

READING CLASSICS · 07

O. HENRY STORIES

O. Henry

오 헨리 단편선
단어 각주와 해설로 끝까지 읽는 원서

원문 전문 수록 · 쪽마다 단어 각주 238개 · 유닛별 요약 · 핵심 문장 해설 · 영어 확인 문제 20문항

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The Gift of the Magi and Other Stories

Twelve Stories

O. Henry · 1904–1910

오 헨리 단편선 — 원서 리딩북

단어 각주 · 유닛 요약 · 핵심 문장 해설 · 영어 확인 문제 · 어휘 색인

원문: O. Henry, The Gift of the Magi and Other Stories (1904–1910). 저작권 보호기간이 끝난 퍼블릭 도메인 저작물이다. 원문은 고치지 않았으며 당시 철자와 구두점을 그대로 두었다.

각주·요약·해설·문항 등 학습 해설은 이 책을 위해 새로 쓴 것이다.

이 권의 원문 약 28,080 단어 · 단어 각주 238개(★ 필수 어휘 5개) · 확인 문제 20문항

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이 책의 구성과 활용법 *How to Use*

이 책은 번역서가 아니다. 원문을 그대로 싣고, 그 위에 원서를 끝까지 읽어 낼 수 있도록 돕는 학습 장치를 엮었다. 원문의 여러 장(章)을 묶어 하나의 유닛으로 삼았다.

읽기 전에 각 유닛 첫머리에 배경과 관전 포인트, 새로 등장하는 인물을 정리했다. 뒤에 일어날 일은 미리 말하지 않는다.

단어 각주 어려운 단어·숙어·고어·사투리 옆에 작은 번호가 있고, 같은 쪽 아래에 그 문맥에서의 뜻을 달았다. ★는 수능·고교 필수 어휘다. 한번 풀이한 단어는 다시 달지 않는다.

정리하기 유닛이 끝나면 줄거리 요약, 핵심 문장 4개의 해석과 구문 해설, 영어로 출제된 확인 문제 4문항(Detail · Vocabulary in Context · Inference · Short Answer), 생각해 볼 질문이 이어진다.

정답과 해설 확인 문제의 정답과 근거는 책 뒤에 모았다. 해설은 우리말로 달았고, 서술형은 영어 예시 답안과 채점 포인트를 함께 실었다.

어휘 색인 이 권에서 풀이한 모든 단어를 알파벳순으로 모으고 처음 나온 쪽을 달았다.

권장 읽기 방법

1. 각주를 먼저 보지 말고, 문장 안에서 뜻을 짐작하며 한 문단을 끝까지 읽는다.
2. 문단이 끝나면 각주로 짐작이 맞았는지 확인한다. 모르는 단어가 있어도 멈추지 않는 것이 핵심이다.
3. 문장이 길면 쉼표와 세미콜론에서 숨을 고르며 주어와 동사부터 찾자.
4. 유닛이 끝나면 요약으로 이해를 점검하고, 확인 문제를 풀 뒤 책 뒤의 해설로 채점한다.

작품을 읽기 전에 *Background*

작가 오 헨리 (1862-1910)

본명은 윌리엄 시드니 포터. 미국 노스캐롤라이나에서 태어나 텍사스에서 약사 보조, 은행원, 신문 기자 등 여러 일을 했다. 은행 공금 횡령 혐의로 수감되었던 시기에 본격적으로 단편을 쓰기 시작해 ‘오 헨리’라는 필명을 얻었다. 1902년 뉴욕으로 옮긴 뒤 잡지에 수백 편의 단편을 발표하며 큰 인기를 누렸고, 1910년 마흔일곱에 세상을 떠났다.

작품

뉴욕의 점원, 가난한 화가, 부랑자, 금고털이, 사기꾼 같은 평범한 사람들의 하루를 그린 짧은 이야기들이다. 마지막 한두 문장에서 모든 것이 뒤집히는 반전 결말은 ‘오 헨리식 결말’이라는 이름으로 불린다.

선정

이 책은 「크리스마스 선물」, 「마지막 잎새」, 「20년 후」를 비롯해 가장 널리 읽히는 12편을 여러 단편집에서 골라 실었다.

구성

한 편이 1,000 4,000단어 정도로 짧다. 두세 편씩 묶어 5개 유닛으로 나누었다.

읽는 법

속어와 사투리, 과장된 비유가 많다. 각주를 참고하되, 결말을 미리 찾아보지 말고 마지막 문장까지 단숨에 읽자. 다 읽은 뒤에 처음으로 돌아가 복선을 찾아보면 두 번 즐길 수 있다.

수록 작품 *Characters*

- The Gift of the Magi** 가난한 젊은 부부가 서로에게 줄 선물을 마련한다.
크리스마스 선물
- The Last Leaf** 폐렴에 걸린 젊은 화가가 창밖 담쟁이 잎을 센다.
마지막 잎새
- After Twenty Years** 두 친구가 20년 전 약속한 장소에서 다시 만나기로 한다.
20년 후
- The Cop and the Anthem** 부랑자 소피가 겨울을 감옥에서 나려고 애쓴다.
경찰관과 찬송가
- A Retrieved Reformation** 금고털이 지미 밸런타인이 새 삶을 꿈꾼다.
되찾은 개심
- The Ransom of Red Chief** 두 사기꾼이 부잣집 아들을 납치한다.
붉은 추장의 몸값
- Other Six Stories** 「바쁜 증권 중개인의 로맨스」, 「돈의 신과 사랑의 신」, 「사랑의 봉사」, 「천창(天窓) 방」, 「초록 문」, 「가구 딸린 셋방」
그 밖의 여섯 편

인물 소개는 작품 초반의 모습만 담았다. 이야기가 진행되며 드러나는 사실은 각 유닛의 '읽기 전에'에서 그때 그때 안내한다.

UNIT

1

가난한 이들의 선물

Stories I-III

원문 약 5,668 단어 · 단어 각주 47 개

읽기 전에

뉴욕의 가난한 사람들을 그린 오 헨리 단편 세 편으로 시작한다. 「크리스마스 선물」은 단돈 1달러 87센트로 남편의 선물을 사야 하는 젊은 아내의 하루를, 「마지막 잎새」는 폐렴에 걸린 화가 지망생과 그를 지키는 친구, 아래층 노화가를 그린다. 「20년 후」는 20년 전 약속을 지키려고 옛 식당 자리에 선 한 남자의 밤을 따라간다. 세 편 모두 마지막 몇 문단을 위해 쌓아 올린 작은 단서들을 눈여겨보며 읽자.

이 유닛의 인물

Della	델라 — 주급 20달러 살림을 꾸리는 젊은 아내. 무릎까지 오는 갈색 머리가 자랑
Jim	짐(제임스 딜링엄 영) — 델라의 남편, 스물두 살. 할아버지 때부터 내려온 금시계가 자랑
Sue Johnsy	수 — 메인주 출신 화가 지망생. 존시와 화실을 함께 쓴다 존시(조애나) — 캘리포니아 출신 화가 지망생. 폐렴으로 앓아누웠다
Behrman	베어먼 — 아래층에 사는 예술 넘은 노화가. 걸작을 그리겠다고 큰소리만 친다
Bob	밥 — 20년 전 친구 지미 웰스와의 약속을 지키러 서부에서 온 남자

STORY I

The Gift of the Magi

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing¹ the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation² of parsimony³ that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating⁴.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description⁵, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy⁶ squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto⁷ was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young." The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already

introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and

¹bulldozing *v.* 억박질러 값을 깎기

²imputation *n.* (무언의) 비난, 혐의

³parsimony *n.* 인색함

⁴predominating *v.* 우세하다, 주를 이루다

⁵beggar description *phr.* 말로 표현할 수 없다

⁶mendicancy *n.* 구걸, 거지 신세

⁷appertaining thereunto *phr.* 거기에 딸린

rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honour of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass⁸ between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its colour within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off⁹ and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade. "Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking¹⁰ the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was

⁸ pier-glass *n.* 창 사이 벽에 건 채경

⁹ Take yer hat off *phr.* 모자 벗어(=your)

¹⁰ ransacking *v.* 샅샅이 뒤지다

a platinum fob chain¹¹ simple and chaste¹² in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious¹³ ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly¹⁴ on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

“If Jim doesn't kill me,” she said to herself, “before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do—oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?”

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: “Please God, make him think I am still pretty.”

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

“Jim, darling,” she cried, “don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll

¹¹fob chain *n.* 회중시계 줄

¹²chaste *a.* 수수한, 간결한

¹³meretricious *a.* 걸만 번지르르한

¹⁴on the sly *adv.* 몰래, 슬쩍

grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you.”

“You've cut off your hair?” asked Jim, laboriously¹⁵, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

“Cut it off and sold it,” said Della. “Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't¹⁶ I?”

Jim looked about the room curiously.

“You say your hair is gone?” he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

“You needn't look for it,” said Della. “It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered,” she went on with sudden serious sweetness, “but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?”

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

“Don't make any mistake, Dell,” he said, “about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going¹⁷ a while at first.”

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses¹⁸ that should have adorned the coveted¹⁹ adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: “My hair grows so fast, Jim!”

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, “Oh, oh!”

¹⁵laboriously *ad.* 힘겹게, 애써서

¹⁶ain't *phr.* ~잖아(=am not)

¹⁷had me going *phr.* 나를 당황케 했다

¹⁸tresses *n.* (여자의) 긴 머리카

¹⁹★coveted *a.* 몹시 탐내던

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

“Isn’t it a dandy²⁰, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You’ll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it.”

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

“Dell,” said he, “let’s put our Christmas presents away and keep ’em a while. They’re too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on.”

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

STORY II

The Last Leaf



In a little district west of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called “places.” These “places” make strange angles and curves. One street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century gables and Dutch attics and low rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth avenue, and became a “colony.”

At the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio. “Johnsy” was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine; the other from California.

²⁰dandy *n.* 아주 멋진 물건

They had met at the *table d'hôte* of an Eighth street “Delmonico’s,” and found their tastes in art, chicory salad and bishop sleeves so congenial¹ that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over on the east side this ravager strode boldly, smiting² his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown “places.”

Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman. A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by California zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer³. But Johnsy he smote; and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch window-panes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, gray eyebrow.

“She has one chance in—let us say, ten,” he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. “And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-up on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopeia⁴ look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she’s not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?”

“She—she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day,” said Sue.

“Paint?—bosh⁵! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking about twice—a man, for instance?”

“A man?” said Sue, with a jew’s-harp twang in her voice. “Is a man worth—but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind.”

“Well, it is the weakness, then,” said the doctor. “I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract 50 per cent. from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak sleeves I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her, instead of one in ten.”

After the doctor had gone Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy’s room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

¹congenial *a.* 마음이 맞는

²smiting *v.* (병이) 덮치다, 치다

³duffer *n.* 늙은이, 열간이

⁴pharmacopeia *n.* 약전, 모든 약

⁵bosh *int.* 허튼소리!

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horseshow riding trousers and a monocle on the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting—counting backward.

"Twelve," she said, and a little later "eleven;" and then "ten," and "nine;" and then "eight" and "seven," almost together.

Sue looked solicitously⁶ out the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed half way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now."

"Five what, dear. Tell your Sudie."

"Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go, too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I never heard of such nonsense," complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. "What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey⁷. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were—let's see exactly what he said—he said the chances were ten to one! Why, that's almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child, and pork chops for her greedy self."

"You needn't get any more wine," said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window. "There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go, too."

"Johnsy, dear," said Sue, bending over her, "will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by to-morrow. I need the light, or I would draw the shade down."

"Couldn't you draw in the other room?" asked Johnsy, coldly.

⁶solicitously *ad.* 걱정스럽게

⁷goosey *n.* 바보, 멍청이

“I’d rather be here by you,” said Sue. “Besides I don’t want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves.”

“Tell me as soon as you have finished,” said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as a fallen statue, “because I want to see the last one fall. I’m tired of waiting. I’m tired of thinking. I want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves.”

“Try to sleep,” said Sue. “I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I’ll not be gone a minute. Don’t try to move ’till I come back.”

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo’s Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress’s robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub⁸ in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in any one, and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his dimly lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy’s fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and derision⁹ for such idiotic imaginings.

“Vass!” he cried. “Is dere people in de world mit¹⁰ der foolishness to die because leafs dey drop off from a confounded¹¹ vine? I haf not heard of such a thing. No, I will not bosc¹² as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow dot silly pusiness¹³ to come in der prain of her? Ach, dot poor lettle Miss Johnsy.”

“She is very ill and weak,” said Sue, “and the fever has left her mind morbid¹⁴ and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care to pose for me, you needn’t. But I think you are a horrid old—old flibbertigibbet¹⁵.”

⁸daub *n.* 서툰 그림

⁹derision *n.* 조롱, 비웃음

¹⁰mit *prep.* ~를 가진(=with)

¹¹confounded *a.* 빌어먹을

¹²bosc *v.* 포즈를 취하다(=pose)

¹³pusiness *n.* 일, 짓(=business)

¹⁴★morbid *a.* 병적인, 음울한

¹⁵flibbertigibbet *n.* 경박한 수다쟁이

“You are just like a woman!” yelled Behrman. “Who said I will not bese? Go on. I come mit you. For half an hour I haf been trying to say dot I am ready to bese. Gott! dis is not any blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I will baint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go away. Gott! yes.”

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill, and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit-miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour’s sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade.

“Pull it up; I want to see,” she ordered, in a whisper.

Wearily Sue obeyed.

But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong¹⁶ night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, but with its serrated¹⁷ edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from a branch some twenty feet above the ground.

“It is the last one,” said Johnsy. “I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall to-day, and I shall die at the same time.”

“Dear, dear!” said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow, “think of me, if you won’t think of yourself. What would I do?”

But Johnsy did not answer. The loneliest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

“I’ve been a bad girl, Sudie,” said Johnsy. “Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring me a little

¹⁶livelong *a.* 기나긴, 꼬박

¹⁷serrated *a.* 톱니 모양의

broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and—no; bring me a hand-mirror first, and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook.”

An hour later she said.

“Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples.”

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

“Even chances,” said the doctor, taking Sue’s thin, shaking hand in his. “With good nursing you’ll win. And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is—some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital to-day to be made more comfortable.”

The next day the doctor said to Sue: “She’s out of danger. You’ve won. Nutrition and care now—that’s all.”

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woolen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

“I have something to tell you, white mouse,” she said. “Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia to-day in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him on the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn’t imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and—look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn’t you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it’s Behrman’s masterpiece—he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell.”

STORY III

After Twenty Years



The policeman on the beat moved up the avenue impressively. The impressiveness was habitual and not for show, for spectators were few. The time was barely 10 o’clock at night, but chilly gusts of wind with a taste of rain in them had well nigh de-peopled¹ the streets.

¹de-peopled v. 사람을 없애다

Trying doors as he went, twirling his club with many intricate and artful movements, turning now and then to cast his watchful eye adown² the pacific thoroughfare, the officer, with his stalwart³ form and slight swagger, made a fine picture of a guardian of the peace. The vicinity was one that kept early hours. Now and then you might see the lights of a cigar store or of an all-night lunch counter; but the majority of the doors belonged to business places that had long since been closed.

When about midway of a certain block the policeman suddenly slowed his walk. In the doorway of a darkened hardware store a man leaned, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. As the policeman walked up to him the man spoke up quickly.

"It's all right, officer," he said, reassuringly. "I'm just waiting for a friend. It's an appointment made twenty years ago. Sounds a little funny to you, doesn't it? Well, I'll explain if you'd like to make certain it's all straight. About that long ago there used to be a restaurant where this store stands—'Big Joe' Brady's restaurant."

"Until five years ago," said the policeman. "It was torn down then."

The man in the doorway struck a match and lit his cigar. The light showed a pale, square-jawed face with keen eyes, and a little white scar near his right eyebrow. His scarfpin was a large diamond, oddly set.

"Twenty years ago to-night," said the man, "I dined here at 'Big Joe' Brady's with Jimmy Wells, my best chum⁴, and the finest chap in the world. He and I were raised here in New York, just like two brothers, together. I was eighteen and Jimmy was twenty. The next morning I was to start for the West to make my fortune. You couldn't have dragged Jimmy out of New York; he thought it was the only place on earth. Well, we agreed that night that we would meet here again exactly twenty years from that date and time, no matter what our conditions might be or from what distance we might have to come. We figured that in twenty years each of us ought to have our destiny worked out and our fortunes made, whatever they were going to be."

"It sounds pretty interesting," said the policeman. "Rather a long time between meets, though, it seems to me. Haven't you heard from your friend since you left?"

"Well, yes, for a time we corresponded," said the other. "But after a year or two we lost track of each other. You see, the West is a pretty big proposition, and I kept hustling around over it pretty lively. But I know Jimmy will meet me here if he's alive, for he always was the truest, stanchest⁵ old chap in the world. He'll never forget. I came a thousand miles to stand in this door to-night, and it's worth it if my old partner turns up."

²adown *prep.* ~을 따라 아래로

³stalwart *a.* 건장한

⁴chum *n.* 단짝 친구

⁵stanchest *a.* 가장 충직한

The waiting man pulled out a handsome watch, the lids of it set with small diamonds.

“Three minutes to ten,” he announced. “It was exactly ten o’clock when we parted here at the restaurant door.”

“Did pretty well out West, didn’t you?” asked the policeman.

“You bet⁶! I hope Jimmy has done half as well. He was a kind of plodder⁷, though, good fellow as he was. I’ve had to compete with some of the sharpest wits going to get my pile⁸. A man gets in a groove in New York. It takes the West to put a razor-edge on him.”

The policeman twirled his club and took a step or two.

“I’ll be on my way. Hope your friend comes around all right. Going to call time on him sharp?”

“I should say not!” said the other. “I’ll give him half an hour at least. If Jimmy is alive on earth he’ll be here by that time. So long, officer.”

“Good-night, sir,” said the policeman, passing on along his beat, trying doors as he went.

There was now a fine, cold drizzle falling, and the wind had risen from its uncertain puffs into a steady blow. The few foot passengers astir in that quarter hurried dismally and silently along with coat collars turned high and pocketed hands. And in the door of the hardware store the man who had come a thousand miles to fill an appointment, uncertain almost to absurdity, with the friend of his youth, smoked his cigar and waited.

About twenty minutes he waited, and then a tall man in a long overcoat, with collar turned up to his ears, hurried across from the opposite side of the street. He went directly to the waiting man.

“Is that you, Bob?” he asked, doubtfully.

“Is that you, Jimmy Wells?” cried the man in the door.

“Bless my heart!” exclaimed the new arrival, grasping both the other’s hands with his own. “It’s Bob, sure as fate. I was certain I’d find you here if you were still in existence. Well, well, well!—twenty years is a long time. The old restaurant’s gone, Bob; I wish it had lasted, so we could have had another dinner there. How has the West treated you, old man?”

“Bully⁹; it has given me everything I asked it for. You’ve changed lots, Jimmy. I never thought you were so tall by two or three inches.”

“Oh, I grew a bit after I was twenty.”

“Doing well in New York, Jimmy?”

⁶You bet *phr.* 물론이지

⁷plodder *n.* 꾸중하나 굼뜬 사람

⁸pile *n.* 한말천, 큰돈

⁹Bully *int.* 아주 좋아

“Moderately. I have a position in one of the city departments. Come on, Bob; we’ll go around to a place I know of, and have a good long talk about old times.”

The two men started up the street, arm in arm. The man from the West, his egotism¹⁰ enlarged by success, was beginning to outline the history of his career. The other, submerged in his overcoat, listened with interest.

At the corner stood a drug store, brilliant with electric lights. When they came into this glare each of them turned simultaneously to gaze upon the other’s face.

The man from the West stopped suddenly and released his arm.

“You’re not Jimmy Wells,” he snapped. “Twenty years is a long time, but not long enough to change a man’s nose from a Roman to a pug.”

“It sometimes changes a good man into a bad one,” said the tall man. “You’ve been under arrest for ten minutes, ‘Silky’ Bob. Chicago thinks you may have dropped over our way and wires us she wants to have a chat with you. Going quietly, are you? That’s sensible. Now, before we go on to the station here’s a note I was asked to hand you. You may read it here at the window. It’s from Patrolman Wells.”

The man from the West unfolded the little piece of paper handed him. His hand was steady when he began to read, but it trembled a little by the time he had finished. The note was rather short.

Bob: I was at the appointed place on time. When you struck the match to light your cigar I saw it was the face of the man wanted in Chicago. Somehow I couldn’t do it myself, so I went around and got a plain clothes man to do the job.

JIMMY.

¹⁰egotism *n.* 자만심, 자기중심

UNIT 1 정리하기 *Stories I-III*

가난한 이들의 선물

줄거리 요약

「크리스마스 선물」: 크리스마스 전날, 델라가 몇 달 동안 모은 돈은 1달러 87센트뿐이다. 델라는 무릎까지 내려오는 자신의 머리카락을 소프로나 부인에게 20달러에 팔고, 짐의 금시계에 어울리는 21달러짜리 백금 시곗줄을 산다. 저녁에 돌아온 짐은 짧아진 델라의 머리를 보고 낮이 나간 듯 바라보다가 꾸러미 하나를 내민다. 그 안에는 델라가 오래 탐내던 브로드웨이 진열장의 거북딱지 빗 세트가 들어 있었다. 델라가 시곗줄을 내밀자 짐은 빗을 사려고 시계를 팔았다고 말한다. 화자는 서로를 위해 가장 귀한 것을 희생한 두 사람이야말로 가장 현명한 동방박사라고 말한다.

「마지막 잎새」: 그리니치빌리지에서 화실을 함께 쓰는 수와 존시 가운데 존시가 폐렴에 걸린다. 살려는 의지를 잃은 존시는 창밖 담쟁이 잎이 다 떨어지면 자신도 죽을 것이라고 믿는다. 수는 아래층 노화가 베어먼에게 이 이야기를 하고, 베어먼은 화를 내면서도 모델을 서 준다. 비바람이 몰아친 이틀 밤이 지나도 마지막 잎새가 버티자 존시는 죽기를 바란 것을 뉘우치고 회복한다. 베어먼은 폐렴으로 죽고, 수는 그 잎새가 비 오는 밤 베어먼이 벽에 그린 걸작이었다고 존시에게 알려 준다.

「20년 후」: 밤 10시 무렵 순찰 중인 경관에게 한 남자가 20년 전 친구 지미 웰스와 한 약속을 기다린다고 설명한다. 20분 뒤 나타난 키 큰 남자는 약국 불빛 아래에서 지미가 아님이 드러나고, 그는 시카고에서 수배된 ‘실키’ 밥을 체포한다. 그가 건넨 쪽지에는 약속 장소에 나왔던 순경이 바로 지미였으며, 차마 직접 체포할 수 없어 사복 형사를 보냈다는 사연이 적혀 있었다.

핵심 문장

1 *Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference?*

주급 8달러든 연봉 백만 달러든—무슨 차이가 있겠는가?

부부의 사랑 앞에서 돈의 크기는 의미가 없다는 화자의 개입이다. 수사문의문으로 ‘차이가 없다’를 강조한다.

2 *But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest.*

그러나 오늘날의 현자들에게 마지막으로 한마디 하자면, 선물을 주는 모든 이 가운데 이 두 사람이 가장 현명했다.

let it be said that ~은 ‘~라고 말해 두자’라는 격식 표현이다. 앞에서 ‘어리석은 두 아이’라 부른 부부를 뒤집어 ‘가장 현명하다’고 하는 역설이 주제다.

3 *The loneliest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey.*

세상에서 가장 외로운 것은 신비롭고 먼 여행을 떠날 준비를 하는 영혼이다.

loneliest는 lonesome의 최상급이다. ‘먼 여행’은 죽음을 돌려 말하는 완곡어법이다.

4 *Twenty years is a long time, but not long enough to change a man's nose from a Roman to a pug.*

20년은 긴 세월이지만, 사람의 매부리코를 들창코로 바꿀 만큼 길지는 않다.

not long enough to ~는 '~할 만큼 길지는 않다'. Roman nose는 콧날이 높고 굽은 코, pug nose는 짧고 들린 코다.

확인 문제 Comprehension Check

- Detail** According to the stories in this unit, which of the following is true?
 - Della sold her hair to Madame Sofronie for twenty-one dollars.
 - Behrman kept a blank canvas that had waited twenty-five years for his masterpiece.
 - The doctor first told Sue that Johnsy had one chance in five.
 - Big Joe Brady's restaurant had been torn down twenty years before.
 - Jim bought Della a platinum chain for her Christmas present.
- Vocabulary in Context** In context, what does the phrase "looked at it on the sly" most likely mean?
 - looked at it proudly in front of others
 - looked at it with great difficulty
 - looked at it many times an hour
 - looked at it secretly so others would not notice
 - looked at it carelessly and without interest
- Inference** In 'After Twenty Years,' why did Jimmy Wells send another officer instead of arresting Bob himself?
 - He was afraid that Bob was carrying a weapon.
 - He did not recognize Bob until after he had left.
 - He was off duty and had no right to arrest anyone.
 - He wanted another officer to receive the reward.
 - He could not bring himself to arrest his old friend personally.
- Short Answer** In two or three sentences, explain why the narrator calls Della and Jim "the wisest" even though their gifts became useless.

생각해 볼 거리

- ▶ 델라와 짐의 선물은 쓸모없게 되었지만 화자는 그들을 '가장 현명하다'고 한다. 선물의 가치는 무엇으로 정해진다고 생각하는가?

- ▶ 지미 웰스가 친구를 직접 체포하지 않은 선택은 우정과 의무 사이의 타협이다. 비슷한 갈등에 놓인다면 어떻게 하겠는가?

2

감옥과 새 출발 사이

Stories IV-V

원문 약 5,066 단어 · 단어 각주 43 개

읽기 전에

법과 범죄자를 둘러싼 두 편이다. 「경관과 찬송가」의 부랑자 소피는 겨울을 감옥에서 따뜻하게 나려고 일부러 체포되려 애쓴다. 「되찾은 개심」의 금고털이 지미 밸런타인은 특별사면으로 출소하고, 그를 쫓는 형사 벤 프라이스가 다시 움직인다. 일이 계획과 어긋날 때마다 인물의 마음이 어떻게 바뀌는지 살피며 읽자.

이 유닛의 인물

Soapy	소피 — 매디슨 스퀘어 벤치에서 사는 부랑자. 겨울마다 감옥 섬에서 지내려 한다
Jimmy Valentine	지미 밸런타인 — 숨씨 좋은 금고털이. 주지사의 사면으로 출소한다
Ben Price	벤 프라이스 — 지미를 체포했던 노련한 형사
Mike Dolan	마이크 돌런 — 주 경계 근처 작은 마을에서 카페를 하는 지미의 지인
Annabel Adams	애너벨 애덤스 — 엘모어 은행장의 딸
Mr. Adams	애덤스 씨 — 엘모어 은행을 운영하는 성실한 시골 은행가

STORY IV

The Cop and the Anthem

On his bench in Madison Square Soapy moved uneasily. When wild geese honk high of nights, and when women without sealskin coats grow kind to their husbands, and when Soapy moves uneasily on his bench in the park, you may know that winter is near at hand.

A dead leaf fell in Soapy's lap. That was Jack Frost's card. Jack is kind to the regular denizens¹ of Madison Square, and gives fair warning of his annual call. At the corners of four streets he hands his pasteboard to the North Wind, footman of the mansion of All Outdoors, so that the inhabitants thereof may make ready.

Soapy's mind became cognisant² of the fact that the time had come for him to resolve himself into a singular Committee of Ways and Means to provide against the coming rigour. And therefore he moved uneasily on his bench.

The hibernatorial³ ambitions of Soapy were not of the highest. In them there were no considerations of Mediterranean cruises, of soporific⁴ Southern skies drifting in the Vesuvian Bay. Three months on the Island was what his soul craved. Three months of assured board and bed and congenial company, safe from Boreas and bluecoats⁵, seemed to Soapy the essence of things desirable.

For years the hospitable Blackwell's had been his winter quarters. Just as his more fortunate fellow New Yorkers had bought their tickets to Palm Beach and the Riviera each winter, so Soapy had made his humble arrangements for his annual hegira⁶ to the Island. And now the time was come. On the previous night three Sabbath newspapers, distributed beneath his coat, about his ankles and over his lap, had failed to repulse the cold as he slept on his bench near the spurting fountain in the ancient square. So the Island loomed big and timely in Soapy's mind. He scorned the provisions made in the name of charity for the city's dependents. In Soapy's opinion the Law was more benign⁷ than Philanthropy. There was an endless round of institutions, municipal and eleemosynary⁸, on which he might set out and receive lodging and food accordant with the simple life. But to one of Soapy's proud spirit the gifts of charity are encumbered⁹. If not in coin you must pay in humiliation of spirit for every

¹denizens *n.* 주민, 단골 거주자

²cognisant *a.* 인식하고 있는

³hibernatorial *a.* 겨울나기의

⁴soporific *a.* 졸음을 부르는

⁵bluecoats *n.* 경찰관(파란 제복)

⁶hegira *n.* 피난, 대이동

⁷★benign *a.* 너그러운, 인자한

⁸eleemosynary *a.* 자선의

⁹encumbered *a.* 부담이 딸린

benefit received at the hands of philanthropy. As Caesar had his Brutus, every bed of charity must have its toll of a bath, every loaf of bread its compensation of a private and personal inquisition. Wherefore it is better to be a guest of the law, which though conducted by rules, does not meddle unduly with a gentleman's private affairs.

Soapy, having decided to go to the Island, at once set about accomplishing his desire. There were many easy ways of doing this. The pleasantest was to dine luxuriously at some expensive restaurant; and then, after declaring insolvency¹⁰, be handed over quietly and without uproar to a policeman. An accommodating magistrate¹¹ would do the rest.

Soapy left his bench and strolled out of the square and across the level sea of asphalt, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue flow together. Up Broadway he turned, and halted at a glittering café, where are gathered together nightly the choicest products of the grape, the silkworm and the protoplasm.

Soapy had confidence in himself from the lowest button of his vest upward. He was shaven, and his coat was decent and his neat black, ready-tied four-in-hand had been presented to him by a lady missionary on Thanksgiving Day. If he could reach a table in the restaurant unsuspected success would be his. The portion of him that would show above the table would raise no doubt in the waiter's mind. A roasted mallard duck, thought Soapy, would be about the thing—with a bottle of Chablis, and then Camembert, a demi-tasse and a cigar. One dollar for the cigar would be enough. The total would not be so high as to call forth any supreme manifestation of revenge from the café management; and yet the meat would leave him filled and happy for the journey to his winter refuge.

But as Soapy set foot inside the restaurant door the head waiter's eye fell upon his frayed trousers and decadent shoes. Strong and ready hands turned him about and conveyed him in silence and haste to the sidewalk and averted the ignoble fate of the menaced mallard.

Soapy turned off Broadway. It seemed that his route to the coveted island was not to be an epicurean¹² one. Some other way of entering limbo must be thought of.

At a corner of Sixth Avenue electric lights and cunningly displayed wares behind plate-glass made a shop window conspicuous. Soapy took a cobblestone and dashed it through the glass. People came running around the corner, a policeman in the lead. Soapy stood still, with his hands in his pockets, and smiled at the sight of brass buttons.

"Where's the man that done that¹³?" inquired the officer excitedly.

¹⁰insolvency *n.* 지불 불능

¹¹magistrate *n.* 치안 판사

¹²epicurean *a.* 미식가다운

¹³the man that done that *phr.* 그 짓 한 놈(=did)

“Don’t you figure out that I might have had something to do with it?” said Soapy, not without sarcasm, but friendly, as one greets good fortune.

The policeman’s mind refused to accept Soapy even as a clue. Men who smash windows do not remain to parley¹⁴ with the law’s minions¹⁵. They take to their heels¹⁶. The policeman saw a man half way down the block running to catch a car. With drawn club he joined in the pursuit. Soapy, with disgust in his heart, loafed along, twice unsuccessful.

On the opposite side of the street was a restaurant of no great pretensions. It catered to large appetites and modest purses. Its crockery and atmosphere were thick; its soup and napery thin. Into this place Soapy took his accusive shoes and telltale trousers without challenge. At a table he sat and consumed beefsteak, flapjacks, doughnuts and pie. And then to the waiter he betrayed the fact that the minutest coin and himself were strangers.

“Now, get busy and call a cop,” said Soapy. “And don’t keep a gentleman waiting.”

“No cop for youse¹⁷,” said the waiter, with a voice like butter cakes and an eye like the cherry in a Manhattan cocktail. “Hey, Con!”

Neatly upon his left ear on the callous pavement two waiters pitched Soapy. He arose, joint by joint, as a carpenter’s rule opens, and beat the dust from his clothes. Arrest seemed but a rosy dream. The Island seemed very far away. A policeman who stood before a drug store two doors away laughed and walked down the street.

Five blocks Soapy travelled before his courage permitted him to woo capture again. This time the opportunity presented what he fatuously¹⁸ termed to himself a “cinch¹⁹.” A young woman of a modest and pleasing guise was standing before a show window gazing with sprightly interest at its display of shaving mugs and inkstands, and two yards from the window a large policeman of severe demeanour leaned against a water plug.

It was Soapy’s design to assume the role of the despicable and execrated²⁰ “masher²¹.” The refined and elegant appearance of his victim and the contiguity²² of the conscientious cop encouraged him to believe that he would soon feel the pleasant official clutch upon his arm that would insure his winter quarters on the right little, tight little isle.

Soapy straightened the lady missionary’s ready-made tie, dragged his shrinking cuffs into the open, set his hat at a killing cant and sidled toward the young woman.

¹⁴parley *v.* 협상하다, 말을 나누다

¹⁵minions *n.* 부하, 앞잡이

¹⁶take to their heels *phr.* 줄행랑치다

¹⁷youse *n.* 너, 당신(=you)

¹⁸fatuously *ad.* 어리석게도

¹⁹cinch *n.* 식은 죽 먹기

²⁰execrated *a.* 몹시 미움받는

²¹masher *n.* 치근대는 남자

²²contiguity *n.* 근접, 가까이 있음

He made eyes at her, was taken with sudden coughs and “hems,” smiled, smirked and went brazenly²³ through the impudent and contemptible litany of the “masher.” With half an eye Soapy saw that the policeman was watching him fixedly. The young woman moved away a few steps, and again bestowed her absorbed attention upon the shaving mugs. Soapy followed, boldly stepping to her side, raised his hat and said: “Ah there, Bedelia! Don’t you want to come and play in my yard?”

The policeman was still looking. The persecuted young woman had but to beckon a finger and Soapy would be practically en route for his insular haven. Already he imagined he could feel the cozy warmth of the station-house. The young woman faced him and, stretching out a hand, caught Soapy’s coat sleeve.

“Sure, Mike,” she said joyfully, “if you’ll blow me to a pail of suds²⁴. I’d have spoke²⁵ to you sooner, but the cop was watching.”

With the young woman playing the clinging ivy to his oak Soapy walked past the policeman overcome with gloom. He seemed doomed to liberty.

At the next corner he shook off his companion and ran. He halted in the district where by night are found the lightest streets, hearts, vows and librettos. Women in furs and men in greatcoats moved gaily in the wintry air. A sudden fear seized Soapy that some dreadful enchantment had rendered him immune to arrest. The thought brought a little of panic upon it, and when he came upon another policeman lounging grandly in front of a transplendent theatre he caught at the immediate straw of “disorderly conduct.”

On the sidewalk Soapy began to yell drunken gibberish at the top of his harsh voice. He danced, howled, raved and otherwise disturbed the welkin²⁶.

The policeman twirled his club, turned his back to Soapy and remarked to a citizen.

“’Tis one of them Yale lads celebratin’ the goose egg they give to the Hartford College. Noisy; but no harm. We’ve instructions to lave them be²⁷.”

Disconsolate²⁸, Soapy ceased his unavailing racket. Would never a policeman lay hands on him? In his fancy the Island seemed an unattainable Arcadia. He buttoned his thin coat against the chilling wind.

In a cigar store he saw a well-dressed man lighting a cigar at a swinging light. His silk umbrella he had set by the door on entering. Soapy stepped inside, secured the umbrella and sauntered off with it slowly. The man at the cigar light followed hastily.

“My umbrella,” he said, sternly.

²³**brazenly** *ad.* 뻔뻔하게

²⁴**blow me to a pail of suds** *phr.* 맥주 한 통 사 주다

²⁵**I’d have spoke** *phr.* 말 걸었을 텐데(=spoken)

²⁶**welkin** *n.* 하늘, 창공

²⁷**lave them be** *phr.* 내버려 두다(=leave)

²⁸**Disconsolate** *a.* 몹시 낙담한

“Oh, is it?” sneered Soapy, adding insult to petit larceny²⁹. “Well, why don’t you call a policeman? I took it. Your umbrella! Why don’t you call a cop? There stands one on the corner.”

The umbrella owner slowed his steps. Soapy did likewise, with a presentiment that luck would again run against him. The policeman looked at the two curiously.

“Of course,” said the umbrella man—“that is—well, you know how these mistakes occur—I—if it’s your umbrella I hope you’ll excuse me—I picked it up this morning in a restaurant—If you recognise it as yours, why—I hope you’ll—”

“Of course it’s mine,” said Soapy, viciously.

The ex-umbrella man retreated. The policeman hurried to assist a tall blonde in an opera cloak across the street in front of a street car that was approaching two blocks away.

Soapy walked eastward through a street damaged by improvements. He hurled the umbrella wrathfully³⁰ into an excavation. He muttered against the men who wear helmets and carry clubs. Because he wanted to fall into their clutches, they seemed to regard him as a king who could do no wrong.

At length Soapy reached one of the avenues to the east where the glitter and turmoil was but faint. He set his face down this toward Madison Square, for the homing instinct survives even when the home is a park bench.

But on an unusually quiet corner Soapy came to a standstill. Here was an old church, quaint and rambling and gabled. Through one violet-stained window a soft light glowed, where, no doubt, the organist loitered over the keys, making sure of his mastery of the coming Sabbath anthem. For there drifted out to Soapy’s ears sweet music that caught and held him transfixed against the convolutions of the iron fence.

The moon was above, lustrous and serene; vehicles and pedestrians were few; sparrows twittered sleepily in the eaves—for a little while the scene might have been a country churchyard. And the anthem that the organist played cemented Soapy to the iron fence, for he had known it well in the days when his life contained such things as mothers and roses and ambitions and friends and immaculate thoughts and collars.

The conjunction of Soapy’s receptive state of mind and the influences about the old church wrought³¹ a sudden and wonderful change in his soul. He viewed with swift horror the pit into which he had tumbled, the degraded days, unworthy desires, dead hopes, wrecked faculties and base motives that made up his existence.

And also in a moment his heart responded thrillingly to this novel mood. An instantaneous and strong impulse moved him to battle with his desperate fate. He would pull himself out of the mire; he would make a man of himself again; he would conquer the evil that had taken possession of him. There was time; he was

²⁹ *petit larceny* *n.* 경범 절도

³⁰ *wrathfully* *ad.* 몹시 화가 나서

³¹ *wrought* *v.* (변화를) 일으켰다

comparatively young yet; he would resurrect his old eager ambitions and pursue them without faltering. Those solemn but sweet organ notes had set up a revolution in him. To-morrow he would go into the roaring downtown district and find work. A fur importer had once offered him a place as driver. He would find him to-morrow and ask for the position. He would be somebody in the world. He would—

Soapy felt a hand laid on his arm. He looked quickly around into the broad face of a policeman.

“What are you doin’ here?” asked the officer.

“Nothin’,” said Soapy.

“Then come along,” said the policeman.

“Three months on the Island,” said the Magistrate in the Police Court the next morning.

STORY V

A Retrieved Reformation



A guard came to the prison shoe-shop, where Jimmy Valentine was assiduously¹ stitching uppers, and escorted him to the front office. There the warden handed Jimmy his pardon, which had been signed that morning by the governor. Jimmy took it in a tired kind of way. He had served nearly ten months of a four year sentence. He had expected to stay only about three months, at the longest. When a man with as many friends on the outside as Jimmy Valentine had is received in the “stir”² it is hardly worth while to cut his hair.

“Now, Valentine,” said the warden, “you’ll go out in the morning. Brace up, and make a man of yourself. You’re not a bad fellow at heart. Stop cracking safes, and live straight.”

“Me?” said Jimmy, in surprise. “Why, I never cracked a safe in my life.”

“Oh, no,” laughed the warden. “Of course not. Let’s see, now. How was it you happened to get sent up on that Springfield job? Was it because you wouldn’t prove an alibi for fear of compromising somebody in extremely high-toned society? Or was it simply a case of a mean old jury that had it in for³ you? It’s always one or the other with you innocent victims.”

“Me?” said Jimmy, still blankly virtuous. “Why, warden, I never was in Springfield in my life!”

¹assiduously *ad.* 부지런히

²stir *n.* 감옥(속어)

³had it in for *phr.* ~에게 앙심을 품다

“Take him back, Cronin!” said the warden, “and fix him up with outgoing clothes. Unlock him at seven in the morning, and let him come to the bull-pen. Better think over my advice, Valentine.”

At a quarter past seven on the next morning Jimmy stood in the warden’s outer office. He had on a suit of the villainously fitting, ready-made clothes and a pair of the stiff, squeaky shoes that the state furnishes to its discharged compulsory guests.

The clerk handed him a railroad ticket and the five-dollar bill with which the law expected him to rehabilitate himself into good citizenship and prosperity. The warden gave him a cigar, and shook hands. Valentine, 9762, was chronicled on the books, “Pardoned by Governor,” and Mr. James Valentine walked out into the sunshine.

Disregarding the song of the birds, the waving green trees, and the smell of the flowers, Jimmy headed straight for a restaurant. There he tasted the first sweet joys of liberty in the shape of a broiled chicken and a bottle of white wine—followed by a cigar a grade better than the one the warden had given him. From there he proceeded leisurely to the depot. He tossed a quarter into the hat of a blind man sitting by the door, and boarded his train. Three hours set him down in a little town near the state line. He went to the café of one Mike Dolan and shook hands with Mike, who was alone behind the bar.

“Sorry we couldn’t make it sooner, Jimmy, me boy⁴,” said Mike. “But we had that protest from Springfield to buck against, and the governor nearly balked⁵. Feeling all right?”

“Fine,” said Jimmy. “Got my key?”

He got his key and went upstairs, unlocking the door of a room at the rear. Everything was just as he had left it. There on the floor was still Ben Price’s collar-button that had been torn from that eminent detective’s shirt-band when they had overpowered Jimmy to arrest him.

Pulling out from the wall a folding-bed, Jimmy slid back a panel in the wall and dragged out a dust-covered suit-case. He opened this and gazed fondly at the finest set of burglar’s tools in the East. It was a complete set, made of specially tempered steel, the latest designs in drills, punches, braces and bits, jimmies, clamps, and augers, with two or three novelties, invented by Jimmy himself, in which he took pride. Over nine hundred dollars they had cost him to have made at—, a place where they make such things for the profession.

In half an hour Jimmy went down stairs and through the café. He was now dressed in tasteful and well-fitting clothes, and carried his dusted and cleaned suit-case in his hand.

⁴me boy *phr.* 이 친구야(=my)

⁵balked *v.* 망설이다, 주춤하다

“Got anything on?” asked Mike Dolan, genially.

“Me?” said Jimmy, in a puzzled tone. “I don’t understand. I’m representing the New York Amalgamated Short Snap Biscuit Cracker and Frazzled Wheat Company.”

This statement delighted Mike to such an extent that Jimmy had to take a seltzer-and-milk on the spot. He never touched “hard” drinks.

A week after the release of Valentine, 9762, there was a neat job of safe-burglary done in Richmond, Indiana, with no clue to the author. A scant eight hundred dollars was all that was secured. Two weeks after that a patented, improved, burglar-proof safe in Logansport was opened like a cheese to the tune of fifteen hundred dollars, currency; securities and silver untouched. That began to interest the rogue-catchers. Then an old-fashioned bank-safe in Jefferson City became active and threw out of its crater an eruption of bank-notes amounting to five thousand dollars. The losses were now high enough to bring the matter up into Ben Price’s class of work. By comparing notes, a remarkable similarity in the methods of the burglaries was noticed. Ben Price investigated the scenes of the robberies, and was heard to remark:

“That’s Dandy Jim Valentine’s autograph. He’s resumed business. Look at that combination knob—jerked out as easy as pulling up a radish in wet weather. He’s got the only clamps that can do it. And look how clean those tumblers were punched out! Jimmy never has to drill but one hole. Yes, I guess I want Mr. Valentine. He’ll do his bit next time without any short-time or clemency⁶ foolishness.”

Ben Price knew Jimmy’s habits. He had learned them while working up the Springfield case. Long jumps, quick get-aways, no confederates⁷, and a taste for good society—these ways had helped Mr. Valentine to become noted as a successful dodger of retribution⁸. It was given out that Ben Price had taken up the trail of the elusive cracksman, and other people with burglar-proof safes felt more at ease.

One afternoon Jimmy Valentine and his suit-case climbed out of the mail-hack in Elmore, a little town five miles off the railroad down in the black-jack country of Arkansas. Jimmy, looking like an athletic young senior just home from college, went down the board side-walk toward the hotel.

A young lady crossed the street, passed him at the corner and entered a door over which was the sign, “The Elmore Bank.” Jimmy Valentine looked into her eyes, forgot what he was, and became another man. She lowered her eyes and coloured slightly. Young men of Jimmy’s style and looks were scarce in Elmore.

Jimmy collared a boy that was loafing on the steps of the bank as if he were one of the stockholders, and began to ask him questions about the town, feeding him dimes at intervals. By and by the young lady came out, looking royally unconscious of the young man with the suit-case, and went her way.

⁶clemency *n.* 관용, 감형

⁷confederates *n.* 공범

⁸retribution *n.* 응징, 처벌

“Isn’t that young lady Polly Simpson?” asked Jimmy, with specious guile⁹.

“Naw¹⁰,” said the boy. “She’s Annabel Adams. Her pa owns this bank. What’d you come to Elmore for? Is that a gold watch-chain? I’m going to get a bulldog. Got any more dimes?”

Jimmy went to the Planters’ Hotel, registered as Ralph D. Spencer, and engaged a room. He leaned on the desk and declared his platform to the clerk. He said he had come to Elmore to look for a location to go into business. How was the shoe business, now, in the town? He had thought of the shoe business. Was there an opening?

The clerk was impressed by the clothes and manner of Jimmy. He, himself, was something of a pattern of fashion to the thinly gilded youth of Elmore, but he now perceived his shortcomings. While trying to figure out Jimmy’s manner of tying his four-in-hand he cordially gave information.

Yes, there ought to be a good opening in the shoe line. There wasn’t an exclusive shoe-store in the place. The dry-goods and general stores handled them. Business in all lines was fairly good. Hoped Mr. Spencer would decide to locate in Elmore. He would find it a pleasant town to live in, and the people very sociable.

Mr. Spencer thought he would stop over in the town a few days and look over the situation. No, the clerk needn’t call the boy. He would carry up his suit-case, himself; it was rather heavy.

Mr. Ralph Spencer, the phoenix that arose from Jimmy Valentine’s ashes—ashes left by the flame of a sudden and alterative attack of love—remained in Elmore, and prospered. He opened a shoe-store and secured a good run of trade.

Socially he was also a success, and made many friends. And he accomplished the wish of his heart. He met Miss Annabel Adams, and became more and more captivated by her charms.

At the end of a year the situation of Mr. Ralph Spencer was this: he had won the respect of the community, his shoe-store was flourishing, and he and Annabel were engaged to be married in two weeks. Mr. Adams, the typical, plodding, country banker, approved of Spencer. Annabel’s pride in him almost equalled her affection. He was as much at home in the family of Mr. Adams and that of Annabel’s married sister as if he were already a member.

One day Jimmy sat down in his room and wrote this letter, which he mailed to the safe address of one of his old friends in St. Louis:

DEAR OLD PAL:

I want you to be at Sullivan’s place, in Little Rock, next Wednesday night, at nine o’clock. I want you to wind up some little matters for me. And, also, I want to make you a present of my kit of tools. I know you’ll be glad to get them—

⁹specious guile *phr.* 그럴듯한 꾀

¹⁰Naw *int.* 아니(=No)

you couldn't duplicate the lot for a thousand dollars. Say, Billy, I've quit the old business—a year ago. I've got a nice store. I'm making an honest living, and I'm going to marry the finest girl on earth two weeks from now. It's the only life, Billy—the straight one. I wouldn't touch a dollar of another man's money now for a million. After I get married I'm going to sell out and go West, where there won't be so much danger of having old scores brought up against me. I tell you, Billy, she's an angel. She believes in me; and I wouldn't do another crooked thing for the whole world. Be sure to be at Sully's, for I must see you. I'll bring along the tools with me.

Your old friend,

JIMMY.

On the Monday night after Jimmy wrote this letter, Ben Price jogged unobtrusively¹¹ into Elmore in a livery buggy. He lounged about town in his quiet way until he found out what he wanted to know. From the drug-store across the street from Spencer's shoe-store he got a good look at Ralph D. Spencer.

"Going to marry the banker's daughter are you, Jimmy?" said Ben to himself, softly. "Well, I don't know!"

The next morning Jimmy took breakfast at the Adamses. He was going to Little Rock that day to order his wedding-suit and buy something nice for Annabel. That would be the first time he had left town since he came to Elmore. It had been more than a year now since those last professional "jobs," and he thought he could safely venture out.

After breakfast quite a family party went downtown together—Mr. Adams, Annabel, Jimmy, and Annabel's married sister with her two little girls, aged five and nine. They came by the hotel where Jimmy still boarded, and he ran up to his room and brought along his suit-case. Then they went on to the bank. There stood Jimmy's horse and buggy and Dolph Gibson, who was going to drive him over to the railroad station.

All went inside the high, carved oak railings into the banking-room—Jimmy included, for Mr. Adams's future son-in-law was welcome anywhere. The clerks were pleased to be greeted by the good-looking, agreeable young man who was going to marry Miss Annabel. Jimmy set his suit-case down. Annabel, whose heart was bubbling with happiness and lively youth, put on Jimmy's hat, and picked up the suit-case. "Wouldn't I make a nice drummer¹²?" said Annabel. "My! Ralph, how heavy it is? Feels like it was full of gold bricks."

¹¹unobtrusively *ad.* 눈에 띄지 않게

¹²drummer *n.* 외판원, 세일즈맨

“Lot of nickel-plated shoe-horns in there,” said Jimmy, coolly, “that I’m going to return. Thought I’d save express charges by taking them up. I’m getting awfully economical.”

The Elmore Bank had just put in a new safe and vault. Mr. Adams was very proud of it, and insisted on an inspection by every one. The vault was a small one, but it had a new, patented door. It fastened with three solid steel bolts thrown simultaneously with a single handle, and had a time-lock. Mr. Adams beamingly explained its workings to Mr. Spencer, who showed a courteous but not too intelligent interest. The two children, May and Agatha, were delighted by the shining metal and funny clock and knobs.

While they were thus engaged Ben Price sauntered in and leaned on his elbow, looking casually inside between the railings. He told the teller that he didn’t want anything; he was just waiting for a man he knew.

Suddenly there was a scream or two from the women, and a commotion. Unperceived by the elders, May, the nine-year-old girl, in a spirit of play, had shut Agatha in the vault. She had then shot the bolts and turned the knob of the combination as she had seen Mr. Adams do.

The old banker sprang to the handle and tugged at it for a moment. “The door can’t be opened,” he groaned. “The clock hasn’t been wound nor the combination set.”

Agatha’s mother screamed again, hysterically.

“Hush!” said Mr. Adams, raising his trembling hand. “All be quite for a moment. Agatha!” he called as loudly as he could. “Listen to me.” During the following silence they could just hear the faint sound of the child wildly shrieking in the dark vault in a panic of terror.

“My precious darling!” wailed the mother. “She will die of fright! Open the door! Oh, break it open! Can’t you men do something?”

“There isn’t a man nearer than Little Rock who can open that door,” said Mr. Adams, in a shaky voice. “My God! Spencer, what shall we do? That child—she can’t stand it long in there. There isn’t enough air, and, besides, she’ll go into convulsions from fright.”

Agatha’s mother, frantic now, beat the door of the vault with her hands. Somebody wildly suggested dynamite. Annabel turned to Jimmy, her large eyes full of anguish, but not yet despairing. To a woman nothing seems quite impossible to the powers of the man she worships.

“Can’t you do something, Ralph—*try*, won’t you?”

He looked at her with a queer, soft smile on his lips and in his keen eyes.

“Annabel,” he said, “give me that rose you are wearing, will you?”

Hardly believing that she heard him aright, she unpinned the bud from the bosom of her dress, and placed it in his hand. Jimmy stuffed it into his vest-pocket, threw off his coat and pulled up his shirt-sleeves. With that act Ralph D. Spencer passed away and Jimmy Valentine took his place.

“Get away from the door, all of you,” he commanded, shortly.

He set his suit-case on the table, and opened it out flat. From that time on he seemed to be unconscious of the presence of any one else. He laid out the shining, queer implements swiftly and orderly, whistling softly to himself as he always did when at work. In a deep silence and immovable, the others watched him as if under a spell.

In a minute Jimmy’s pet drill was biting smoothly into the steel door. In ten minutes—breaking his own burglarious record—he threw back the bolts and opened the door.

Agatha, almost collapsed, but safe, was gathered into her mother’s arms.

Jimmy Valentine put on his coat, and walked outside the railings towards the front door. As he went he thought he heard a far-away voice that he once knew call “Ralph!” But he never hesitated.

At the door a big man stood somewhat in his way.

“Hello, Ben!” said Jimmy, still with his strange smile. “Got around at last, have you? Well, let’s go. I don’t know that it makes much difference, now.”

And then Ben Price acted rather strangely.

“Guess you’re mistaken, Mr. Spencer,” he said. “Don’t believe I recognize you. Your buggy’s waiting for you, ain’t it?”

And Ben Price turned and strolled down the street.

UNIT 2 정리하기 *Stories IV-V*

감옥과 새 출발 사이

줄거리 요약

「경관과 찬송가」: 겨울이 다가오자 부랑자 소피는 블랙웰 섬 감옥에서 석 달을 지내기로 마음먹는다. 비싼 식당에서 무전취식하려다 문 앞에서 쫓겨나고, 상점 유리창을 깨도 경관은 달아나지 않는 그를 범인으로 여기지 않는다. 싸구려 식당에서 밥값을 못 내자 웨이터들은 그를 길바닥에 내던질 뿐이다. 여자에게 치근대 보지만 상대는 오히려 반기고, 길에서 고함을 질러도 경관은 대학생의 소란으로 넘긴다. 남의 우산을 들고 가도 주인이 먼저 물러선다. 낙담한 소피는 오래된 교회 앞에서 오르간 찬송가를 듣고 지난날을 떠올리며, 내일부터 일자리를 구해 새사람이 되겠다고 결심한다. 바로 그때 경관이 그를 붙잡고, 이튿날 판사는 섬 감옥 석 달을 선고한다.

「되찾은 개심」: 금고털이 지미 밸런타인은 열 달 만에 사면으로 출소해 숨겨 둔 연장 가방을 되찾는다. 곧 여러 도시에서 같은 솜씨의 금고 털이가 일어나고, 형사 벤 프라이스가 추적에 나선다. 아칸소의 작은 마을 엘모어에 온 지미는 은행장의 딸 애너벨을 보고 한눈에 반해, 랠프 D. 스펜서라는 이름으로 구둣가게를 차려 성공하고 그녀와 약혼한다. 결혼을 2주 앞두고 그는 옛 동료에게 연장을 넘기겠다는 편지를 쓴다. 그 무렵 벤 프라이스가 엘모어에 나타난다. 은행에 새 금고를 구경하러 간 날, 어린 아가사가 금고 안에 갇히자 지미는 애너벨의 장미를 받아 들고 연장으로 10분 만에 문을 연다. 체포를 각오한 지미에게 벤 프라이스는 그를 모르는 척하고 떠난다.

핵심 문장

1 *In Soapy's opinion the Law was more benign than Philanthropy.*

소피가 보기에 법은 자선보다 더 너그러웠다.

자선은 목욕·심문 같은 굴욕을 대가로 요구하지만 감옥은 사생활에 간섭하지 않는다는 소피의 역설적 논리다. Law와 Philanthropy를 대문자로 써서 의인화했다.

2 *He seemed doomed to liberty.*

그는 자유를 선고받은 신세 같았다.

doomed to는 보통 ‘(불행)에 처할 운명인’에 쓰는데, 뒤에 liberty를 붙여 감옥을 원하는 소피의 처지를 비튼 반어다.

3 *Jimmy Valentine looked into her eyes, forgot what he was, and became another man.*

지미 밸런타인은 그녀의 눈을 바라보았고, 자신이 무엇인지 잊고, 다른 사람이 되었다.

세 동사(looked, forgot, became)를 나란히 놓아 순식간의 변화를 표현한다. what he was는 ‘그의 정체(금고털이)’를 뜻한다.

- 4 *With that act Ralph D. Spencer passed away and Jimmy Valentine took his place.*
 그 행동과 함께 랠프 D. 스펜서는 사라지고 지미 밸런타인이 그 자리를 차지했다.
 | pass away(죽다)를 써서 새로 얻은 정체성을 스스로 버리는 순간을 극적으로 표현했다. take
 one's place는 '~을 대신하다'.

확인 문제 Comprehension Check

- Detail** According to 'A Retrieved Reformation,' which of the following is NOT true?
 - ① Jimmy served nearly ten months of a four-year sentence.
 - ② Jimmy registered at the Planters' Hotel as Ralph D. Spencer.
 - ③ Jimmy opened a shoe-store in Elmore and prospered.
 - ④ Jimmy wrote to his old friend Billy offering him his kit of tools.
 - ⑤ Jimmy brought his suit-case to the bank intending to rob the new safe.
- Vocabulary in Context** In context, what does the phrase "They take to their heels" most likely mean?
 - ① They run away quickly.
 - ② They surrender to the police.
 - ③ They hide inside the shop.
 - ④ They stand their ground and argue.
 - ⑤ They walk away slowly and calmly.
- Inference** Why does Ben Price pretend not to recognize Jimmy at the end of 'A Retrieved Reformation'?
 - ① He is not sure that Spencer is really Jimmy Valentine.
 - ② He is afraid of arresting Jimmy in front of the banker.
 - ③ He sees that Jimmy has truly reformed and has just risked everything to save a child.
 - ④ He plans to arrest Jimmy later at the railroad station.
 - ⑤ He wants Jimmy to lead him to his old partner Billy.
- Short Answer** In two or three sentences, explain what is ironic about Soapy's arrest at the end of 'The Cop and the Anthem.'

생각해 볼 거리

- ▶ 소피는 자선보다 감옥이 자존심을 덜 해친다고 말한다. 도움을 받는 사람의 존엄을 지키는 복지란 어떤 모습이어야 할까?

- ▶ 벤 프라이스는 법 대신 양심에 따라 지미를 놓아준다. 법을 집행하는 사람이 이런 재량을 가져도 된다고 생각하는가?

UNIT

3

영똥한 납치, 바쁜 하루

Stories VI–VII

원문 약 5,520 단어 · 단어 각주 49 개

읽기 전에

웃음이 앞서는 두 편이다. 「붉은 추장의 몸값」은 사기 밀천을 마련하려고 앨라배마 시골 마을 부자의 열 살짜리 아들을 납치한 두 사기꾼의 이야기로, 화자 샘의 허세 섞인 말투와 엉터리 고급 어휘가 큰 재미다. 「바쁜 중개인의 로맨스」는 정신없이 돌아가는 뉴욕 증권 중개인 사무실의 하루를 그린다. 인물들이 무엇을 놓치고 있는지 주의 깊게 보며 읽자.

이 유닛의 인물

Sam	샘 — 「붉은 추장의 몸값」의 화자. 빌과 함께 납치를 꾸민 사기꾼
Bill Driscoll	빌 드리스콜 — 샘의 동업자. 덩치 큰 사기꾼
Red Chief	붉은 추장(조니) — 납치된 열 살 소년. 스스로를 인디언 추장이라 부른다
Ebenezer Dorset	에버니저 도셋 — 소년의 아버지. 인색한 지역 유지
Harvey Maxwell	하비 맥스웰 — 뉴욕의 바쁜 증권 중개인
Miss Leslie	레슬리 양 — 맥스웰의 속기사. 1년째 그의 사무실에서 일한다

STORY VI

The Ransom of Red Chief

It looked like a good thing; but wait till I tell you. We were down South, in Alabama—Bill Driscoll and myself—when this kidnapping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterward expressed it, “during a moment of temporary mental apparition”; but we didn’t find that out till later.

There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel-cake¹, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of as undeleterious² and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

Bill and me had³ a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a fraudulent town-lot scheme in Western Illinois with. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel. Philoprogenitiveness⁴, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities; therefore and for other reasons, a kidnapping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn’t get after us with anything stronger than constables and maybe some lackadaisical⁵ bloodhounds and a diatribe⁶ or two in the *Weekly Farmers’ Budget*. So, it looked good.

We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern, upright collection-plate passer and forecloser⁷. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the colour of the cover of the magazine you buy at the news-stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait till I tell you.

About two miles from Summit was a little mountain, covered with a dense cedar brake. On the rear elevation of this mountain was a cave. There we stored provisions. One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset’s house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence.

“Hey, little boy!” says Bill⁸, “would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride?”

The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick.

¹flannel-cake *n.* 팬케이크

²undeleterious *a.* 해롭지 않은

³Bill and me had *phr.* 빌과 나는(=Bill and I)

⁴Philoprogenitiveness *n.* 자식 사랑

⁵lackadaisical *a.* 의욕 없는

⁶diatribe *n.* 비난조의 글

⁷forecloser *n.* 담보를 압류하는 자

⁸says Bill *phr.* 빌이 말했다(=said)

“That will cost the old man an extra five hundred dollars,” says Bill, climbing over the wheel.

That boy put up a fight like a welter-weight cinnamon bear; but, at last, we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up to the cave and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove the buggy to the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.

Bill was pasting court-plaster⁹ over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was a fire burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tail-feathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I come up, and says:

“Ha! cursed paleface, do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?”

“He’s all right now,” says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. “We’re playing Indian. We’re making Buffalo Bill’s show look like magic-lantern views of Palestine in the town hall. I’m Old Hank, the Trapper, Red Chief’s captive, and I’m to be scalped at daybreak. By Geronimo! that kid can kick hard.”

Yes, sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. The fun of camping out in a cave had made him forget that he was a captive himself. He immediately christened¹⁰ me Snake-eye, the Spy, and announced that, when his braves returned from the warpath, I was to be broiled at the stake at the rising of the sun.

Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon and bread and gravy, and began to talk. He made a during-dinner speech something like this:

“I like this fine. I never camped out before; but I had a pet ’possum once, and I was nine last birthday. I hate to go to school. Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy Talbot’s aunt’s speckled hen’s eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods? I want some more gravy. Does the trees moving make the wind blow? We had five puppies. What makes your nose so red, Hank? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I whipped Ed Walker twice, Saturday. I don’t like girls. You dassent¹¹ catch toads unless with a string. Do oxen make any noise? Why are oranges round? Have you got beds to sleep on in this cave? Amos Murray has got six toes. A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can’t. How many does it take to make twelve?”

Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky¹² redskin, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to rubber¹³ for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a war-whoop that made Old Hank the Trapper shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

⁹court-plaster *n.* 반창고

¹⁰christened *v.* 이름을 붙였다

¹¹dassent *v.* 감히 못 한다(=dare not)

¹²pesky *a.* 성가신

¹³rubber *v.* 목을 빼고 살피다

“Red Chief,” says I to the kid, “would you like to go home?”

“Aw, what for?” says he. “I don’t have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won’t take me back home again, Snake-eye, will you?”

“Not right away,” says I. “We’ll stay here in the cave a while.”

“All right!” says he. “That’ll be fine. I never had such fun in all my life.”

We went to bed about eleven o’clock. We spread down some wide blankets and quilts and put Red Chief between us. We weren’t afraid he’d run away. He kept us awake for three hours, jumping up and reaching for his rifle and screeching: “Hist! pard¹⁴,” in mine and Bill’s ears, as the fancied crackle of a twig or the rustle of a leaf revealed to his young imagination the stealthy approach of the outlaw band. At last, I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that I had been kidnapped and chained to a tree by a ferocious pirate with red hair.

Just at daybreak, I was awakened by a series of awful screams from Bill. They weren’t yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or yawps, such as you’d expect from a manly set of vocal organs—they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars. It’s an awful thing to hear a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently¹⁵ in a cave at daybreak.

I jumped up to see what the matter was. Red Chief was sitting on Bill’s chest, with one hand twined in Bill’s hair. In the other he had the sharp case-knife we used for slicing bacon; and he was industriously and realistically trying to take Bill’s scalp, according to the sentence that had been pronounced upon him the evening before.

I got the knife away from the kid and made him lie down again. But, from that moment, Bill’s spirit was broken. He laid down on his side of the bed, but he never closed an eye again in sleep as long as that boy was with us. I dozed off for a while, but along toward sun-up I remembered that Red Chief had said I was to be burned at the stake at the rising of the sun. I wasn’t nervous or afraid; but I sat up and lit my pipe and leaned against a rock.

“What you getting up so soon for, Sam?” asked Bill.

“Me?” says I. “Oh, I got a kind of a pain in my shoulder. I thought sitting up would rest it.”

“You’re a liar!” says Bill. “You’re afraid. You was¹⁶ to be burned at sunrise, and you was afraid he’d do it. And he would, too, if he could find a match. Ain’t it awful, Sam? Do you think anybody will pay out money to get a little imp like that back home?”

“Sure,” said I. “A rowdy kid like that is just the kind that parents dote on¹⁷. Now, you and the Chief get up and cook breakfast, while I go up on the top of this

¹⁴Hist! pard *int.* 쏘! 동료여(=partner)

¹⁵incontinently *ad.* 참지 못하고

¹⁶You was *phr.* 너는 ~였다(=You were)

¹⁷dote on *phr.* ~을 끔찍이 아끼다

mountain and reconnoitre¹⁸.”

I went up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over toward Summit I expected to see the sturdy yeomanry¹⁹ of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for the dastardly²⁰ kidnapers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man ploughing with a dun mule. Nobody was dragging the creek; no couriers dashed hither and yon²¹, bringing tidings of no news to the distracted parents. There was a sylvan attitude of somnolent²² sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view. “Perhaps,” says I to myself, “it has not yet been discovered that the wolves have borne away the tender lambkin from the fold. Heaven help the wolves!” says I, and I went down the mountain to breakfast.

When I got to the cave I found Bill backed up against the side of it, breathing hard, and the boy threatening to smash him with a rock half as big as a cocoanut.

“He put a red-hot boiled potato down my back,” explained Bill, “and then mashed it with his foot; and I boxed his ears²³. Have you got a gun about you, Sam?”

I took the rock away from the boy and kind of patched up the argument. “I’ll fix you,” says the kid to Bill. “No man ever yet struck the Red Chief but what he got paid for it. You better beware!”

After breakfast the kid takes a piece of leather with strings wrapped around it out of his pocket and goes outside the cave unwinding it.

“What’s he up to now?” says Bill, anxiously. “You don’t think he’ll run away, do you, Sam?”

“No fear of it,” says I. “He don’t²⁴ seem to be much of a home body. But we’ve got to fix up some plan about the ransom. There don’t seem to be much excitement around Summit on account of his disappearance; but maybe they haven’t realized yet that he’s gone. His folks may think he’s spending the night with Aunt Jane or one of the neighbours. Anyhow, he’ll be missed to-day. To-night we must get a message to his father demanding the two thousand dollars for his return.”

Just then we heard a kind Of war-whoop, such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath. It was a sling that Red Chief had pulled out of his pocket, and he was whirling it around his head.

I dodged, and heard a heavy thud and a kind of a sigh from Bill, like a horse gives out when you take his saddle off. A niggerhead rock the size of an egg had caught Bill just behind his left ear. He loosened himself all over and fell in the fire across the

¹⁸reconnoitre *v.* 정찰하다

¹⁹yeomanry *n.* 자작농들

²⁰dastardly *a.* 비열한

²¹hither and yon *phr.* 이리저리

²²somnolent *a.* 졸린 듯한

²³boxed his ears *phr.* 따귀를 때렸다

²⁴He don’t *phr.* 그는 ~않아(=doesn’t)

frying pan of hot water for washing the dishes. I dragged him out and poured cold water on his head for half an hour.

By and by, Bill sits up and feels behind his ear and says: “Sam, do you know who my favourite Biblical character is?”

“Take it easy,” says I. “You’ll come to your senses presently.”

“King Herod,” says he. “You won’t go away and leave me here alone, will you, Sam?”

I went out and caught that boy and shook him until his freckles rattled.

“If you don’t behave,” says I, “I’ll take you straight home. Now, are you going to be good, or not?”

“I was only funning²⁵,” says he sullenly. “I didn’t mean to hurt Old Hank. But what did he hit me for? I’ll behave, Snake-eye, if you won’t send me home, and if you’ll let me play the Black Scout to-day.”

“I don’t know the game,” says I. “That’s for you and Mr. Bill to decide. He’s your playmate for the day. I’m going away for a while, on business. Now, you come in and make friends with him and say you are sorry for hurting him, or home you go, at once.”

I made him and Bill shake hands, and then I took Bill aside and told him I was going to Poplar Cove, a little village three miles from the cave, and find out what I could about how the kidnapping had been regarded in Summit. Also, I thought it best to send a peremptory²⁶ letter to old man Dorset that day, demanding the ransom and dictating how it should be paid.

“You know, Sam,” says Bill, “I’ve stood by you without batting an eye in earthquakes, fire and flood—in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnapped that two-legged skyrocket of a kid. He’s got me going. You won’t leave me long with him, will you, Sam?”

“I’ll be back some time this afternoon,” says I. “You must keep the boy amused and quiet till I return. And now we’ll write the letter to old Dorset.”

Bill and I got paper and pencil and worked on the letter while Red Chief, with a blanket wrapped around him, strutted up and down, guarding the mouth of the cave. Bill begged me tearfully to make the ransom fifteen hundred dollars instead of two thousand. “I ain’t attempting,” says he, “to decry²⁷ the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection, but we’re dealing with humans, and it ain’t human for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for that forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat. I’m willing to take a chance at fifteen hundred dollars. You can charge the difference up to me.”

²⁵funning *v.* 장난치는(=joking)

²⁶peremptory *a.* 단호한, 강압적인

²⁷decry *v.* 깎아내리다

So, to relieve Bill, I acceded²⁸, and we collaborated a letter that ran this way:
Ebenezer Dorset, Esq.:

We have your boy concealed in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you or the most skilful detectives to attempt to find him. Absolutely, the only terms on which you can have him restored to you are these: We demand fifteen hundred dollars in large bills for his return; the money to be left at midnight to-night at the same spot and in the same box as your reply—as hereinafter described. If you agree to these terms, send your answer in writing by a solitary messenger to-night at half-past eight o'clock. After crossing Owl Creek, on the road to Poplar Cove, there are three large trees about a hundred yards apart, close to the fence of the wheat field on the right-hand side. At the bottom of the fence-post, opposite the third tree, will be found a small pasteboard box. The messenger will place the answer in this box and return immediately to Summit. If you attempt any treachery or fail to comply with our demand as stated, you will never see your boy again. If you pay the money as demanded, he will be returned to you safe and well within three hours. These terms are final, and if you do not accede to them no further communication will be attempted.

TWO DESPERATE MEN.

I addressed this letter to Dorset, and put it in my pocket. As I was about to start, the kid comes up to me and says:

“Aw, Snake-eye, you said I could play the Black Scout while you was gone.”

“Play it, of course,” says I. “Mr. Bill will play with you. What kind of a game is it?”

“I’m the Black Scout,” says Red Chief, “and I have to ride to the stockade to warn the settlers that the Indians are coming. I’m tired of playing Indian myself. I want to be the Black Scout.”

“All right,” says I. “It sounds harmless to me. I guess Mr. Bill will help you foil the pesky savages.”

“What am I to do?” asks Bill, looking at the kid suspiciously.

“You are the hoss²⁹,” says Black Scout. “Get down on your hands and knees. How can I ride to the stockade without a hoss?”

“You’d better keep him interested,” said I, “till we get the scheme going. Loosen up.”

Bill gets down on his all fours, and a look comes in his eye like a rabbit’s when you catch it in a trap.

“How far is it to the stockade, kid?” he asks, in a husky manner of voice.

“Ninety miles,” says the Black Scout. “And you have to hump yourself to get there on time. Whoa, now!”

The Black Scout jumps on Bill’s back and digs his heels in his side.

²⁸acceded *v.* 동의했다

²⁹hoss *n.* 말(=horse)

“For Heaven’s sake,” says Bill, “hurry back, Sam, as soon as you can. I wish we hadn’t made the ransom more than a thousand. Say, you quit kicking me or I’ll get up and warm you good.”

I walked over to Poplar Cove and sat around the postoffice and store, talking with the chawbacons³⁰ that came in to trade. One whiskerando says that he hears Summit is all upset on account of Elder Ebenezer Dorset’s boy having been lost or stolen. That was all I wanted to know. I bought some smoking tobacco, referred casually to the price of black-eyed peas, posted my letter surreptitiously³¹ and came away. The postmaster said the mail-carrier would come by in an hour to take the mail on to Summit.

When I got back to the cave Bill and the boy were not to be found. I explored the vicinity of the cave, and risked a yodel or two, but there was no response.

So I lighted my pipe and sat down on a mossy bank to await developments.

In about half an hour I heard the bushes rustle, and Bill wobbled out into the little glade in front of the cave. Behind him was the kid, stepping softly like a scout, with a broad grin on his face. Bill stopped, took off his hat and wiped his face with a red handkerchief. The kid stopped about eight feet behind him.

“Sam,” says Bill, “I suppose you’ll think I’m a renegade³², but I couldn’t help it. I’m a grown person with masculine proclivities³³ and habits of self-defense, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I have sent him home. All is off. There was martyrs in old times,” goes on Bill, “that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of ’em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of depredation³⁴; but there came a limit.”

“What’s the trouble, Bill?” I asks him.

“I was rode³⁵,” says Bill, “the ninety miles to the stockade, not barring an inch. Then, when the settlers was rescued, I was given oats. Sand ain’t a palatable substitute. And then, for an hour I had to try to explain to him why there was nothin’ in holes, how a road can run both ways and what makes the grass green. I tell you, Sam, a human can only stand so much. I takes him by the neck of his clothes and drags him down the mountain. On the way he kicks my legs black-and-blue from the knees down; and I’ve got to have two or three bites on my thumb and hand cauterized.

“But he’s gone”—continues Bill—“gone home. I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there at one kick. I’m sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse.”

³⁰chawbacons *n.* 촌뜨기들

³¹surreptitiously *ad.* 몰래

³²renegade *n.* 배신자

³³proclivities *n.* 성향, 기질

³⁴depredation *n.* 약탈

³⁵I was rode *phr.* 나는 태워졌다(=ridden)

Bill is puffing and blowing, but there is a look of ineffable³⁶ peace and growing content on his rose-pink features.

“Bill,” says I, “there isn’t any heart disease in your family, is there?”

“No,” says Bill, “nothing chronic except malaria and accidents. Why?”

“Then you might turn around,” says I, “and have a took behind you.”

Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the round and begins to pluck aimlessly at grass and little sticks. For an hour I was afraid for his mind. And then I told him that my scheme was to put the whole job through immediately and that we would get the ransom and be off with it by midnight if old Dorset fell in with our proposition. So Bill braced up enough to give the kid a weak sort of a smile and a promise to play the Russian in a Japanese war with him is soon as he felt a little better.

I had a scheme for collecting that ransom without danger of being caught by counterplots that ought to commend itself to professional kidnappers. The tree under which the answer was to be left—and the money later on—was close to the road fence with big, bare fields on all sides. If a gang of constables should be watching for any one to come for the note they could see him a long way off crossing the fields or in the road. But no, sirree³⁷! At half-past eight I was up in that tree as well hidden as a tree toad, waiting for the messenger to arrive.

Exactly on time, a half-grown boy rides up the road on a bicycle, locates the pasteboard box at the foot of the fence-post, slips a folded piece of paper into it and pedals away again back toward Summit.

I waited an hour and then concluded the thing was square. I slid down the tree, got the note, slipped along the fence till I struck the woods, and was back at the cave in another half an hour. I opened the note, got near the lantern and read it to Bill. It was written with a pen in a crabbed³⁸ hand, and the sum and substance of it was this:

Two Desperate Men.

Gentlemen: I received your letter to-day by post, in regard to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands. You had better come at night, for the neighbours believe he is lost, and I couldn’t be responsible for what they would do to anybody they saw bringing him back.

Very respectfully,
EBENEZER DORSET.

“Great pirates of Penzance!” says I; “of all the impudent—”

³⁶ineffable *a.* 말할 수 없는

³⁷sirree *int.* (강조) 절대로(=sir)

³⁸crabbed *a.* 알아보기 힘든

But I glanced at Bill, and hesitated. He had the most appealing look in his eyes I ever saw on the face of a dumb or a talking brute.

“Sam,” says he, “what’s two hundred and fifty dollars, after all? We’ve got the money. One more night of this kid will send me to a bed in Bedlam. Besides being a thorough gentleman, I think Mr. Dorset is a spendthrift³⁹ for making us such a liberal offer. You ain’t going to let the chance go, are you?”

“Tell you the truth, Bill,” says I, “this little he ewe lamb has somewhat got on my nerves too. We’ll take him home, pay the ransom and make our get-away.”

We took him home that night. We got him to go by telling him that his father had bought a silver-mounted rifle and a pair of moccasins for him, and we were going to hunt bears the next day.

It was just twelve o’clock when we knocked at Ebenezer’s front door. Just at the moment when I should have been abstracting the fifteen hundred dollars from the box under the tree, according to the original proposition, Bill was counting out two hundred and fifty dollars into Dorset’s hand.

When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl like a calliope and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill’s leg. His father peeled him away gradually, like a porous plaster.

“How long can you hold him?” asks Bill.

“I’m not as strong as I used to be,” says old Dorset, “but I think I can promise you ten minutes.”

“Enough,” says Bill. “In ten minutes I shall cross the Central, Southern and Middle Western States, and be legging it⁴⁰ trippingly for the Canadian border.”

And, as dark as it was, and as fat as Bill was, and as good a runner as I am, he was a good mile and a half out of Summit before I could catch up with him.

STORY VII

The Romance of a Busy Broker



Pitcher, confidential clerk in the office of Harvey Maxwell, broker, allowed a look of mild interest and surprise to visit his usually expressionless countenance¹ when his employer briskly entered at half past nine in company with his young lady stenographer². With a snappy “Good-morning, Pitcher,” Maxwell dashed at his desk

³⁹spendthrift *n.* 돈을 헤프게 쓰는 사람

⁴⁰legging it *phr.* 뺨다 달리는

¹countenance *n.* 얼굴, 표정

²stenographer *n.* 속기사

as though he were intending to leap over it, and then plunged into the great heap of letters and telegrams waiting there for him.

The young lady had been Maxwell's stenographer for a year. She was beautiful in a way that was decidedly unstenographic. She forewent the pomp of the alluring pompadour³. She wore no chains, bracelets or lockets. She had not the air of being about to accept an invitation to luncheon. Her dress was grey and plain, but it fitted her figure with fidelity and discretion. In her neat black turban hat was the gold-green wing of a macaw. On this morning she was softly and shyly radiant. Her eyes were dreamily bright, her cheeks genuine peachblow, her expression a happy one, tinged with reminiscence.

Pitcher, still mildly curious, noticed a difference in her ways this morning. Instead of going straight into the adjoining room, where her desk was, she lingered, slightly irresolute⁴, in the outer office. Once she moved over by Maxwell's desk, near enough for him to be aware of her presence.

The machine sitting at that desk was no longer a man; it was a busy New York broker, moved by buzzing wheels and uncoiling springs.

"Well—what is it? Anything?" asked Maxwell sharply. His opened mail lay like a bank of stage snow on his crowded desk. His keen grey eye, impersonal and brusque⁵, flashed upon her half impatiently.

"Nothing," answered the stenographer, moving away with a little smile.

"Mr. Pitcher," she said to the confidential clerk, "did Mr. Maxwell say anything yesterday about engaging another stenographer?"

"He did," answered Pitcher. "He told me to get another one. I notified the agency yesterday afternoon to send over a few samples this morning. It's 9.45 o'clock, and not a single picture hat or piece of pineapple chewing gum has showed up yet."

"I will do the work as usual, then," said the young lady, "until some one comes to fill the place." And she went to her desk at once and hung the black turban hat with the gold-green macaw wing in its accustomed place.

He who has been denied the spectacle of a busy Manhattan broker during a rush of business is handicapped for the profession of anthropology. The poet sings of the "crowded hour of glorious life." The broker's hour is not only crowded, but the minutes and seconds are hanging to all the straps and packing both front and rear platforms.

And this day was Harvey Maxwell's busy day. The ticker began to reel out jerkily its fitful coils of tape, the desk telephone had a chronic attack of buzzing. Men began to throng into the office and call at him over the railing, jovially, sharply, viciously, excitedly. Messenger boys ran in and out with messages and telegrams. The clerks in

³pompadour *n.* 부풀린 올림머리

⁴irresolute *a.* 망설이는

⁵brusque *a.* 통명스러운

the office jumped about like sailors during a storm. Even Pitcher's face relaxed into something resembling animation.

On the Exchange there were hurricanes and landslides and snowstorms and glaciers and volcanoes, and those elemental disturbances were reproduced in miniature in the broker's offices. Maxwell shoved his chair against the wall and transacted business after the manner of a toe dancer. He jumped from ticker to 'phone, from desk to door with the trained agility of a harlequin⁶.

In the midst of this growing and important stress the broker became suddenly aware of a high-rolled fringe of golden hair under a nodding canopy of velvet and ostrich tips, an imitation sealskin sacque and a string of beads as large as hickory nuts, ending near the floor with a silver heart. There was a self-possessed young lady connected with these accessories; and Pitcher was there to construe her.

"Lady from the Stenographer's Agency to see about the position," said Pitcher.

Maxwell turned half around, with his hands full of papers and ticker tape.

"What position?" he asked, with a frown.

"Position of stenographer," said Pitcher. "You told me yesterday to call them up and have one sent over this morning."

"You are losing your mind, Pitcher," said Maxwell. "Why should I have given you any such instructions? Miss Leslie has given perfect satisfaction during the year she has been here. The place is hers as long as she chooses to retain it. There's no place open here, madam. Countermand⁷ that order with the agency, Pitcher, and don't bring any more of 'em in here."

The silver heart left the office, swinging and banging itself independently against the office furniture as it indignantly departed. Pitcher seized a moment to remark to the bookkeeper that the "old man" seemed to get more absent-minded and forgetful every day of the world.

The rush and pace of business grew fiercer and faster. On the floor they were pounding half a dozen stocks in which Maxwell's customers were heavy investors. Orders to buy and sell were coming and going as swift as the flight of swallows. Some of his own holdings were imperilled⁸, and the man was working like some high-gear, delicate, strong machine—strung to full tension, going at full speed, accurate, never hesitating, with the proper word and decision and act ready and prompt as clockwork. Stocks and bonds, loans and mortgages, margins and securities—here was a world of finance, and there was no room in it for the human world or the world of nature.

When the luncheon hour drew near there came a slight lull in the uproar.

⁶harlequin *n.* 어릿광대

⁷Countermand *v.* (명령을) 취소하다

⁸imperilled *v.* 위태로워진

Maxwell stood by his desk with his hands full of telegrams and memoranda, with a fountain pen over his right ear and his hair hanging in disorderly strings over his forehead. His window was open, for the beloved janitress Spring had turned on a little warmth through the waking registers of the earth.

And through the window came a wandering—perhaps a lost—odour—a delicate, sweet odour of lilac that fixed the broker for a moment immovable. For this odour belonged to Miss Leslie; it was her own, and hers only.

The odour brought her vividly, almost tangibly before him. The world of finance dwindled suddenly to a speck. And she was in the next room—twenty steps away.

“By George, I’ll do it now,” said Maxwell, half aloud. “I’ll ask her now. I wonder I didn’t do it long ago.”

He dashed into the inner office with the haste of a short trying to cover. He charged upon the desk of the stenographer.

She looked up at him with a smile. A soft pink crept over her cheek, and her eyes were kind and frank. Maxwell leaned one elbow on her desk. He still clutched fluttering papers with both hands and the pen was above his ear.

“Miss Leslie,” he began hurriedly, “I have but a moment to spare. I want to say something in that moment. Will you be my wife? I haven’t had time to make love to you in the ordinary way, but I really do love you. Talk quick, please—those fellows are clubbing the stuffing out of Union Pacific.”

“Oh, what are you talking about?” exclaimed the young lady. She rose to her feet and gazed upon him, round-eyed.

“Don’t you understand?” said Maxwell, restively⁹. “I want you to marry me. I love you, Miss Leslie. I wanted to tell you, and I snatched a minute when things had slackened up a bit. They’re calling me for the ’phone now. Tell ’em to wait a minute, Pitcher. Won’t you, Miss Leslie?”

The stenographer acted very queerly. At first she seemed overcome with amazement; then tears flowed from her wondering eyes; and then she smiled sunnily through them, and one of her arms slid tenderly about the broker’s neck.

“I know now,” she said, softly. “It’s this old business that has driven everything else out of your head for the time. I was frightened at first. Don’t you remember, Harvey? We were married last evening at 8 o’clock in the Little Church Around the Corner.”

⁹restively *ad.* 안절부절못하며

UNIT 3 정리하기 *Stories VI-VII*

엉뚱한 납치, 바쁜 하루

줄거리 요약

「붉은 추장의 몸값」: 사기 밀천 2천 달러가 필요한 샘과 빌은 앨라배마의 시골 마을 서밋에서 유지 에버니저 도식의 열 살짜리 아들을 납치한다. 소년은 납치되자마자 빌의 눈을 벽돌로 맞히고, 동굴에서는 스스로 ‘붉은 추장’이라 칭하며 인디언 놀이에 빠져 집에 가기를 거부한다. 소년은 새벽에 빌의 머리 가죽을 벗기려 하고, 뜨거운 감자를 등에 넣고, 돌팔매로 빌을 기절시킨다. 겁에 질린 빌의 부탁으로 몸값은 1,500달러로 낮아지고, 샘은 이웃 마을에서 협박 편지를 부친다. 그사이 말 노릇에 지친 빌은 소년을 집으로 쫓아 보내지만 소년은 다시 따라온다. 그날 밤 받은 도식의 답장은 오히려 250달러를 내면 아들을 받아 주겠다는 역제안이였다. 두 사람은 소년을 집에 데려다주고 250달러를 내며, 도식이 아이를 붙잡아 두는 10분 사이에 달아난다.

「바쁜 중개인의 로맨스」: 증권 중개인 하비 맥스웰은 속기사 레슬리 양과 함께 출근해 공장 업무에 파묻힌다. 레슬리 양은 평소와 달리 머뭇거리고, 사무장 피처는 어제 맥스웰이 새 속기사를 구하라고 지시했다고 말한다. 증권거래소의 폭풍 같은 시세 변동 속에 맥스웰은 기계처럼 일하고, 찾아온 새 속기사 지원자를 돌려보낸다. 점심 무렵 창으로 스며든 라일락 향기에 레슬리 양을 떠올린 맥스웰은 그녀의 책상으로 달려가 서둘러 청혼한다. 레슬리 양은 눈물을 흘리다 웃으며, 두 사람이 어젯밤 8시에 이미 결혼했다는 사실을 일깨운다.

핵심 문장

- 1 *It's an awful thing to hear a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently in a cave at daybreak.*

새벽녘 동굴에서 힘세고 필사적인 뚱보 사내가 참지 못하고 비명을 지르는 소리를 듣는 것은 끔찍한 일이다.

It은 가주어, to hear 이하가 진주어다. hear + 목적어 + 동사원형(scream)의 지각동사 구문이다.

- 2 *I'm sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse.*

몸값을 놓쳐서 미안하지만, 그거 아니면 이 빌 드리스콜이 정신병원에 가는 수밖에 없었어.

either A or B는 ‘A 아니면 B’. Bill Driscoll to the madhouse는 동사가 생략된 구어적 표현으로 과장된 웃음을 준다.

- 3 *The machine sitting at that desk was no longer a man; it was a busy New York broker, moved by buzzing wheels and uncoiling springs.*

그 책상에 앉은 기계는 더는 인간이 아니었다. 웅웅거리는 톱니바퀴와 풀려 나가는 태엽으로 움직이는 바쁜 뉴욕 중개인이었다.

맥스웰을 ‘기계’로 부르는 은유다. moved by는 과거분사구로 broker를 꾸민다. 일에 매몰된 인간을 풍자한다.

4 *The world of finance dwindled suddenly to a speck.*

금융의 세계가 갑자기 한 점으로 줄어들었다.

dwindle to는 ‘~로 점점 줄어들다’. 라일락 향기 하나로 일의 세계가 사라지는 순간을 과장으로 표현했다.

확인 문제 Comprehension Check

- Detail** According to ‘The Ransom of Red Chief,’ which of the following is true?
 - The kidnappers first asked for one thousand dollars in their letter.
 - Sam posted the ransom letter at the post office in Summit.
 - Ebenezer Dorset’s messenger came to the tree on a bicycle.
 - Bill refused to play the horse for the Black Scout.
 - Red Chief begged the kidnappers to take him back home.
- Vocabulary in Context** In context, what does the phrase “to relieve Bill, I acceded” most likely mean?
 - To calm Bill down, I refused his request.
 - To make Bill feel better, I agreed to his request.
 - To punish Bill, I took over his job.
 - To help Bill escape, I left the cave.
 - To replace Bill, I wrote the letter myself.
- Inference** Why did Miss Leslie linger by Maxwell’s desk and seem “slightly irresolute” that morning?
 - She was afraid that she was about to lose her job.
 - She wanted to ask Maxwell for the day off.
 - She was annoyed that Pitcher had called the agency.
 - She expected some word from Maxwell about their marriage the night before.
 - She had come to warn Maxwell about the falling stocks.
- Short Answer** In two or three sentences, explain how the kidnapping in ‘The Ransom of Red Chief’ turns out to be the opposite of what Sam and Bill expected.

생각해 볼 거리

- ▶ 맥스웰은 일에 몰두한 나머지 어젯밤 결혼한 사실조차 잊었다. 오늘날 우리 사회에서 일과 삶의 균형은 어떻게 지켜질 수 있을까?

4

돈과 사랑, 그리고 별

Stories VIII-X

원문 약 6,642 단어 · 단어 각주 54 개

읽기 전에

돈, 사랑, 가난을 다룬 세 편이다. 「돈의 신과 사랑의 신」에서는 돈이면 다 된다고 믿는 비누 재벌 아버지와, 돈으로도 시간을 살 수 없다고 한숨짓는 아들이 맞선다. 「사랑의 봉사」는 예술을 위해 뉴욕에 온 젊은 화가와 피아니스트 부부가 돈이 떨어진 뒤 서로를 위해 애쓰는 이야기다. 「천창이 있는 방」은 하숙집 꼭대기 2달러짜리 방에 세 든 타자수 아가씨의 나날을 그린다. 인물들이 하는 말과 실제로 하는 일이 같은지 따져 보며 읽자.

이 유닛의 인물

Anthony Rockwall	앤서니 록월 — 은퇴한 비누 재벌. 돈으로 못 살 것이 없다고 믿는다
Richard	리처드 록월 — 앤서니의 아들. 대학을 갓 마치고 사랑에 빠졌다
Aunt Ellen	엘런 고모 — 앤서니의 누이. 돈보다 사랑의 힘을 믿는 다정한 노부인
Joe Larrabee	조 래러비 — 중서부 출신의 젊은 화가 지망생
Delia	딜리아 — 남부 출신 피아니스트 지망생. 조의 아내
Miss Leeson	리슨 양(엘시) — 천창 방에 세 든 작고 명량한 타자수

STORY VIII

Mammon and the Archer

Old Anthony Rockwall, retired manufacturer and proprietor of Rockwall's Eureka Soap, looked out the library window of his Fifth Avenue mansion and grinned. His neighbour to the right—the aristocratic clubman, G. Van Schuylight Suffolk-Jones—came out to his waiting motor-car, wrinkling a contemptuous¹ nostril, as usual, at the Italian renaissance sculpture of the soap palace's front elevation.

"Stuck-up old statuette of nothing doing!" commented the ex-Soap King. "The Eden Musee'll get that old frozen Nesselrode yet if he don't watch out². I'll have this house painted red, white, and blue next summer and see if that'll make his Dutch nose turn up any higher."

And then Anthony Rockwall, who never cared for bells, went to the door of his library and shouted "Mike!" in the same voice that had once chipped off pieces of the welkin on the Kansas prairies.

"Tell my son," said Anthony to the answering menial³, "to come in here before he leaves the house."

When young Rockwall entered the library the old man laid aside his newspaper, looked at him with a kindly grimness on his big, smooth, ruddy⁴ countenance, rumpled his mop of white hair with one hand and rattled the keys in his pocket with the other.

"Richard," said Anthony Rockwall, "what do you pay for the soap that you use?"

Richard, only six months home from college, was startled a little. He had not yet taken the measure of⁵ this sire⁶ of his, who was as full of unexpectednesses as a girl at her first party.

"Six dollars a dozen, I think, dad."

"And your clothes?"

"I suppose about sixty dollars, as a rule."

"You're a gentleman," said Anthony, decidedly. "I've heard of these young bloods⁷ spending \$24 a dozen for soap, and going over the hundred mark for clothes. You've got as much money to waste as any of 'em, and yet you stick to what's decent and moderate. Now I use the old Eureka—not only for sentiment, but it's the purest soap

¹contumelious *a.* 오만하게 깔보는

²if he don't watch out *phr.* 조심 안 하면(=doesn't)

³menial *n.* 하인

⁴ruddy *a.* 혈색 좋은, 볼그레한

⁵taken the measure of *phr.* ~의 사람됨을 파악하다

⁶sire *n.* 아버지(문어)

⁷young bloods *n.* 멋쟁이 젊은이들

made. Whenever you pay more than 10 cents a cake for soap you buy bad perfumes and labels. But 50 cents is doing very well for a young man in your generation, position and condition. As I said, you're a gentleman. They say it takes three generations to make one. They're off. Money'll do it as slick⁸ as soap grease. It's made you one. By hokey⁹! it's almost made one of me. I'm nearly as impolite and disagreeable and ill-mannered as these two old Knickerbocker gents on each side of me that can't sleep of nights because I bought in between 'em."

"There are some things that money can't accomplish," remarked young Rockwall, rather gloomily.

"Now, don't say that," said old Anthony, shocked. "I bet my money on money every time. I've been through the encyclopaedia down to Y looking for something you can't buy with it; and I expect to have to take up the appendix next week. I'm for money against the field. Tell me something money won't buy."

"For one thing," answered Richard, rankling¹⁰ a little, "it won't buy one into the exclusive circles of society."

"Oho! won't it?" thundered the champion of the root of evil. "You tell me where your exclusive circles would be if the first Astor hadn't had the money to pay for his steerage¹¹ passage over?"

Richard sighed.

"And that's what I was coming to," said the old man, less boisterously¹². "That's why I asked you to come in. There's something going wrong with you, boy. I've been noticing it for two weeks. Out with it. I guess I could lay my hands on eleven millions within twenty-four hours, besides the real estate. If it's your liver, there's the *Rambler* down in the bay, coaled, and ready to steam down to the Bahamas in two days."

"Not a bad guess, dad; you haven't missed it far."

"Ah," said Anthony, keenly; "what's her name?"

Richard began to walk up and down the library floor. There was enough comradeship and sympathy in this crude old father of his to draw his confidence.

"Why don't you ask her?" demanded old Anthony. "She'll jump at you. You've got the money and the looks, and you're a decent boy. Your hands are clean. You've got no Eureka soap on 'em. You've been to college, but she'll overlook that."

"I haven't had a chance," said Richard.

"Make one," said Anthony. "Take her for a walk in the park, or a straw ride, or walk home with her from church. Chance! Pshaw¹³!"

⁸slick *ad.* 매끄럽게, 손쉽게

⁹By hokey *int.* 맹세코, 정말이지

¹⁰rankling *v.* 속이 상해

¹¹steerage *n.* 3등 선실

¹²boisterously *ad.* 떠들썩하게

¹³Pshaw *int.* 헛, 흥

“You don’t know the social mill, dad. She’s part of the stream that turns it. Every hour and minute of her time is arranged for days in advance. I must have that girl, dad, or this town is a blackjack swamp forevermore. And I can’t write it—I can’t do that.”

“Tut¹⁴!” said the old man. “Do you mean to tell me that with all the money I’ve got you can’t get an hour or two of a girl’s time for yourself?”

“I’ve put it off too late. She’s going to sail for Europe at noon day after to-morrow for a two years’ stay. I’m to see her alone to-morrow evening for a few minutes. She’s at Larchmont now at her aunt’s. I can’t go there. But I’m allowed to meet her with a cab at the Grand Central Station to-morrow evening at the 8.30 train. We drive down Broadway to Wallack’s at a gallop, where her mother and a box party will be waiting for us in the lobby. Do you think she would listen to a declaration from me during that six or eight minutes under those circumstances? No. And what chance would I have in the theatre or afterward? None. No, dad, this is one tangle that your money can’t unravel. We can’t buy one minute of time with cash; if we could, rich people would live longer. There’s no hope of getting a talk with Miss Lantry before she sails.”

“All right, Richard, my boy,” said old Anthony, cheerfully. “You may run along down to your club now. I’m glad it ain’t your liver. But don’t forget to burn a few punk sticks in the joss house to the great god Mazuma¹⁵ from time to time. You say money won’t buy time? Well, of course, you can’t order eternity wrapped up and delivered at your residence for a price, but I’ve seen Father Time get pretty bad stone bruises on his heels when he walked through the gold diggings.”

That night came Aunt Ellen, gentle, sentimental, wrinkled, sighing, oppressed by wealth, in to Brother Anthony at his evening paper, and began discourse on the subject of lovers’ woes.

“He told me all about it,” said brother Anthony, yawning. “I told him my bank account was at his service. And then he began to knock¹⁶ money. Said money couldn’t help. Said the rules of society couldn’t be bucked for a yard by a team of ten-millionaires.”

“Oh, Anthony,” sighed Aunt Ellen, “I wish you would not think so much of money. Wealth is nothing where a true affection is concerned. Love is all-powerful. If he only had spoken earlier! She could not have refused our Richard. But now I fear it is too late. He will have no opportunity to address her. All your gold cannot bring happiness to your son.”

At eight o’clock the next evening Aunt Ellen took a quaint old gold ring from a moth-eaten case and gave it to Richard.

¹⁴Tut *int.* 뜻, 원 참

¹⁵Mazuma *n.* 돈(속어)

¹⁶knock *v.* 헐뜯다, 깎아내리다

“Wear it to-night, nephew,” she begged. “Your mother gave it to me. Good luck in love she said it brought. She asked me to give it to you when you had found the one you loved.”

Young Rockwall took the ring reverently and tried it on his smallest finger. It slipped as far as the second joint and stopped. He took it off and stuffed it into his vest pocket, after the manner of man. And then he ’phoned for his cab.

At the station he captured Miss Lantry out of the gadding¹⁷ mob at eight thirty-two.

“We mustn’t keep mamma and the others waiting,” said she.

“To Wallack’s Theatre as fast as you can drive!” said Richard loyally.

They whirled up Forty-second to Broadway, and then down the white-starred lane that leads from the soft meadows of sunset to the rocky hills of morning.

At Thirty-fourth Street young Richard quickly thrust up the trap and ordered the cabman to stop.

“I’ve dropped a ring,” he apologised, as he climbed out. “It was my mother’s, and I’d hate to lose it. I won’t detain you a minute—I saw where it fell.”

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

But within that minute a crosstown car had stopped directly in front of the cab. The cabman tried to pass to the left, but a heavy express wagon cut him off. He tried the right, and had to back away from a furniture van that had no business to be there. He tried to back out, but dropped his reins and swore dutifully. He was blockaded in a tangled mess of vehicles and horses.

One of those street blockades had occurred that sometimes tie up commerce and movement quite suddenly in the big city.

“Why don’t you drive on?” said Miss Lantry, impatiently. “We’ll be late.”

Richard stood up in the cab and looked around. He saw a congested flood of wagons, trucks, cabs, vans and street cars filling the vast space where Broadway, Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fourth street cross one another as a twenty-six inch maiden fills her twenty-two inch girdle. And still from all the cross streets they were hurrying and rattling toward the converging point at full speed, and hurling themselves into the struggling mass, locking wheels and adding their drivers’ imprecations¹⁸ to the clamour. The entire traffic of Manhattan seemed to have jammed itself around them. The oldest New Yorker among the thousands of spectators that lined the sidewalks had not witnessed a street blockade of the proportions of this one.

“I’m very sorry,” said Richard, as he resumed his seat, “but it looks as if we are stuck. They won’t get this jumble loosened up in an hour. It was my fault. If I hadn’t dropped the ring we—”

¹⁷gadding *a.* 돌떠 돌아다니는

¹⁸imprecations *n.* 욕설, 저주

“Let me see the ring,” said Miss Lantry. “Now that it can’t be helped, I don’t care. I think theatres are stupid, anyway.”

At 11 o’clock that night somebody tapped lightly on Anthony Rockwall’s door.

“Come in,” shouted Anthony, who was in a red dressing-gown, reading a book of piratical adventures.

Somebody was Aunt Ellen, looking like a grey-haired angel that had been left on earth by mistake.

“They’re engaged, Anthony,” she said, softly. “She has promised to marry our Richard. On their way to the theatre there was a street blockade, and it was two hours before their cab could get out of it.

“And oh, brother Anthony, don’t ever boast of the power of money again. A little emblem of true love—a little ring that symbolised unending and unmercenary¹⁹ affection—was the cause of our Richard finding his happiness. He dropped it in the street, and got out to recover it. And before they could continue the blockade occurred. He spoke to his love and won her there while the cab was hemmed in. Money is dross²⁰ compared with true love, Anthony.”

“All right,” said old Anthony. “I’m glad the boy has got what he wanted. I told him I wouldn’t spare any expense in the matter if—”

“But, brother Anthony, what good could your money have done?”

“Sister,” said Anthony Rockwall. “I’ve got my pirate in a devil of a scrape. His ship has just been scuttled, and he’s too good a judge of the value of money to let drown. I wish you would let me go on with this chapter.”

The story should end here. I wish it would as heartily as you who read it wish it did. But we must go to the bottom of the well for truth.

The next day a person with red hands and a blue polka-dot necktie, who called himself Kelly, called at Anthony Rockwall’s house, and was at once received in the library.

“Well,” said Anthony, reaching for his chequebook, “it was a good bilin’²¹ of soap. Let’s see—you had \$5,000 in cash.”

“I paid out \$300 more of my own,” said Kelly. “I had to go a little above the estimate. I got the express wagons and cabs mostly for \$5; but the trucks and two-horse teams mostly raised me to \$10. The motormen wanted \$10, and some of the loaded teams \$20. The cops struck me hardest—\$50 I paid two, and the rest \$20 and \$25. But didn’t it work beautiful²², Mr. Rockwall? I’m glad William A. Brady wasn’t onto that little outdoor vehicle mob scene. I wouldn’t want William to break his heart

¹⁹unmercenary *a.* 돈을 바라지 않는

²⁰dross *n.* 쓰레기, 하찮은 것

²¹bilin’ *n.* 한 술 끓임(=boiling)

²²it work beautiful *phr.* 멋지게 됐다(=beautifully)

with jealousy. And never a rehearsal, either! The boys was²³ on time to the fraction of a second. It was two hours before a snake could get below Greeley's statue."

"Thirteen hundred—there you are, Kelly," said Anthony, tearing off a check. "Your thousand, and the \$300 you were out. You don't despise money, do you, Kelly?"

"Me?" said Kelly. "I can lick²⁴ the man that invented poverty."

Anthony called Kelly when he was at the door.

"You didn't notice," said he, "anywhere in the tie-up, a kind of a fat boy without any clothes on shooting arrows around with a bow, did you?"

"Why, no," said Kelly, mystified. "I didn't. If he was like you say, maybe the cops pinched²⁵ him before I got there."

"I thought the little rascal wouldn't be on hand," chuckled Anthony. "Good-by, Kelly."

STORY IX

A Service of Love



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

That is our premise¹. This story shall draw a conclusion from it, and show at the same time that the premise is incorrect. That will be a new thing in logic, and a feat in story-telling somewhat older than the great wall of China.

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

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

Joe and Delia met in an atelier² where a number of art and music students had gathered to discuss chiaroscuro, Wagner, music, Rembrandt's works, pictures, Waldteufel, wall paper, Chopin and Oolong.

²³The boys was *plr.* 애들이 ~였다(=were)

²⁴lick *v.* 때려눕히다

²⁵pinched *v.* 체포했다(숙어)

¹★premise *n.* 전제

²atelier *n.* 화실, 작업실

Joe and Delia became enamoured³ one of the other, or each of the other, as you please, and in a short time were married—for (see above), when one loves one's Art no service seems too hard.

Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee began housekeeping in a flat. It was a lonesome flat—something like the A sharp way down at the left-hand end of the keyboard. And they were happy; for they had their Art, and they had each other. And my advice to the rich young man would be—sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor—janitor for the privilege of living in a flat with your Art and your Delia.

Flat-dwellers shall indorse my dictum⁴ that theirs is the only true happiness. If a home is happy it cannot fit too close—let the dresser collapse and become a billiard table; let the mantel turn to a rowing machine, the *escritoire*⁵ to a spare bedchamber, the washstand to an upright piano; let the four walls come together, if they will, so you and your Delia are between. But if home be the other kind, let it be wide and long—enter you at the Golden Gate, hang your hat on Hatteras, your cape on Cape Horn and go out by the Labrador.

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

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

But the best, in my opinion, was the home life in the little flat—the ardent, voluble⁶ chats after the day's study; the cozy dinners and fresh, light breakfasts; the interchange of ambitions—ambitions interwoven each with the other's or else inconsiderable—the mutual help and inspiration; and—overlook my artlessness—stuffed olives and cheese sandwiches at 11 p.m.

But after a while Art flagged⁷. It sometimes does, even if some switchman doesn't flag it. Everything going out and nothing coming in, as the vulgarians say. Money was lacking to pay Mr. Magister and Herr Rosenstock their prices. When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard. So, Delia said she must give music lessons to keep the chafing dish bubbling.

³enamoured *a.* 반한, 매혹된

⁴dictum *n.* 격언, 단언

⁵escritoire *n.* 책상, 서랍장

⁶voluble *a.* 말이 많은

⁷flagged *v.* 시들해졌다

For two or three days she went out canvassing⁸ for pupils. One evening she came home elated⁹.

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

“My pupil is his daughter Clementina. I dearly love her already. She’s a delicate thing—dresses always in white; and the sweetest, simplest manners! Only eighteen years old. I’m to give three lessons a week; and, just think, Joe! \$5 a lesson. I don’t mind it a bit; for when I get two or three more pupils I can resume my lessons with Herr Rosenstock. Now, smooth out that wrinkle between your brows, dear, and let’s have a nice supper.”

“That’s all right for you, Dele,” said Joe, attacking a can of peas with a carving knife and a hatchet, “but how about me? Do you think I’m going to let you hustle for wages while I philander¹⁰ in the regions of high art? Not by the bones of Benvenuto Cellini! I guess I can sell papers or lay cobblestones, and bring in a dollar or two.”

Delia came and hung about his neck.

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

“All right,” said Joe, reaching for the blue scalloped vegetable dish. “But I hate for you to be giving lessons. It isn’t Art. But you’re a trump¹¹ and a dear to do it.”

“When one loves one’s Art no service seems too hard,” said Delia.

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

“I’m sure you will,” said Delia, sweetly. “And now let’s be thankful for Gen. Pinkney and this veal roast.”

During all of the next week the Larrabees had an early breakfast. Joe was enthusiastic about some morning-effect sketches he was doing in Central Park, and Delia packed him off breakfasted, coddled¹², praised and kissed at 7 o’clock. Art is an engaging mistress. It was most times 7 o’clock when he returned in the evening.

At the end of the week Delia, sweetly proud but languid¹³, triumphantly tossed three five-dollar bills on the 8×10 (inches) centre table of the 8×10 (feet) flat parlour.

⁸canvassing *v.* 찾아다니며 구하다

⁹★elated *a.* 의기양양한

¹⁰philander *v.* 빈둥거리다, 노닥이다

¹¹a trump *n.* 믿을직한 사람

¹²coddled *v.* 애지중지 보살핀

¹³languid *a.* 나른한, 기운 없는

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

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

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

"Sold that watercolour of the obelisk to a man from Peoria," he announced overwhelmingly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"How is this?" asked Joe after the usual greetings. Delia laughed, but not very joyously.

"Clementina," she explained, "insisted upon a Welsh rabbit after her lesson. She is such a queer girl. Welsh rabbits at 5 in the afternoon. The General was there. You should have seen him run for the chafing dish, Joe, just as if there wasn't a servant in the house. I know Clementina isn't in good health; she is so nervous. In serving the rabbit she spilled a great lot of it, boiling hot, over my hand and wrist. It hurt awfully, Joe. And the dear girl was so sorry! But Gen. Pinkney!—Joe, that old man nearly went distracted. He rushed downstairs and sent somebody—they said the furnace

man or somebody in the basement—out to a drug store for some oil and things to bind it up with. It doesn't hurt so much now."

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

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

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

"Five o'clock, I think," said Dele, plaintively¹⁴. "The iron—I mean the rabbit came off the fire about that time. You ought to have seen Gen. Pinkney, Joe, when—"

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

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

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

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

"He wasn't from Peoria," said Joe, slowly.

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

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

"And then you didn't—"

"My purchaser from Peoria," said Joe, "and Gen. Pinkney are both creations of the same art—but you wouldn't call it either painting or music."

And then they both laughed, and Joe began:

"When one loves one's Art no service seems—"

¹⁴plaintively *ad.* 애처롭게

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

STORY X

The Skylight Room

First Mrs. Parker would show you the double parlours. You would not dare to interrupt her description of their advantages and of the merits of the gentleman who had occupied them for eight years. Then you would manage to stammer forth the confession that you were neither a doctor nor a dentist. Mrs. Parker’s manner of receiving the admission was such that you could never afterward entertain the same feeling toward your parents, who had neglected to train you up in one of the professions that fitted Mrs. Parker’s parlours.

Next you ascended one flight of stairs and looked at the second-floor-back at \$8. Convinced by her second-floor manner that it was worth the \$12 that Mr. Toosenberry always paid for it until he left to take charge of his brother’s orange plantation in Florida near Palm Beach, where Mrs. McIntyre always spent the winters that had the double front room with private bath, you managed to babble that you wanted something still cheaper.

If you survived Mrs. Parker’s scorn, you were taken to look at Mr. Skidder’s large hall room on the third floor. Mr. Skidder’s room was not vacant. He wrote plays and smoked cigarettes in it all day long. But every room-hunter was made to visit his room to admire the lambrequins¹. After each visit, Mr. Skidder, from the fright caused by possible eviction, would pay something on his rent.

Then—oh, then—if you still stood on one foot, with your hot hand clutching the three moist dollars in your pocket, and hoarsely proclaimed your hideous and culpable² poverty, nevermore would Mrs. Parker be cicerone³ of yours. She would honk loudly the word “Clara,” she would show you her back, and march downstairs. Then Clara, the coloured maid, would escort you up the carpeted ladder that served for the fourth flight, and show you the Skylight Room. It occupied 7×8 feet of floor space at the middle of the hall. On each side of it was a dark lumber closet or storeroom.

In it was an iron cot, a washstand and a chair. A shelf was the dresser. Its four bare walls seemed to close in upon you like the sides of a coffin. Your hand crept to your

¹lambrequins *n.* 장식용 커튼 덮개

²culpable *a.* 비난받을 만한

³cicerone *n.* 안내인

throat, you gasped, you looked up as from a well—and breathed once more. Through the glass of the little skylight you saw a square of blue infinity.

“Two dollars, suh⁴,” Clara would say in her half-contemptuous, half-Tuskegeenial tones.

One day Miss Leeson came hunting for a room. She carried a typewriter made to be lugged⁵ around by a much larger lady. She was a very little girl, with eyes and hair that had kept on growing after she had stopped and that always looked as if they were saying: “Goodness me! Why didn’t you keep up with us?”

Mrs. Parker showed her the double parlours. “In this closet,” she said, “one could keep a skeleton or anaesthetic or coal—”

“But I am neither a doctor nor a dentist,” said Miss Leeson, with a shiver.

Mrs. Parker gave her the incredulous, pitying, sneering, icy stare that she kept for those who failed to qualify as doctors or dentists, and led the way to the second floor back.

“Eight dollars?” said Miss Leeson. “Dear me! I’m not Hetty if I do look green. I’m just a poor little working girl. Show me something higher and lower.”

Mr. Skidder jumped and strewed the floor with cigarette stubs at the rap on his door.

“Excuse me, Mr. Skidder,” said Mrs. Parker, with her demon’s smile at his pale looks. “I didn’t know you were in. I asked the lady to have a look at your lambrequins.”

“They’re too lovely for anything,” said Miss Leeson, smiling in exactly the way the angels do.

After they had gone Mr. Skidder got very busy erasing the tall, black-haired heroine from his latest (unproduced) play and inserting a small, roguish⁶ one with heavy, bright hair and vivacious features.

“Anna Held’ll jump at it,” said Mr. Skidder to himself, putting his feet up against the lambrequins and disappearing in a cloud of smoke like an aerial cuttlefish.

Presently the tocsin⁷ call of “Clara!” sounded to the world the state of Miss Leeson’s purse. A dark goblin seized her, mounted a Stygian⁸ stairway, thrust her into a vault with a glimmer of light in its top and muttered the menacing and cabalistic words “Two dollars!”

“I’ll take it!” sighed Miss Leeson, sinking down upon the squeaky iron bed.

Every day Miss Leeson went out to work. At night she brought home papers with handwriting on them and made copies with her typewriter. Sometimes she had no

⁴suh *n.* 손님(=sir)

⁵lugged *v.* 질질 끌고 다니다

⁶roguish *a.* 장난기 있는

⁷tocsin *n.* 경종

⁸Stygian *a.* 지옥같이 캄캄한

work at night, and then she would sit on the steps of the high stoop with the other roomers. Miss Leeson was not intended for a sky-light room when the plans were drawn for her creation. She was gay-hearted and full of tender, whimsical fancies. Once she let Mr. Skidder read to her three acts of his great (unpublished) comedy, "It's No Kid; or, The Heir of the Subway."

There was rejoicing among the gentlemen roomers whenever Miss Leeson had time to sit on the steps for an hour or two. But Miss Longnecker, the tall blonde who taught in a public school and said, "Well, really!" to everything you said, sat on the top step and sniffed. And Miss Dorn, who shot at the moving ducks at Coney every Sunday and worked in a department store, sat on the bottom step and sniffed. Miss Leeson sat on the middle step and the men would quickly group around her.

Especially Mr. Skidder, who had cast her in his mind for the star part in a private, romantic (unspoken) drama in real life. And especially Mr. Hoover, who was forty-five, fat, flush and foolish. And especially very young Mr. Evans, who set up a hollow cough to induce her to ask him to leave off cigarettes. The men voted her "the funniest and jolliest ever," but the sniffs on the top step and the lower step were implacable⁹.

I pray you let the drama halt while Chorus stalks to the footlights and drops an epicedian tear upon the fatness of Mr. Hoover. Tune the pipes to the tragedy of tallow, the bane of bulk, the calamity of corpulence¹⁰. Tried out, Falstaff might have rendered more romance to the ton than would have Romeo's rickety ribs to the ounce. A lover may sigh, but he must not puff. To the train of Momus are the fat men remanded. In vain beats the faithfulest heart above a 52-inch belt. Avaunt¹¹, Hoover! Hoover, forty-five, flush and foolish, might carry off Helen herself; Hoover, forty-five, flush, foolish and fat is meat for perdition. There was never a chance for you, Hoover.

As Mrs. Parker's roomers sat thus one summer's evening, Miss Leeson looked up into the firmament¹² and cried with her little gay laugh:

"Why, there's Billy Jackson! I can see him from down here, too."

All looked up—some at the windows of skyscrapers, some casting about for an airship, Jackson-guided.

"It's that star," explained Miss Leeson, pointing with a tiny finger. "Not the big one that twinkles—the steady blue one near it. I can see it every night through my skylight. I named it Billy Jackson."

"Well, really!" said Miss Longnecker. "I didn't know you were an astronomer, Miss Leeson."

⁹implacable *a.* 누그러지지 않는

¹⁰corpulence *n.* 비만

¹¹Avaunt *int.* 물러가라

¹²firmament *n.* 창공, 하늘

"Oh, yes," said the small star gazer, "I know as much as any of them about the style of sleeves they're going to wear next fall in Mars."

"Well, really!" said Miss Longnecker. "The star you refer to is Gamma, of the constellation Cassiopeia. It is nearly of the second magnitude, and its meridian passage is—"

"Oh," said the very young Mr. Evans, "I think Billy Jackson is a much better name for it."

"Same here," said Mr. Hoover, loudly breathing defiance to Miss Longnecker. "I think Miss Leeson has just as much right to name stars as any of those old astrologers had."

"Well, really!" said Miss Longnecker.

"I wonder whether it's a shooting star," remarked Miss Dorn. "I hit nine ducks and a rabbit out of ten in the gallery at Coney Sunday."

"He doesn't show up very well from down here," said Miss Leeson. "You ought to see him from my room. You know you can see stars even in the daytime from the bottom of a well. At night my room is like the shaft of a coal mine, and it makes Billy Jackson look like the big diamond pin that Night fastens her kimono with."

There came a time after that when Miss Leeson brought no formidable papers home to copy. And when she went out in the morning, instead of working, she went from office to office and let her heart melt away in the drip of cold refusals transmitted through insolent office boys. This went on.

There came an evening when she wearily climbed Mrs. Parker's stoop at the hour when she always returned from her dinner at the restaurant. But she had had no dinner.

As she stepped into the hall Mr. Hoover met her and seized his chance. He asked her to marry him, and his fatness hovered above her like an avalanche. She dodged, and caught the balustrade. He tried for her hand, and she raised it and smote him weakly in the face. Step by step she went up, dragging herself by the railing. She passed Mr. Skidder's door as he was red-inking a stage direction for Myrtle Delorme (Miss Leeson) in his (unaccepted) comedy, to "pirouette across stage from L to the side of the Count." Up the carpeted ladder she crawled at last and opened the door of the skylight room.

She was too weak to light the lamp or to undress. She fell upon the iron cot, her fragile body scarcely hollowing the worn springs. And in that Erebus of the skylight room, she slowly raised her heavy eyelids, and smiled.

For Billy Jackson was shining down on her, calm and bright and constant through the skylight. There was no world about her. She was sunk in a pit of blackness, with but that small square of pallid light framing the star that she had so whimsically and oh, so ineffectually named. Miss Longnecker must be right; it was Gamma, of

the constellation Cassiopeia, and not Billy Jackson. And yet she could not let it be Gamma.

As she lay on her back she tried twice to raise her arm. The third time she got two thin fingers to her lips and blew a kiss out of the black pit to Billy Jackson. Her arm fell back limply.

“Good-bye, Billy,” she murmured faintly. “You’re millions of miles away and you won’t even twinkle once. But you kept where I could see you most of the time up there when there wasn’t anything else but darkness to look at, didn’t you? . . . Millions of miles . . . Good-bye, Billy Jackson.”

Clara, the coloured maid, found the door locked at 10 the next day, and they forced it open. Vinegar, and the slapping of wrists and burnt feathers proving of no avail, some one ran to ‘phone for an ambulance.

In due time it backed up to the door with much gong-clanging, and the capable young medico, in his white linen coat, ready, active, confident, with his smooth face half debonair¹³, half grim, danced up the steps.

“Ambulance call to 49,” he said briefly. “What’s the trouble?”

“Oh, yes, doctor,” sniffed Mrs. Parker, as though her trouble that there should be trouble in the house was the greater. “I can’t think what can be the matter with her. Nothing we could do would bring her to. It’s a young woman, a Miss Elsie—yes, a Miss Elsie Leeson. Never before in my house—”

“What room?” cried the doctor in a terrible voice, to which Mrs. Parker was a stranger.

“The skylight room. It—”

Evidently the ambulance doctor was familiar with the location of skylight rooms. He was gone up the stairs, four at a time. Mrs. Parker followed slowly, as her dignity demanded.

On the first landing she met him coming back bearing the astronomer in his arms. He stopped and let loose the practised scalpel of his tongue, not loudly. Gradually Mrs. Parker crumpled as a stiff garment that slips down from a nail. Ever afterward there remained crumples in her mind and body. Sometimes her curious roomers would ask her what the doctor said to her.

“Let that be,” she would answer. “If I can get forgiveness for having heard it I will be satisfied.”

The ambulance physician strode with his burden through the pack of hounds that follow the curiosity chase, and even they fell back along the sidewalk abashed¹⁴, for his face was that of one who bears his own dead.

¹³debonair *a.* 쾌활하고 세련된

¹⁴abashed *a.* 머쓱해진

They noticed that he did not lay down upon the bed prepared for it in the ambulance the form that he carried, and all that he said was: “Drive like h----l, Wilson,” to the driver.

That is all. Is it a story? In the next morning’s paper I saw a little news item, and the last sentence of it may help you (as it helped me) to weld the incidents together.

It recounted the reception into Bellevue Hospital of a young woman who had been removed from No. 49 East ---- street, suffering from debility¹⁵ induced by starvation. It concluded with these words:

“Dr. William Jackson, the ambulance physician who attended the case, says the patient will recover.”

¹⁵debility *n.* 쇠약

UNIT 4 정리하기 *Stories VIII-X*

돈과 사랑, 그리고 별

줄거리 요약

「돈의 신과 사랑의 신」: 비누 재벌 앤서니 록월은 아들 리처드가 무언가로 고민하는 것을 알아채고 사정을 묻는다. 리처드는 사랑하는 랜트리 양이 모레 2년 동안 유럽으로 떠나는 데, 그녀와 단둘이 있을 시간은 역에서 극장까지 마차로 가는 6~8분뿐이라 고백할 틈이 없다고 털어놓는다. 돈으로는 시간을 살 수 없다는 아들에게 앤서니는 태연히 돈의 힘을 장담한다. 다음 날 저녁 엘런 고모는 사랑의 행운을 가져온다는 어머니의 반지를 리처드에게 준다. 마차가 34번가에서 반지를 줍느라 잠시 멈춘 사이 엄청난 교통 정체가 일어나 두 시간 동안 갇히고, 그사이 리처드는 청혼에 성공한다. 고모는 반지와 사랑의 힘 덕분이라며 기뻐한다. 그러나 다음 날 켈리라는 사내가 찾아와 앤서니에게 정체를 일으키는 데 든 비용을 정산받는다.

「사랑의 봉사」: 화가 지망생 조와 피아니스트 지망생 딜리아는 뉴욕에서 만나 결혼하고 작은 아파트에서 행복하게 산다. 돈이 떨어지자 딜리아는 핑크니 장군의 딸에게 피아노를 가르친다며 매주 15달러를 벌어들여 오고, 조도 페오리아에서 온 신사에게 그림을 팔았다며 돈을 내놓는다. 어느 토요일 딜리아는 손에 봉대를 감고 돌아와 학생이 뜨거운 요리를 쏟았다고 둘러댄다. 조의 추궁에 딜리아는 사실 세탁소에서 셔츠를 다리가 다쳤다고 고백한다. 조는 그 봉대를 자신이 같은 세탁소 기관실에서 올려 보냈으며, 2주 동안 그곳에서 보일러 화부로 일했다고 밝힌다. 두 사람은 웃으며 ‘예수를 사랑하면’이 아니라 ‘사랑하면’ 어떤 수고도 힘들지 않다고 고쳐 말한다.

「천창이 있는 방」: 하숙집 주인 파커 부인은 손님의 지갑 사정에 따라 태도를 바꾸며 방을 보여 준다. 타자수 리슨 양은 결국 꼭대기의 2달러짜리 천창 방을 얻고, 명량한 성격으로 남자 하숙인들의 사랑을 받는다. 그녀는 천창으로 보이는 별에 ‘빌리 잭슨’이라는 이름을 붙인다. 일감이 끊기자 그녀는 일자리를 찾아 해마다 굶주린 채 쓰러지고, 별에게 작별 인사를 한다. 이튿날 출동한 구급차 의사는 그녀를 안고 내려와 파커 부인을 호되게 꾸짖고 병원으로 달려간다. 다음 날 신문은 환자가 회복할 것이라는 담당 의사 윌리엄 잭슨의 말을 전한다.

핵심 문장

1 *We can't buy one minute of time with cash; if we could, rich people would live longer.*

현금으로는 단 1분의 시간도 살 수 없어요. 살 수 있다면 부자들이 더 오래 살겠죠.

if we could 뒤에 buy time이 생략된 가정법 과거다. 돈의 한계를 말하는 리처드의 논리가 이야기 전체의 쟁점이 된다.

- 2 *The story should end here. I wish it would as heartily as you who read it wish it did.*
이야기는 여기서 끝나야 한다. 이 글을 읽는 여러분이 그러기를 바라는 만큼 나도 진심으로 그러기를 바란다.
화자가 독자에게 직접 말을 거는 오 헨리 특유의 개입이다. wish + 과거형(would, did)은 이루기 어려운 소망을 나타낸다.
- 3 *When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard.*
자신의 예술을 사랑하면 어떤 수고도 힘들어 보이지 않는다.
one은 일반인 주어다. 이야기 내내 반복되다가 결말에서 'When one loves'로 바뀌며 진짜 주제가 드러난다.
- 4 *Through the glass of the little skylight you saw a square of blue infinity.*
작은 천창 유리 너머로 네모난 푸른 무한이 보였다.
a square of blue infinity는 좁은 방(유한)과 하늘(무한)을 한 구에 대비시킨 표현이다. 비좁은 공간 속에서도 남아 있는 희망을 암시한다.

확인 문제 Comprehension Check

1. **Detail** According to 'A Service of Love,' which of the following is true?
 ① Delia gave music lessons to General Pinkney's daughter three times a week.
 ② Joe sold his watercolour of the obelisk to a man from Peoria.
 ③ Delia burned her hand while serving a Welsh rabbit to Clementina.
 ④ Joe guessed Delia's secret on the first day she went to work.
 ⑤ Joe had been firing the engine in the laundry where Delia worked.
2. **Vocabulary in Context** In context, what does the phrase "he began to knock money" most likely mean?
 ① He began to spend money wildly.
 ② He began to say that money was useless.
 ③ He began to borrow money from his father.
 ④ He began to count his money carefully.
 ⑤ He began to give money to the poor.
3. **Inference** Why does Anthony Rockwall ask Kelly whether he saw "a kind of a fat boy without any clothes on shooting arrows around with a bow"?
 ① He is worried that a child was hurt in the traffic jam.
 ② He suspects Kelly hired a boy to help him without permission.
 ③ He wants to know whether the police arrested anyone that night.
 ④ He is jokingly checking whether Cupid, the god of love, played any part.
 ⑤ He has heard a rumour about a strange boy in the city.

4. **Short Answer** In two or three sentences, explain the meaning of the last sentence of 'The Skylight Room' and why it is important.

생각해 볼 거리

- ▶ 앤서니는 돈으로 아들의 사랑을 이루어 주었고, 엘런 고모는 사랑의 힘을 믿는다. 이 이야기 속 결과를 볼 때 누구의 말이 옳다고 생각하는가?
- ▶ 조와 딜리아는 서로를 위해 꿈을 잠시 내려놓고 거짓말까지 한다. 사랑하는 사람을 위한 선의의 거짓말은 정당할 수 있을까?

UNIT

5

도시의 문과 방

Stories XI-XII

원문 약 5,184 단어 · 단어 각주 45 개

읽기 전에

마지막 두 편은 대도시 뉴욕에서 길을 잃은 사람들을 그린다. 「초록 문」의 피아노 판매원 루돌프는 거리에서 받은 치과 광고 카드 뒷면에 적힌 ‘초록 문’이라는 글귀를 따라 모험에 나선다. 「가구 딸린 방」의 젊은이는 다섯 달째 사라진 연인을 찾아 셋방을 전전하다 한 하숙집에 묵는다. 같은 도시의 셋방이 한 편에서는 낭만의 무대가, 다른 한 편에서는 음울한 공간이 되는 대비에 주목하며 읽자.

이 유닛의 인물

Rudolf Steiner	루돌프 스타이너 — 낮에는 피아노 판매원, 밤에는 모험을 찾아다니는 청년
The girl behind the green door	초록 문 뒤의 아가씨 — 직장을 잃고 가난에 시달리는 스무 살이 안 된 점원
The young man	젊은이 — 사라진 연인을 찾아 다섯 달째 뉴욕을 헤매는 남자
Eloise Vashner	엘로이즈 배시너 — 젊은이가 찾는 연인. 무대 가수가 되려 집을 떠났다
Mrs. Purdy	퍼디 부인 — 하숙집 관리인. 목소리가 털이 낀 듯 탁하다
Mrs. McCool	맥쿨 부인 — 퍼디 부인의 친구인 또 다른 하숙집 관리인

STORY XI

The Green Door

Suppose you should be walking down Broadway after dinner, with ten minutes allotted to the consummation¹ of your cigar while you are choosing between a diverting tragedy and something serious in the way of vaudeville². Suddenly a hand is laid upon your arm. You turn to look into the thrilling eyes of a beautiful woman, wonderful in diamonds and Russian sables. She thrusts hurriedly into your hand an extremely hot buttered roll, flashes out a tiny pair of scissors, snips off the second button of your overcoat, meaningly ejaculates³ the one word, “parallelogram!” and swiftly flies down a cross street, looking back fearfully over her shoulder.

That would be pure adventure. Would you accept it? Not you. You would flush with embarrassment; you would sheepishly⁴ drop the roll and continue down Broadway, fumbling feebly for the missing button. This you would do unless you are one of the blessed few in whom the pure spirit of adventure is not dead.

True adventurers have never been plentiful. They who are set down in print as such have been mostly business men with newly invented methods. They have been out after the things they wanted—golden fleeces, holy grails, lady loves, treasure, crowns and fame. The true adventurer goes forth aimless and uncalculating to meet and greet unknown fate. A fine example was the Prodigal Son—when he started back home.

Half-adventurers—brave and splendid figures—have been numerous. From the Crusades to the Palisades they have enriched the arts of history and fiction and the trade of historical fiction. But each of them had a prize to win, a goal to kick, an axe to grind⁵, a race to run, a new thrust in tierce to deliver, a name to carve, a crow to pick⁶—so they were not followers of true adventure.

In the big city the twin spirits Romance and Adventure are always abroad seeking worthy wooers⁷. As we roam the streets they slyly peep at us and challenge us in twenty different guises⁸. Without knowing why, we look up suddenly to see in a window a face that seems to belong to our gallery of intimate portraits; in a sleeping thoroughfare we hear a cry of agony and fear coming from an empty and shuttered

¹consummation *n.* 다 피우기, 완수

²vaudeville *n.* 보드빌(버라이어티 쇼)

³ejaculates *v.* 외치다, 내뱉다

⁴sheepishly *ad.* 멧쩍게

⁵an axe to grind *phr.* 속셈, 사사로운 목적

⁶a crow to pick *phr.* 따질 일, 시비거리

⁷wooers *n.* 구혼자

⁸guises *n.* 모습, 겉모양

house; instead of at our familiar curb, a cab-driver deposits us before a strange door, which one, with a smile, opens for us and bids us enter; a slip of paper, written upon, flutters down to our feet from the high lattices of Chance; we exchange glances of instantaneous hate, affection and fear with hurrying strangers in the passing crowds; a sudden douse of rain—and our umbrella may be sheltering the daughter of the Full Moon and first cousin of the Sidereal⁹ System; at every corner handkerchiefs drop, fingers beckon, eyes besiege, and the lost, the lonely, the rapturous, the mysterious, the perilous, changing clues of adventure are slipped into our fingers. But few of us are willing to hold and follow them. We are grown stiff with the ramrod¹⁰ of convention down our backs. We pass on; and some day we come, at the end of a very dull life, to reflect that our romance has been a pallid thing of a marriage or two, a satin rosette kept in a safe-deposit drawer, and a lifelong feud with a steam radiator.

Rudolf Steiner was a true adventurer. Few were the evenings on which he did not go forth from his hall bedchamber in search of the unexpected and the egregious¹¹. The most interesting thing in life seemed to him to be what might lie just around the next corner. Sometimes his willingness to tempt fate led him into strange paths. Twice he had spent the night in a station-house; again and again he had found himself the dupe¹² of ingenious and mercenary¹³ tricksters; his watch and money had been the price of one flattering allurement¹⁴. But with undiminished ardour he picked up every glove cast before him into the merry lists of adventure.

One evening Rudolf was strolling along a crosstown street in the older central part of the city. Two streams of people filled the sidewalks—the home-hurrying, and that restless contingent¹⁵ that abandons home for the specious welcome of the thousand-candle-power *table d'hôte*.

The young adventurer was of pleasing presence, and moved serenely and watchfully. By daylight he was a salesman in a piano store. He wore his tie drawn through a topaz ring instead of fastened with a stick pin; and once he had written to the editor of a magazine that “Junie’s Love Test” by Miss Libbey, had been the book that had most influenced his life.

During his walk a violent chattering of teeth in a glass case on the sidewalk seemed at first to draw his attention (with a qualm¹⁶), to a restaurant before which it was set; but a second glance revealed the electric letters of a dentist’s sign high above the next door. A giant negro, fantastically dressed in a red embroidered coat, yellow trousers

⁹Sidereal *a.* 별의, 항성의

¹⁰ramrod *n.* 곳곳한 쇠막대

¹¹egregious *a.* 터무니없는, 별난

¹²dupe *n.* 잘 속는 사람, 봉

¹³mercenary *a.* 돈만 바라는

¹⁴allurement *n.* 유혹

¹⁵contingent *n.* 무리, 일행

¹⁶qualm *n.* 불안감, 메스꺼움

and a military cap, discreetly distributed cards to those of the passing crowd who consented to take them.

This mode of dentistic advertising was a common sight to Rudolf. Usually he passed the dispenser of the dentist's cards without reducing his store; but tonight the African slipped one into his hand so deftly¹⁷ that he retained it there smiling a little at the successful feat.

When he had travelled a few yards further he glanced at the card indifferently. Surprised, he turned it over and looked again with interest. One side of the card was blank; on the other was written in ink three words, "The Green Door." And then Rudolf saw, three steps in front of him, a man throw down the card the negro had given him as he passed. Rudolf picked it up. It was printed with the dentist's name and address and the usual schedule of "plate work" and "bridge work" and "crowns," and specious promises of "painless" operations.

The adventurous piano salesman halted at the corner and considered. Then he crossed the street, walked down a block, recrossed and joined the upward current of people again. Without seeming to notice the negro as he passed the second time, he carelessly took the card that was handed him. Ten steps away he inspected it. In the same handwriting that appeared on the first card "The Green Door" was inscribed upon it. Three or four cards were tossed to the pavement by pedestrians both following and leading him. These fell blank side up. Rudolf turned them over. Every one bore the printed legend of the dental "parlours."

Rarely did the arch sprite Adventure need to beckon twice to Rudolf Steiner, his true follower. But twice it had been done, and the quest was on.

Rudolf walked slowly back to where the giant negro stood by the case of rattling teeth. This time as he passed he received no card. In spite of his gaudy and ridiculous garb¹⁸, the Ethiopian displayed a natural barbaric dignity as he stood, offering the cards suavely¹⁹ to some, allowing others to pass unmolested. Every half minute he chanted a harsh, unintelligible phrase akin to the jabber of car conductors and grand opera. And not only did he withhold a card this time, but it seemed to Rudolf that he received from the shining and massive black countenance a look of cold, almost contemptuous disdain.

The look stung the adventurer. He read in it a silent accusation that he had been found wanting. Whatever the mysterious written words on the cards might mean, the black had selected him twice from the throng for their recipient; and now seemed to have condemned him as deficient in the wit and spirit to engage the enigma.

¹⁷deftly *ad.* 솜씨 좋게

¹⁸garb *n.* 옷차림

¹⁹suavely *ad.* 정중하고 매끄럽게

Standing aside from the rush, the young man made a rapid estimate of the building in which he conceived that his adventure must lie. Five stories high it rose. A small restaurant occupied the basement.

The first floor, now closed, seemed to house millinery or furs. The second floor, by the winking electric letters, was the dentist's. Above this a polyglot²⁰ babel of signs struggled to indicate the abodes of palmists, dressmakers, musicians and doctors. Still higher up draped curtains and milk bottles white on the window sills proclaimed the regions of domesticity.

After concluding his survey Rudolf walked briskly up the high flight of stone steps into the house. Up two flights of the carpeted stairway he continued; and at its top paused. The hallway there was dimly lighted by two pale jets of gas—one far to his right, the other nearer, to his left. He looked toward the nearer light and saw, within its wan halo, a green door. For one moment he hesitated; then he seemed to see the contumelious sneer of the African juggler of cards; and then he walked straight to the green door and knocked against it.

Moments like those that passed before his knock was answered measure the quick breath of true adventure. What might not be behind those green panels! Gamesters at play; cunning rogues baiting their traps with subtle skill; beauty in love with courage, and thus planning to be sought by it; danger, death, love, disappointment, ridicule—any of these might respond to that temerarious²¹ rap.

A faint rustle was heard inside, and the door slowly opened. A girl not yet twenty stood there, white-faced and tottering. She loosed the knob and swayed weakly, groping with one hand. Rudolf caught her and laid her on a faded couch that stood against the wall. He closed the door and took a swift glance around the room by the light of a flickering gas jet. Neat, but extreme poverty was the story that he read.

The girl lay still, as if in a faint. Rudolf looked around the room excitedly for a barrel. People must be rolled upon a barrel who—no, no; that was for drowned persons. He began to fan her with his hat. That was successful, for he struck her nose with the brim of his derby and she opened her eyes. And then the young man saw that hers, indeed, was the one missing face from his heart's gallery of intimate portraits. The frank, grey eyes, the little nose, turning pertly outward; the chestnut hair, curling like the tendrils of a pea vine, seemed the right end and reward of all his wonderful adventures. But the face was woefully²² thin and pale.

The girl looked at him calmly, and then smiled.

"Fainted, didn't I?" she asked, weakly. "Well, who wouldn't? You try going without anything to eat for three days and see!"

²⁰polyglot *a.* 여러 언어의

²¹temerarious *a.* 무모한

²²woefully *ad.* 애처롭게

“Himmel²³!” exclaimed Rudolf, jumping up. “Wait till I come back.”

He dashed out the green door and down the stairs. In twenty minutes he was back again, kicking at the door with his toe for her to open it. With both arms he hugged an array of wares from the grocery and the restaurant. On the table he laid them—bread and butter, cold meats, cakes, pies, pickles, oysters, a roasted chicken, a bottle of milk and one of red-hot tea.

“This is ridiculous,” said Rudolf, blusteringly²⁴, “to go without eating. You must quit making election bets of this kind. Supper is ready.” He helped her to a chair at the table and asked: “Is there a cup for the tea?” “On the shelf by the window,” she answered. When he turned again with the cup he saw her, with eyes shining rapturously, beginning upon a huge Dill pickle that she had rooted out from the paper bags with a woman’s unerring instinct. He took it from her, laughingly, and poured the cup full of milk. “Drink that first” he ordered, “and then you shall have some tea, and then a chicken wing. If you are very good you shall have a pickle to-morrow. And now, if you’ll allow me to be your guest we’ll have supper.”

He drew up the other chair. The tea brightened the girl’s eyes and brought back some of her colour. She began to eat with a sort of dainty ferocity like some starved wild animal. She seemed to regard the young man’s presence and the aid he had rendered her as a natural thing—not as though she undervalued the conventions; but as one whose great stress gave her the right to put aside the artificial for the human. But gradually, with the return of strength and comfort, came also a sense of the little conventions that belong; and she began to tell him her little story. It was one of a thousand such as the city yawns at every day—the shop girl’s story of insufficient wages, further reduced by “fines” that go to swell the store’s profits; of time lost through illness; and then of lost positions, lost hope, and—the knock of the adventurer upon the green door.

But to Rudolf the history sounded as big as the Iliad or the crisis in “Junie’s Love Test.”

“To think of you going through all that,” he exclaimed.

“It was something fierce²⁵,” said the girl, solemnly.

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

“None whatever.”

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

“I am glad of that,” said the girl, promptly; and somehow it pleased the young man to hear that she approved of his bereft²⁶ condition.

Very suddenly her eyelids dropped and she sighed deeply.

²³Himmel *int.* 맵소사(독일어)

²⁴blusteringly *ad.* 큰소리치며

²⁵something fierce *phr.* 지독했다(구어)

²⁶bereft *a.* 헐헐단신의

“I’m awfully sleepy,” she said, “and I feel so good.”

Then Rudolf rose and took his hat. “I’ll say good-night. A long night’s sleep will be fine for you.”

He held out his hand, and she took it and said “good-night.” But her eyes asked a question so eloquently, so frankly and pathetically that he answered it with words.

“Oh, I’m coming back to-morrow to see how you are getting along. You can’t get rid of me so easily.”

Then, at the door, as though the way of his coming had been so much less important than the fact that he had come, she asked: “How did you come to knock at my door?”

He looked at her for a moment, remembering the cards, and felt a sudden jealous pain. What if they had fallen into other hands as adventurous as his? Quickly he decided that she must never know the truth. He would never let her know that he was aware of the strange expedient to which she had been driven by her great distress.

“One of our piano tuners lives in this house,” he said. “I knocked at your door by mistake.”

The last thing he saw in the room before the green door closed was her smile.

At the head of the stairway he paused and looked curiously about him. And then he went along the hallway to its other end; and, coming back, ascended to the floor above and continued his puzzled explorations. Every door that he found in the house was painted green.

Wondering, he descended to the sidewalk. The fantastic African was still there. Rudolf confronted him with his two cards in his hand.

“Will you tell me why you gave me these cards and what they mean?” he asked.

In a broad, good-natured grin the negro exhibited a splendid advertisement of his master’s profession.

“Dar it is, boss²⁷,” he said, pointing down the street. “But I ’spect you is a little late for de fust²⁸ act.”

Looking the way he pointed Rudolf saw above the entrance to a theatre the blazing electric sign of its new play, “The Green Door.”

“I’m informed dat it’s a fust-rate show, sah,” said the negro. “De agent what represents it pussented me with a dollar, sah, to distribute a few of his cards along with de doctah’s. May I offer you one of de doctah’s cards, sah?”

At the corner of the block in which he lived Rudolf stopped for a glass of beer and a cigar. When he had come out with his lighted weed he buttoned his coat, pushed back his hat and said, stoutly, to the lamp post on the corner:

²⁷Dar it is, boss *phr.* 저기예요(=There)

²⁸fust *a.* 첫(=first)

“All the same, I believe it was the hand of Fate that doped out²⁹ the way for me to find her.”

Which conclusion, under the circumstances, certainly admits Rudolf Steiner to the ranks of the true followers of Romance and Adventure.

STORY XII

The Furnished Room



Restless, shifting, fugacious¹ as time itself is a certain vast bulk of the population of the red brick district of the lower West Side. Homeless, they have a hundred homes. They flit from furnished room to furnished room, transients² forever—transients in abode, transients in heart and mind. They sing “Home, Sweet Home” in ragtime; they carry their *lares et penates* in a bandbox; their vine is entwined about a picture hat; a rubber plant is their fig tree.

Hence the houses of this district, having had a thousand dwellers, should have a thousand tales to tell, mostly dull ones, no doubt; but it would be strange if there could not be found a ghost or two in the wake of all these vagrant guests.

One evening after dark a young man prowled among these crumbling red mansions, ringing their bells. At the twelfth he rested his lean hand-baggage upon the step and wiped the dust from his hatband and forehead. The bell sounded faint and far away in some remote, hollow depths.

To the door of this, the twelfth house whose bell he had rung, came a housekeeper who made him think of an unwholesome, surfeited³ worm that had eaten its nut to a hollow shell and now sought to fill the vacancy with edible lodgers.

He asked if there was a room to let.

“Come in,” said the housekeeper. Her voice came from her throat; her throat seemed lined with fur. “I have the third floor back, vacant since a week back. Should you wish to look at it?”

The young man followed her up the stairs. A faint light from no particular source mitigated the shadows of the halls. They trod noiselessly upon a stair carpet that its own loom would have forsworn⁴. It seemed to have become vegetable; to have degenerated in that rank, sunless air to lush lichen or spreading moss that grew in patches

²⁹doped out *phr.* 궁리해 냈다

¹fugacious *a.* 덧없이 사라지는

²transients *n.* 뜬내기

³surfeited *a.* 실컷 먹어 물린

⁴forsworn *v.* 외면했을, 부인했을

to the staircase and was viscid⁵ under the foot like organic matter. At each turn of the stairs were vacant niches in the wall. Perhaps plants had once been set within them. If so they had died in that foul and tainted air. It may be that statues of the saints had stood there, but it was not difficult to conceive that imps and devils had dragged them forth in the darkness and down to the unholy depths of some furnished pit below.

“This is the room,” said the housekeeper, from her furry throat. “It’s a nice room. It ain’t often vacant. I had some most elegant people in it last summer—no trouble at all, and paid in advance to the minute. The water’s at the end of the hall. Sprowls and Mooney kept it three months. They done a vaudeville sketch. Miss B’retta Sprowls—you may have heard of her—Oh, that was just the stage names—right there over the dresser is where the marriage certificate hung, framed. The gas is here, and you see there is plenty of closet room. It’s a room everybody likes. It never stays idle long.”

“Do you have many theatrical people rooming here?” asked the young man.

“They comes and goes⁶. A good proportion of my lodgers is connected with the theatres. Yes, sir, this is the theatrical district. Actor people never stays long anywhere. I get my share. Yes, they comes and they goes.”

He engaged the room, paying for a week in advance. He was tired, he said, and would take possession at once. He counted out the money. The room had been made ready, she said, even to towels and water. As the housekeeper moved away he put, for the thousandth time, the question that he carried at the end of his tongue.

“A young girl—Miss Vashner—Miss Eloise Vashner—do you remember such a one among your lodgers? She would be singing on the stage, most likely. A fair girl, of medium height and slender, with reddish, gold hair and a dark mole near her left eyebrow.”

“No, I don’t remember the name. Them stage people has names they change as often as their rooms. They comes and they goes. No, I don’t call that one to mind.”

No. Always no. Five months of ceaseless interrogation and the inevitable negative. So much time spent by day in questioning managers, agents, schools and choruses; by night among the audiences of theatres from all-star casts down to music halls so low that he dreaded to find what he most hoped for. He who had loved her best had tried to find her. He was sure that since her disappearance from home this great, water-girt city held her somewhere, but it was like a monstrous quicksand, shifting its particles constantly, with no foundation, its upper granules of to-day buried to-morrow in ooze and slime.

The furnished room received its latest guest with a first glow of pseudo-hospitality, a hectic, haggard, perfunctory⁷ welcome like the specious smile of a demirep. The

⁵viscid *a.* 끈적끈적한

⁶They comes and goes *phr.* 왔다 갔다 해(=come and go)

⁷perfunctory *a.* 형식적인

sophistical comfort came in reflected gleams from the decayed furniture, the ragged brocade upholstery of a couch and two chairs, a foot-wide cheap pier glass between the two windows, from one or two gilt picture frames and a brass bedstead in a corner.

The guest reclined, inert, upon a chair, while the room, confused in speech as though it were an apartment in Babel, tried to discourse to him of its divers tenantry.

A polychromatic rug like some brilliant-flowered rectangular, tropical islet lay surrounded by a billowy sea of soiled matting. Upon the gay-papered wall were those pictures that pursue the homeless one from house to house—The Huguenot Lovers, The First Quarrel, The Wedding Breakfast, Psyche at the Fountain. The mantel's chastely severe outline was ingloriously veiled behind some pert drapery drawn rakishly askew like the sashes of the Amazonian ballet. Upon it was some desolate flotsam⁸ cast aside by the room's marooned when a lucky sail had borne them to a fresh port—a trifling vase or two, pictures of actresses, a medicine bottle, some stray cards out of a deck.

One by one, as the characters of a cryptograph become explicit, the little signs left by the furnished room's procession of guests developed a significance. The threadbare space in the rug in front of the dresser told that lovely woman had marched in the throng. Tiny finger prints on the wall spoke of little prisoners trying to feel their way to sun and air. A splattered stain, raying like the shadow of a bursting bomb, witnessed where a hurled glass or bottle had splintered with its contents against the wall. Across the pier glass had been scrawled with a diamond in staggering letters the name "Marie." It seemed that the succession of dwellers in the furnished room had turned in fury—perhaps tempted beyond forbearance⁹ by its garish coldness—and wreaked upon it their passions. The furniture was chipped and bruised; the couch, distorted by bursting springs, seemed a horrible monster that had been slain during the stress of some grotesque convulsion. Some more potent upheaval had cloven a great slice from the marble mantel. Each plank in the floor owned its particular cant and shriek as from a separate and individual agony. It seemed incredible that all this malice and injury had been wrought upon the room by those who had called it for a time their home; and yet it may have been the cheated home instinct surviving blindly, the resentful rage at false household gods that had kindled their wrath. A hut that is our own we can sweep and adorn and cherish.

The young tenant in the chair allowed these thoughts to file, soft-shod, through his mind, while there drifted into the room furnished sounds and furnished scents. He heard in one room a tittering and incontinent, slack laughter; in others the monologue of a scold, the rattling of dice, a lullaby, and one crying dully; above

⁸flotsam *n.* 떠다니는 잡동사니

⁹forbearance *n.* 인내, 자제

him a banjo tinkled with spirit. Doors banged somewhere; the elevated trains roared intermittently; a cat yowled miserably upon a back fence. And he breathed the breath of the house—a dank savour rather than a smell—a cold, musty effluvium¹⁰ as from underground vaults mingled with the reeking exhalations of linoleum and mildewed and rotten woodwork.

Then, suddenly, as he rested there, the room was filled with the strong, sweet odour of mignonette¹¹. It came as upon a single buffet of wind with such sureness and fragrance and emphasis that it almost seemed a living visitant. And the man cried aloud: “What, dear?” as if he had been called, and sprang up and faced about. The rich odour clung to him and wrapped him around. He reached out his arms for it, all his senses for the time confused and commingled. How could one be peremptorily called by an odour? Surely it must have been a sound. But, was it not the sound that had touched, that had caressed him?

“She has been in this room,” he cried, and he sprang to wrest from it a token, for he knew he would recognize the smallest thing that had belonged to her or that she had touched. This enveloping scent of mignonette, the odour that she had loved and made her own—whence came it?

The room had been but carelessly set in order. Scattered upon the flimsy dresser scarf were half a dozen hairpins—those discreet, indistinguishable friends of womankind, feminine of gender, infinite of mood and uncommunicative of tense. These he ignored, conscious of their triumphant lack of identity. Ransacking the drawers of the dresser he came upon a discarded, tiny, ragged handkerchief. He pressed it to his face. It was racy and insolent with heliotrope; he hurled it to the floor. In another drawer he found odd buttons, a theatre programme, a pawnbroker’s card, two lost marshmallows, a book on the divination of dreams. In the last was a woman’s black satin hair bow, which halted him, poised between ice and fire. But the black satin hair-bow also is femininity’s demure, impersonal, common ornament, and tells no tales.

And then he traversed the room like a hound on the scent, skimming the walls, considering the corners of the bulging matting on his hands and knees, rummaging mantel and tables, the curtains and hangings, the drunken cabinet in the corner, for a visible sign, unable to perceive that she was there beside, around, against, within, above him, clinging to him, wooing him, calling him so poignantly through the finer senses that even his grosser ones became cognisant of the call. Once again he answered loudly: “Yes, dear!” and turned, wild-eyed, to gaze on vacancy, for he could not yet discern form and colour and love and outstretched arms in the odour of mignonette. Oh, God! whence that odour, and since when have odours had a voice to call? Thus he groped.

¹⁰effluvium *n.* 악취, 발산물

¹¹mignonette *n.* 목서초(향초)

He burrowed in crevices and corners, and found corks and cigarettes. These he passed in passive contempt. But once he found in a fold of the matting a half-smoked cigar, and this he ground beneath his heel with a green and trenchant oath. He sifted the room from end to end. He found dreary and ignoble small records of many a peripatetic¹² tenant; but of her whom he sought, and who may have lodged there, and whose spirit seemed to hover there, he found no trace.

And then he thought of the housekeeper.

He ran from the haunted room downstairs and to a door that showed a crack of light. She came out to his knock. He smothered his excitement as best he could.

"Will you tell me, madam," he besought¹³ her, "who occupied the room I have before I came?"

"Yes, sir. I can tell you again. 'Twas Sprowls and Mooney, as I said. Miss B'retta Sprowls it was in the theatres, but Missis Mooney she was. My house is well known for respectability. The marriage certificate hung, framed, on a nail over—"

"What kind of a lady was Miss Sprowls—in looks, I mean?"

"Why, black-haired, sir, short, and stout, with a comical face. They left a week ago Tuesday."

"And before they occupied it?"

"Why, there was a single gentleman connected with the draying business. He left owing me a week. Before him was Missis Crowder and her two children, that stayed four months; and back of them was old Mr. Doyle, whose sons paid for him. He kept the room six months. That goes back a year, sir, and further I do not remember."

He thanked her and crept back to his room. The room was dead. The essence that had vivified it was gone. The perfume of mignonette had departed. In its place was the old, stale odour of mouldy house furniture, of atmosphere in storage.

The ebbing of his hope drained his faith. He sat staring at the yellow, singing gaslight. Soon he walked to the bed and began to tear the sheets into strips. With the blade of his knife he drove them tightly into every crevice around windows and door. When all was snug and taut he turned out the light, turned the gas full on again and laid himself gratefully upon the bed.

It was Mrs. McCool's night to go with the can for beer. So she fetched it and sat with Mrs. Purdy in one of those subterranean retreats where house-keepers foregather and the worm dieth seldom.

"I rented out my third floor, back, this evening," said Mrs. Purdy, across a fine circle of foam. "A young man took it. He went up to bed two hours ago."

¹²peripatetic *a.* 떠돌아다니는

¹³besought *v.* 간청했다

“Now, did ye, Mrs. Purdy, ma’am?” said Mrs. McCool, with intense admiration. “You do be a wonder for rentin’ rooms of that kind. And did ye tell him, then?” she concluded in a husky whisper, laden with mystery.

“Rooms,” said Mrs. Purdy, in her furriest tones, “are furnished for to rent. I did not tell him, Mrs. McCool.”

“’Tis right ye are, ma’am; ’tis by renting rooms we kape¹⁴ alive. Ye have the rale sense for business, ma’am. There be many people will rayjict the rentin’ of a room if they be tould a suicide has been after dyin’ in the bed of it.”

“As you say, we has our living to be making,” remarked Mrs. Purdy.

“Yis, ma’am; ’tis true. ’Tis just one wake ago this day I helped ye lay out the third floor, back. A pretty slip of a colleen¹⁵ she was to be killin’ herself wid the gas—a swate¹⁶ little face she had, Mrs. Purdy, ma’am.”

“She’d a-been called handsome, as you say,” said Mrs. Purdy, assenting but critical, “but for that mole she had a-growin’ by her left eyebrow. Do fill up your glass again, Mrs. McCool.”

¹⁴kape *v.* 유지하다(=keep)

¹⁵colleen *n.* (아일랜드) 아가씨

¹⁶swate *a.* 귀여운(=sweet)

UNIT 5 정리하기 Stories XI-XII

도시의 문과 방

줄거리 요약

「초록 문」: 화자는 대도시 곳곳에 낭만과 모험의 단서가 널려 있지만 대부분의 사람은 그것을 따르지 않는다고 말한다. 피아노 판매원 루돌프 스타이너는 진정한 모험가로, 어느 날 저녁 거리의 흑인 광고원에게서 치과 광고 카드를 받는데 뒷면에 ‘The Green Door’라고 적혀 있다. 다시 지나가며 받은 카드에도 같은 글귀가 있었고, 세 번째로 지나갈 때 광고원은 경멸하는 눈빛으로 카드를 주지 않는다. 루돌프는 건물에 들어가 초록 문을 두드리고, 사흘을 굶어 쓰러지기 직전인 아가씨를 발견한다. 그는 음식을 사와 함께 저녁을 먹고, 박봉과 실직에 시달린 그녀의 사연을 듣는다. 어떻게 자기 문을 두드렸느냐는 물음에 그는 그녀가 궁여지책으로 카드를 돌렸다고 여겨 실수였다고 둘러대고, 내일 다시 오겠다고 약속한다. 나와 보니 그 건물의 문은 모두 초록색이었고, 광고원은 카드가 ‘The Green Door’라는 새 연극의 광고였다고 알려 준다. 그래도 루돌프는 운명이 자신을 그녀에게 이끌었다고 믿는다.

「가구 딸린 방」: 뉴욕 웨스트사이드에는 셋방을 떠도는 뜨내기들이 산다. 한 젊은이가 열두 번째 하숙집에서 3층 뒷방을 얻고, 늘 그래 왔듯 엘로이즈 배시너라는 아가씨를 아는지 묻지만 관리인은 모른다고 답한다. 그는 다섯 달째 무대 가수가 되려 집을 떠난 그녀를 찾아 헤매는 중이다. 낡은 방에는 앞서 머문 술한 투숙객의 흔적이 남아 있다. 그때 그녀가 좋아하던 목서초 향기가 방 안에 가득 차고, 그는 그녀가 이 방에 있었다고 확신 하며 살살이 뒤지지만 아무 흔적도 찾지 못한다. 관리인에게 이전 투숙객을 물어도 그녀와 닮은 사람은 없다는 답이 돌아온다. 희망을 잃은 그는 침대 시트를 찢어 틈을 막고 가스를 튼 채 눕는다. 그날 밤 지하 술집에서 퍼디 부인은 매쿨 부인에게 일주일 전 그 방에서 한 아가씨가 가스로 목숨을 끊었으며, 그 일을 새 세입자에게 말하지 않았다고 이야기한다. 퍼디 부인은 그 아가씨의 왼쪽 눈썹 옆에 점이 있었다고 덧붙인다.

핵심 문장

- 1 *The true adventurer goes forth aimless and uncalculating to meet and greet unknown fate.*

진정한 모험가는 목적도 계산도 없이 미지의 운명을 만나고 맞이하러 나아간다.

aimless and uncalculating은 주어의 상태를 설명하는 형용사 보어다. 무언가를 얻으려는 ‘반쪽 모험가’와 구별되는 진짜 모험가의 정의다.

- 2 *The most interesting thing in life seemed to him to be what might lie just around the next corner.*

그에게 인생에서 가장 흥미로운 것은 바로 다음 모퉁이 너머에 놓여 있을지 모르는 것 같았다.

seem to be 구문에 to him이 끼여든 형태다. what은 선행사를 포함한 관계대명사로 ‘~하는 것’.

3 *Homeless, they have a hundred homes.*

집이 없는 그들에게는 백 개의 집이 있다.

Homeless는 분사구문처럼 쓰인 형용사로 ‘집이 없기에’라는 뜻이다. 집이 없다는 것과 집이 많다는 것을 맞세운 역설이다.

4 *A hut that is our own we can sweep and adorn and cherish.*

우리 자신의 오두막이라면 우리는 쓸고 꾸미고 아낄 수 있다.

목적어 A hut that is our own을 문장 앞으로 보낸 도치 강조 구문이다. 내 집이 아닌 셋방이 왜 함부로 다뤄지는지를 설명한다.

확인 문제 Comprehension Check

1. **Detail** According to the stories in this unit, which of the following is NOT true?

- ① Rudolf Steiner worked as a salesman in a piano store by day.
- ② The girl behind the green door had gone without food for three days.
- ③ Rudolf told the girl he had knocked by mistake while looking for a piano tuner.
- ④ The young man in the furnished room had been searching for Eloise for five months.
- ⑤ Mrs. Purdy said that Miss B’retta Sprowls had reddish, gold hair.

2. **Vocabulary in Context** In context, what does the phrase “the dupe of ingenious and mercenary tricksters” most likely mean?

- ① a partner of clever and honest businessmen
- ② a victim fooled by clever people who wanted money
- ③ a leader of a gang of skillful thieves
- ④ a detective chasing greedy criminals
- ⑤ a friend of poor but generous strangers

3. **Inference** Why does Rudolf decide that the girl “must never know the truth” about how he came to her door?

- ① He wants to hide the fact that he is a piano salesman.
- ② He is ashamed that he took the cards from a stranger.
- ③ He is afraid that the dentist will be angry with him.
- ④ He believes she handed out the cards in desperation and wants to spare her pride.
- ⑤ He plans to use the cards to find other adventures.

4. **Short Answer** In two or three sentences, explain what the final conversation between Mrs. Purdy and Mrs. McCool reveals in ‘The Furnished Room.’

생각해 볼 거리

- ▶ 루돌프는 카드가 연극 광고였음을 알고도 ‘운명’이 그녀에게 이끌었다고 믿는다. 우연을 운명으로 받아들이는 태도는 삶을 더 풍요롭게 하는가, 아니면 착각인가?
- ▶ 퍼디 부인은 장사를 위해 방에서 일어난 일을 숨겼다. 오늘날 부동산 거래에서 이런 정보를 알릴 의무가 있어야 한다고 생각하는가?

정답과 해설 *Answers*

UNIT 1 *Stories I-III* 가난한 이들의 선물

1. ② 베어먼의 화실 구석에는 ‘25년 동안 걸작의 첫 선을 기다려 온’ 빈 캔버스가 있었다. 머리값은 20달러, 의사의 처음 진단은 10분의 1, 식당은 5년 전에 헐렸고, 백금 시곗줄은 델라가 짐에게 산 선물이다.
2. ④ 짐은 시계에 시곗줄 대신 낡은 가죽끈을 달고 있어서 남들 앞에서 꺼내 보기를 부끄러워 했다. on the sly는 ‘남몰래, 슬쩍’이라는 뜻이다.
3. ⑤ 쪽지에서 지미는 성냥 불빛에 수배범의 얼굴을 알아보았지만 ‘Somehow I couldn’t do it myself’라고 쓴다. 의무는 지키되 옛 친구를 직접 체포하지는 못한 착잡한 마음이다.
4. 예시 답안 Each of them sold their greatest treasure to buy a present for the other, so the gifts themselves could not be used. However, the narrator suggests that their willingness to sacrifice out of love is the truest kind of gift. In that sense, they are wiser than people who give expensive but practical presents.

채점 포인트 · 서로를 위해 가장 귀한 것(머리카락, 시계)을 희생했다는 점과, 선물의 가치는 물건이 아니라 사랑과 희생에 있다는 점을 쓰면 된다.

UNIT 2 *Stories IV-V* 감옥과 새 출발 사이

1. ⑤ 지미가 가방을 은행에 가져간 것은 리틀록에서 친구에게 연장을 넘겨주려던 길이었기 때문이다(‘I’ll bring along the tools with me’). 나머지는 모두 원문과 일치한다.
2. ① 창문을 깨는 사람은 남아서 경찰과 말을 나누지 않고 ‘take to their heels’ 한다는 문맥이다. 바로 뒤에 경관이 달려가는 남자를 쫓는 장면이 나오므로 ‘달아나다’라는 뜻이다.
3. ③ 벤은 지미가 정체가 드러날 것을 알면서도 아이를 구하려고 금고를 여는 모습을 지켜보았다. 지미가 진정으로 새사람이 되었음을 인정했기에 ‘Mr. Spencer’라고 부르며 떠나 준 것이다.
4. 예시 답안 All evening Soapy tries to get arrested by committing crimes, but the police ignore him every time. Then, just when he decides to change his life and find honest work, a policeman arrests him for doing nothing. He finally gets what he wanted at the very moment he no longer wants it.

채점 포인트 · 범죄를 저지를 때는 체포되지 않다가, 개심을 결심하고 아무 잘못도 하지 않을 때 체포된다는 상황의 반어를 짚어야 한다.

UNIT 3 *Stories VI-VII* 엉뚱한 납치, 바쁜 하루

1. ③ 약속 시각에 ‘a half-grown boy rides up the road on a bicycle’가 답장을 상자에 넣고 간다. 편지 속 요구액은 1,500달러, 편지는 포플러 코브에서 부쳤고, 빌은 말 노릇을 했으며, 소년은 집에 가기를 싫어했다.
2. ② 빌이 몸값을 1,500달러로 낮춰 달라고 울며 부탁하자 샘이 그 요구를 받아들인 장면이다. accede는 ‘동의하다, 응하다’라는 뜻이고 실제 편지에도 1,500달러가 적혀 있다.
3. ④ 결말에서 두 사람은 전날 밤 결혼했음이 드러난다. 그녀는 신혼 첫 출근길에 남편의 다정한 말 한마디를 기대했지만, 업무에 빠진 맥스웰은 ‘Well—what is it?’이라고 통명스럽게 묻는다.

4. 예시 답안 Sam and Bill expected a frightened child and a worried father who would pay a big ransom. Instead, the boy loves being kidnapped and torments Bill so much that the kidnappers become the real victims. In the end, they have to pay the father two hundred and fifty dollars to take his son back.

채점 포인트 · 겁먹을 줄 알았던 아이가 오히려 납치범을 괴롭히고, 몸값을 받기는커녕 돈을 내고 아이를 돌려준다는 역전을 짚어야 한다.

UNIT 4 *Stories VIII-X* 돈과 사랑, 그리고 별

1. ⑤ 조는 'I've been firing the engine in that laundry for the last two weeks'라고 밝힌다. 피아노 레슨, 페오리아 신사, 웰시 래빗은 모두 꾸며낸 이야기였고, 조는 그날 밤에야 사실을 알았다.

2. ② 앤서니는 리처드가 'Said money couldn't help'라고 했다고 이어 말한다. 여기서 knock은 '헐뜯다, 깎아내리다'라는 구어 표현이다.

3. ④ 옷 안 입고 활을 쏘는 똥똥한 아이는 사랑의 신 큐피드(제목의 Archer)다. 앤서니는 이 성공이 사랑의 신이 아니라 돈(Mammon)의 힘이었음을 농담으로 확인하고 있다.

4. 예시 답안 The last sentence reveals that the ambulance doctor's name is William Jackson, the same name Miss Leeson gave to her star. This explains why he rushed up the stairs and carried her as if she were his own. It suggests that the "Billy Jackson" she looked up to in her loneliness has, in a way, come down to save her.

채점 포인트 · 의사의 이름이 별 이름 '빌리 잭슨'과 같다는 점, 그래서 의사의 다급한 행동과 리슨 양의 구원이 연결된다는 점을 써야 한다.

UNIT 5 *Stories XI-XII* 도시의 문과 방

1. ⑤ 퍼디 부인은 스프라울스 양을 'black-haired, sir, short, and stout'라고 설명한다. 붉은 금발은 젊은이가 찾는 엘로이즈의 모습이다. 나머지는 모두 원문과 일치한다.

2. ② 바로 뒤에 'his watch and money had been the price of one flattering allurements'라는 말이 이어진다. dupe는 '잘 속는 사람', mercenary는 '돈만 노리는'이라는 뜻이다.

3. ④ 원문은 그가 'the strange expedient to which she had been driven by her great distress'를 알고 있다는 사실을 그녀가 모르게 하려 했다고 쓴다. 카드를 그녀가 궁여지책으로 돌렸다고 오해하고 그녀의 자존심을 지켜 주려 한 것이다.

4. 예시 답안 The conversation reveals that a young woman killed herself with gas in the same room just a week earlier. Mrs. Purdy mentions that she had a mole by her left eyebrow, so the woman was Eloise, the girl the young man was looking for. The scent of mignonette was real, but Mrs. Purdy lied to him, and he died in the same way without ever knowing the truth.

채점 포인트 · 일주일 전 같은 방에서 자살한 아가씨가 눈썹 옆 점으로 보아 엘로이즈였다는 점, 관리인의 거짓말 때문에 젊은이가 진실을 모른 채 같은 방식으로 죽었다는 점을 써야 한다.

어휘 색인 *Word Index*

이 권의 각주에서 풀이한 단어를 알파벳순으로 모았다. 숫자는 처음 나온 쪽이다. ★ 표시는 필수 어휘.

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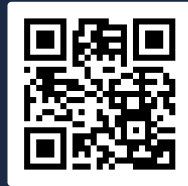
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