Poirot ordered to drive to the Carlton. There he inquired for Countess Rossankoff. In a few minutes we were shown up into the lady's suite. She came to meet us with outstretched hands.

«Monsieur Poirot!» she cried. «You have succeeded? You *I* have cleared that poor infant?»

«Madam, your friend Mr. Parker is perfectly safe from arrest» «Ah, but you are the clever little man! Superb! And so quickly too.»

«On the other hand, I have promised Mr. Hardman that! The jewels shall be returned to him today»

«So?»

«Therefore, madam, I should be extremely obliged if – you would place them in my hands without delay. I am sorry to hurry you, but I am keeping a taxi – in case it should be necessary for me to go on to Scotland Yard; and we Belgians, madam, we practice the thrift.»

The Countess had lighted a cigarette. For some seconds she sat perfectly still, blowing smoke rings, and gazing steadily at Poirot. Then she burst into a laugh, and rose. She went across to the bureau, opened a drawer, and took out a black silk handbag. She tossed it lightly to Poirot. Her tone, when she spoke, was perfectly light and unmoved.

«We Russians, on the contrary, practice prodigality», she said. «And to do that, unfortunately, one must have money. You need not look inside. They are all there.»

Poirot arose.

«I congratulate you, madam, on your quick intelligence and your directness.»

«Ah! But since you were keeping your taxi waiting, what else could I do?»

«It's very nice of you, madam. You are remaining long in London?»

«I am afraid not – owing to you», «Accept my apologies.» «We shall meet again elsewhere, perhaps.» «I hope so.»

«And I – do not!» exclaimed the Countess with a laugh. «It is a great compliment that I pay you, there are very few men in the world whom I fear. Good-bye, Monsieur Poirot.»

«Good-bye, Madam. Ah – pardon me, I forgot! Let me return you your cigarette case.»

And with a bow he handed to her the little black moire case we had found in the safe. She accepted it without any change of expression – just a lifted eyebrow and a murmured, «I see!»

«What a woman!» cried Poirot enthusiastically as we went down the stairs. «Not a word of argument – of protestation! One quick glance, and she had sized up the position correctly. I tell you, Hastings, a woman who can accept defeat like that – with a careless smile – will go far! She is dangerous; she has the nerves of steel; she →» He tripped heavily.

«When did you first suspect the Countess, I wonder?» «*Mon ami*, it was the glove and the cigarette case – the double clue, shall we say? – that worried me. Bernard Parker might easily have dropped one or the other – but hardly both. Ah, no, that would have been too careless! In the same way, if someone else had placed them there to incriminate Parker, one would have been enough – the cigarette case or the glove – again not both. So I was forced to the conclusion that one of the two things did not belong to Parker. I imagined at first that the case was his, and that the glove was not. But when I discovered the fellow to the glove, I saw that it was the other way about. Whose, then, was the cigarette case? Clearly, it could not belong to Lady Runcorn. The initials were wrong. Mr. Johnston? Only if he were under a false name. I interviewed his secretary, and it was obvious at once that everything was clear. There was no secret about Mr. Johnston's past. The Countess, then? She was supposed to have brought jewels with her from Russia; she had only to take the stones from their settings, and it was extremely doubtful if they could ever be identified. What could be easier for her than to pick up one of Parker's gloves from the hall that day and thrust it into the safe? But, she did not intend to drop her own cigarette case.»

«But if the case was hers, why did it have *B. P.* on it? The Countess' initials are *V.R.*»

Poirot smiled gently upon me.

«Exactly, *mon ami*; but in the Russian alphabet, B is V and P is R.»

«Well, you couldn't expect me to guess that. I don't know Russian.»

«Neither do I, Hastings. That is why I bought my little book – and urged it on your attention.»

He sighed.

«A remarkable woman. I have a feeling, my friend – a very decided feeling – I shall meet her again. Where, I wonder?»

Reading Comprehension and Discussion Tasks

1. Which person in the story does each of the following statements describe?

Choose from: Mr. Hardman, Vera Rossakoff, Mr. Bernard Parker, Lady Runcorn, Mr. Johnston and Lady Caroline.

1. He is a man of effeminacy in face and manners.
2. Old lace, old fans are the focus of his interest.
3. She suffered from a malady.
4. He has just rented a house in Park Lane.
5. He arranges the details of private sales.
6. She is a somewhat disturbing personality.
7. She had an aunt suffering from a disease.
8. He is in touch with both sides, and thus any little embarrassment is avoided.
9. A person who can accept defeat with a careless smile.
10. She belongs to one of the oldest families in England.
11. He recently arrived from South Africa.

2. Who said each of the following words and to whom were they speaking and why?

1. «That's not one of my gloves.»
2. «Any woman can call herself a Russian Countess.»
3. «Very well, monsieur. I go to put matters in the hands of the police.
4. «He is a chicken, a lamb – never would he steal –»
5. «Gold mining is nearer the mark.»
6. «I give you carte blanche.»
7. «We Belgians, we practice the thrift.»
8. «What a woman!»
9. «I congratulate you on your quick intelligence and directness.»
10. «Well, you couldn't expect me to guess that. I don't know Russian.»

3. Answer the following questions.

1. In *The Double Clue*, Christie created a verbal picture of the character, Mr. Hardman. Did she help you visualize what kind of a person he was? What are some of the different ways in which Christie described him?
2. What were the three types of things Mr. Hardman collected and how is it characterized her?
3. Which guests did Poirot initially focus on as «suspects»? Why was Mr. Johnston a suspect? What did the three other suspects (besides Mr. Johnston) have in common, and why did this make their actions more suspect?

4. What different excuses did the suspects have for returning to the room where Mr. Hardman had shown his jewelry collection, before leaving Mr. Hardman's tea party?
5. Why was Mr. Hardman so embarrassed and sensitive about describing who Mr. Parker was?
6. Of the four guests under investigation, who did Mr. Hardman say he suspected the most and why?
7. What is a kleptomaniac, and who was viewed as one in *The Double Clue*?
8. What did Poirot observe about the door to the wall safe? What did Poirot discover was wrong with the door?
9. Was the glove discovered by Poirot a man's or woman's glove? Was there ever any doubt in the story that this was a man's glove?
10. What additional object did Poirot observe on the floor of the safe, and what personal identification was engraved in platinum on this object?
11. What two items did Poirot first characterize as a «double clue» of the identity of the jewelry thief?
12. Who did Poirot suspect was the thief, after finding the double clue, and why?
13. Before he found the two items described as double clue, who had been Poirot's chief suspects, and why did he view them this way?
14. Why did Poirot dislike Mr. Parker's appearance?
15. Did Poirot ask Mr. Parker to identify both the glove and the cigarette case, and what did he say about them? What was it about the way Mr. Parker responded to Poirot's questions that made Poirot think he was slow-witted or hiding something?
16. What did Mr. Poirot threaten to do, after Mr. Parker unconvincingly denied owning either one of the double clues, and what was Mr. Parker's emotional reaction and proposal to this threat?
17. Who did Mr. Parker go to see after Poirot confronted him with the double clue? Why do you think Mr. Parker went to see Countess Rossakoff, instead of Mr. Hardman or some of the other guests?
18. What action did Countess Rossakoff take when she learned that Poirot was threatening to turn Mr. Parker over to the police?
19. Who did Countess Rossakoff tell Poirot was the owner of the cigarette case? Was she being truthful, or do you think she had another motive in saying who the owner was?
20. What was the one thing Poirot wanted to know about the final suspect, Mr. Johnston, the guest from South Africa? What answer did Poirot receive to his question from Mr. Johnston's private secretary?

21. Did Mr. Johnston have any interest in precious stones? How did Mr. Johnston's interest, or lack of interest, compare to that of the other two prime suspects, Mr. Parker and Countess Rossakoff?
22. What was Mr. Hardman's response to Poirot's question? How did Mr. Hardman feel about Poirot going to the police at this point in time?
23. What did Poirot demand of Countess Rossakoff without delay?
24. Why did Poirot claim he had a taxi waiting, in the event Countess Rossakoff did not meet his demand?
25. How did the Countess react to Poirot's demand? Was she disturbed, anxious, or angry in any way?
26. What emotional reaction did Countess Rossakoff finally express, and what did she then toss lightly to Poirot?
27. What did Countess Rossakoff say about opening up the silk bag she had tossed to Poirot? Should Poirot have believed her, and not opened the silk bag?
28. What did Countess Rossakoff say there were very few in the world whom she feared? Do you really think the Countess feared anything, or was she trying to flatter someone? Did she ever show any fear or alarm or anxiety?
29. Why was Poirot so impressed with the Countess? What conclusion did he reach about her, based on his observations of her?

4. Discuss the following.

1. If the initials on the cigarette case matched Mr. Bernard Parker's name, why did Poirot finally conclude the thief was the Countess?
2. If the glove found in the door of the safe belonged to Bernard Parker, with initials *B* and *P*, did the evidence constituting the «double clue» change as the mystery unfolded (the story developed)? How?
3. Was this development (the change in what constituted the «double clue») clever in your opinion? When did you first realize that the double clue was different than what Poirot first described to be the «double clue?»

5. Write out the summary of the plot revealing the following idea: Why each suspect was considered a suspect and later rejected or confirmed as the suspect by Poirot?

6. Here is the beginning of the story. Give your version of the events to be evolving in the incident described here.

(From *Thank You, M'am* by Langston Hughes)

She was a large woman with a large purse that had everything in it but a hammer and nails. It had a long strap, and she carried it slung across her shoulder. It was about eleven o'clock at night, dark, and she was walking alone, when a boy ran up behind her and tried to snatch her purse. The strap broke with the sudden single tug the boy gave it from behind. But the boy's weight and the weight of the purse combined caused him to lose his balance; the boy fell on his back on the sidewalk and his legs flew up. The large woman simply turned around and kicked him in his blue-jeaned sitter. Then she reached down, picked the boy up by his shirt front, and shook him until his teeth rattled.

After that the woman said, «Pick up my pocketbook, boy, and give it here.»

She still held him tightly. But she bent down enough to permit him to stoop and pick up her purse.

Then she said, «Now ain't you ashamed of yourself?»

Firmly gripped by his shirt front, the boy said, «Yes'm.»

The woman said, «What did you want to do it for?»

The boy said, «I didn't aim to.»

She said, «You a lie!»

By that time two or three people passed, stopped, turned to look, and some stood watching.

«If I turn you loose, will you run?» asked the woman.

«Yes'm», said the boy.

«Then I won't turn you loose», said the woman. She did not release him.

«Lady, I'm sorry», whispered the boy.

Agatha Christie. The Chocolate Box.

It was a wild night. Outside, the wind howled fiercely, and the rain beat against the windows in great gust.

Poirot and I sat facing the hearth, our legs stretched out to the cheerful blaze. Between us was a small table. On my side of it stood some carefully brewed hot toddy; on Poirot's was a cup of thick, rich chocolate. We both enjoyed the moment.

«It's a good old world», I noticed. «Here am I with a job, and a good job too! And here are you, famous —»

«Oh, won't you be!», protested Poirot.

«But you are. And rightly so! When I think back on your long history of successes, I am positively amazed. I don't believe you know what failure is! Seriously, have you ever failed?»

«Many times, my friend. What would you? Fortune cannot always be on your side. I have been called in too late. Very often another, working toward the same goal, has arrived there first. Twice have I been stricken down with illness just as I was on the point of success. One must take the downs with the ups, my friend.»

«I didn't quite mean that», I said. «I meant, had you ever been completely down and out over a case through your own fault?»

«Ah, I see! You ask if I have ever made the complete ass of myself Once, my friend.» A reflective smile appeared on his face. «Yes, once I made a fool of myself.»

He sat up suddenly in his chair.

«See here, my friend, you have, I know, kept a record of my little successes. You shall add one more story to the collection, the story of a failure!»

He leaned forward, plated a log on the fire. Then he leaned back and began his story.

That of which I tell you, (said M. Poirot) took place in Belgium many years ago. It was at the time of the terrible struggle in France between church and state. M. Paul Deroulard was a French deputy of note, and it was not a secret that the portfolio of a Minister awaited him. He was among the bitterest of the anti-Catholic party, so obviously he had enemies.

He had married some years earlier a young lady from Brussels who had brought him a substantial dot. Undoubtedly the money was useful to him in his career, as his family was not rich, though on the other hand he was entitled to call himself M le Baron if he chose. There were no children of the marriage, and his wife died after two years – the result of a fall downstairs. Among the property which she left to him was a house on the Avenue Louise in Brussels.

It was in this house that his sudden death took place, the event coinciding with the resignation of the Minister whose portfolio he was to inherit. His death, which had taken place quite suddenly in the evening after dinner, was attributed to heart-failure.

At that time, I was a member of the Belgian detective force. The death of M. Paul Deroulard was not particularly interesting to me.

It was some three days afterward, when my vacation had just begun. That I received a visitor at my own apartments—a lady, heavily veiled.

«You are Monsieur Hercule Poirot?» she asked in a low sweet voice.

I bowed.

«Of the detective service?»

Again I bowed. «Be seated, mademoiselle», I said.

She accepted a chair and drew aside her veil. She was evidently quite young. Her face was charming, though marred with tears.

«Monsieur», she said, «I understand that you are now taking a vacation. Therefore you will be free to take *up* a private case. You understand that I do not wish to call in the police.»

I shook my head. «I fear what *you* ask is impossible, mademoiselle. Even though on vacation, I am still of the police.»

She leaned forward.

«*Ecoutez, monsieur.* All that I ask of you is to investigate. The result of your investigations *you* are free to report to the police. If what I believe to be true is true, we shall need all the machinery of the law.»

It made the matter different and I agreed without *more* ado. «*Monsieur*» I have nothing to go upon – nothing but my woman's instinct, «*she went on*», but I am convinced – convinced, I tell you – that M. Paul Oeroulard did not die a natural death!»

«*Comment?* I exclaimed, surprised.»

«He was obviously healthy and strong. Ah, Monsieur Poirot, I beseech of you to help me»

The poor child was almost beside herself. I soothed her as best I could.

«I will help you, mademoiselle. I feel almost sure that *your* fears are unfounded, but we will see. First, I will ask *you* to describe to me the residents of the house.»

«There are the domestics, of course, Jeannette, Felicie, and Oenise the cook. She has been there many years; the others are simple country girls. Also there is Franc: ois, *but* he too is an old servant. Then there is *Monsieur* Oeroulard's mother who lived with him, and myself. My *partie* is Virginie Mesnard. I am a poor cousin of the late Madame Oeroulard, M. Paul's wife, and I have been a member of their family for over three years. I have now described to you the household. There were also two guests staying in the house.»

«And they were?»

«M. de Saint Alard, a neighbour of M. Oeroulard's in Paris. Also an English friend, Mr. John Wilson.»

«Are they still with *you*?»

«Mr. Wilson, yes, but M. De Saint Alard departed yesterday»

«And what is your plan. Mademoiselle Mesnard?»

If you present yourself at the house in half an hour's time, I will make up a story to account. I shall say you have come from Paris, and that you have brought a card of introduction from M. de Saint Alard. Madame Deroulard is very feeble in health, and will pay little attention to details.»

So, I was admitted to the house after a brief interview with the dead deputy's mother. She was a wonderfully imposing and aristocratic figure though obviously in failing health.

I wonder, whether you are able to understand the difficulties of my task? Here was a man whose death had taken place three days before. If there had been crime, only one version to admit was poison. But there were no Clues to consider. Had the man been poisoned? Had he died a natural death? I, Hercule Poirot, with nothing to help me, had to decide.

First, I interviewed the domestics, to make clear the events of the evening. I paid particular notice to the food at dinner, and the method of serving it. The soup had been served by M. Deroulard himself from a tureen. Next a dish of cutlets, then a chicken. Finally compote of fruits. And all placed on the table, and

served by Monsieur himself. The coffee was brought in a big pot to the dinner-table. Nothing there, mon ami – impossible to poison one without poisoning all!

After dinner Madame Deroulard had retired to her own apartment and Mademoiselle Virginie had accompanied her, the three men had went to M. Deroulard's study. Here they had chatted friendly for some time when suddenly, without any warning, the deputy had gone red in the face and had fallen heavily to the ground, M. de Saint Alard had rushed out and told Francois to fetch a doctor immediately. And when the doctor arrived, M. Deroulard was past help.

There was nothing further to be found out there. Next I went to the scene of the tragedy, the study. So far there was nothing to support Mademoiselle Mesnard's theory. Evidently she had had a romantic passion for the dead man which had not permitted her to take a normal view of the case. I searched the study thoroughly but could not discover a sign to prove that theory of a poisoning. I flung myself down in the chair with a gesture of despair.

The next moment, my eyes fell on a large box of chocolates standing on a table nearby, and my heart gave a leap. It might not be a clue to M. Deroulard's death, but here at least was something that was not normal. I lifted the lid. The box was full, untouched: not a chocolate was missing – but that only made the peculiarity that had caught my eye more striking.

While the box itself was pink, the lid was blue. Now, one often sees a blue ribbon on a pink box, and vice versa, but a box of one colour, and a lid of another – no, it could not be so!

It looked out of the ordinary and I determined to investigate it. I rang the bell for Francis, and asked him if his late master had been fond of sweets. A faint melancholy smile came to his lips.

«Passionately fond of them monsieur He would always have a box of chocolates in the house. He did not drink wine of any kind, you see.

«Yet this box has not been touched?» I lifted the lid to show him.

«Pardon, monsieur, but that was a new box purchased on the day of his death, the other being nearly finished.»

«Then the other box was finished on the day of his death», I said slowly.

«Yes, monsieur, I found it empty in the morning and threw it away.»

«Did M Deroulard eat sweets at all hours of the day?»

«Usually after dinner, monsieur.»

I began to see light.

«Francois», I said, «you can be discreet?»

«If there is need, monsieur»

«Good! Know, then, that I am of the police. Can you find me that other box?»

«Without doubt, monsieur. It will be in the dustbin.»

He returned in a few minutes with a dust-covered object. It was the duplicate of the box I held, save for the fact that this time the box was blue and the lid

was pink. I thanked Francois, recommended him once more to be discreet, and left the house.

Next I called upon the doctor who had attended M Deroulard. With him I had a difficult task. He did not sound to be quite sure about the case.

«There have been many curious facts of the kind,» he observed. «A sudden fit of anger, a violent emotion, – after a heavy dinner, then the blood flies to the head, and pst – there you are!»

«But M. Deroulard had had no violent emotion.»

«No? I made sure that he had been having a stormy argument with M. de Saint Alard.»

«Why should he?»

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

«Was not M de Saint Alard a Catholic of the most fanatical? Their friendship was being ruined by this question of church and state. Not a day passed without discussions. To M, de Saint Alard, Deroulard appeared almost as Anti-christ.»

This was unexpected, and gave me food for thought.

«One more question, Doctor, would it be possible to introduce a fatal dose of poison into a chocolate?»

«It would be possible, I suppose», said the doctor slowly. «Pure prussic acid would meet the case if there were no chance of evaporation, and a tiny globule of anything might be swallowed unnoticed – but it does not seem a very likely supposition.»

«Thank you, M. Le Docteur,»

I withdrew. Next made inquiries of the chemists, especially those in the neighborhood of the Avenue Louise. It is good to be of the police. I got the information I wanted without any trouble. In an English chemist I found out that on the day before M. Deroulard's death they had made up a prescription for Mr. John Wilson. There was nothing special about the case. They were simply little tablets of trinitrin. I asked if I might see some. The chemist showed me them, and my heart beat faster— for the tiny tablets were of chocolate.

«It is a poison?» I asked. «No, monsieur.»

«Can you describe to me its effect?»

«It lowers the blood-pressure. It relieves the arterial tension. It is given for some forms of heart trouble – angina»

I interrupted him. «All these things say nothing to me. Does it cause the face to flush?»

«Certainly it does.»

«And supposing I ate ten—twenty of your little tablets, what then?»

«I should not advise you to try it», he replied dryly.

«And yet you say it is no: poison?»

«There are many things not called poison which can kill a man», he replied as before.

I left the shop elated. At last things had begun to march!

I now knew that John Wilson had the means for the crime -but what about the motive? He had come to Belgium on business. There was apparently no way in which Deroutard's death could benefit him. Moreover, I discovered by inquiries in England that he had suffered for some years from that painful form of heart disease known as angina. Therefore, he had a genuine right to have those tablets in his possession.

Nevertheless, I was convinced that someone had gone to the chocolate box, opening the full one first by mistake, and had taken away the contents of the last chocolate, filling it instead with as many little trinitrin tablets as it would hold. The chocolates were large ones. Between twenty or thirty tablets. But who had done this?

There were two guests in the house John Wilson had the means. Saint Alard had the motive. Remember, he was a fanatic, and there is no fanatic like a religious fanatic.

Another little idea came to me. All! You smile at my little ideas! Why had Wilson run out of trinitrin? Surely he would bring tablets from England, I called once more at the house in the Avenue Louise, Wilson was out, but I saw the girl who did his room, Felicia I asked her whether M. Wilson had lost a bottle from his washstand some little time ago. The girl answered positively. He had lost a bottle and she, Felicie had been blamed for it. The English gentleman had evidently thought that she had broken it, and would not say so. Whereas she had never even touched it.

Now I knew all I wanted to know. It remained for me to prove my case. That, I felt, would not be easy. I might be sure that Saint Alard had removed the bottle of trinitrin from John Wilson's Washstand, but to convince others. I would have to produce evidence, I had to find the last link which made my chain of evidence against the murderer complete.

I asked for an interview with Mademoiselle Mesnard. She came at once. I demanded of her the address of M de Saint Alard. A look of trouble came over her face.

«Why do you want it, monsieur?»

«Mademoiselle, it is necessary.»

She seemed doubtful-troubled.

«He can tell you nothing. He is a man whose thoughts are not in this world. He hardly notices what goes on around him.»

«Possibly, mademoiselle. Nevertheless, he was an old friend of M. Deroutard's. There may be things he can tell me – things of the past – old grudges – old love-affairs»

Without a word she turned away, a few minutes later she handed me the address written on it sheet of paper. I left the house

Having got the address of M. de Saint Alard, I wasted no time. Now I needed to find a pretext for getting into the house. In the end, I did it as n

plumber! I found out that there was a little gas leak in his bedroom I had to arrange. I went for my tools, and took care to return with them at an hour when I knew I would not be bothered. What I was searching for, I hardly knew.

Still when I found a little cupboard above the washstand locked, I could not resist the temptation of seeing what was inside it. The lock was quite a simple one to pick. The door swung open. It was full of old bottles. I took them up one by one with a trembling hand. Suddenly, I uttered a cry as I held in my hand a little vial with an English chemist's label. On it were the words: «Trinitrin Tablets. One to be taken when required. Mr. John Wilson.»

I controlled my emotion, closed the little cupboard, put the bottle into my pocket, and continued to repair the gas leak! One must be methodical.

I arrived in Brussels late that night. I was writing out a report for the prefect in the morning, when a note was brought to me. It was from old Madame Deroulard, and she asked me to the house in the Avenue Louise without delay.

Francois opened the door to me.

«Madame is awaiting you.»

He conducted me to her apartment. She sat in a large armchair. There was no sign of Mademoiselle Virginie.

«M. Poirot» said the old lady. «I have just learned that you are not what you pretend to be. You are a police.»

«That is so, madam.»

«You came here to inquire into the circumstances of my son's death?»

Again I replied: «That is so, madam.»

«I should be glad if you would tell me what progress you have made.»

I hesitated:

«First I would like to know how you have learned all this, madam.»

«From one who is no longer of this world.»

Her words, and the way she uttered them, sent a chill to my heart. «Madame, my investigation is finished.»

«My son?»

«Was killed deliberately.»

«You know by whom?»

«Yes, madam.»

«Who then?»

«M. de Saint Alard.»

The old lady shook her head.

«You are wrong. M. de Saint Alard is incapable of such a crime.»

«The proofs are in my hands.»

I beg of you to tell me all.»

This time I obeyed, going over each step that had led me to the discovery of the truth. She listened attentively. At the end she nodded her head.

«Yea, yes, it is all us you say, all but one thing. It was not M. des Saint Alard who killed my son. It was I, his mother.» I stared at her. She continued to nod her head gently.

«It is well that I sent for you. It is the providence of the good God that Verginie told me before she departed for the convent what she had done. Listen, M. Poirot! My son was an evil man. He led a life of mortal sin. He dragged down other souls beside his own. But there was worse than that. As I came out of my room in this house one morning, I saw my daughter-in-law standing at the head of the stairs. She was reading a letter. I saw my son steal up behind her. One swift push, and she fell, striking her head on the marble steps. When they picked her up she was dead. My son was a murderer, and only I, his mother, knew it.»

She closed her eyes for a moment.

«You cannot imagine, monsieur, my despair. What was I to do? Tell on him to the police? I could not bring myself do it. It was my duty, but my flesh was weak.

Besides, would they believe me? My eyesight had been failing for some time — they would say I was mistaken I kept [silence. But my conscience gave me no peace. By keeping silence I too was a murderer. My son inherited his wife's money. He flourished as t [he green bay tree. And now he was to have a Minister's portfolio. His persecution of the church would be redoubled. And then; was Virginie. She, poor child, beautiful, holy was Fascinated by him. He had a strange and terrible power over women. I saw it coming. I was powerless to prevent it. He had no intention of marrying her. The time came when she was ready to yield everything to him.

Then I saw my path clear He was my son I had given him life. I was responsible for him. He had killed one woman's body, now he would kill another's soul! I went to Mr. Wilson's room and took the bottle of tablets. He had once said laughingly that there were enough in it to kill a man! I went into the study and opened the big box of chocolates that always stood on the table. I opened a new box by mistake. The other was on the table also. There was just one chocolate left in it. That simplified things. No one ate chocolates except my son and Virginia. I would keep her with me that night. All went as I had planned.»

She paused, closing her eyes for a minute, then opened them again.

«M. Poirot, I am in your hands. They tell me I have not many days to live. I am willing to answer for my action before the good God. Must I answer for it on earth also?»

I hesitated.

«But the empty bottle, madam.» I said to gain time. «How came that into M. de Saint Alard's possession?»

«When he came to say good-by to me, monsieur, I slipped it into his pocket. I did not know how to get rid of it, I am so weak that I cannot move about much without help, and finding it empty in my rooms might have caused

suspicion. You understand, monsieur,» – she drew herself up to her full height.. – «it was with no idea of casting suspicion on M de Saint Alard! I never dreamed of such a thing. I thought his servant would find an empty bottle and throw it away without question»

I bowed my head. «I comprehend, madam.» I said.

«And your decision, monsieur?»

Her voice was firm and unfaltering, her head held as high as ever.

I rose to my feet

«Madam», I said, «I have the honour to wish you good day. I have made my investigations – and failed! The matter is closed.»

M. Poirot was silent «for a moment, then said quietly:» Madame Deroulard died just a week later. That, my friend, is the story. I must admit that I do not make a fine figure in it.»

«But that was hardly a failure», I exclaimed. «What else could you have thought under the circumstances?»

«Ah, my friend! Don't you see?» cried Poirot becoming suddenly active. «But I was thirty-six times an idiot! My grey cells, they did not function at all! The whole time I had the true clue in my hands.»

«What clue?»

«The chocolate box! Do you see? Would anyone in possession of their full eyesight make such a mistake? I knew Madam Deroulard had a cataract – the atropine drops told me that. There was only one person in the household whose eyesight was such that she could not see which lid to replace. It was the chocolate box that started me on the track, and yet up to the end I failed consistently to keep its real significance!»

«Also my psychology was wrong. Had M. de Saint Alard been the criminal, he would never have kept that bottle: in his house. Finding it was a proof of his innocence. I had learned already from Mademoiselle Virginie that he was absent-minded.

An old lady commits a crime in such a simple and clever fashion that I, Hercule Poirot, am completely fooled. I can't bear even thinking of? Forget it, or, no – remember it, and if you think at any time that I am getting swollen with pride – it is not likely, but it might arise, you shall say to me, «Chocolate box.» Is it agreed?»

«It's a bargain!»

«After all, said Poirot reflectively,» it was an experience! I, who have undoubtedly the finest brain in Europe at present, can afford to be great-hearted!»

«Chocolate box,» I murmured gently.

«Pardnn, mon ami?»

I looked at Poirot's innocent face, as he bent forward inquiringly. And I thought, though not possessing the finest brain in Europe, I could afford, to be great-hearted too!

«Nothing,» I lied, and lit another pipe, smiling to myself.

Reading Comprehension and Discussion Tasks

1. Which person in the story does each of the following statements describe?

- 1) He was among the bitterest of the anti-Catholic party.
- 2) She has been a member of the family for three years.
- 3) He was a neighbor of M. Deroulard's in Paris.
- 4) He was an English friend.
- 5) She has been in the house for many years.
- 6) She was a wonderfully imposing and aristocratic figure.
- 7) He did not drink wine of any kind.
- 8) He was a Catholic of the most fanatical.
- 9) He was a man whose thoughts were not in this world.
- 10) He led a life of mortal sin.

2. Who said each of the following words and to whom were they speaking and why?

1. «If what I believe to be true is true, we shall need all the machinery of the law.»
2. «To M. de Saint Alard, Deroulard appeared almost as Antichrist.»
3. «Can you describe me its effect?»
4. «I should be glad if you tell me what progress you have made.»
5. «My conscience gave me no peace.»
6. «I must admit that I do not make a fine figure in the story.»
7. «What else could you have thought under the circumstances?»

3. Answer the following questions.

1. In confessing to having some failures in his detective work, did Poirot admit that his analysis of the facts of a case had ever been wrong, or that he had ever picked the wrong suspect in a case? Yes or No? What were some of the reasons Poirot gave for his self-described failures?
2. Was modesty one of Poirot's traits or characteristics? What was Poirot's opinion about the quality of his detective work?
3. What was the relationship of Virginie Mesnard, the woman seeking Poirot's help, to Paul Deroulard's deceased wife?
4. Why was Virginie Mesnard convinced that Paul Deroulard had not died a natural death?
5. What did Paul Deroulard, Virginie Mesnard, and Paul Delourad's mother, share in common?

6. How did Virginie Mesnard explain Poirot's reason for visiting the house, where Paul Deroulard had died, and whom did she give this explanation?
7. Other than Paul Deroulard's possibly dying a natural death, what did Poirot believe the only other explanation to be?
8. Why did Poirot say it was impossible for the coffee served the night of Paul Deroulard's death to have poisoned him?
9. What did Poirot believe affected Virginie Mesnard's view that foul play had killed Paul Deroulard?
10. What was peculiar about the chocolate box in the study that attracted Poirot's interest?
11. What was peculiar about the second chocolate box, and how did it compare to the first chocolate box?
12. How did the doctor describe Paul Deroulard's behaviour moments before his death?
13. Did the doctor believe a fatal dose of poison could be injected into a chocolate? Under what condition was this possible?
14. What two guests were in Paul Deroulard's house the night of his death? Which one had the means to poison Paul Deroulard, and which one had the motive to kill him? What were the means and the motive?
15. How did Poirot believe Paul Deroulard had been poisoned?
16. If Mr. John Wilson was visiting from England, why did he have to go to a chemist in Brussels, near Paul Deroulard's house, to buy trinitrin instead of bringing a bottle of the medicine with him from England?
17. Who did Poirot at first believe had poisoned Paul Deroulard?
18. While Poirot was busy writing out his report asserting that M. de Saint Alard was the murderer, who requested his company and why? What did this person reveal to Poirot?
19. What was old Madame Deroulard's opinion of her son, and why?
20. What did she observe her son, Paul Deroulard, do to his wife?
21. Why did old Madame Deroulard not report what her son had done to his wife?
22. Why was old Madame Deroulard concerned about Virginie's relationship with her son? What did Virginie reveal about that relationship before she left for the convent?
23. What did old Madame Deroulard fear her son would do to Virginie's soul?
24. Why did old Madame Deroulard protect Virginie the night of her son's death?
25. Did Madame Deroulard try to cast suspicion on M. de Saint Alard as the murderer?

26. What happened to Madame Deroulard a week after she confessed to poisoning her son?
27. Why did Poirot think he was an idiot for not realizing sooner that Madame Deroulard was the murderer?
28. How did Poirot describe his brain to his friend, and what words did his friend utter in response?

4. Here is a story-riddle. *Why?* is the question at the end of it. Can you guess what bothered the detective?

Once a detective read an article in a local newspaper, in which it was written a man had a heart attack and died the night after he had seen a crime movie.

That night, according to his wife, he had a nightmare in which he was guarding a car carrying a lot of money. There was a scene in his dream when a criminal shot at him, he cried out of fear, and his cry woke up his wife. When his wife was about to wake him up from his nightmare, suddenly a loud alarm went off. At that very moment, the article went on, apparently of fear the man had a heart attack and died.

After reading this article, the detective said to himself that one cannot believe what he reads in the newspapers. And, the more he thought about this story, the more he understood there was something not right about the incident reported by the wife. He decided that the wife should be investigated and asked more about the incident. *Why?*

O. Henry. The Court and the Wedding Guest.

Andy Donovan was a boarder at Mrs. Scott's boarding-house.

One evening he came to dinner and Mrs. Scott introduced him to a new boarder, a young girl, Miss Con-way.

Miss Conway was small and quite simple. She wore a plain brown dress. After the introduction she did not speak to Andy Donovan. She sat looking at her plate and he forgot Miss Conway almost at once.

Two weeks later Andy was sitting on the front steps of the boarding-house, smoking a cigar. Suddenly somebody came out. He turned his head... and his head turned.

Miss Conway was coming out of the door. She wore a beautiful black dress and a beautiful black hat. Her shoes and her gloves were black too. Her rich golden hair and her large grey eyes made her almost beautiful. She stood looking above the houses across the street up into the sky. Her eyes were sad. All in black, and that sad far-away look and the golden hair shining under the black veil...

Mr. Donovan threw away his unfinished cigar.

«It's a fine, clear evening, Miss Conway», he said.

«Yes, it is,» answered Miss Conway, «but not for me, Mr. Donovan.»

«I hope none of your family is...» said Andy.

Miss Conway was silent. At last she said:

«Not my family. Death has taken from me somebody who was very, very dear to me... Now I am alone in the world. And I have no friends in this city.»

Andy Donovan did not ask any more questions and their conversation came to an end.

The more Andy thought of Miss Conway the more he was sorry for her. Once he said to her at table:

«It's hard to be alone in New York. You should go out sometimes to forget your trouble. Do you wish to take a walk in the park, Miss Conway? If you allow me...»

«Thank you, Mr. Donovan,» said Miss Conway. «I shall be very glad to have your company. You are very kind.»

While walking in the park Miss Conway told Andy her sad story.

«His name was Fernando Mazzini and he was an Italian Count. He had a lot of land and a villa in Italy. We were going to get married next spring. Fernando went to Italy to make his villa ready for us. After he left I came to New York to get a job. Three days ago I received a letter from Italy. It says that Fernando is dead. He was killed in a gondola accident.

«That is why I am wearing black. That is why I am always sad. I cannot take an interest in anybody. If you wish to walk back to the house, Mr. Donovan, let's go.»

Andy Donovan did not wish to walk back to the house.

«I'm very sorry,» he said softly. «No, we won't⁶ go back to the house, not yet⁷. And don't say that you have no friends in this city, Miss Conway. I'm very, very sorry for you. And you must believe that I'm your friend.»

«I have a small photograph of him with me,» said Miss Conway. «I have never shown it to anybody. But I will show it to you, Mr. Donovan, because I believe that you are my friend.»

Mr. Donovan looked at the photograph with much interest and for a long time. The face of Count Mazzini was an interesting one. It was a clever face of a strong man.

«I have a larger photo of him in my room,» said Miss Conway. «When we get back to the house I'll show it to you. I look at it many times a day². He will always be present in my heart.»

When they came into the hall of the boarding-house she ran up to her room and brought down a big photograph of the dead man.

«A fine-looking man,» said Donovan. «I like his face very much. Miss Conway, may I ask you to come to the theatre with me next Sunday?»

A month later they told Mrs. Scott that they were going to get married. But in spite of this Miss Conway continued to wear black.

One evening Mr. Donovan and Miss Conway were sitting in the park. It was a fine clear night. The moon shone brightly on the green leaves. Everything

around them was very beautiful. But Donovan was silent. He had been so silent all day that Miss Conway at last decided to ask him a question.

«What is the matter, Andy?»

«Nothing, Maggie.»

«But you never looked so unhappy before. What is it?»

«It's nothing much, Maggie.»

«I want to know, Andy. I am sure you are thinking about some other girl. Well, why don't you go to her if you love her? Take your arm away, please!»

«All right, I'll tell you,» said Andy. «I have a friend. His name is Mike Sullivan. Do you know him?»

«No, I don't,» said Maggie. «And I don't want to know him if you are so unhappy because of him.»

«He is a good friend, Maggie,» continued Andy. «I saw him yesterday and I told him I was going to get married in two weeks. 'Andy', says he, 'I want to be present at your wedding. Send me an invitation and I'll come.'»

«Well, why don't you invite him then if he wants so much to come?» said Maggie.

«There is a reason why I can't invite him,» said Andy sadly. «There is a reason why he must not be present at our wedding. Don't ask me any more questions now, because I can't answer them.»

«You must! You must tell me everything,» said Maggie.

«All right,» answered Andy. «Maggie, do you love me as much as you loved your... your Count Mazzini. He waited a long time, but Maggie did not answer. Suddenly she turned to him and began to cry.

«There, there, there!» repeated Andy. «What is the matter now?»

«Andy,» said Maggie at last, «I have lied to you, and you will never marry me. You will never love me any more. But I feel that I must tell you everything. Andy, there was no count in my life. There was nobody who loved me in all my life. All the other girls always talked about love and marriage. But nobody loved me. Nobody wanted to marry me. So at last I thought of a plan. I went to a photographer and bought that big photo which I showed you. He also made a small one for me. Then I invented that story about the Count and about the gondola accident so that I could wear black. I look well in black, and you know it. But nobody can love a liar. And you will now leave me, Andy, and I shall die for shame. You are the only man I loved in my life. That's all.»

But instead of leaving her, Andy put his arms about her and looked into her face. She looked up and saw how happy he was.

«Can you... can you forget it, Andy?» she asked. «Of course, I can,» said Andy. «I'm glad you have told me everything, Maggie.»

They were silent for some time. Then Maggie said «Andy, did you believe all that story about the Count?»

«Well, not all of it,» said Andy, «because the photograph you have shown me is the photograph of my friend, Mike Sullivan.»

1. Answer the following questions.

1. How many persons are mentioned in this story? Who are they?
2. In what kind of a place are they staying?
3. Where does the introduction take place?
4. What time of day is it?
5. How is the girl dressed all the time?
6. What does she tell Andy while walking in the park?
7. In what way does she look beautiful?
8. What effect does this have on Andy?
9. What colour is the girl's hair?
10. How does Andy feel about what he has been told?
11. What takes place in the end?
12. What did Miss Conway badly need?
13. What did she do to draw Andy's attention to herself?
14. What does Andy do instead of leaving her?
15. What tells you that Miss Conway isn't a liar?

2. Discussing the Story

1. Say why:

1. Andy Donovan forgot Miss Conway immediately after the introduction.
2. His head turned when he saw Miss Conway coming out of the door.
3. Andy Donovan was sorry for Miss Conway.
4. Andy invited her to take a walk in the park.
5. Miss Conway showed Andy the photograph.
6. Andy looked at the photograph with much interest and for a long time.
7. Miss Conway continued to wear black after she and Andy had decided to get married.
8. Andy could not invite his friend for the wedding.
9. Miss Conway began to cry.
10. Miss Conway invented that story.

2. Prove that:

1. Miss Conway was lonely.
2. Andy Donovan was a kind-hearted man.
3. Andy and Miss Conway loved each other.

3. Make up and act out the talk between:

- Andy and Miss Conway (on the steps of the boarding-house).
- Andy and Miss Conway (after she told him her story).

- Andy and Miss Conway (a month later sitting in the park).

4. Imagine that you are:

- Mrs. Scott.
 - a) Introduce Andy to a new boarder.
 - b) Say what you think of a young girl.
 - c) Say what you think of Andy Donovan.
 - d) How you took the news of their wedding.
- Miss Conway. Say why:
 - a) you had come to New York;
 - b) you didn't talk to Andy after the introduction;
 - c) you invented your sad story.
- Andy Donovan. Say why:
 - a) you didn't pay any attention to Miss Conway first;
 - b) your head turned when you saw her all in black;
 - c) invited her for a walk;
 - d) you were happy with her.

5. What do you think?

1. Do you think Miss Conway invented her story because she wanted to, draw Andy's attention to herself or because she had loved him already, or do you have your own idea on this score? Give reasons.
2. Do you think Andy knew the truth from the very beginning or it came later? Give reasons for your answer.
3. Where do you think they had their wedding: at the boarding-house, at a fine restaurant, or some other place? Give reasons for your choice.

O. Henry. No Story.

The conversation I am going to tell you about took place in the reporter's room of The Morning Beacon was doing some work for this newspaper. I wrote anything I could see in New York City during my long walks about its streets. I had very little money because I had no regular work.

One day Tripp came in and stopped at my table. Tripp was working in the printing department. I think he had something to do with pictures, because he always smelled of photographers' chemicals and his hands were always stained and burnt with acids. He was about twenty-five but looked forty. Half of his face was covered with a short red beard, which looked like a door-mat. He looked pale, miserable and unhealthy. He always borrowed money from all of us. He

asked for a small sum – from twenty-five cents to a dollar. One dollar was his limit. He knew that nobody would give him more than a dollar. He sat on my table holding one hand with the other with difficulty. But it was no use: both hands were shaking. Whisky!

That day I had got five new silver dollars as an advance on a story I was writing for the paper. So I was feeling at peace with the world.

«Well, Tripp», said I looking up at him, «how are you?»

«Have you got a dollar?» asked Tripp. He was looking more miserable than ever.

«I have,» said I. And again I said: «I have five dollars in fact. And I got them with great difficulty, I can tell you. And I am very glad I got them because I need them very much.» I was afraid he would ask me to give him a dollar. So I made everything clear.

«I don't want to borrow any money», said Tripp, and I was glad to hear those words. «I can give you some facts for a story and you can write it up and get a lot of money. It will make an interesting story. It will cost you a dollar or two to get the facts for the story. But I don't want any money for myself.»

«What are the facts?» I asked him.

«I'll tell you,» said Tripp. «It's a girl. A beauty. You have never seen a girl like her. She is a flower... She has lived in a village for twenty years and never saw New York City before. I met her on Thirty-fourth Street. I tell you, she is the most beautiful girl in the world. She stopped me in the street and asked me where she could find George Brown. Asked me where she could find **GEORGE BROWN IN NEW YORK CITY!** What do you think of that?»

«I talked to her, and found out that she was going to marry a young farmer named Hiram Dodd next week. But she cannot forget her first love – George Brown. George left his village some years ago, and came to the city to make his fortune¹. But he forgot to go back to his village, so after some time she agreed to marry Hiram Dodd. And now a few days before the wedding Ada – her name is Ada Lowery – suddenly went to the railroad station and took the train for New York City. She is looking for her George. You understand women, I hope: George was not there, so she wanted him².

«Well, you know, I couldn't leave her in the streets of New York. She was sure that the first person she asked about George Brown would say: 'George Brown? – Let me see³... Is he a short man with light-blue eyes? Yes? Then you will find him on One-hundred and Twenty-fifth Street a little way from the bakery.' Do you see now what a child she is? A beautiful child! But you must see her!

«What could I do?» Tripp continued. «I never have money in the morning. And she has paid her last cent for her railroad ticket. So I took her to a boarding-house on Thirty-second Street where I used to live. I left her there. We shall have to pay one dollar for her room. That is the price per day¹. I'll show you the house.»

I was angry. «What are you talking about, Tripp?» I said. I thought you had facts for a story. Every train brings in or takes hundreds of young girls! What kind of story can I make out of this?»

«I am sorry you don't see what an interesting story you could write,» said Tripp. «You could describe the beauty of the girl; you could write about true love! Well, you know how to do it. I am sure you could get fifteen dollars for the story. And it will cost you only four dollars.»

«How will it cost me four dollars?» I asked him.

«One dollar for the room, and two dollars to pay for the girl's ticket home.»

«And the fourth dollar?»

«One dollar to me,» said Tripp, «for whisky. Do you agree?»

I did not answer him but only smiled and began writing again.

«You don't understand,» said Tripp, looking more miserable than before.»This girl must be sent home today. Not to-night nor to-morrow, but to-day. I can't do anything for her. I thought you could make a newspaper story out of it and get some money for it. But no matter whether you want to write the story or not – she must get back home before night!»

And then I began to feel sorry for the girl. I knew that my three dollars would be spent on Ada Lowery. But I promised myself that Tripp would not get his dollar for whisky. Very angry I put on my coat and hat.

It took us half an hour to get to the boarding-house. Tripp rang the bell.

«Give me one of the dollars — quick!» he said.

A woman opened the door a little. Tripp gave her the dollar without a word, and she let us in.

«She is in the parlor,» said the woman, turning her back on us.

In the dark parlor a girl was sitting at a table. She was crying. Yes, she was a beauty! Crying had only made her beautiful eyes brighter.

«Miss Lowery, this is my friend Mr. Chalmers,» said Tripp. He looked like a beggar in his old coat and I was ashamed when he called me his «friend».

«My friend,» said Tripp again,»will tell you, Miss Lowery, the same that I did. He is a reporter and he can talk better than I can. That's why I have brought him here. He is a very clever man. He will tell you what is the best thing to do.»

«Miss Lowery,»I began and stopped. I did not know what to say. «I shall be glad to help you, of course, but first tell me your story, please...»

«It's the first time I have ever been to New York,» said the girl. «I had no idea that it was such a big place. And I met Mr... Mr. Flip in the street and asked him about a friend of mine, and he brought me here and asked me to wait.»

«I advise you, Miss Lowery,» said Tripp, «to tell Mr. Chalmers all. He is a friend of mine, and he will tell you what to do.»

«Why, of course,» said Ada. «There is nothing to tell... only... that I was going to marry Hiram Dodd next Thursday evening. He has got two hundred acres of land and one of the best farms in our village. But this morning I told my mother that I was going to spend the day with Susie Adams. It was a lie, of

course... but I don't care! And I came to New York by train, and I met Mr... Mr. Flip in the street and asked him if he knew where I could find G-G-G... George...»

«Miss Lowery,» Tripp stopped her, «you told me that you liked this young man, Hiram Dodd. You also told me that he was in love with you and was very good to you.»

«Of course, I like him,» said Miss Lowery. «And of course he is good to me. Everybody is good to me.»

Of course, all men were good to Ada. I was sure that men would always be good to her: she was so beautiful!

«But,» continued Miss Lowery, «last night I began thinking about G... – George... and I...»

And she began to cry again. Such a beautiful spring storm! I was sorry that I could not be of great help to her. I was not George. And I was glad that I was not Hiram. I was glad and sorry at the same time.

By and by the storm passed. She smiled and went on with her story.

«George Brown and I were in love with each other since he was eight and I was five. When he was nineteen – that was four years ago – he left our village and went to the city. He said he was going to be a policeman or a president of a railroad company or something like that. He promised to come back for me. But I have never heard from him any more. And I... I liked him.»

She was going to cry again. But then Tripp said quickly to me: «Mister Chalmers, can you tell the lady what is the best thing to do now?»

«Miss Lowery, »said I, «life is hard for all of us. We seldom marry those whom we first love. You say that Mr. Dodd is very good to you and that you like him. I am sure you will be happy when you marry him.»

«Yes,» said Miss Lowery, «I can get along with him. He promised me an automobile and a motor-boat. And still, when the time of our wedding was so close – I began thinking about George. I know, he doesn't write me because something bad has happened to him. On the day he left, he and I got a hammer and a chisel and cut a dime into two pieces. I took one piece and he took the other. We promised to be true to each other and always keep the pieces till we meet again. I keep my piece at home. I see now that it was silly to come up here looking for him. I didn't know what a big place it is.»

Tripp laughed. I saw he was trying to be of help in order to get his whisky dollar.

«Oh,» he said, the boys from the country forget their girls when they come to the city. I am afraid he is in love with another girl now, or may be he has gone to the dogs because of whisky. You listen to Mr. Chalmers go home, and everything will be all right.»

At last she agreed to go home. The three of us to the station. The price of a ticket to her village was only a dollar and eighty cents. I bought the ticket and

also a red, red rose for Miss Lowery. We said good-bye to her It was over at last. Tripp and I looked at each other He looked more miserable than ever.»

«Can you make a story out of it?» he asked. «Not a line,» said I. «There is nothing interesting in all this. But we should be glad that we have helped the little girl. That's all.»

«I'm sorry,» said Tripp softly. «I'm sorry you've had to spend money.»

«Let's try to forget it,» I said. I was not going to give him a dollar for whisky.

Tripp unbuttoned his coat to take a handkerchief out of his pocket. As he did so I noticed a cheap watch-chain across his vest. Something was hanging from the chain. I took it in my hand. It was half of a dime. It had been cut in halves with a chisel.

«What?» I said, looking at him in surprise.

«Oh, yes,» he answered, softly. «George Brown, now Tripp. What's the use?»

I took a dollar out of my pocket and put it into Tripp's hand.

Checking Comprehension exercises

1. Answer the following questions.

1. How many persons are mentioned in this story?
2. What are their names and occupation?
3. Where did the event take place? What tells you about it?
4. How old were the main characters?
5. What kind of work did the reporter do?
6. What was Tripp?
7. What told about his occupation?
8. How old did Tripp look?
9. What made him look this age?
10. What kind of a habit did Tripp have?
11. What made the reporter feel at peace with the world that day?
12. What did Tripp offer the author?
13. How much did Tripp ask the reporter to give him? What for?
14. What kind of a man was Ada going to marry?
15. What kind of a lie did Ada tell her mother?
16. What kind of a story did Ada tell the reporter?
17. In what way did the reporter help the girl?

2. Say what you understand by these.

1. That day I had got five new silver dollars as an advance on a story.
2. I made everything clear.
3. «She is in the parlor,» said the woman, turning her back on us.

4. Every train brings in and takes out hundreds of young girls.
5. He said he was going to be a policeman or a president of a railway company, or something like that. «Have you got a dollar?» asked Tripp.

3. Discussing the Story

1. Say why:

- 1 The reporter had very little money.
- 2 Tripp came up to the reporter's table that day.
- 3 The reporter knew that Tripp had something to do with pictures.
- 4 Tripp looked much older his age.
- 5 Ada told a lie to her mother.
- 6 Tripp took Ada to a boarding-house.
- 7 The reporter was angry with Tripp.
- 8 The girl was crying in the parlor.
- 9 The girl was sitting in the parlor, but not in the room of the boarding-house.
- 10 The reporter was ashamed.
- 11 The reporter was sure that men would always be good to Ada.
- 12 The reporter was glad that he was not Hiram.
- 13 George and Ada had cut a dime into two halves.
- 14 Tripp looked more miserable than ever when Ada left for the village.
- 15 The reporter looked in surprise at Tripp.

2. Prove that:

- 1 Ada is not still indifferent to George.
- 2 Ada is a country girl.
- 3 George is unhappy about Ada's wedding.
- 4 The reporter likes Ada.
- 5 Life is hard in a big city.
- 6 George's dream to make a fortune in the city is not likely to come true, (*is not likely to come true*)

3. Make up and act out the talk between:

- The reporter and Tripp (in the reporter's room).
- Tripp and Ada (in the street).
- Tripp and Ada (in the boarding-house).
- Ada and the reporter (in the boarding-house).
- Ada and the reporter (at the railroad station).
- Ada and Tripp (at the railroad station).
- Tripp and the reporter (after Ada had left).

4. Imagine that you are:

- The reporter. Say:

- a) what kind of work you did;
 - b) how often you feel at peace with the world, and what makes you feel like that;
 - c) what you felt about Tripp before knowing his story;
 - d) what made you spend money on the girl;
 - e) what you felt about the girl when she told you her story;
 - f) what you felt about Tripp after knowing his story.
- Tripp. Say:
 - a) what kind of life you had when living in the village;
 - b) what Ada was for you at that time;
 - c) how much free time you had, and in what way you and Ada spent your free time
5. What do you think?
1. Do you think life in the country and in a big city is different for young people? In what way is it different or similar?
 2. Do you think young people have similar problems when coming to a big city as they had in the days of the writer? What do you think are similarities and differences? Do you think people in the country are different from those living in a city? If so, what are the differences?
 3. What do you think are advantages and disadvantages of living in the country and in a big city (take into account jobs, education, entertainment, pollution, transportation, food)? Where do you prefer to live and why?

O. Wilde. Lord Arthur Savile's Crime.

Chapter One He tells fortune and misfortune

It was Lady Windermere's last reception before Easter, and her house was even more crowded than usual. In fact, it was one of Lady Windermere's best nights. Six ministers, four political economists, nine famous scientists and all the pretty women were there.

Lady Windermere looked wonderfully beautiful with her grand ivory throat, her large blue forget-me-not eyes, and her shiny golden hair. She was a curious psychological study. Early in life she had discovered the important truth – nothing looks so like innocence as an indiscretion. She had more than once changed her husband but she had never changed her lover. She was now forty years of age, childless, and with that extraordinary passion for pleasure which is the secret of remaining young.

Suddenly she looked round the room, and said, in her clear voice, «Where is my cheiromantist?» «Your what, Gladys?» asked the Duchess. «My cheiromantist, Duchess; I can't live without him.»

«Dear Gladys! You are always so original,» said the Duchess, trying to remember what a cheiromantist really was, and hoping it was not the same as a cheiropotist.

«He comes to see my hand twice a week regularly,» continued Lady Windermere.

«Good heavens!» said the Duchess to herself. «He is a sort of cheiropodist after all. How very dreadful. I hope he is a foreigner at least. It wouldn't be quite so bad then.»

«I must certainly introduce him to you.» «Introduce him!» cried the Duchess. «You don't mean to say he is here?» and she began looking about. «He tells fortunes, I suppose?»

«And misfortunes, too,» answered Lady Windermere, «as many as you like. Next year, for instance, I am in great danger, both by land and sea, so I am going to live in a balloon, and draw up my dinner in a basket every evening. It is all written down on my little finger, or on the palm of my hand, I forget which... Now, I'm going to bring it here myself if nobody wants to help me.»

«Let me go, Lady Windermere,» said a tall handsome young man, who was standing by, listening to the conversation with an amused smile.

«Thanks so much, Lord Arthur; but I am afraid you-wouldn't recognize him.»

«If he is as wonderful as you say, Lady Windermere, I couldn't miss him. Tell me what he is like, and I'll bring him to you at once..»

«Well, he is not a bit like a cheiromantist. I mean he is not mysterious or romantic-looking. He is a little, fat man, with a funny, bald head, and great gold spectacles; something between a family doctor and a country attorney. I'm really very sorry, but it is not my fault. People are so annoying. All my pianists look exactly like poets, and all my poets look exactly like pianists. Ah, here is Mr. Podgers! Now, Mr. Podgers, I want you to tell the Duchess of Paisley's hand. Duchess, you must take your glove off. No, not the left hand, the other.»

«Dear Gladys, I really don't think it is quite right,» said the Duchess, taking off her glove.

«Mr. Podgers, this is the Duchess of Paisley, and if you say that she has a larger mountain of the moon than I have, I will never believe in you again.»

«I am sure, Gladys, there is nothing of the kind in my hand,» said the Duchess seriously.

«You are quite right,» said Mr. Podgers, looking at the little fat hand with its short square fingers, «the mountain of the moon is not developed. The line of life, however, is excellent. You will live to a great age, Duchess, and be extremely happy. Ambition – very moderate, line of intellect not exaggerated...»

«Please go on, Mr. Podgers,» said the Duchess, looking quite happy.

«You like comfort» said Mr. Podgers, «and modern improvements, and hot water in every bedroom. You are quite right. Comfort is the only thing our civilization can give us.»

«You have told the Duchess's character perfectly, Mr. Podgers, and now you must tell Lady Flora's.»

Lady Flora was a tall girl, with sandy hair. She came to Mr. Podger and held out a long, bony hand.

«Ah, a pianist! I see said Mr. Podgers,» an excellent pianist, but perhaps hardly a musician. Very reserved, very honest, and with a great love of animals,»

«Quite true!» exclaimed the Duchess, turning to Lady Windermere. «Absolutely true! Flora keeps two dozen dogs, and would turn our town house into a Zoo if tier father would let her.»

«But you must read some more hands for us. Come. Sir Thomas, show Mr. Podgers yours» and an old gentleman, in a white waistcoat, came forward, and held out a flu hand with a very long third finger.

«An adventurous nature; four long voyages in the past, and one to come. Been shipwrecked three times. No, only twice, but in danger of a shipwreck your next journey. Very punctual, and with a passion for collecting curiosities. Had a serious illness between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. Was left a fortune when about thirty. Doesn't like cats.»

«Extraordinary!» exclaimed Sir Thomas. «You must really tell my wife's hand, too.»

«Your second wife's,» said Mr. Podgers quietly, still keeping Sir Thomas's hand in his. «Your second wife's. I shall be charmed.» But Laity Marvel, a melancholy-looking woman, with brown hair and sentimental eyelashes, refused to have her past or her future read. There were some more people who didn't want even to take gloves off. They seemed to be afraid to face the strange little man with his stereotyped smile, his gold spectacles, and his bright beady eyes.

Lord Arthur Savile, however, who had been watching Mr. Podgers with a great deal of interest, was filled with curiosity to have his own hand read. But he was feeling a little shy, so he asked Lady Windermere if she thought Mr. Podgers would mind.

«Of course, he won't mind,» said Lady Winder-mere, «that is what he is here for. But I must remember that I shall tell Sybil everything. She is coming to lunch with me tomorrow and if Mr. Podgers finds out that you have a bad temper or a wife, I shall certainly let her know all about it.»

Lord Arthur smiled, and shook his head. «I am not afraid,» he answered. «Sybil knows me as well as I know her.»

«Ah! I am a little sorry to hear you say that. The basis for marriage is a mutual misunderstanding. No, I am not at all cynical, I have just got experience. Mr. Podgers, Lord Arthur Savile is dying to have his hand read. Don't tell him that he is going to marry one of the most beautiful girls in London, because that

appeared in the newspapers a month ago. Mr. Podgers, tell us some nice details. Lord Arthur is one of my special favourites.»

But when Mr. Podgers saw Lord Arthur's hand he grew curiously pale, and said nothing. A terror seemed to pass through him, he turned absolutely white and his fat fingers grew as cold as ice.

Lord Arthur noticed these changings in the man's appearance and, for the first time in his life, he himself felt fear. His was about running away from the room, he did his best and stayed. It was worst, whatever it was, than to be uncertainty.

«I am waiting, Mr. Podgers,» he said.

«We are all waiting,» cried Lady Windermere, in her quick, impatient manner, but the cheiromantist made no reply.

Suddenly Mr. Podgers dropped Lord Arthur's right hand, and took his left one. For a moment his face became a white mask of horror, but he soon recovered and looking up at Lady Windermere, said with an unnatural smile, «It is the hand of a charming young man.»

«Of course it is!» answered Lady Windermere «but will he be a charming husband? That is what I want to know.»

«All charming young men are,» said Podgers.

«My dear,» cried Lady Windermere «but what I want are details. Details are the only things that interest everybody. What is going to happen to Lord Arthur?»

«Well, within the next few month Lord Arthur will go a voyage...»

«Oh yes, his honeymoon, of course»

«And lose a distant relative.»

«Well, I am dreadfully disappointed,» said Lady Windermere. «I have absolutely nothing to tell Sybil tomorrow. No one cares about distant relatives nowadays. They went out of fashion years ago. However, I suppose she had better have a black silk by her; for church, you know. And now let us go to supper.»

All this time Lord Arthur Savile standing by the fireplace, with the same feeling of horror| the same sickening sense of coming evil. He was thinking of Sybil Merton, and the idea that anything could come between them made his eyes wet with tears. Now for the first time he became conscious of the terrible mystery of Destiny. How mad and monstrous it all seemed! Could it be, that written on his hand, in a way that he could not read himself, but that another could, was some fearful secret of sin, some blood-red sign of crime? Was there no escape possible? Were we no better than chessmen, moved by an unseen power?

Suddenly Mr. Podgers entered the room. When he saw Lord Arthur he started, and his face became a sort of greenish-yellow colour. The two men's eyes met, and for a moment there was silence.

Lord Arthur walked across the room to where Mr. Podgers was standing, and held his hand out. «Tell me what you saw there,» he said. «Tell me the truth. I must know it. I am not a child.»

«What makes you think that I saw anything in your hand, Lord Arthur, more than I told you?»

«I know you did, and I insist on your telling me what it was. I will pay you. I will give you a cheque for a hundred pounds. Be quick,» cried Lord Arthur, looking very pale, and holding his hand out.

Mr. Podgers looked nervously round. «It will take a little time, Lord Arthur, you had better sit down.»

«Be quick, sir,» cried Lord Arthur again, stamping his foot angrily on the polished floor.

Mr. Podgers smiled, drew from his pocket a small magnifying glass. «I am quite ready,» he said.

Ten minutes later, with white face and wild eyes, Lord Arthur Savile rushed from Lady Windermere's house. The night was terribly cold, but his hands were hot with fever, and his forehead burned like fire. On and on he went. Once he stopped under a lamp, and looked at his hands. He thought he could see blood on them, and a cry broke from his trembling lips.

Murder! That is what the cheiromantist had seen there. Murder! The very night seemed to know it, and the wind to whisper it in his ear. The dark corners of the streets were full of it. It grinned at him from the roofs of the houses.

First he came to the park, then he went along Oxford Street. At the corner of the street stood two men, reading something. A strange feeling of curiosity came over him. The word «Murder», printed in black letters, met his eye. He started, and a deep red came into his cheek. It was an advertisement offering a large sum of money for any information leading to the arrest of a man of medium height, between thirty and forty years of age, wearing a black coat, and check trousers, and with a scar upon his right cheek. He read it over and over again, and wondered if the man would be caught, and how he had been scarred. Perhaps, some day, his own name would be placed on the walls of London. Some day, perhaps, a price would be set on his head also.

The thought made him sick with horror. He turned away and hurried on into the night. Where he went he hardly knew. Later he remembered a labyrinth of dark houses, a giant web of endless streets. Early in morning he found himself on his way home. There he met the great waggons on their way to Covent Garden. The drivers in white shirts, with their pleasant sunburnt faces and curly hair, moved on and on. The great piles of vegetables looked like masses of green jewels against the morning sky. Lord Arthur felt curiously affected, he could not tell why. There was something in the dawn's delicate loveliness that seemed to him inexpressibly pathetic. He thought of all the days that start in beauty, and that end in storm. These common country men with their good-humoured voices and unspoiled natures, what a strange London they saw! A London free from the

sin of night and the smoke of day! He wondered what they thought of it, and whether they knew anything of its shame and its horrible hunger. He felt that they had lived with Nature, and that she had taught them peace. He envied them all that they did not know.

By the time he had reached his house the sky was a light blue, and the birds were beginning to sing in the gardens.

Chapter Two Murder! The sooner, the better.

When Lord Arthur woke it was twelve o'clock. He got up and looked out of the window. It was a wet and hot day, and the roofs of the houses were like dull silver. In the green of the square below some children were playing, and the street was crowded with people on their way to the park. Never had life seemed lovelier to him, never had the things of evil seemed more remote.

After breakfast, he lay down on a sofa and lit a cigarette. He was looking at a large photograph of Sybil.

Merton, as he had seen her first at the ball. The small, beautifully shaped head, the thin, graceful neck, the parted lips – all the tender purity of girlhood looked out in wonder from the dreaming eyes.

Now as Lord Arthur looked at her, he was filled with the terrible pity that is born of love. He felt that to marry her, with the murder hanging over his head, would be a sin. What happiness could there be for them? The marriage must be put off. Of this he was quite sure. Lord Arthur was fully conscious of the fact that he had no right to marry until he had committed the murder. This done, he could stand before the altar with Sybil Merton, and give his life into her hands. This done, he could take her to his arms, knowing that she would never have to blush for him, never have to hang her head in shame. But done it must be first; and the sooner the better for both.

Lord Arthur couldn't set pleasure above principle. There was more than passion in his love; and Sybil was to him a symbol of all that is good and noble. For a moment he had a strong feeling of dislike against what he was asked to do, but it soon passed away. His heart told him that it was not a sin, but a sacrifice. He knew that there was no other way for him. He had to choose between living for himself and living for others. Sooner or later we are all called upon to decide on the same question. To Lord Arthur it came early in life, before his nature had been spoiled by the calculating cynicism of middle-age. Fortunately also, for him, he was not a dreamer. Life to him meant action, rather than thought. He had that rarest of all things, common sense.

The only question troubled him was, whom to make away with. He was not a genius, so he had no enemies. So he made out a list of his friends and relatives, and after careful study, chose Lady Clementina Beauchamp who was his own second cousin by his mother's side. He had always been very fond of Lady Clem. In fact, the more he thought over the matter, the more she seemed to him

to be just the right person. She was the oldest one and she lived in the nearest street to him.

The first thing to be done was, of course, to send a cheque to Mr. Podgres. So he did. Then he looked at Sybil Merton's photograph, and swore that he would never let her know what he was doing for love. He would keep the secret of his self-sacrifice hidden always in his heart.

Then he went out to a flower shop and sent Sybil a beautiful basket of narcissi. He was going to spend some hours in the library studying books on Toxicology. He had fully decided that poison was the best means for this troublesome business. It was safe, sure, and quiet, and did away with any necessity for painful scenes, which, like most Englishmen, he hated.

Of the science of poisons, however, he knew absolutely nothing, and spent four hours studying endless books on that subject. Finally he found a book written in fairly clear English. It seemed to him to be exactly the poison he wanted. It was quick — indeed, almost immediate in its effect — perfectly painless, and taken in the form of a gelatin capsule. Lord Arthur made a note, put the books back in their places, and went to Pestle and Humbey's, the great chemist's. Mr. Pestle was very much surprised. However? As soon as Lord Arthur explained to him that it was for a large Norwegian mastiff that he had got rid of, because it was very aggressive, the poison was made immediately.

Lord Arthur put the capsule into a pretty little silver box and went at once to Lady Clementina's.

«Well, Lord Arthur,» cried the old lady, as he entered the room, «why haven't you been to see me all this time? I think you go about all day long with Miss Sybil Merton. Of course, that is the only reason you come to see an ugly old woman like myself. Why, if it were not for dear Lady Jansen¹, who sends me all the worst French novels she can find, I don't think I could get through the day. Doctors are no use at all, except to get money. They can't even cure my heartburn.»

«I have brought you a cure for that, Lady Clem,» said Lord Arthur quickly. «It is a wonderful thing, invented by an American.»

«I don't think I like American inventions, Arthur. I am quite sure I don't. I read some American novels lately, and they were very bad.»

«Oh, Lady Clem, it is a perfect cure. You must promise to try it,» and Lord Arthur brought the little box out of his pocket, and handed it to her.

«Well, the box is charming, Arthur. Is it really a present? That is very sweet of you. And is this the wonderful medicine? It looks like a sweet. I'll take it at once.»

«Good heavens! Lady Clem,» cried Lord Arthur, catching hold of her hand, «you mustn't do anything of the kind. It is a special medicine, and if you take it without having heartburn, it won't work. Wait till you have an attack, and take it then. You will be surprised with the result.»

«I should like to take it now,» said Lady Clementina, looking at the capsule. «I am sure it is delicious. The fact is that, though I hate doctors, I love medicines. However, I'll keep it till my next attack.»

«And when will that be?» asked Lord Arthur eagerly. «Will it be soon?»

«I hope not for a week. I had a very bad time yesterday morning with it. But one never knows.»

«You are sure to have one before the end of the month then, Lady Clem?»

«I am afraid so. But how kind you are today, Arthur! Really, Sybil is lucky to have such a husband. And now you must run away, for I have to take my afternoon sleep. Good-bye, Arthur, give my love to Sybil, and thank you so much for the American medicine.»

«You won't forget to take it, Lady Clem, will you?» said Lord Arthur, rising from his seat.

«Of course I won't, you silly boy. I shall write and tell you if I want any more.»

Lord Arthur left the house absolutely happy.

That night he had a talk with Sybil Merton. He told her that the marriage must be put off for a while but he didn't explain the reason. He asked her to trust him, and not to have any doubts about the future. Everything would come right, but patience was necessary. Sybil got very unhappy and nearly cried. Lord Arthur had to stay with Sybil till nearly midnight, but early in the next morning he left for Venice¹.

In Italy he met his brother, Lord Surbiton. The two young men spent two delightful weeks together. Yet Lord Arthur was not happy. Every day he studied the English newspapers, expecting to see a notice of Lady Clementina's death. But every day he was disappointed. He began to be afraid that some accident had happened to her. Sybil's letters were full of love, and trust, and tenderness, but they were often very sad, and sometimes he used to think that he was parted from her for ever.

Finally he got it! One morning (It was the 22nd of June!) his servant brought him a pile of newspapers, letters and a telegram. Everything had been successful. Lady Clementina had died quite suddenly on the night of the 17th!

His first thought was for Sybil, and he sent her off a telegram. He then ordered his servant to pack his things and ran up to his sitting-room to get dressed. There he sat into his arm-chair and read two other letters. One was from Sybil herself. The others were from his mother. She wrote to him that the old lady had dined with the Duchess that very night, and had gone home rather early, complaining of heartburn. In the morning she was found dead in her bed. A few days before she died she had made her will, and left Lord Arthur her little house in London with all her furniture and pictures.

Lord Arthur was very much touched by Lady Clementina's kind remembrance of him, and felt that Mr. Podgers had a great deal to answer for¹. His love of Sybil, however, dominated every other emotion, and the consciousness that

he had done his duty gave him peace and comfort. When he arrived in London, he felt perfectly happy.

Sybil met him very kindly and made him promise that he would never again allow anything to come between them. The marriage was fixed for the 7th of June. Life seemed to him more bright and beautiful, and all his old gladness came back to him again.

One day Lord Arthur and Sybil were in the Lady Clementina's house. Suddenly the young girl gave a little cry of delight.

«What have you found, Sybil?» said Lord Arthur, smiling.

«This lovely little silver box, Arthur. Do give it to me!»

It was the box that had held the poisoned sweet.

Lord Arthur started, and a blush came into his cheek. He had almost forgotten what he had done. «Of course you can have it, Sybil. I gave it to poor Lady Clem myself.»

«Oh! thank you, Arthur; and may I have the sweet too? I didn't know that Lady Clementina liked sweets. I thought she was far too intellectual.»

Lord Arthur grew deadly pale, and a horrible idea crossed his mind. «Sweet, Sybil? What do you mean?» he said in a low voice.

«There is one in it, that is all. It looks quite old and dusty. What is the matter, Arthur? How white you look!»

Lord Arthur rushed across the room, and took the box. Inside it was the golden capsule, with its poison inside. Lady Clementina had died a natural death after all!

The shock of the discovery was almost too much for him. He threw the capsule into the fire with a cry of despair.

Chapter Three Let us be married tomorrow!

Mr. and Mrs. Merton, Sybil's parents, were very distressed when the marriage was put off for the second time. They even tried to make Sybil break off the engagement. But the young girl had given her whole life into Lord Arthur's hands, and had nothing to do but wait. As for Lord Arthur himself, it took him days to get over¹ his terrible disappointment. Fortunately his excellent common sense and practical mind did help him to find the answer. Poison was a complete failure; dynamite seemed to be much better.

He looked again over the list of his friends and relatives, and decided to blow up his uncle who was a man of great culture and learning. Besides, he was extremely fond of clocks. He had a wonderful collection of clocks, old and modern, and it seemed to Lord Arthur that his hobby offered him a good chance. Where to get an explosive machine was, of course, quite another matter.

Suddenly he thought of his friend Rouvaloff, a young Russian of very modern ideas. He had met him at Lady Windermere's in winter. But they said him to be a revolutionary agent. Lord Arthur felt that he was just the man for his purpose, and one morning he came to his house to ask for his advice and help.

«So you are taking up politics seriously?» said Count Rouvaloff, when Lord Arthur had told him about dynamite. Lord Arthur had nothing to do but say that he simply wanted the explosive machine for a purely family matter.

Count Rouvaloff looked at him for some moments in amazement, and then seeing that he was quite serious, wrote an address on a piece of paper and handed it to him across the table. «Scotland Yard would give a good deal of money to know this address, my dear fellow.»

«They shan't have it,» cried Lord Arthur, laughing; and after shaking the young Russian warmly by the hand he ran downstairs, examined the paper, and told the cabman to drive to Soho Square.

There he walked on and on along the narrow streets, till he came to a place described in the note. He knocked at a little green house. After some minutes of silence, the door was opened by a rather strange foreigner, who asked him in very bad English what his business was. Lord Arthur handed him the paper Count Rouvaloff had given him. When the man saw it, he invited Lord Arthur into a very small room on the ground floor. In a few moments Mr. Winckelkopf came into the room.

«Count Rouvaloff has given me your address,» said Lord Arthur, bowing, «my name is Smith, Mr. Robert Smith, and I want to get an explosive clock.»

«Glad to meet you, Lord Arthur,» said the little German, laughing. «Don't look so worried, it is my duty to know everybody, and I remember seeing you one evening at Lady Windermere's. I hope she is quite well. Well, explosive clocks... if you want one for home use, I can give you an excellent clock, and guarantee that you will be satisfied with the result. May I ask for whom it is for? If it is for the police, I am afraid I cannot do anything for you. The English detectives are really our best friends, and I have always found² that by relying on their stupidity, we can do exactly what we like...»

«I should tell you,» said Lord Arthur, «that it has nothing to do with the police at all. In fact, the clock is for my uncle. As you can see, the matter is purely private.»

Mr. Winckelkopf smiled and left the room, returning in a few minutes with a round cake of dynamite about the size of a coin, and a pretty little French clock. The golden figure of Liberty was trampling on the hydra of Despotism — that was it.

Lord Arthur's face brightened up when he saw it. «That is just what I want,» he cried, «and now tell me how it works.»

«Ah! There is my secret,» answered Mr. Winckelkopf, «let me know when you wish it to explode, and I will set the machine to the moment.»

«Well, today is Tuesday, and if you could send it off at once...»

«I can send it off tomorrow.»

«Oh, it will be quite enough!» said Lord Arthur politely, «if it is delivered tomorrow night or Thursday morning. For the moment of the explosion, say Friday noon exactly. My uncle is always at home at that hour.»!

«Friday, at noon,» repeated Mr. Winckelkopf, he made a note in a big book.

«And now,» said Lord Arthur, rising from his «let me know how much is it?»

«It is such a small matter, Lord Arthur. The dynamite comes to seven and sixpence, the clock will be three pounds ten.»

«But your trouble, Mr. Winckelkopf?»

«Oh, that is nothing! It is a pleasure to me. I do not work for money; I live for my art.»

Lord Arthur laid down money on the table, thanked the little German for his kindness, and left the house.

For the next two days he was greatly excited, and on Friday at twelve o'clock he drove down to the club. At four o'clock the evening papers came in, and Lord Arthur disappeared into the library with them. None of the papers, however, told about his uncle. Lord Arthur felt that the matter had failed. It was a terrible blow to him, and for a time he was shocked.

Two days later, as he was going upstairs, his mother called him into her room and showed him a letter she had just received from his uncle's family. «Your cousin, Jane, writes charming letters,» she said, «you must really read her last. It is quite as good as the novels.»

Lord Arthur took the letter from her hand. It went as follows:

'My Dearest Aunt,

We have had great fun over a clock that an unknown person sent my father last Thursday. It arrived in a wooden box from London. My father thinks it was sent by someone who had read his remarkable speech about Liberty. Because on the top of the clock was a figure of a woman, with the cap of Liberty on her head. I didn't think it very becoming myself, but father said it was historical. Father unpacked it and put it on the table in the library. We were all sitting there on Friday morning, when just as the clock struck twelve, we heard a strange noise, a little puff of smoke² came from the pedestal of the figure, and the goddess of Liberty fell off and broke her nose! It looked so ridiculous, that we went off into laughter, and even father was amused. When we examined it, we found it was a sort of alarm clock. If you set it to a particular hour, and put some gunpowder inside, it explodes whenever you want. Father said it must not stay in the library, because it is too noisy, so the wonderful clock was taken away to the school-room. So my little brother does nothing but have small explosions all day long. Do you think Arthur would like such a clock for a wedding present? I suppose they are quite fashionable in London. Father says they are very useful. Besides, they show that Liberty can't last, but must fall down. How awful it seems!..»

Lord Arthur looked so serious reading the letter that his mother smiled. «My dear Arthur,» she said, «why are you so serious? What do you think about the clock? I think it is a great invention, and I should like to have one myself.»

«I don't think it is a nice thing to have at home,» said Lord Arthur, with a sad smile, and, after kissing his mother, he left the room.

When he got upstairs, his eyes filled with tears. He had done his best to commit this murder, but he had failed again. But there was no fault of his own. He had tried to do his duty. Perhaps, it would be better to break off the marriage. Sybil would suffer, it is true, but suffering could not really spoil a nature so noble as hers. As for himself, what did it matter? There is always some war in which a man can die, and as life had no pleasure for him, so death had no terror. Let Destiny work out his doom.

At half-past seven he dressed, and went down to the club. His cousin, Lord Surbiton was there with some young men, and he had to stay there for dinner with them. Their conversation and jokes did not interest him. As soon as coffee was brought he left them. He had made up his mind not to try any more experiments. He walked along the London streets till he came to the Thames, and sat for hours by the river. The moon looked through thick clouds, as if it were a lion's eye, and thousands of stars shone like gold dust. Now and then a ship sailed by, and the railway signals changed from green to red as the trains ran across the bridge. After some time, twelve o'clock struck from the tall tower. Then the railway lights went out and the sound of the great city became weak.

At two o'clock he got up, and went home. How unreal everything looked! How like a strange dream! Suddenly he saw a man looking into the water of the Thames. When he came nearer the man looked up. It was Mr. Podgers, the cheiromantist! No one could mistake the fat face, the gold spectacles, the weak smile, the smiling mouth.

Lord Arthur stopped. A brilliant idea came to his mind, and he came softly to the man. In a moment he had caught Mr. Podgers by the legs, and threw him into the Thames. There was a heavy splash, and all was still. Lord Arthur looked anxiously over, but could see nothing of the cheiromantist.

«Have you dropped anything, sir?» said a voice behind him suddenly.

He turned round, and saw a policeman. «Nothing of importance,» he answered, smiling.

The next moment he jumped in the cab.

For the next few days there were moments when he almost expected Mr. Podgers to walk into the room. Twice he went to the cheiromantist's address, but he could not ring the bell. He wanted to know the truth, and was afraid of it.

Finally it came. He was sitting in the room of the club having tea, when a strange story caught his eye: SUICIDE OF A CHEIROMANTIST.

He turned pale with excitement, and began to read. It ran as follows: «Yesterday morning, at seven o'clock, the body of Mr. Septimus R. Podgers, the famous cheiromantist, was washed on shore of the Thames...»

Lord Arthur rushed out of the club with the paper in his hand, to the great amazement of his servant and drove at once to Sybil. She saw him from the

window, and something told her that he was bringing good news. She ran down to meet him, and, when she saw his face, she knew that all was well.

«My dear Sybil,» cried Lord Arthur, «let us be married tomorrow!»

«You foolish boy! Why the cake is not even ordered!» said Sybil, laughing through her tears.

Chapter Four What nonsense!

When the wedding took place, some three weeks later, the church was crowded with people. Everybody agreed that they had never seen a handsomer couple than Lord Arthur and Sybil. They were more than handsome, however – they were happy. Never for a single moment did Lord Arthur feel sorry for all that he had suffered, while she gave him the best things a woman can give to any man – worship, tenderness, and love. For them romance was not killed by reality.

Some years afterwards, when two beautiful children had been born to them, Lady Windermere came down on a visit to them. One afternoon as she was sitting with Lady Arthur in the garden, watching the little boy and girl as they played in the garden, she suddenly asked, «Are you happy, Sybil?»

«Dear Lady Windermere, of course I am happy. Aren't you?»

«I have no time to be happy, Sybil. I always like the last person who is introduced to me; but, as a rule, as soon as I know people I get tired of them. Do you remember that horrid Mr. Podgers? He was a dreadful liar. Now I go in for telepathy. It is much more amusing.»

«You mustn't say anything against cheiromancy here, Lady Windermere. It is the only subject that Arthur is quite serious over.»

«You don't mean to say that he believes in it, Sybil?»

«Ask him, Lady Windermere, here he is,» and Lord Arthur came up the garden with yellow roses in his hand, and his two children dancing round him.

«Lord Arthur?»

«Yes, Lady Windermere.»

«You don't mean to say that you believe in cheiromancy?»

«Of course I do,» said the young man, smiling.

«But why?»

«Because I owe to it all the happiness of my life,» he said.

«My dear Lord Arthur, what do you owe to it?»

«Sybil,» he answered, handing his wife the roses, and looking into her violet eyes.

«What nonsense!» cried Lady Windermere. «I never heard such nonsense in all my life.»

1. Can you prove that:

1. Lady Windermere was a charming woman.

2. Lady Windermere believed in cheiromancy.
3. Mr. Podgers didn't look like a real cheiromantist
4. Some people wanted to have their hands read but the others didn't.
5. Lord Arthur loved Sybil.
6. Mr. Podgers was frightened when he saw Lord Arthur's hand.
7. Mr. Podgers didn't want to tell what he had seen on Arthur's hand.
8. Mr. Podgers told Lord Arthur what he had seen on his hand.
9. Lord Arthur believed Mr. Podgers.

2. Read Chapter Three. Who said the following sentences and why? What were the other characters of the story doing at that moment?

1. So you are taking politics seriously?
2. If you want one for home use, I will give you one and you will be satisfied with the result. I do not work for money. I live for my art. Your cousin writes lovely letters. They are as good as novels.
3. I don't think it is a nice thing to have at home. Have you dropped anything important? My dear Sybil! Let us be married tomorrow!

3. Read Chapter Four and do the final test.

1. Who was among Lady Windermere's guests?
 - a) Sybil
 - b) a famous cheiromantist
 - c) a famous cheiropodist
 - d) English Queen
2. What did Lord Arthur feel when he saw Mr. Podgers at work and why?
 - a) He was afraid.
 - b) He had little interest in it.
 - c) He was filled with hatred.
 - d) He was filled with curiosity.
3. Why did Mr. Podgers turn white when he was reading Lord Arthur's hand?
 - a) He couldn't read it.
 - b) He saw something terrible there.
 - c) He felt Lord Arthur didn't believe him.
 - d) He saw no detail about Lord Arthur's future.
4. What did Mr. Podgers saw on Lord Arthur's hand?
 - a) the name of his future wife
 - b) murder
 - c) happy life till his late days
 - d) nothing

5. What decision did Lord Arthur make after he had learnt his fortune and why?
 - a) He decided to poison himself.
 - b) He decided to put off his marriage.
 - c) He decided to break his engagement.
 - d) He decided to leave England for Italy.
6. Why did Lord Arthur believe Lady Clem to be the best candidate for the murder?
 - a) He hated her; she was an ugly dreadful creature.
 - b) She was the oldest one and lived nearby.
 - c) She was tired of life and wanted to die.
 - d) She hated him.
7. Why did Lord Arthur decide to poison her?
 - a) He was an expert on poisons and their effects.
 - b) It was the easiest way of killing the old lady.
 - c) It was a safe and quiet way.
 - d) It was the cheapest way of killing a person.
8. Why did Lord Arthur believe in cheiromancy absolutely?
 - a) He had committed a murder.
 - b) He was happy in his married life after he had committed a crime.
 - c) He was a talented pupil of Mr. Podgers.
 - d) He was a born cheiromantist.

The Model Millionaire

Unless one is wealthy there is no use in being a charming fellow. Romance is the privilege of the rich, not the profession of the unemployed. The poor should be practical and prosaic. It is better to have a permanent income than to be fascinating. These are the great truths of modern life which Hughie Erskine never realized. Poor Hughie! Intellectually he was not of much importance. He never said a brilliant or even an ill-natured thing in his life. But then he was wonderfully good-looking, with his thick brown hair, his clear-cut profile, and his grey eyes. He was as popular with men as he was with women, and he was very successful in everything except making money. He had tried everything but was a complete failure. He became nothing, a delightful young man with a perfect profile and no profession.

To make matters worse, he was in love. The girl he loved was Laura Merton, the daughter of a retired Colonel who had lost his temper and his digestion² in India, and had never found either of them again. Laura loved him, and he was ready to kiss her shoe-strings. They were the handsomest couple in London, and had not a penny-piece between them. The Colonel was very fond of Hughie, but would not hear of any engagement.

«Come to me, my boy, when you have got ten thousand pounds of your own, and we will see about it,» he used to say; and Hughie looked very sad on those days.

One morning, as he was on his way to Laura, he dropped in to see a great friend of his, Alan Trevor. Trevor was a painter. Indeed, few people escape that nowadays. But he was also an artist, and artists are rather rare. Personally he was a strange rough-looking fellow. However, when he took up the brush he was a real master, and his pictures were wonderful. He had been very much attracted by Hughie at first because of the young boy's charm. «The only people a painter should know,» he used to say, «are people who are beautiful, people who are a pleasure to look at and an intellectual to talk to. Men who are dandies and women who are pretty rule the world, at least they should do so.» However, after he knew Hughie better, he liked him quite as much for his bright spirits and his generous nature.

When Hughie came in he found Trevor finishing a wonderful picture of a beggar-man. The beggar himself was standing on a platform in a corner of the studio. He was a old man, with a face like wrinkled parchment, and a most unhappy expression. Over his shoulders there was a dirty brown coat; his thick boots were worn, and in one hand he had a rough stick, while with the other he held out his hat for money.

«What an amazing model!» whispered Hughie, as he shook hands with his friend.

«An amazing model?» shouted Trevor at the top of his voice; «I should think so! Such beggars as he are not to be met with every day.»

«Poor old chap!» said Hughie, «how miserable he looks! But I suppose, to you painters, his face is his fortune?»

«Certainly,» replied Trevor, «you don't want a beggar to look happy, do you?»

«How much does a model get for sitting?» asked Hughie, as he found himself a comfortable seat on a divan.

«A shilling an hour.»

«And how much do you get for your picture, Alan?»

«Oh, for this I get two thousand!»

«Pounds?»

«Guineas. Painters, poets, and physicians always get guineas.»

«Well, I think the model should have a percentage,» cried Hughie, laughing; «they work quite as hard as you do.»

«Nonsense, nonsense! Why, look at the trouble of laying on the paint alone, and standing all day long at one's easel!»

After some time the servant came in, and told Trevor that the frame-maker wanted to speak to him.

«Don't run away, Hughie,» he said, as he went out, «I will be back in a moment.»

The old beggar-man took advantage of Trevor's absence to rest for a moment on a wooden bench that was behind him. He looked so tired and miserable that Hughie could not help pitying him. He felt in his pockets to see what money he had. All he could find was a sovereign and some coppers. «Poor old fellow,» he thought to himself, «he wants it more than I do, but it means no cabs for two weeks,» and he walked across the studio and threw the sovereign into the beggar's hand.

The old man started, and a faint smile passed across his thin lips. «Thank you, sir,» he said, «thank you.»

Then Trevor arrived, and Hughie left his studio, blushing a little at what he had done.

That night he went to his club and found Trevor there.

«Well, Alan, did you finish the picture all right?» he said, as he lit his cigarette.

«Finished and framed, my boy!» answered Trevor; «By the way, that old model is quite devoted to you. I had to tell him all about you – who you are, where you live, what your income is, what prospects you have...»

«My dear Alan,» cried Hughie, «I shall probably find him waiting for me when I go home. But of course you are only joking. Poor old thing! I wish I could do something for him. I think it is dreadful that any one should be so miserable. I have got a lot of old clothes at home – do you think he would care for any of them?»

«But he looks splendid,» said Trevor. «I wouldn't paint him in an evening dress for anything. What seems poverty to you is picturesqueness to me. However, I'll tell him of your offer.» «Alan,» said Hughie seriously, «you painters are heartless.»

«An artist's heart is his head,» replied Trevor; «and besides, our business is to realize the world as we see it, not to reform it as we know it. And now tell me how Laura is. The old model was quite interested in her.»

«You don't mean to say you talked to him about her?» said Hughie.

«Certainly I did. He knows all about the lovely Laura, her father and 10,000 pounds.»

«You told that old beggar?» cried Hughie, looking very red and angry.

«My dear boy,» said Trevor, smiling, «that old beggar, as you call him, is one of the richest men in Europe. He could buy all London tomorrow. He has a house in every capital and dines on gold plates.»

«What on earth do you mean?» exclaimed Hughie. «What I say,» said Trevor. «The old man you saw today in the studio was Baron Hausberg. He is a great friend of mine, buys all my pictures and that sort of things, and asked me a month ago to paint him as a beggar. And I must say he made a lovely beggar!»

«Baron Hausberg!» cried Hughie. «Good heavens! I gave him a sovereign!»

«Gave him a sovereign!» shouted Trevor, and he burst into laughter. «My dear boy, you'll never see it again.»

«Why didn't you tell me who he was?» said Hughie.

«Well, to begin with, Hughie,» said Trevor, «it never came to my mind that you went about giving away money¹. I can understand your kissing a pretty model, but your giving a sovereign to an ugly one – no! Besides, I didn't know whether Hausberg would like his name mentioned. You know he wasn't in full dress.»

«What a fool he must think me!» said Hughie.

«Not at all. He was in the highest spirits after you left. I couldn't make out why he was so interested to know all about you; but I see it all now. He'll have a capital story to tell after dinner.»

«I am an unlucky devil,» said Hughie. «The best thing I can do is to go to bed; and, my dear Alan, you mustn't tell any one.»

«Nonsense! Don't run away. Have another cigarette, and you can talk about Laura as much as you like.»

However, Hughie wouldn't stop, but walked home, feeling very unhappy.

The next morning, as he was at breakfast, the servant brought him up a letter.

On the outside was written, «A wedding present to Hugh Erskine and Laura Merton, from an old beggar,» and inside was a cheque for 10, 000 pounds.

«Millionaire models,» said Alan at the wedding, «are rare enough; but model millionaires are rarer still!»

1. Read the story and say who said the following sentences and why.

1. Come to me, my boy, when you have got ten thousand pounds of your own, and we will see about it.
2. What an amazing model!
3. How much does a model get for sitting?
4. Oh, for this I get two thousand guineas!
5. Why, look at the trouble of laying on the paint alone, and standing all day long at one's easel!
6. By the way, that old model is quite devoted to you. I had to tell him all about you – who you are, where you live, what your income is, what prospects you have.
7. You painters are heartless.
8. What on earth do you mean?
9. I am an unlucky devil.
10. Millionaire models are rare enough; but model millionaires are rarer still!

Oscar Wilde. The Picture of Dorian Gray.

Before Reading

- 1) Do you know anything about Oscar Wilde, the famous English writer? If you try, you will find out some very interesting information about him and his works!
- 2) Do you like art? Why do some painters make beautiful pictures – lovely landscapes and portraits of charming people, – but others draw crazy and dreadful ones? What do pictures show – the reality or the soul of the artist?
- 3) Have you got your own photographs? And painted pictures? What do you like more? Why?
- 4) You are going to read a story about a magic picture. What magic can a portrait have? Any ideas?
- 5) Cheiromantist is a person who can tell your future reading your hand. Do you believe in his or her power? Have you ever been told your future? How do you feel about it?

1. Read Chapter One and Two and answer the following questions.

- 1 What did Dorian look like?
- 2 What did Dorian like in Lord Henry at first sight?
- 3 Why couldn't Dorian find words to answer Lord Henry?
- 4 Why did Lord Henry feel interested in Dorian?
- 5 Which of Henry's words frightened Dorian? Why?
- 6 Why did Basil believe that the picture was Dorian's property?
- 7 Why did Dorian feel sad when he looked at the finished picture?
- 8 What wish did he make when he was looking at his portrait?
- 9 What was Dorian jealous of?

2. Read Chapter Five. You have just met some new characters of the book: Sibyl Vane, Mrs. Vane, her mother, and James, her brother. Who said the following words and why? What were they doing at that moment?

- 1 I am so happy!
- 2 Foolish child!

Explain why:

- 1 Dorian said there was nothing terrible about Sibyl.
- 2 Dorian was sure that his name wouldn't be mentioned in connection with the death of Sibyl.
- 3 Dorian refused to sit to Basil.
- 4 Dorian put the picture behind the screen.
- 5 Basil decided to exhibit the picture in Paris.

6 Dorian didn't tell Basil about the secret the picture had.

3. Read Chapter Nine. Now you have read the first part of the book. You have learnt all the main characters and their natures. Can you guess what happens to them later on and explain your predictions?

- 1 Dorian Gray was an ideal for Basil, his motive of art. Will Basil love Dorian as he used to? Will they be friends?
- 2 Basil wanted to exhibit the picture of Dorian in Paris. Will he manage to do that?
- 3 Dorian didn't want Basil to see his picture. Will the artist ever see it?
- 4 Dorian Gray was dominated by Lord Henry. Will the young man be influenced by him later on?
- 5 Dorian was afraid of his picture. Will he have any other feelings towards it?
- 6 Dorian hid his portrait in the locked room. Will he keep it there forever?
- 7 Dorian's mad wish came true and he never lost his beauty. But his soul came into the picture. Will there be any more magic in the book?
- 8 Dorian realized that he had destroyed Sibyl's life. Will he ever fall in love with anybody? Will love cure his soul?
- 9 James Vane, Sibyl's brother, promised to kill anybody who wronged his sister. Will he keep his promise?
- 10 Dorian changed for the worse. Will he change for the better?

4. Read Chapter Fourteen and try to remember who said it — Dorian or Lord Henry and try to explain what they meant.

- 1 But you are quite perfect. Please, don't change.
- 2 Anybody can be good in the country. There are no temptations there.
- 3 I spared a girl's life.
- 4 You gave her good advice and broke her heart.
- 5 You are absolutely boyish.
- 6 What do you think has happened to Basil?
- 7 Did it ever happen to you that Basil was murdered?
- 8 What would you say if I told you that I had murdered Basil?
- 9 Play me something beautiful, and tell me, in a low voice, how you have kept your youth.
- 10 How happy you are! What a fantastic life you have had!
- 11 Promise me that you will never lend that book to any one.

After Reading

1. Do you know anybody who is really beautiful? Is that person open-hearted and helpful or reserved and selfish? Is it easy to be beautiful?
2. What do you think about the following ideas of Lord Henry?
 - 1 One should never do anything that one cannot talk about after dinner.
 - 2 There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, that is not being talked about.
 - 3 When we are happy, we are always good, but when we are good we are not always happy.
 - 4 Nothing can cure the soul but the senses, just as nothing can cure the senses but the soul.
 - 5 When your youth goes, your beauty will go with it, and then you will suddenly see that there are no triumphs left for you.
 - 6 I can sympathize with everything except suffering. It is too ugly, too horrible, too distressing.
 - 7 People are very fond of giving away what they need most themselves.
 - 8 It's today that is important.
 - 9 Whenever a man does a very stupid thing, it is always from the noblest motives.
 - 10 The secret of remaining young is never to have an emotion that is unbecoming.

Reference List

1. Ахрямкина Т.А. Формирование эмпатии студентов в процессе обучения в педагогическом вузе.- диссер. канд. псих. наук. – Самара, 2003.
2. Юликова Н.М., Ситникова И.О, Ковалев М.И. Ролевые игры на английском, немецком и финском языках.- СПб.: Изд-во:»Союз», 2004.
3. Agatha Christie. Shot Stories. – М.: АЙРИС ПРЕСС, 2004.
4. O. Henry. Stories. – М.: АЙРИС ПРЕСС, 2004.
5. O. Wilde. The Picture of Dorian Gray. Shot Stories. – М.: АЙРИС ПРЕСС, 2004.

Печатается в авторской редакции
Компьютерная верстка, макет В.И. Никонов

Подписано в печать 09.09.05

Гарнитура Times New Roman. Формат 60x84/16. Бумага офсетная. Печать оперативная.

Усл.-печ. л. 4,5. Уч.-изд. л. 4,05. Тираж 100 экз. Заказ № 350

Издательство «Универс-групп», 443011, Самара, ул. Академика Павлова, 1

Отпечатано ООО «Универс-групп»