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**МИНИСТЕРСТВО ПРОСВЕЩЕНИЯ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ**  
**Федеральное государственное автономное образовательное учреждение высшего образования**  
**«ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ ПРОСВЕЩЕНИЯ»**  
**(ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ ПРОСВЕЩЕНИЯ)**

Кафедра иностранных языков

УТВЕРЖДЕН

на заседании кафедры иностранных языков  
Протокол от « 04 » апреля 2024 г., № 10

Зав. кафедрой



Сарычева Л.В.

**ФОНД**  
**ОЦЕНОЧНЫХ СРЕДСТВ**

по дисциплине (модулю)  
Стилистика английского языка

Направление подготовки: 44.03.05 Педагогическое образование (с двумя профилями подготовки)

Профиль: Русский язык и иностранный (английский) язык

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## **Содержание**

- 1.Перечень компетенций с указанием этапов их формирования в процессе освоения образовательной программы.....**
- 2. Описание показателей и критериев оценивания компетенций на различных этапах их формирования, описание шкал оценивания.....**
- 3. Контрольные задания или иные материалы, необходимые для оценки знаний, умений, навыков и (или) опыта деятельности, характеризующих этапы формирования компетенций в процессе освоения образовательной программы.....**
- 4. Методические материалы, определяющие процедуры оценивания знаний, умений, навыков и (или) опыта деятельности, характеризующих этапы формирования компетенций.....**  
**.....**

**Перечень компетенций с указанием этапов их формирования в процессе освоения образовательной программы**

Код и наименование компетенции	Этапы формирования
<b>УК-4.</b> Способен осуществлять деловую коммуникацию в устной и письменной формах на государственном языке Российской Федерации и иностранном (ых) языке (ах).	1. Работа на учебных занятиях 2. Самостоятельная работа
<b>ПК-1.</b> Способен осваивать и использовать теоретические знания и практические умения и навыки в предметной области при решении профессиональных задач	1. Работа на учебных занятиях 2. Самостоятельная работа

**Описание показателей и критериев оценивания компетенций на различных этапах их формирования, описание шкал оценивания**

Оцениваемые компетенции	Уровень сформированности	Этап формирования	Описание показателей	Критерии оценивания	Шкала оценивания
УК-4	Пороговый	1. Работа на учебных занятиях 2. Самостоятельная работа	Знать: основную терминологию.  Уметь: провести анализ использования языковых средств в тексте;	Презентация, тестирование	Шкала оценивания презентации,  Шкала оценивания тестирования

					ия
	Продви- нутый	1. Работ а на учебных занятиях 2. Самостоя тельная работа	Знать: методику проведения стилистического анализа;  Уметь: различать функциональные стили  владеть:  принципами и методами стилистического анализа.	Презентаци я, тестировани е	Шкала оценивания презентаци и,  Шкала оценивания тестирован ия
ПК- 1	Пороговы й	1. Работ а на учебных занятиях 2. Самос тоятельная работа	знать:  особенности использования выразительных средств языка в текстах разных функциональных стилей  ,  уметь:  объяснить суть того или иного стилистического явления с точки зрения его употребления в англоязычном	Презентаци я, анализ текста	Шкала оценивания презентаци и,  Шкала оценивания анализа текста

			дискурсе;		
	Продви- нутый	1. Работ а на учебных занятиях 2. Самос тоятельная работа	<p>знать:</p> <p>стилистическую функцию выразительных средств языка</p> <p>уметь:</p> <p>интерпретировать содержание текста с учетом использования в нем различных стилистических средств;</p> <p>владеть: навыками комплексного лингвостилистическог о анализа текста</p> <p>.</p>	Презентаци я, анализ текста	Шкала оценивания презентаци и,  шкала оценивания анализа текста

### ***Шкала оценивания анализа текста***

Но п/п	Оцениваемые параметры	Критерии оценки	Оценка в Баллах
1.	Информация об авторе	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- предоставлена полная и необходимая информация;</li> <li>- предоставлена частичная информация;</li> <li>- информация не предоставлена.</li> </ul>	2 1 0
2.	Содержательность и логичность	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- анализ характеризуется содержательностью и логичностью;</li> <li>- анализ отражает содержание текста, в некоторых моментах встречаются алогичные переходы;</li> <li>- анализ в целом выполнен, однако представляет собой перечисление языковых средств и их интерпретацию;</li> <li>- тема и идея текста определена, анализ непоследователен и не структурирован;</li> <li>- сделана попытка проанализировать текст, однако наблюдаются значительные нарушения в структуре и содержательной интерпретации языковых средств;</li> <li>- анализ не выполнен.</li> </ul>	5 4 3 2 1 0
3.	Использование терминологического аппарата	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- используется необходимый терминологический аппарат;</li> <li>- терминология в целом используется;</li> <li>- лингвостилистическая терминология используется</li> </ul>	3 2

		редко; - необходимая терминология не употребляется.	2 0
4.	Иллюстративность	- приводятся примеры из текста, подтверждающие мнение студента; - примеры не подтверждают логические выводы; - примеры не приводятся.	2 1 0
5.	Лексическое оформление речи	- адекватность использования лексики в соответствии с заданной коммуникативной ситуацией, соблюдение лексической сочетаемости, использование узуальных словосочетаний и разнообразие лексических средств; - лексика не вполне адекватна коммуникативной ситуации, используются в основном повторяющиеся лексические единицы; - бедный выбор лексики, не соответствующий коммуникативной ситуации; - допускается большое количество ошибок при употреблении лексических средств.	3 2 1 0
6.	Грамматическое оформление речи	- адекватность и разнообразие в использовании грамматических структур в соответствии с заданной коммуникативной ситуацией; - грамматические структуры не вполне соответствуют заданной коммуникативной ситуации; - грамматические конструкции неправильно подобраны, в них допущены ошибки; - речь грамматически не корректна.	3 2 1 0
7.	Орфография и пунктуация	- правильность орфографического и пунктуационного оформления; - допущены некоторые ошибки в орфографическом и пунктуационном оформлении текста; - многочисленные ошибки в орфографическом и пунктуационном оформлении текста.	2 1 0

**Всего 20 баллов**

### **Шкала оценки тестирования**

#### **Критерии оценки тестирования**

41-60 % верных ответов	61-80 % верных ответов	81-100% верных ответов
10-15 баллов	16-20 баллов	21-25 баллов

**Шкала оценивания проекта( защита презентации)**

<b>Критерии оценивания</b>	<b>Показатели</b>	<b>Баллы</b>
План работы	План работы над проектом есть	2
	План работы отсутствует	0
Глубина раскрытия темы проекта	Тема раскрыта фрагментарно	2
	Тема раскрыта полностью	4
	Знания автора проекта превосшли рамки проекта	6
Разнообразие источников информации, целесообразность их использования	Большая часть информации не относится к теме	2
	Использован незначительный объём подходящей информации из ограниченного числа однотипных источников	4
	Представлена полная информация из разнообразных источников	6
Соответствие требованиям оформления письменной части и презентации	Отсутствует установленный правилами порядок, структура Внешний вид и речь автора не соответствуют правилам проведения презентации	2
	Предприняты попытки оформить работу в соответствии с установленными правилами  Внешний вид и речь автора соответствуют правилам проведения презентации, но автор не владеет культурой общения, не уложился в регламент	4
	Чёткое и грамотное оформление  Внешний вид и речь автора соответствуют правилам проведения презентации, автор владеет культурой общения, уложился в регламент, ему удалось вызвать большой интерес	6
	<b>ИТОГО</b>	<b>20 баллов</b>

**Текущий контроль**

УК-4. Способен осуществлять деловую коммуникацию в устной и письменной формах на государственном языке Российской Федерации и иностранном (ых) языке (ах).

ПК-1.Способен осваивать и использовать теоретические знания и практические умения и навыки в предметной области при решении профессиональных задач

Знать: основную терминологию

Знать: особенности использования выразительных средств языка в текстах разных функциональных стилей

Уметь: провести анализ использования языковых средств в тексте

Уметь: объяснить суть того или иного стилистического явления с точки зрения его употребления в англоязычном дискурсе

**Задания, необходимые для оценивания сформированности УК-4 на пороговом уровне**

### **Тематика презентаций**

1. The Norm and Deviation from the Norm.
2. The Problem of Functional Styles. Various Approaches to the Notion of Functional Styles.
3. The Belles-Lettres Style.
4. The Publicist Style.
5. The Newspaper Style.
6. The Scientific Prose Style.
7. The Style of Official Documents.
8. Neutral, Common Literary and Common Colloquial Vocabulary.
9. Special Literary Vocabulary (Terms, Poetic and Highly Literary Words, Archaic, Obsolescent and Obsolete words, Barbarisms and Foreign Words, Literary Coinages).
10. Special Colloquial Vocabulary (Slang, Jargonisms, Professionalisms, Dialectal Words, Vulgarisms, Colloquial Coinages).
11. Classifications of EMs and SDs.
12. Phonetic Expressive Means and Stylistic Devices (Onomatopoeia, Alliteration, Rhyme, Rhythm)
13. Graphical Expressive Means and Stylistic Devices (Punctuation. Omission of Punctuation Marks, Types of Print Peculiarities, Graphical Images).
14. Metaphor.
15. Metonymy
16. Irony
17. Zeugma
18. Pun
19. Polysemantic effect

### **Требования к подготовке презентации**

1. Презентация должна содержать не более 10 слайдов.
2. При оформлении слайдов следует учитывать основные эргономические требования (цвет фона, цвет и размер шрифта, др.).
3. Информация представляется на слайдах в сжатом виде: ключевые слова, термины, даты, иллюстрации, схемы и т.д.



4. Текст слайдов не должен дублировать текст выступления, это средство обеспечения наглядности.

**Задания, необходимые для оценивания сформированности УК-4 и ПК-1 на порговом уровне**

**Тестирование**

**1. For questions 1-10 choose the proper answer:**

1. Capitalization belongs to:

- A Phonetic stylistic means
- B Syntactic stylistic means
- C Lexical stylistic means
- D Graphic stylistic means

2 “Intentional misspelling to show deviations from standard pronunciation: individual manner, mispronunciation, dialectal features, etc.” This is the definition of:

- A Onomatopoeia
- B Graphon
- C Synecdoche
- D Antonomasia

3 Define the stylistic device: «Customer: "I'd like a Caesar salad. - Italian waiter: "Sir! Are you sure you want the Scissor salad? You'll cut your mouth!"

- A Paronomasia (Pun)
- B Antonomasia
- C Polysyndeton
- D Irony

4. The main law of phonetic arrangement in Anglo-Saxon poetry is:

- A Alliteration
- B Rhyme
- C Assonance
- D Anaphora

5. Pairs like ‘love—prove’ and ‘flood— brood’ are examples of:

- A broken rhymes
- B eye-rhyme
- C Compound rhyme
- D Full rhyme

6. Which of the following terms does not mean the same?

- A Trite epithet
- B dead epithet
- C hackneyed epithet
- D Genuine epithet

7. Define the stylistic device: ...then they came in. Two of them, a man with long fair mustache and a silent dark man...Definitely, the mustache and I had nothing in common (Doris Lessing)

- A metaphor
- B metonymy
- C epithet
- D euphemism

8. Define the stylistic device: Dora, plunging at once into privileged intimacy and into the middle of the room... (B.Shaw).

- A Pun
- B Zeugma
- C Metaphor
- D Paronomasia

9. What structural type of epithet do the following phrases belong to? "the shadow of a smile", "a shrimp of a boy».

- A Reversed epithet
- B Compound epithets
- C Phrase epithet
- D Simple epithets

10. Which of the following terms are synonyms of "Aposiopesis"?:

- A Question-in-the-Narrative
- B Break-in-the-Narrative
- C Rhetorical question
- D Ellipsis

**2. Match the words in the left column to the description in the right one:**

a) belly	1.Neutral word
b) abdomen	2.Colloquial word
c) stomach	3.Literary word

d) valency	4.Poetic word
c) steed	5.Obsolescent word
e)Thou	6.Archaism
f) troth	7.Term
g) maitre d`hotel	8.Nonce-word
h) Showcase	9.barbarism

i) play hookey (miss classes)	10.Colloquial coinage
j) grease (money)	11.Professional word
k)Tin-fish (submarine)	12.Vulgar word
l) lad	13.Slang word
m) goddam	14.Jargon word
n) studentrology	15.Dialectal word

**Задания, необходимые для оценивания сформированности УК-4 и ПК-1 на продвинутом уровне**

### **Тестирование**

For questions 1-25 choose the proper answer.

1. A stylistic device that uses “like” to compare dissimilar things is called
  - a) onomatopoeia
  - b) simile
  - c) personification
  - d) alliteration
2. Sally sells seashells on the seashore. This is an example of ...
  - a) personification

- b) simile
- c) metaphor
- d) alliteration

3. My sister's room is a pig pen. This is an example of ...

- a) personification
- b) simile
- c) metaphor
- d) alliteration

4. Words such as BANG, BAM and BOING are examples of...

- a) onomatopoeia
- b) simile
- c) personification
- d) alliteration

5. Repetition of the consonant in several words of the same phrase is called...

- a) alliteration
- b) simile
- c) personification
- d) onomatopoeia

6. In the phrase “ and the silken, sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain” we see an example of

- a) alliteration
- b) polysyndeton
- c) metonymy
- d) onomatopoeia

7. The type of figurative language that has a special meaning different from the actual meaning is called...

- a) idiomatic
- b) dramatic

c) syntactic

d) poetic

8. I love mashing melted marshmallows. This is an example of ...

a) anaphora

b) simile

c) personification

d) alliteration

9. Her feet are as cold as ice! This is an example of ...

a) alliteration

b) simile

c) personification

d) zeugma

10. Historical words are words ...

a) not recognizable in modern English any more

b) words whose referents have disappeared

c) words used in poetry

d) words borrowed from other languages

11. Animals talking in a childhood story is an example of...

a) alliteration

b) simile

c) personification

d) zeugma

12. Imagery is...

a) when two things are compared

b) when mental pictures are set in the readers` mind with the help of words

c) when two stylistic devices are used together

d) when syntactic stylistic devices are used

13. The plates danced on the shelves during the earthquake. This is an example of ...

- a) asyndeton
- b) simile
- c) personification
- d) onomatopoeia

b 14. This stylistic device is used when words imitate the actual sounds made

- a) onomatopoeia
- b) metaphor
- c) repetition
- d) climax

15. "I have told you a million times to come home at 9.00". This is an example of ...

- a) assonance
- b) metaphor
- c) hyperbole
- d) imagery

16. A reference in a work of literature to a well-known historic event, person, another piece of literature etc. is called...

- a) allusion
- b) metaphor
- c) paradox
- d) suspense

17. The word-stock of any language can be roughly divided into...

- a) literary, neutral and colloquial vocabulary
- b) literary and colloquial vocabulary
- c) neutral and colloquial vocabulary
- d) literary vocabulary

18. Find metonymy in the sentences:

- a) I translate an article
- b) I read a lot of books
- c) I like ice-cream
- d) I never read Dickens

19. What is assonance?

- a) a combination of two words in which the meaning of the two clash being opposite in sense
- b) the repetition of similar vowels , usually in stressed syllables
- c) the repetition of consonants , usually at the beginning of words
- d) the use of words whose sounds imitate those of the signified object or action

20. Define the type of transference in “ the foot of a bed”

- a) metaphor
- b) synonymy
- c) antonymy
- d) metonymy

21. Poetic words belong to ...

- a) neutral layer
- b) colloquial layer
- c) literary layer
- d) both colloquial and literary layers

22. Vulgarisms are...

- a) coarse words with a strong emotive meaning, mostly derogatory, normally avoided in polite conversation
- b) words denoting phenomena of science
- c) words denoting concepts and phenomena that have gone out of use
- d) words, used by people belonging to limited groups of people

23. Colloquial words serve to satisfy...

- a) non-official everyday communicative demands
- b) communicative demands of official messages
- c) communicative demands of poetic messages
- d) communicative demands of scientific messages

24. What two major subgroups constitute special literary words?

- a) slang and jargonisms
- b) professionalisms and jargons
- c) dialecticisms and foreign words
- d) terms and archaisms

25. Intentional violation of the graphical shape of a word used to reflect its authentic pronunciation is ...

- a) assonance
- b) alliteration
- c) graphon
- d) metonymy

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#### **Анализ текста**

##### **Identify the functional style**

1. As noted earlier, all of us encounter thousands of messages in our everyday environments, so getting your idea heard above all the other ones is a constant battle. Some speakers will try gimmicks, but we strongly believe that getting your message heard depends on three fundamental components: message, skill, and passion. The first part of getting your message across is the message itself. When what you are saying is clear and coherent, people are more likely to pay attention to it. On the other hand, when a message is ambiguous, people will often stop paying attention. Our discussions in the first part of this book involve how to have clear and coherent content.

The second part of getting your message heard is having effective communication skills. You may have the best ideas in the world, but if you do not possess basic public speaking skills, you're going to have a problem getting anyone to listen. In this book, we will address the skills you must possess to effectively communicate your ideas to others.

Lastly, if you want your message to be heard, you must communicate passion for your message. One mistake that novice public speakers make is picking topics in which they have no emotional investment. If an audience can tell that you don't really care about your topic, they will just tune you out. Passion is the extra spark that draws people's attention and makes them want to listen to your message.

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2. Identify the following expressive means and stylistic devices.

Phonetic expressive means and stylistic devices



1. Why not waste a wild weekend at Westmore Water Park?
2. The sergeant asked him to bomb the lawn with hotpots.
3. The buzzing of innumerable bees.

#### Lexical and lexical-syntactic expressive means and stylistic devices

1. The water is tinged with a soft purple hue under the transient glance of that February sun [G.E.]
2. Mao could become a new dangerous Tito.
3. His face was brown like a nut; he had very bright and restless brown eyes [G. Ch.].
4. I can watch the unresting wheel sending out its diamond jets of water [G.E.].
5. I participated in that delayed Teutonic migration known as the Great War [Sc. F].
6. The criminal is the creative artist; the detective only the critic [G. Ch.].
7. Mr. Poulter only shook his head...as Jupiter might have done when Semele urged her too ambitious request [G.E.].
8. It is many years now since this colossus of crime suddenly ceased keeping the world in turmoil [G. Ch.].
9. But these dead-tinted, hollow-eyed, angular skeletons of villages oppress me with the feeling that human life – very much of it – is a narrow, ugly, groveling existence... [G.E.].
10. His hair also was curly, but fair and cropped close to a strong, massive head - the sort of head you break a door with, as Chaucer said of the Miller`s. [G. Ch.].
11. The idea was not totally erroneous. The thought did not displease me [I. M.].
12. Evening above them was a dome of virgin gold [G. Ch.].
13. In fact he was a far more presentable man of science than his master, Dr. Hirsch, who was a forked radish of a fellow, with just enough bulb of a head to make his body insignificant [G. Ch.].
14. The eyes of the tradesman stood out of his head like a snail`s [G. Ch.].
15. The square of shrubbery in the center looked as deserted as a green Pacific islet [G. Ch.].
16. The houses, with their long, low, stooping roofs, seemed to come down to drink at the river, like huge grey and red cattle [G. Ch.].

#### Syntactic expressive means and stylistic devices

1. Lucy put up the neatest little rosebud mouth to be kissed: everything about her was neat – her little round neck, with the row of coral beads; her little straight nose, not at all snubby; her little clear eyebrows, rather darker than her curls... [G. E.].
2. It was love drove him out and not love of the wife he married [J. St].
3. The ox – we may venture to assert it on the authority of a great classic – is not given to use his teeth as an instrument of attack [G. E.].
4. I was he who ran the Great Tyrolean Dairy Company in London, with no dairies, no cows, no carts, no milk, but with some thousand subscribers [G. Ch.].
5. That was a time of color, when the sunlight fell on glancing steel and floating banners; a time of adventure and fierce struggle – nay, of living religious art and religious enthusiasm, for were not cathedrals built in those days and did not great emperors leave their Western palaces to die before the infidel strongholds in the sacred East?[G. E.].
6. It was at present a place perfectly accordant with man`s nature – neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly: neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame; but, like man, slighted and enduring; and withal singularity colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony [Th. H.].

### Промежуточный контроль

УК-4. Способен осуществлять деловую коммуникацию в устной и письменной формах на государственном языке Российской Федерации и иностранном (ых) языке (ах).

ПК-1. Способен осваивать и использовать теоретические знания и практические умения и навыки в предметной области при решении профессиональных задач

По **окончании** курса «Стилистика английского языка» студенты сдают экзамен, который предполагает проверку знаний, усвоенных студентами как в ходе лекционных занятий, так и практических, а также самостоятельного изучения отдельных тем.

**Экзамен:**

Устный ответ на два теоретических вопроса – 14 баллов

Анализ фрагмента текста – 6 баллов

### **Вопросы к экзамену**

Курс читается на английском языке. Вопросы охватывают основные разделы лекционного и практического курса, а также включают материал, вынесенный на самостоятельное изучение, но необходимый для полного усвоения курса «Стилистика английского языка».

1. The problem of style and stylistics
2. Types of stylistic research and branches of stylistics
3. The key notions of stylistics of the English language
4. The general problems of the functional style study
5. The history of the functional style study
6. The language of fiction (the belles-lettres style)
7. The language of poetry, emotive prose, drama.
8. The publicist style.
9. The newspaper style
10. The style of scientific prose
11. The composition of a scientific text.
12. The style of popular scientific prose.
13. The style of official documents

14. The principles of classification of the vocabulary of a language.
15. Neutral, common literary and common colloquial vocabulary.
16. Special literary vocabulary
17. Special colloquial vocabulary
18. The idea of expressive means and stylistic devices
19. Phonetic expressive means and stylistic devices
20. Lexical and lexical-syntactic expressive means and stylistic devices (allegory, metaphor, personification, zeugma).
21. Lexical and lexical-syntactic expressive means and stylistic devices (metonymy, synecdoche, irony.).
22. Lexical and lexical-syntactic expressive means and stylistic devices (epithet, oxymoron, simile).
23. Lexical and lexical-syntactic expressive means and stylistic devices (periphrasis, euphemism, hyperbole, litotes).
24. Lexical and lexical-syntactic expressive means and stylistic devices (cliches, proverbs and sayings, quotation, allusion).
25. Syntactic expressive means and stylistic devices (apocoinu, stylistic inversion, detached construction, parallel construction, chiasmus).
26. Syntactic expressive means and stylistic devices (repetition (all kinds), enumeration, climax, anticlimax).
27. Syntactic expressive means and stylistic devices (suspense, antithesis, asyndeton, polysyndeton, gap-sentence link).
28. Syntactic expressive means and stylistic devices (ellipsis, aposiopesis, question-in-the narrative, represented speech).
29. Transposition ( the noun, the article)
30. Transposition (the pronoun, the adjective).
31. Transposition (the verb, affixation and its stylistic potential

**Текст для анализа на экзамене**

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O. Henry

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## 1. Aristocracy Versus Hash

The snake reporter of The Rolling Stone was wandering up the avenue last night on his way home from the Y.M.C.A. rooms when he was approached by a gaunt, hungry-looking man with wild eyes and dishevelled hair. He accosted the reporter in a hollow, weak voice.

"Can you tell me, Sir, where I can find in this town a family of scrubs?"

"I don't understand exactly."

"Let me tell you how it is," said the stranger, inserting his forefinger in the reporter's buttonhole and badly damaging his chrysanthemum. "I am a representative from Soapstone County, and I and my family are houseless, homeless, and shelterless. We have not tasted food for over a week. I brought my family with me, as I have indigestion and could not get around much with the boys. Some days ago I started out to find a boarding house, as I cannot afford to put up at a hotel. I found a nice aristocratic-looking place, that suited me, and went in and asked for the proprietress. A very stately lady with a Roman nose came in the room. She had one hand laid across her stom--across her waist, and the other held a lace handkerchief. I told her I wanted board for myself and family, and she condescended to take us. I asked for her terms, and she said \$300 per week.

"I had two dollars in my pocket and I gave her that for a fine teapot that I broke when I fell over the table when she spoke."

"You appear surprised," says she. "You will please remembah that I am the widow of Governor Riddle of Georgiah; my family is very highly connected; I give you board as a favah; I nevah considah money any equivalent for the advantage of my society, I--"

"Well, I got out of there, and I went to some other places. The next lady was a cousin of General Mahone of Virginia, and wanted four dollars an hour for a back room with a pink motto and a Burnet granite bed in it. The next one was an aunt of Davy Crockett, and asked eight dollars a day for a room furnished in imitation of the Alamo, with prunes for breakfast and one hour's conversation with her for dinner. Another one said she was a descendant of Benedict Arnold on her father's side and Captain Kidd on the other.

"She took more after Captain Kidd."

"She only had one meal and prayers a day, and counted her society worth \$100 a week.

"I found nine widows of Supreme Judges, twelve relicts of Governors and Generals, and twenty-two ruins left by various happy Colonels, Professors, and Majors, who valued their aristocratic worth from \$90 to \$900 per week, with weak-kneed hash and dried apples on the side. I admire people of fine descent, but my stomach yearns for pork and beans instead of culture. Am I not right?"

"Your words," said the reporter, "convince me that you have uttered what you have said."

"Thanks. You see how it is. I am not wealthy; I have only my per diem and my perquisites, and I cannot afford to pay for high lineage and moldy ancestors. A little corned beef goes further with me than a coronet, and when I am cold a coat of arms does not warm me."

"I greatly fear," said the reporter, with a playful hiccough, "that you have run against a high-toned town. Most all the first-class boarding houses here are run by ladies of the old Southern families, the very first in the land."

"I am now desperate," said the Representative, as he chewed a tack awhile, thinking it was a clove. "I want to find a boarding house where the proprietress was an orphan found in a livery stable, whose father was a dago from East Austin, and whose grandfather was never placed on the map. I want a scrubby, ornery, low-down, snuff-dipping, back-woods, piebald gang, who never heard of finger bowls or Ward McAllister, but who can get up a mess of hot cornbread and Irish stew at regular market quotations."

"Is there such a place in Austin?"

"The snake reporter sadly shook his head. 'I do not know,' he said, 'but I will shake you for the beer.'"

"Ten minutes later the slate in the Blue Ruin saloon bore two additional characters: 10."

### 3. A Strange Story

Talk about being patient...A Strange Story is an odd account of a delayed errand for cough syrup, requiring patients...coincidentally, two, in fact.

In the northern part of Austin there once dwelt an honest family by the name of Smothers. The family consisted of John Smothers, his wife, himself, their little

daughter, five years of age, and her parents, making six people toward the population of the city when counted for a special write-up, but only three by actual count.

One night after supper the little girl was seized with a severe colic, and John Smothers hurried down town to get some medicine.

He never came back.

The little girl recovered and in time grew up to womanhood.

The mother grieved very much over her husband's disappearance, and it was nearly three months before she married again, and moved to San Antonio.

The little girl also married in time, and after a few years had rolled around, she also had a little girl five years of age.

She still lived in the same house where they dwelt when her father had left and never returned.

One night by a remarkable coincidence her little girl was taken with cramp colic on the anniversary of the disappearance of John Smothers, who would now have been her grandfather if he had been alive and had a steady job.

"I will go downtown and get some medicine for her," said John Smith (for it was none other than he whom she had married).

"No, no, dear John," cried his wife. "You, too, might disappear forever, and then forget to come back."

So John Smith did not go, and together they sat by the bedside of little Pansy (for that was Pansy's name).

After a little Pansy seemed to grow worse, and John Smith again attempted to go for medicine, but his wife would not let him.

Suddenly the door opened, and an old man, stooped and bent, with long white hair, entered the room.

"Hello, here is grandpa," said Pansy. She had recognized him before any of the others.

The old man drew a bottle of medicine from his pocket and gave Pansy a spoonful.

She got well immediately.

"I was a little late," said John Smothers, "as I waited for a street car."

#### 4. Fickle Fortune or How Gladys Hustled

"Press me no more Mr. Snooper," said Gladys Vavasour-Smith. "I can never be yours."

"You have led me to believe different, Gladys," said Bertram D. Snooper.

The setting sun was flooding with golden light the oriel windows of a magnificent mansion situated in one of the most aristocratic streets west of the brick yard.

Bertram D. Snooper, a poor but ambitious and talented young lawyer, had just lost his first suit. He had dared to aspire to the hand of Gladys Vavasour-Smith, the beautiful and talented daughter of one of the oldest and proudest families in the county. The bluest blood flowed in her veins. Her grandfather had sawed wood for the Hornsbys and an aunt on her mother's side had married a man who had been kicked by General Lee's mule.

The lines about Bertram D. Snooper's hands and mouth were drawn tighter as he paced to and fro, waiting for a reply to the question he intended to ask Gladys as soon as he thought of one.

At last an idea occurred to him.

"Why will you not marry me?" he asked in an inaudible tone.

"Because," said Gladys firmly, speaking easily with great difficulty, "the progression and enlightenment that the woman of to-day possesses demand that the man shall bring to the marriage altar a heart and body as free from the debasing and hereditary iniquities that now no longer exist except in the chimerical imagination of enslaved custom."

"It is as I expected," said Bertram, wiping his heated brow on the window curtain. "You have been reading books."

"Besides that," continued Gladys, ignoring the deadly charge, "you have no money."

The blood of the Snoopers rose hastily and mantled the cheek of Bertram D. He put on his coat and moved proudly to the door.

"Stay here till I return," he said, "I will be back in fifteen years."

When he had finished speaking he ceased and left the room.

When he had gone, Gladys felt an uncontrollable yearning take possession of her. She said slowly, rather to herself than for publication, "I wonder if there was any of that cold cabbage left from dinner."

She then left the room.

When she did so, a dark-complexioned man with black hair and gloomy, desperate looking clothes, came out of the fireplace where he had been concealed and stated:

"Aha! I have you in my power at last, Bertram D. Snooper. Gladys Vavasour-Smith shall be mine. I am in the possession of secrets that not a soul in the world suspects. I have papers to prove that Bertram Snooper is the heir to the [Footnote: An estate famous in Texas legal history. It took many, many years for adjustment and a large part of the property was, of course, consumed as expenses of litigation.] Tom Bean estate, and I have discovered that Gladys' grandfather who sawed wood for the Hornsby's was also a cook in Major Rhoads Fisher's command during the war. Therefore, the family repudiate her, and she will marry me in order to drag their proud name down in the dust. Ha, ha, ha!"

As the reader has doubtless long ago discovered, this man was no other than Henry R. Grasty. Mr. Grasty then proceeded to gloat some more, and then with a sardonic laugh left for New York.

\* \* \* \*

Fifteen years have elapsed.

Of course, our readers will understand that this is only supposed to the case.

It really took less than a minute to make the little stars that represent an interval of time.

We could not afford to stop a piece in the middle and wait fifteen years before continuing it.

We hope this explanation will suffice. We are careful not to create any wrong impressions.

Gladys Vavasour-Smith and Henry R. Grasty stood at the marriage altar.

Mr. Grasty had evidently worked his rabbit's foot successfully, although he was quite a while in doing so.



Just as the preacher was about to pronounce the fatal words on which he would have realized ten dollars and had the laugh on Mr. Grasty, the steeple of the church fell off and Bertram D. Snooper entered.

The preacher fell to the ground with a dull thud. He could ill afford to lose ten dollars. He was hastily removed and a cheaper one secured.

Bertram D. Snooper held a Statesman in his hand.

"Aha!" he said, "I thought I would surprise you. I just got in this morning. Here is a paper noticing my arrival."

He handed it to Henry R. Grasty.

Mr. Grasty looked at the paper and turned deadly pale. It was dated three weeks after Mr. Snooper's arrival.

"Foiled again!" he hissed.

"Speak, Bertram D. Snooper," said Gladys, "why have you come between me and Henry?"

"I have just discovered that I am the sole heir to Tom Bean's estate and am worth two million dollars."

With a glad cry Gladys threw herself in Bertram's arms.

Henry R. Grasty drew from his breast pocket a large tin box and opened it, took therefrom 467 pages of closely written foolscap.

"What you say is true, Mr. Snooper, but I ask you to read that," he said, handing it to Bertram Snooper.

Mr. Snooper had no sooner read the document than he uttered a piercing shriek and bit off a large chew of tobacco.

"All is lost," he said.

"What is that document?" asked Gladys. "Governor Hogg's message?"

"It is not as bad as that," said Bertram, "but it deprives me of my entire fortune. But I care not for that, Gladys, since I have won you."

"What is it? Speak, I implore you," said Gladys.

"Those papers," said Henry R. Grasty, "are the proofs of my appointment as administrator of the Tom Bean estate."

With a loving cry Gladys threw herself in Henry R. Grasty's arms.

\* \* \* \*

Twenty minutes later Bertram D. Snooper was seen deliberately to enter a beer saloon on Seventeenth Street.

## 5. Hearts And Hands

Hearts and Hands was originally published under his pseudonym, Sidney Porter, in 1902. The story is full of twists and wordplay, as was O. Henry's own life. He was sentenced to serve five years in federal prison for embezzlement of \$854.08, after fleeing to Honduras, then returning to Austin to be with his sick wife, where he turned himself in. O. Henry was released shortly before this story was published, which makes its unexpected sources of compassion particularly poignant. This story is featured in The Unreliable Narrator.

At Denver there was an influx of passengers into the coaches on the eastbound B. & M. Express. In one coach there sat a very pretty young woman dressed in elegant taste and surrounded by all the luxurious comforts of an experienced traveler. Among the newcomers were two young men, one of handsome presence with a bold, frank countenance and manner; the other a ruffled, glum-faced person, heavily built and roughly dressed. The two were handcuffed together.

As they passed down the aisle of the coach the only vacant seat offered was a reversed one facing the attractive young woman. Here the linked couple seated themselves. The young woman's glance fell upon them with a distant, swift disinterest; then with a lovely smile brightening her countenance and a tender pink tingeing her rounded cheeks, she held out a little gray-gloved hand. When she spoke her voice, full, sweet, and deliberate, proclaimed that its owner was accustomed to speak and be heard.

"Well, Mr. Easton, if you will make me speak first, I suppose I must. Don't you ever recognize old friends when you meet them in the West?"

The younger man roused himself sharply at the sound of her voice, seemed to struggle with a slight embarrassment which he threw off instantly, and then clasped her fingers with his left hand.

"It's Miss Fairchild," he said, with a smile. "I'll ask you to excuse the other hand; it's otherwise engaged just at present."

He slightly raised his right hand, bound at the wrist by the shining "bracelet" to the left one of his companion. The glad look in the girl's eyes slowly changed to a

bewildered horror. The glow faded from her cheeks. Her lips parted in a vague, relaxing distress. Easton, with a little laugh, as if amused, was about to speak again when the other forestalled him. The glum-faced man had been watching the girl's countenance with veiled glances from his keen, shrewd eyes.

"You'll excuse me for speaking, miss, but, I see you're acquainted with the marshal here. If you'll ask him to speak a word for me when we get to the pen he'll do it, and it'll make things easier for me there. He's taking me to Leavenworth prison. It's seven years for counterfeiting."

"Oh!" said the girl, with a deep breath and returning color. "So that is what you are doing out here? A marshal!"

"My dear Miss Fairchild," said Easton, calmly, "I had to do something. Money has a way of taking wings unto itself, and you know it takes money to keep step with our crowd in Washington. I saw this opening in the West, and--well, a marshalship isn't quite as high a position as that of ambassador, but--"

"The ambassador," said the girl, warmly, "doesn't call any more. He needn't ever have done so. You ought to know that. And so now you are one of these dashing Western heroes, and you ride and shoot and go into all kinds of dangers. That's different from the Washington life. You have been missed from the old crowd."

The girl's eyes, fascinated, went back, widening a little, to rest upon the glittering handcuffs.

"Don't you worry about them, miss," said the other man. "All marshals handcuff themselves to their prisoners to keep them from getting away. Mr. Easton knows his business."

"Will we see you again soon in Washington?" asked the girl.

"Not soon, I think," said Easton. "My butterfly days are over, I fear."

"I love the West," said the girl irrelevantly. Her eyes were shining softly. She looked away out the car window. She began to speak truly and simply without the gloss of style and manner: "Mamma and I spent the summer in Denver. She went home a week ago because father was slightly ill. I could live and be happy in the West. I think the air here agrees with me. Money isn't everything. But people always misunderstand things and remain stupid--"

"Say, Mr. Marshal," growled the glum-faced man. "This isn't quite fair. I'm needing a drink, and haven't had a smoke all day. Haven't you talked long enough? Take me in the smoker now, won't you? I'm half dead for a pipe."

The bound travelers rose to their feet, Easton with the same slow smile on his face.

"I can't deny a petition for tobacco," he said, lightly. "It's the one friend of the unfortunate. Good-bye, Miss Fairchild. Duty calls, you know." He held out his hand for a farewell.

"It's too bad you are not going East," she said, reclothing herself with manner and style. "But you must go on to Leavenworth, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Easton, "I must go on to Leavenworth."

The two men sidled down the aisle into the smoker.

The two passengers in a seat near by had heard most of the conversation. Said one of them: "That marshal's a good sort of chap. Some of these Western fellows are all right."

"Pretty young to hold an office like that, isn't he?" asked the other.

"Young!" exclaimed the first speaker, "why--Oh! didn't you catch on? Say--did you ever know an officer to handcuff a prisoner to his right hand?"

## 8. The Prisoner of Zembla

So the king fell into a furious rage, so that none durst go near him for fear, and he gave out that since the Princess Ostla had disobeyed him there would be a great tourney, and to the knight who should prove himself of the greatest valor he would give the hand of the princess.

And he sent forth a herald to proclaim that he would do this.

And the herald went about the country making his desire known, blowing a great tin horn and riding a noble steed that pranced and gambolled; and the villagers gazed upon him and said: "Lo, that is one of them tin horn gamblers concerning which the chroniclers have told us."

And when the day came, the king sat in the grandstand, holding the gage of battle in his band, and by his side sat the Princess Ostla, looking very pale and beautiful, but with mournful eyes from which she scarce could keep the tears. And the knights which came to the tourney gazed upon the princess in wonder at her beauty, and each swore to win so that he could marry her and board with the king. Suddenly the heart of the princess gave a great bound, for she saw among the knights one of the poor students with whom she had been in love.

The knights mounted and rode in a line past the grandstand, and the king stopped the poor student, who had the worst horse and the poorest caparisons of any of the knights and said:

"Sir Knight, prithee tell me of what that marvellous shacky and rusty-looking armor of thine is made?"

"Oh, king," said the young knight, "seeing that we are about to engage in a big fight, I would call it scrap iron, wouldn't you?"

"Ods Bodkins!" said the king. "The youth hath a pretty wit."

About this time the Princess Ostla, who began to feel better at the sight of her lover, slipped a piece of gum into her mouth and closed her teeth upon it, and even smiled a little and showed the beautiful pearls with which her mouth was set. Whereupon, as soon as the knights perceived this, 217 of them went over to the king's treasurer and settled for their horse feed and went home.

"It seems very hard," said the princess, "that I cannot marry when I chews."

But two of the knights were left, one of them being the princess' lover.

"Here's enough for a fight, anyhow," said the king. "Come hither, O knights, will ye joust for the hand of this fair lady?"

"We joust will," said the knights.

The two knights fought for two hours, and at length the princess' lover prevailed and stretched the other upon the ground. The victorious knight made his horse caracole before the king, and bowed low in his saddle.

On the Princess Ostla's cheeks was a rosy flush; in her eyes the light of excitement vied with the soft glow of love; her lips were parted, her lovely hair unbound, and she grasped the arms of her chair and leaned forward with heaving bosom and happy smile to hear the words of her lover.

"You have foughten well, sir knight," said the king. "And if there is any boon you crave you have but to name it."

"Then," said the knight, "I will ask you this: I have bought the patent rights in your kingdom for Schneider's celebrated monkey wrench, and I want a letter from you endorsing it."

"You shall have it," said the king, "but I must tell you that there is not a monkey in my kingdom."

With a yell of rage the victorious knight threw himself on his horse and rode away at a furious gallop.

The king was about to speak, when a horrible suspicion flashed upon him and he fell dead upon the grandstand.

"My God!" he cried. "He has forgotten to take the princess with him!"

Kate Chopin

## 8. Caline

THE sun was just far enough in the west to send inviting shadows. In the centre of a small field, and in the shade of a haystack which was there, a girl lay sleeping. She had slept long and soundly, when something awoke her as suddenly as if it had been a blow. She opened her eyes and stared a moment up in the cloudless sky. She yawned and stretched her long brown legs and arms, lazily. Then she arose, never minding the bits of straw that clung to her black hair, to her red bodice, and the blue cotonade skirt that did not reach her naked ankles.

The log cabin in which she dwelt with her parents was just outside the enclosure in which she had been sleeping. Beyond was a small clearing that did duty as a cotton field. All else was dense wood, except the long stretch that curved round the brow of the hill, and in which glittered the steel rails of the Texas and Pacific road.

When Caline emerged from the shadow she saw a long train of passenger coaches standing in view, where they must have stopped abruptly. It was that sudden stopping which had awakened her; for such a thing had not happened before within her recollection, and she looked stupid, at first, with astonishment. There seemed to be something wrong with the engine; and some of the passengers who dismounted went forward to investigate the trouble. Others came strolling along in the direction of the cabin, where Caline stood under an old gnarled mulberry tree, staring. Her father had halted his mule at the end of the cotton row, and stood staring also, leaning upon his plow.

There were ladies in the party. They walked awkwardly in their high-heeled boots over the rough, uneven ground, and held up their skirts mincingly. They twirled parasols over their shoulders, and laughed immoderately at the funny things which their masculine companions were saying.

They tried to talk to Caline, but could not understand the French patois with which she answered them.

One of the men - a pleasant-faced youngster - drew a sketch book from his pocket and began to make a picture of the girl. She stayed motionless, her hands behind her, and her wide eyes fixed earnestly upon him.

Before he had finished there was a summons from the train; and all went scampering hurriedly away. The engine screeched, it sent a few lazy puffs into the still air, and in another moment or two had vanished, bearing its human cargo with it.

Caline could not feel the same after that. She looked with new and strange interest upon the trains of cars that passed so swiftly back and forth across her vision, each day; and wondered whence these people came, and whither they were going.

Her mother and father could not tell her, except to say that they came from "loin là bas," and were going "Djieu sait é où."

One day she walked miles down the track to talk with the old flagman, who stayed down there by the big water tank. Yes, he knew. Those people came from the great cities in the north, and were going to the city in the south. He knew all about the city; it was a grand place. He had lived there once. His sister lived there now; and she would be glad enough to have so fine a girl as Caline to help her cook and scrub, and tend the babies. And he thought Caline might earn as much as five dollars a month, in the city.

So she went; in a new cotonade, and her Sunday shoes; with a sacredly guarded scrawl that the flagman sent to his sister.

The woman lived in a tiny, stuccoed house, with green blinds, and three wooden steps leading down to the banquette. There seemed to be hundreds like it along the street. Over the house tops loomed the tall masts of ships, and the hum of the French market could be heard on a still morning.

Caline was at first bewildered. She had to readjust all her preconceptions to fit the reality of it. The flagman's sister was a kind and gentle task-mistress. At the end of a week or two she wanted to know how the girl liked it all. Caline liked it very well, for it was pleasant, on Sunday afternoons, to stroll with the children under the great, solemn sugar sheds; or to sit upon the compressed cotton bales, watching the stately steamers, the graceful boats, and noisy little tugs that plied the waters of the Mississippi. And it filled her with agreeable excitement to go to the French market, where the handsome Gascon butchers were eager to present their compliments and little Sunday bouquets to the pretty Acadian girl; and to throw fistfuls of lagniappe into her basket.

When the woman asked her again after another week if she were still pleased, she was not so sure. And again when she questioned Caline the girl turned away, and went to sit behind the big, yellow cistern, to cry unobserved. For she knew now that it was not the great city and its crowds of people she had so eagerly sought; but the pleasant-faced boy, who had made her picture that day under the mulberry tree.

## 9. Doctor Chevalier's Lie

The quick report of a pistol rang through the quiet autumn night. It was no unusual sound in the unsavory quarter where Dr. Chevalier had his office. Screams commonly went with it. This time there had been none.

Midnight had already rung in the old cathedral tower.

The doctor closed the book over which he had lingered so late, and awaited the summons that was almost sure to come.

As he entered the house to which he had been called he could not but note the ghastly sameness of detail that accompanied these oft-recurring events. The same scurrying; the same groups of tawdry, frightened women bending over banisters--hysterical, some of them; morbidly curious, others; and not a few shedding womanly tears; with a dead girl stretched somewhere, as this one was.

And yet it was not the same. Certainly she was dead: there was the hole in the temple where she had sent the bullet through. Yet it was different. Other such faces had been unfamiliar to him, except so far as they bore the common stamp of death. This one was not.

Like a flash he saw it again amid other surroundings. The time was little more than a year ago. The place, a homely cabin down in Arkansas, in which he and a friend had found shelter and hospitality during a hunting expedition.

There were others beside. A little sister or two; a father and mother--coarse, and bent with toil, but proud as archangels of their handsome girl, who was too clever to stay in an Arkansas cabin, and who was going away to seek her fortune in the big city.

"The girl is dead," said Doctor Chevalier. "I knew her well, and charge myself with her remains and decent burial."

The following day he wrote a letter. One, doubtless, to carry sorrow, but no shame to the cabin down there in the forest.



It told that the girl had sickened and died. A lock of hair was sent and other trifles with it. Tender last words were even invented.

Of course it was noised about that Doctor Chevalier had cared for the remains of a woman of doubtful repute.

Shoulders were shrugged. Society thought of cutting him. Society did not, for some reason or other, so the affair blew over.

## 11. Juanita

To all appearances and according to all accounts, Juanita is a character who does not reflect credit upon her family or her native town of Rock Springs. I first met her there three years ago in the little back room behind her father's store. She seemed very shy, and inclined to efface herself; a heroic feat to attempt, considering the narrow confines of the room; and a hopeless one, in view of her five-feet-ten, and more than two-hundred pounds of substantial flesh, which, on that occasion, and every subsequent one when I saw her, was clad in a soiled calico "Mother Hubbard." 1.

Her face, and particularly her mouth, had a certain fresh and sensuous beauty though I would rather not say "beauty," if I might say anything else.

I often saw Juanita that summer, simply because it was so difficult for the poor thing not to be seen. She usually sat in some obscure corner of their small garden, or behind an angle of the house, preparing vegetables for dinner or sorting her mother's flower-seed.

It was even at that day said, with some amusement, that Juanita was not so attractive to men as her appearance might indicate; that she had more than one admirer, and great hopes of marrying well if not brilliantly.

Upon my return to the "Springs" this summer, in asking news of the various persons who had interested me three years ago, Juanita came naturally to my mind, and her name to my lips. There were many ready to tell me of Juanita's career since I had seen her.

The father had died and she and the mother had had ups and downs, but still continued to keep the store. Whatever else happened, however, Juanita has never ceased to attract admirers, young and old. They hung on her fence at all hours; they met her in the lanes; they penetrated to the store and back to the living-room. It was even talked about that a gentleman in a plaid suit had come all the way from the city by train for no other purpose than to call upon her. It is not astonishing, in

the face of these persistent attentions, that speculation grew rife in Rock Springs as to whom and what Juanita would marry in the end.

For a while she was said to be engaged to a wealthy South Missouri farmer, though no one could guess when or where she had met him. Then it was learned that the man of her choice was a Texas millionaire who possessed a hundred white horses, one of which spirited animals Juanita began to drive about that time.

But in the midst of speculation and counter speculation on the subject of Juanita and her lovers, there suddenly appeared upon the scene a one-legged man; a very poor and shabby, and decidedly one-legged man. He first became known to the public through Juanita's soliciting subscriptions towards buying the unhappy individual cork-leg.

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Her interest in the one-legged man continued to show itself in various ways, not always apparent to a curious public; as was proven one morning when Juanita became the mother of a baby, whose father, she announced, was her husband, the one-legged man. The story of a wandering preacher was told; a secret marriage in the state of Illinois; and a lost certificate.

However that may be, Juanita has turned her broad back upon the whole race of masculine bipeds, and lavishes the wealth of her undivided affections upon the one-legged man.

I caught a glimpse of the curious couple when I was in the village. Juanita had mounted her husband upon a dejected looking pony which she herself was apparently leading by the bridle, and they were moving up the lane towards the woods, whither, I am told, they often wander in this manner. The picture they presented was a singular one; she with a man's straw hat shading her inflamed moon-face, and the breeze bellying her soiled "Mother Hubbard" into monstrous proportions. He puny, helpless, but apparently content with his fate which had not even vouchsafed him the coveted cork-leg.

They go off thus to the woods together where they may love each other away from all prying eyes save those of the birds and the squirrels. But what do the squirrels care!

For my part I never expected Juanita to be more respectable than a squirrel; and I don't see how any one else could have expected it.

## 15. The Blind Man

A man carrying a small red box in one hand walked slowly down the street. His old straw hat and faded garments looked as if the rain had often beaten upon them, and the sun had as many times dried them upon his person. He was not old, but he seemed feeble; and he walked in the sun, along the blistering asphalt pavement. On the opposite side of the street there were trees that threw a thick and pleasant shade: people were all walking on that side. But the man did not know, for he was blind, and moreover he was stupid.

In the red box were lead pencils, which he was endeavoring to sell. He carried no stick, but guided himself by trailing his foot along the stone copings or his hand along the iron railings. When he came to the steps of a house he would mount them. Sometimes, after reaching the door with great difficulty, he could not find the electric button, whereupon he would patiently descend and go his way. Some of the iron gates were locked, their owners being away for the summer, and he would consume much time striving to open them, which made little difference, as he had all the time there was at his disposal.

At times he succeeded in finding the electric button: but the man or maid who answered the bell needed no pencil, nor could they be induced to disturb the mistress of the house about so small a thing.

The man had been out long and had walked far, but had sold nothing. That morning someone who had finally grown tired of having him hanging around had equipped him with this box of pencils, and sent him out to make his living. Hunger, with sharp fangs, was gnawing at his stomach and a consuming thirst parched his mouth and tortured him. The sun was broiling. He wore too much clothing—a vest and coat over his shirt. He might have removed these and carried them on his arm or thrown them away; but he did not think of it. A kind woman who saw him from an upper window felt sorry for him, and wished that he would cross over into the shade.

The man drifted into a side street, where there was a group of noisy, excited children at play. The color of the box which he carried attracted them and they wanted to know what was in it. One of them attempted to take it away from him. With the instinct to protect his own and his only means of sustenance, he resisted, shouted at the children and called them names. A policeman coming round the corner and seeing that he was the centre of a disturbance, jerked him violently

around by the collar; but upon perceiving that he was blind, considerably refrained from clubbing him and sent him on his way. He walked on in the sun.

During his aimless rambling he turned into a street where there were monster electric cars thundering up and down, clanging wild bells and literally shaking the ground beneath his feet with their terrific impetus. He started to cross the street.

Then something happened—something horrible happened that made the women faint and the strongest men who saw it grow sick and dizzy. The motorman's lips were as gray as his face, and that was ashen gray; and he shook and staggered from the superhuman effort he had put forth to stop his car.

Where could the crowds have come from so suddenly, as if by magic? Boys on the run, men and women tearing up on their wheels to see the sickening sight: doctors dashing up in buggies as if directed by Providence.

And the horror grew when the multitude recognized in the dead and mangled figure one of the wealthiest, most useful and most influential men of the town, a man noted for his prudence and foresight. How could such a terrible fate have overtaken him? He was hastening from his business house, for he was late, to join his family, who were to start in an hour or two for their summer home on the Atlantic coast. In his hurry he did not perceive the other car coming from the opposite direction and the common, harrowing thing was repeated.

The blind man did not know what the commotion was all about. He had crossed the street, and there he was, stumbling on in the sun, trailing his foot along the coping.

## 16. The Kiss

It was still quite light out of doors, but inside with the curtains drawn and the smouldering fire sending out a dim, uncertain glow, the room was full of deep shadows.

Brantain sat in one of these shadows; it had overtaken him and he did not mind. The obscurity lent him courage to keep his eyes fastened as ardently as he liked upon the girl who sat in the firelight.

She was very handsome, with a certain fine, rich coloring that belongs to the healthy brune type. She was quite composed, as she idly stroked the satiny coat of the cat that lay curled in her lap, and she occasionally sent a slow glance into the shadow where her companion sat. They were talking low, of indifferent things which plainly were not the things that occupied their thoughts. She knew that he

loved her--a frank, blustering fellow without guile enough to conceal his feelings, and no desire to do so. For two weeks past he had sought her society eagerly and persistently. She was confidently waiting for him to declare himself and she meant to accept him. The rather insignificant and unattractive Brantain was enormously rich; and she liked and required the entourage which wealth could give her.

During one of the pauses between their talk of the last tea and the next reception the door opened and a young man entered whom Brantain knew quite well. The girl turned her face toward him. A stride or two brought him to her side, and bending over her chair--before she could suspect his intention, for she did not realize that he had not seen her visitor--he pressed an ardent, lingering kiss upon her lips.

Brantain slowly arose; so did the girl arise, but quickly, and the newcomer stood between them, a little amusement and some defiance struggling with the confusion in his face.

"I believe," stammered Brantain, "I see that I have stayed too long. I--I had no idea--that is, I must wish you good-by." He was clutching his hat with both hands, and probably did not perceive that she was extending her hand to him, her presence of mind had not completely deserted her; but she could not have trusted herself to speak.

"Hang me if I saw him sitting there, Nattie! I know it's deuced awkward for you. But I hope you'll forgive me this once--this very first break. Why, what's the matter?"

"Don't touch me; don't come near me," she returned angrily. "What do you mean by entering the house without ringing?"

"I came in with your brother, as I often do," he answered coldly, in self-justification. "We came in the side way. He went upstairs and I came in here hoping to find you. The explanation is simple enough and ought to satisfy you that the misadventure was unavoidable. But do say that you forgive me, Nathalie," he entreated, softening.

"Forgive you! You don't know what you are talking about. Let me pass. It depends upon--a good deal whether I ever forgive you."

At that next reception which she and Brantain had been talking about she approached the young man with a delicious frankness of manner when she saw him there.

"Will you let me speak to you a moment or two, Mr. Brantain?" she asked with an engaging but perturbed smile. He seemed extremely unhappy; but when she took his arm and walked away with him, seeking a retired corner, a ray of hope mingled with the almost comical misery of his expression. She was apparently very outspoken.

"Perhaps I should not have sought this interview, Mr. Brantain; but--but, oh, I have been very uncomfortable, almost miserable since that little encounter the other afternoon. When I thought how you might have misinterpreted it, and believed things" --hope was plainly gaining the ascendancy over misery in Brantain's round, guileless face--"Of course, I know it is nothing to you, but for my own sake I do want you to understand that Mr. Harvy is an intimate friend of long standing. Why, we have always been like cousins--like brother and sister, I may say. He is my brother's most intimate associate and often fancies that he is entitled to the same privileges as the family. Oh, I know it is absurd, uncalled for, to tell you this; undignified even," she was almost weeping, "but it makes so much difference to me what you think of--of me." Her voice had grown very low and agitated. The misery had all disappeared from Brantain's face.

"Then you do really care what I think, Miss Nathalie? May I call you Miss Nathalie?" They turned into a long, dim corridor that was lined on either side with tall, graceful plants. They walked slowly to the very end of it. When they turned to retrace their steps Brantain's face was radiant and hers was triumphant.

Harvy was among the guests at the wedding; and he sought her out in a rare moment when she stood alone.

"Your husband," he said, smiling, "has sent me over to kiss you. "

A quick blush suffused her face and round polished throat. "I suppose it's natural for a man to feel and act generously on an occasion of this kind. He tells me he doesn't want his marriage to interrupt wholly that pleasant intimacy which has existed between you and me. I don't know what you've been telling him," with an insolent smile, "but he has sent me here to kiss you."

She felt like a chess player who, by the clever handling of his pieces, sees the game taking the course intended. Her eyes were bright and tender with a smile as they glanced up into his; and her lips looked hungry for the kiss which they invited.

"But, you know," he went on quietly, "I didn't tell him so, it would have seemed ungrateful, but I can tell you. I've stopped kissing women; it's dangerous."

Well, she had Brantain and his million left. A person can't have everything in this world; and it was a little unreasonable of her to expect it.

## 18. The Story of An Hour

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which someone was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed

away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will--as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been. When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under the breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial. She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him--sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door--you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.



Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Someone was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease--of the joy that kills.

## 19. John Steinbeck

### 1. The Elf in Algiers.

This story would not be written if there were not witnesses—not vague unknown men, but Quentin Reynolds and H.R. Knickerbocker and Clark Lee and Jack Belden, who was hurt at Salerno, and John Lardner and a number of others who will come clamoring forward if anyone doubts the facts here to be presented.

The thing began when a British consul met Quentin Reynolds in the hall of the Alletti Hotel in Algiers. The consul was a small, innocent, well-mannered man who liked to think of the British and Americans as allies and who was willing to make amicable gestures. In good faith he asked Reynolds where he was staying and in equal good faith Reynolds replied that he had not yet been billeted.

“There’s an extra bed in my room,” the consul said. “You’re welcome to it if you like.”

That was the beginning, and what happened was nobody's fault. It was just one of those accidents. The consul had a nice room with a balcony that overlooked the harbor and from which you could watch air raids. It wasn't Reynolds' fault. He accepted hospitality for himself, not for the nine other war correspondents who moved in with him. Nine is only a working number. Sometimes there were as many as eighteen. They slept on the floor, on the balcony, in the bathroom, and some even slept in the hall outside the door of Room 140, Alletti Hotel, Algiers.

It was generally agreed that the consul should have his own bed, that is, if he kept it. But let him get up to go to the bathroom and he returned to find Knickerbocker or Lee or Belden, or all three, in it. Another thing bothered the consul a little bit. Correspondents don't sleep much at night. They talked and argued and sang so that the poor consul didn't get much rest. There was too much going on in his room. He had to work in the daytime, and he got very little sleep at night. Toward the end of the week he took to creeping back in the middle of the afternoon for a nap. He couldn't get his bed then. Someone always had it. But a three in the afternoon it was usually quiet enough so that he could curl up on the floor and get a little rest.

The foregoing is not the unbelievable part—quite the contrary. It is what follows that will require witnesses. It was during one of the all-night discussions of things in general that someone, perhaps Clark Lee, perhaps Dour Jack Belden, suggested that we were getting very tired of Algerian wine and wouldn't it be nice if we had some Scotch. From that point on this is our story and we intend to stick to it.

Someone must have rubbed something, a ring or a lamp or perhaps the utterly exhausted British consul. At any rate, there was a puff of blue smoke and standing in the room was a small man with pointed ears and a very jolly stomach. He wore a suit of green leather and his cap and the toes of his shoes ended in sharp points and they were green too.

"Saints of Galway," said Reynolds. "Do you see what I see?"

"Yes," said Clark Lee.

“Well, do you believe it?”

“No,” said Lee, who is after all a realist and was at Corregidor.

Jack Belden has lived in China for many years and he knows about such things. “Who are you?” he asked sternly.

“I’m little Charley Lytle,” the elf said.

“Well, what do you want, popping in on us?” Belden cried.

The British consul groaned and turned over and pulled the covers over his head. Knickerbocker has since admitted that his first impulse was to kill the elf and stuff him to go beside the sailfish in his den. In fact, he was creeping up when Charley Lytle held up his hand.

“When war broke out I tried to enlist,” he said. “But I was rejected on political grounds. It isn’t that I have any politics,” he explained. “But the Army’s position is that if I did have, heaven knows what they would be. There hasn’t been a Republican leprechaun since Coolidge. So I was rejected pending the formulation of an Elves-in-Exile Battalion. I decided then that I would just make people happy, soldiers and war correspondents and things like that.”

Reynolds’ eyes narrowed dangerously. He is very loyal. “Are you insinuating that we aren’t happy?” he gritted. “That my friends aren’t happy?”

“I’m not happy,” said the British consul, but no one paid any attention to him.

Little Charley Lytle said, "I heard some mention made of Scotch whisky. Now it just happens that I have----"

"How much?" said Clark Lee, who is a realist.

"Why, all you want."

"I mean how much money?" Lee demanded.

"You don't understand," said little Charley. "There is no money involved. It is my contribution to the war—I believe you call it effort."

"I'm going to kill him," cried Knickerbocker. "Nobody can sneer at my war and get away with it."

Reynolds said, "Could we get a case?"

"Surely," said little Charley.

"Three cases?"

"Certainly."

Lee broke in, "Now don't you strain him. You don't know what his breaking point is."

"When can you deliver?" Reynolds asked.

Instead of answering, little Charley Lytle made a dramatic and slightly ribald gesture. There was one puff of smoke and he had disappeared. There followed three small explosions, like a series of time depth charges, and on the floor of Room 140 of the Alletti hotel in Algiers lay three cases of Haig and Haig Pinch Bottle, ringed with the hot and incredulous eyes of a platoon of thirsty correspondents.

Reynolds breathed heavily the way a man does when he has a stroke. “A miracle!” he whispered. “A miracle straight out of the middle ages or Mary Roberts Rinehart.”

Dour Jack Belden has lived a long time in China. On top of a basic pessimism, he has seen everything and is difficult to impress. His eyes now wandered out the arched window to the sweltering streets and the steaming harbor below. “It’s a medium good trick,” he said. “But it’s a cold-weather trick. I’d like to give him a real test.” He ignored the growl of growing rage from his peers. “If this so-called Elf could produce a bottle of say La Batt’s Pale India Ale on a day like this, I’d say he was a comer—” He was interrupted by a slight fall of snow from the hot and fly-specked ceiling. Our eyes followed the lazy white flakes to the floor, where they fell on a box of slim-necked bottles. The snow swirled and spelled out Courtesy of Canada in the air.

I think Jack Belden went too far. He said lazily, “But is it cold?”

Reynolds flung himself forward and touched the neck of a bottle. “Colder than a (two words deleted by censor),” he said.

That night there was an air raid, and even the British consul enjoyed it. And anyone who doesn’t believe this story can ask any of the people involved, even dour Jack Belden.

20. William Saroyan

1. An Ornery Kind of Kid 7 Rue de M

Mayo Maloney at 11 was a little shrimp of a fellow who was not rude so much as he was rudeness itself, for he couldn't even step inside a church, for instance, without giving everybody who happened to see him an uncomfortable feeling that he, Mayo, despised the place and its purpose.

It was much the same everywhere else that Mayo went: school, library, theater, home. Only his mother felt that Mayo was not a rude boy, but his father frequently asked him to get down off his high horse and act like everybody else. By this, Michael Maloney meant that Mayo ought to take things easy and stop findings so much fault with everything.

The only thing that didn't bore Mayo was the idea of hunting, but his father wouldn't buy him a gun, not even a .22-caliber single-shot rifle. Michael Maloney told Mayo that as soon as he was sure that Mayo that as soon as he was sure that Mayo had calmed down a little, he would think about buying him a gun. Mayo tried to calm down a little so he could have his gun, but he gave it up after a day and a half.

"I don't know how," Mike Maloney said one night at dinner, "but if you want a gun, you've got to calm down enough so I can believe you won't shoot the neighbors with it. Do you think my father so much as let me sit down to my dinner if I hadn't done something to earn it? He didn't invite me to earn any gun to shoot pheasant with. He told me to earn my food, and he didn't wait until I was 11, either. I started earning it when I was no more than 8. The whole trouble with you is you're too pent-up from not doing any kind of work at all for your food or shelter or clothing to be decently tired and ordinary like everybody else. You're not human, almost. Nobody's human who doesn't know how hard it is to earn his food and the other basic things. It's the fault of your mother and father that you're such a sarcastic and fault-finding man instead of a calm, handsome one. Everybody in this whole town is talking about how your mother and father have turned you into an arrogant ignoramus of a man by not making you earn your right to judge things."

"Now, Mike," Mrs. Maloney said, "Mayo's not as bad as all that. He just wants a gun to hunt pheasant with."

Mike turned to Mrs. Maloney. "Is it a gun I must buy for him now?" he asked.

Mrs. Maloney didn't quite know how to say that it was. She remained silent and tried not to look at either her husband or her son.

"O.K.," Mike Maloney said to both his wife and his son. "I have to go back to the office a minute, so if you'll come along with me I'll drop into Archie Cannon's and buy you a gun."

He got up from the table and turned to Mrs. Maloney.

"Provided, of course," he said, "that that meets with your approval."

"Aren't you going to finish your food?" Mrs. Maloney asked.

"Who wants to waste time eating," Mike Maloney asked, "when it's time to buy a gun?"

Mike Maloney went to the door where his nervous son was standing, waiting for him to shut up and get going.

He turned to his wife and said, "I won't be able to account for him after I turn the gun over to him, but I'll be gone no more than an hour. If we'd been poor and couldn't afford it, he'd know the sinfulness of provoking me into this sort of bitter kindness."

He saw the boy break loose and disappear far down the street. When he got to Archie Cannon's, the boy was waiting for him. They went in, and Mike Maloney asked Archie to show him the guns.

"What kind of a gun do you want, Mike?" Archie asked. "I didn't know you were interested in hunting."

"It's not for myself," Mike Maloney said. "It's for Mayo here, and it ought to be suitable for pheasant shooting."

"Would that be what it would be?" Mike Maloney asked his son, and although the boy hadn't expected anything so precisely suitable for pheasant shooting, he said that a shotgun would be what it would be. ...

### **Шкала оценивания ответов студента на экзамене**

<b>Шкала оценивания</b>	<b>Балл</b>	<b>Описание</b>
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Неудовлетворительно	0-40	Студент демонстрирует отсутствие знаний, умений и навыков (фрагментарные знания, умения, навыки) в соответствии с планируемыми результатами освоения
Удовлетворительно	41-60	Студент демонстрирует в целом сформированные, но содержащие значительные пробелы <i>знания</i> ; сформированные, но содержащие значительные пробелы <i>умения</i> ; сопровождающееся значительными ошибками применение <i>навыков</i> в соответствии с планируемыми результатами освоения
Хорошо	61-80	Студент демонстрирует сформированные, но содержащие отдельные пробелы <i>знания</i> ; сформированные, но содержащие отдельные пробелы <i>умения</i> ; в целом успешное, но сопровождающееся отдельными ошибками применение <i>навыков</i> в соответствии с планируемыми результатами освоения
Отлично	81-100	Студент демонстрирует полностью сформированные, <i>знания</i> ; полностью сформированные <i>умения</i> ; в целом успешное, безошибочное применение <i>навыков</i> в соответствии с планируемыми результатами освоения



