

**МІНІСТЕРСТВО ОСВІТИ І НАУКИ УКРАЇНИ
ЖИТОМИРСЬКИЙ ДЕРЖАВНИЙ УНІВЕРСИТЕТ ІМЕНІ
ІВАНА ФРАНКА**

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**LEARN TO READ
AND
READ TO LEARN:
навчайся філологічному читанню і
читай, удосконалюючи іноземну мову**

Навчальний посібник

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Навчальний посібник є частиною науково-методичного забезпечення обов'язкових компонент «Практичний курс англійської мови», «Практика усного та писемного мовлення (англійська мова)» та «Методика навчання іноземної мови» мовних ЗВО. Зміст складається з дох розділів – теоретичного, який містить основну теоретичну інформацію щодо доцільності формування філологічної читацької компетентності майбутніх вчителів-філологів, та практичного, який ознайомлює викладачів та здобувачів ЗВО із розробленими авторами практичними заняттями на основі авторської методики з використання художніх творів англійських та американських письменників. Навчальний посібник може бути корисним для викладачів мовних ЗВО, а також методистам, які займаються професійною підготовкою майбутніх вчителів іноземної мови та зарубіжної літератури.

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ЗМІСТ

Передмова	4
РОЗДІЛ І. НАВЧАЙСЯ ЧИТАТИ ЯК СТУДЕНТ-ФІЛОЛОГ. LEARN TO READ	6
1.1. Доцільність формування філологічної читацької компетентності майбутніх вчителів-філологів у мовному ЗВО	6
1.2. Формування вмінь філологічного читання засобами напівадаптованих художніх текстів	18
1.3. Особливості формування філологічної читацької компетентності на основі оригінальних художніх текстів	28
 РОЗДІЛ ІІ. МЕТОДИКА ФОРМУВАННЯ ФІЛОЛОГІЧНОЇ ЧИТАЦЬКОЇ КОМПЕТЕНТНОСТІ МАЙБУТНІХ ВЧИТЕЛІВ АНГЛІЙСЬКОЇ МОВИ. READ TO LEARN	38
Частина перша	60
2.1. S. Maugham. A Friend in Need	73
2.2. S. Maugham. The Man with a Scar	79
2.3. S. Maugham. The Ant and the Grasshopper	86
2.4. S. Maugham. The Luncheon	97
2.5. S. Maugham. Mr. Know-All	111
Частина друга	111
2.6. K. Mansfield. A Cup of Tea	126
2.7. O. Wilde. The Happy Prince	139
2.8. O'Henry. The Gift of the Magi	158
2.9. N. Monsarrat. The Dinner Party	160
 Algorithm for Text Analysis	
Texts for Reading	

ПЕРЕДМОВА

У даному навчальному посібнику здійснено спробу показати можливості формування філологічної читацької компетентності майбутніх вчителів англійської мови на основі художніх текстів у мовних закладах вищої освіти відповідно до "стратегії розвитку вищої освіти в Україні" на 2022-2032 роки; вітчизняних і європейських стандартів підготовки викладача англійської мови; та програм з англійської мови та зарубіжної літератури для університетів.

Автори посібника поставили собі за мету показати доцільність формування філологічної читацької компетентності студентів-філологів на основі художніх текстів починаючи з перших курсів мовного ЗВО.

Сучасна мовна освіта висуває нові вимоги до учнів ЗСО не тільки в оволодінні ними іноземною мовою на високому рівні B1+ / B2, а й до вчителя іноземної мови, який повинен володіти інноваційними технологіями навчання ІМ. Випускники мовних ЗВО спеціальності «Середня освіта. Англійська мова та зарубіжна література в закладах освіти» отримують кваліфікацію вчителя іноземної мови та зарубіжної літератури, що зумовлює необхідність переосмислити сутність сучасних підходів, змісту та засобів до професійної підготовки майбутнього вчителя-філолога.

Базуючись на власному досвіді та проведеному експериментальному дослідженні в ННІ іноземної філології Житомирського державного університету імені Івана Франка, який показав високу ефективність, автори пропонують власну методику формування філологічної читацької компетентності майбутніх вчителів англійської мови та зарубіжної літератури засобами художніх текстів.

У посібнику представлено обґрунтування доцільності формування даного виду компетентності у двох площинах професійної підготовки студентів – лінгвістичній і літературознавчій, – та виокремлення складових обох

напрямів. Крім того, робота містить характеристику художніх текстів різного типу – напівадаптованих та оригінальних, акцентується увага на їх ролі в оволодінні вміннями філологічної читацької компетентності.

У другій частині посібника читачі знайдуть розроблені авторами практичні заняття з формування філологічної читацької компетентності здобувачів 1-2 курсів на основі авторської методики з використання художніх творів, а також 9 художніх текстів різних англійських та американських письменників.

Посібник є частиною науково-методичного забезпечення обов'язкових компонент «Практичний курс англійської мови» (1-2 курси), «Практика усного та писемного мовлення (англійська мова)» та «Методика навчання іноземної мови».

Автори висловлюють глибоку вдячність Климовій Катерині, Могельницькій Людмилі і Михайловій Оксані, які люб'язно погодились вивчити рукопис і зробити низку цінних зауважень, врахування яких сприяло вдосконаленню змісту посібника.

Навчальний посібник призначений, насамперед, студентам – майбутнім вчителям іноземної мови та зарубіжної літератури першого (бакалаврського) освітньо-кваліфікаційного рівня вищої освіти. Разом з тим автори вважають, що запропонований посібник може бути корисним для викладачів мовних ЗВО, а також методистам, які займаються професійною підготовкою майбутніх вчителів іноземної мови та зарубіжної літератури.

Автори

РОЗДІЛ I

НАВЧАЙСЯ ЧИТАТИ ЯК СТУДЕНТ-ФІЛОЛОГ

LEARN TO READ

1.1. Доцільність формування філологічної читацької компетентності майбутніх вчителів-філологів у мовному ЗВО

„Читаючи авторів, які гарно пишуть, читачі звикають гарно говорити” (Вольтер)

Значні зміни в усіх сферах життя в Україні у тому числі й в освіті потребують їх оновлювання, щоб відповідати світовим стандартам та брати активну участь у європейських програмах. Для цього необхідні фахівці високого рівня, які мають критичне мислення, готові до творчої інноваційної діяльності та здатні мотивувати та навчати цьому інших.

Вище зазначене стосується і вчителів англійської мови, яка з 2024 року є мовою міжнародного спілкування, що вимагає від мовних закладів вищої освіти перегляду і переосмислення іншомовної філологічної підготовки майбутніх вчителів-філологів. Традиційно прийнятні форми та методи навчання іноземної мови без урахування можливостей базових філологічних наук, на жаль, не завжди сприяють ефективному реагуванню на виклики 21 століття. Розширення міжнародних культурних зв'язків України, збільшення можливостей студентів-філологів у неформальній освіті, поява нових форматів англомовної підготовки майбутніх вчителів потребує від них не тільки гарного володіння англійською мовою, але і більш ґрунтовної філологічної підготовки, наявності професійно значущих та фонових знань, навичок та вмінь міжкультурного спілкування. Тільки гарно підготовлений вчитель-філолог,

професійним призначенням якого є навчання іноземної мови своїх потенційних учнів, здатен до реалізації комплексу всіх важливих педагогічних функцій на високому професійному рівні, тому що саме вчитель ІМ має безпосередній вплив на розвиток особистостей учнів, вироблення їх смаків, інтересів, поглядів, переконань та ціннісних орієнтацій. У контексті нового статусу ІМ для ЗВО, випускники мовних спеціальностей поєднують методику навчання ІМ та літератури, тому вчитель-філолог засобами іноземної мови і зарубіжної літератури безпосередньо звертається до розуму і почуттів потенційних учнів, формуючи емоційно-ціннісне ставлення молодого покоління до навчання впродовж життя, самостійного поповнення знань, формування невиснажених навичок та вмінь. Сказане свідчить про роль мови і літератури у філологічній підготовці майбутніх вчителів у мовних закладах вищої освіти і не викликає сумнівів.

У науково-методичній літературі здійснено опис різних видів читання в залежності від їх призначення, наприклад: а) від мети читання: *scanning* – у пошуках певної інформації, *skimming* – для визначення основного змісту тексту для читання; б) від глибини занурення у зміст тексту: *extensive* – читання із загальним охопленням змісту, *intensive* – читання для детального розуміння прочитаного; в) від рівня розуміння читаного: повне / детальне розуміння і загальне / глобальне розуміння; г) *shared or interactive reading* – читання і обговорення прочитаного під керівництвом викладача тощо.

Вид читання, яке ми пропонуємо для майбутніх вчителів-філологів – філологічне читання є за своєю суттю вдумливим читанням, об'єктом якого є філологічно-літературне прочитання художнього тексту, яке вимагає цілеспрямованого аналізу змісту тексту на основі мовних явищ, логічних зв'язків, опори на отримані знання з вивчення

зарубіжної літератури, мовознавства та власного досвіду у читанні.

Термін "філологічне читання" був запропонований вченими, які вважали, що лише шляхом філологічного методу читання можливо дійсно досягнути можливості наблизитись до реального розпізнання не тільки специфічних засобів тієї чи іншої мови, а й культури народу-носія даної мови, що і визначає освітнє значення такого навчання.

На жаль, цей термін, попри його широкого використання вченими і методистами, не має докладного опису, але на основі аналізу наукової літератури з проблеми читання ми визначаємо філологічне читання як специфічний вид читання, спрямований на розвиток лінгвістичної та літературознавчої компетентностей студентів на основі матеріалу художніх текстів. При філологічному підході до читання на першому плані стоїть іноземна мова, при засвоєнні якої читач пізнає культуру і літературу через поглиблене вивчення художніх текстів цією мовою.

Під час філологічного читання лінгво-літературний компонент філологічної компетентності виокремлюється як пріоритетний і акцент робиться на поглибленому вивченні літератури через оволодіння іноземною мовою. Крім того, таке читання потребує від студентів значної кількості регресії, необхідності повернення до певних частин тексту для уточнення інформації, підтвердження власних думок або навпаки, що потребує більш точнішого розуміння змісту.

Наш багаторічний досвід роботи у мовному закладі освіти показав, що професійна підготовка майбутнього спеціаліста в області філології потребує певної методичної організації, яка не являє собою просту комбінацію всіх наявних у студентів навичок і вмій. Професійний філологічний підхід до художнього твору з його

необмеженими можливостями для навчання студентів потребує високорівневих вмінь (high-order skills), що сприяє глибокому цілісному сприйняттю художнього твору, особливого світу, створеного письменником, інтерпретації висловлювань його героїв.

Нівелювання якості філологічної підготовки вчителя-словесника у мовному ЗВО, на нашу думку, обмежує можливості впливу художнього тексту на формування його мовної особистості, свідченням чого є ряд останніх досліджень і наукових публікацій Вдовіної Т. О., Коноваленко Т., Кравець О. Є., Дорогань С. О., Пахомової Т., Денью Т. та інших. Результати аналізу літературознавчих, лінгвістичних і методичних досліджень показали, що вчені вважають художню літературу одним з найефективніших засобів навчання іноземної мови.

На жаль, незважаючи на значну кількість робіт, присвячених дослідженню ролі художньої літератури, поза увагою дослідників залишається ряд питань, в тому числі і використання потенціалу художнього тексту щодо позитивного впливу на філологічну підготовку майбутнього вчителя ІМ у стінах ЗВО. Розглянемо їх більш детальніше.

У програмі з іноземної мови для мовних ЗВО зазначено, що "від абітурієнтів очікується, що вони здатні читати короткі тексти різних стилів, ... демонструвати вміння розуміти художній зміст, а також деталі тексту та вилучати специфічну інформацію" [2, 16].

Дані вимоги мовного ЗВО повністю співпадають з вимогами програми з іноземної мови для учнів старшої школи, які мають оволодіти іноземною мовою на рівні B1+ (рівень стандарту) / B2 (рівень філологічної профільної підготовки), що надає їм можливості стати студентами мовного ЗВО, в якому вони зможуть не тільки значно покращити свій загальний рівень іноземної мови до рівня C1 / C2, але й отримати ґрунтовну філологічну підготовку,

розширити лінгвістичний кругозір та підвищити свій загальнокультурний рівень.

Ми провели інтерв'ю зі студентами першого курсу ННІ іноземної філології Житомирського державного університету імені Івана Франка у перші дні їх навчання у ЗВО і попросили їх надати відповіді на п'ять запитань:

1. Чому Ви обрали мовний ЗВО?

2. Що Ви очікуєте від навчання у ЗВО?

3. Як Ви уявляєте собі власне становлення від студента, який вивчає іноземні мови, до вчителя-філолога, який навчає іноземної мови інших?

4. Чого бракувало Вам у вивченні іноземної мови в школі?

5. Яким повинен бути вчитель ІМ нового покоління, здатний заохотити учнів до вивчення ІМ у новому полікультурному світі?

У своїх відповідях 100% першокурсників головною метою вступу до мовного ЗВО назвали бажання "вивчити 2-3 іноземні мови", "навчитися спілкуватися іноземною мовою з носіями мови", "розуміти іноземну мову у фільмах, піснях, при читанні художньої літератури в оригіналі" тощо.

Що стосується очікувань від навчання у вищому закладі освіти 52% респондентів бажають вивчати дисципліни, які пов'язані з іноземною мовою; 38% учнів акцентували увагу на вивченні не тільки іноземної мови, але й "культури англomовних народів і народів, мови яких вони будуть вивчати у ЗВО"; 10% опитуваних очікують, що вони будуть "мати змогу навчатися у іноземних фахівців".

На питання "Чого бракувало Вам у вивченні іноземної мови в школі?" – 47% колишніх старшокласників відповіли, що їм не вистачало комунікативного спілкування на уроках; 30% скаржились на "однотипність завдань" на уроках, "традиційні вправи", "переклади текстів"; 23% не подобалось

"працювати тільки з підручниками", "не використовувались ІКТ".

96% опитаних висловили надію на "нестандартність навчання ІМ у ЗВО"; "участь у дискусійних клубах на іноземній мові"; "зустрічі з професіоналами з різних країн". 81% респондентів вважають, що вчитель ІМ нового покоління має "мати високий рівень іноземної мови" та бути "здатним до іншомовного спілкування з представниками інших країн", "бути обізнаним у художній літературі іноземних авторів", "культури", "психології потенційних учнів", "вміти навчати по новому".

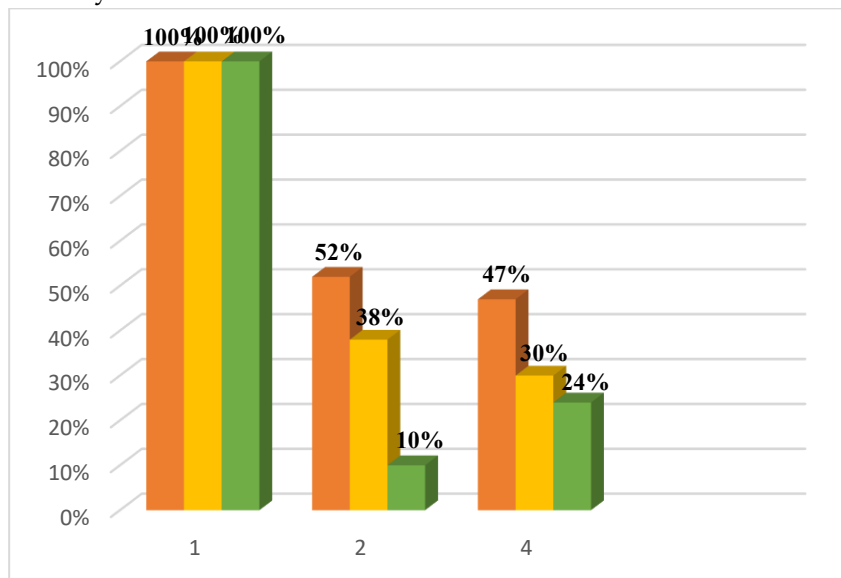


Рис. 1. Результати опитування студентів першого курсу ННІ іноземної філології

На основі проведеного дослідження ми мали змогу виокремити аспекти філологічної підготовки майбутнього вчителя-словесника у мовному ЗВО. Оскільки здобувачі першого (бакалаврського) рівня вищої освіти отримують кваліфікацію вчителя англійської мови та зарубіжної літератури, показники професіоналізму вчителя-філолога мають розвиватись у двох площинах – *лінгвістичній* і

літературознавчій, які є базовими компонентами філологічної читацької компетентності.

Згідно з Програмою з іноземної мови для мовних університетів основною практичною метою є "формування у студентів комунікативної, лінгвістичної і соціокультурної компетентностей" [12], яка на думку вчених передбачає формування вторинної мовної особистості як надбудови на основі первинної мовної особистості [6; 7; 10].

Вчені єдині на думці, що формування у студентів рис вторинної мовної особистості означає навчити їх проникати в "дух" іноземної мови, що вивчається, та культури того народу, з яким вони мають здійснювати міжкультурну комунікацію. Таким чином, першим структурним компонентом філологічної підготовки студентів мовних ЗВО є **лінгвістичний**, який містить мовну, мовленнєву і культурологічну компетентності.

На нашу думку, **лінгвістичний компонент** філологічної підготовки студентів-філологів це не тільки опанування мовної сторони мовлення (фонетика, лексика, граматики), але і їх здатність до розширення мовної свідомості, оволодіння глобальною лінгвістичною картиною англомовного світу в контексті лінгвосоціокультурної компетентності вчителів-філологів, під якою розуміють здатність особистості вибирати, використовувати та розуміти мовні та мовленнєві засоби іншомовного спілкування [8, 425]. Для багатьох студентів це будуть нові лінгвосоціокультурні знання, знайомство з безеквівалентною та фоновою лексикою, культурно зумовленими сталими фразами, ідіомами, кліше, фразеологізмами, прислів'ями, приказками, крилатими фразами, семантика яких не має прямих аналогів у рідній мові, розпізнаванням британського та американського варіантів англійської мови та іншими культурно зумовленими компонентами мови, які представлені в художніх текстах американських та

англійських письменників, і завдяки роботі з якими студенти отримують емоції на більш високому професійному рівні, пізнаючи мовну картину світу.

Однак, як було зазначено вище, іншомовне спілкування передбачає оволодіння його мовленнєвими засобами, що потребує змін норм соціальної поведінки мовця, яка проявляється в знанні норм етикету, готових мовленнєвих одиниць, тобто формул, кліше, шаблонів для вираження різних комунікативних відтінків; моделей вербальної і невербальної комунікативної поведінки, властивих тій чи іншій культурі. Саме при роботі з художніми текстами різних авторів майбутні філологи навчаються ідентифікувати та аналізувати помилки в мовленні і поведінці героїв з філологічної точки зору, помічаючи невірне використання мовленнєвого матеріалу в наданому контексті, що свідчить про розширення їх власного лінгвістичного кругозору.

Культурологічний компонент підготовки майбутнього вчителя-філолога має спрямовуватись на:

- засвоєнні змісту іншомовної культури, її універсалій та закономірностей;
- засвоєнні ефективних, адекватних сучасних засобів передачі культурних цінностей у процесі професійної діяльності;
- формуванні здатності до реалізації культуротворчої місії у спільній творчості з потенційними учнями [1, 130].

Подібна лінгвістична філологічна підготовка дозволяє випустити зі стін закладу мовної вищої освіти вільномислячу, відкриту, толерантну особистість, здатну до усвідомленого морального вибору в світі різноманітних культурних цінностей, до духовно-морального самовдосконалення і творчого саморозвитку [11].

Літературознавчий компонент філологічної підготовки полягає у використанні оригінальних художніх

творах в контексті формування читацької компетентності студентів, яка передбачає здатність розуміти художній текст, шукати в ньому нову інформацію, інтерпретувати її, осмислювати, оцінювати зміст і форму тексту.

Саме художній текст є особливим матеріалом у філологічній підготовці майбутніх вчителів ІМ. Його необмежені можливості пояснюються самою природою художності, змістом культурного та соціального досвіду людства, його менталітету. "Художній текст створює історичний фон, який формує національну свідомість тих, хто живе в цю епоху, вводить читача у даний час, знайомить його / її з естетичними ідіомами і емоційною емпатією" [13]. Працюючи з художнім твором, майбутні філологи формують власну точку зору щодо ідейного і тематичного навантаження тексту, навчаються тлумачити висловлювання і вчинки героїв.

Друга сторона літературознавчого компоненту філологічної підготовки майбутніх вчителів ІМ полягає у поєднанні вмінь читацької літературної компетентності з лінгвістичною, що виражається у здатності майбутніх вчителів словесників знаходити мовні та мовленнєві підтвердження власних інтерпретацій і суджень щодо дій героїв у різних ситуаціях, тому що саме мовно-літературна картина художнього твору дозволяє їм сформулювати цілісне сприйняття ідей автора, сформулювати власні висновки, осмислити та оцінити написане.

Наше експериментальне дослідження показало, що знайомство студентів з походженням слів і фразеологізмів, запозиченнями, самостійний аналіз фонові лексики надають студентам-філологам розуміння історичних уявлень народу, опис яких здійснено у художньому творі, періоду культурних реалій давнини й сучасності, що є спільним для багатьох країн. Таким чином, інтеграція літературознавчих знань та вмінь з лінгвістичною компетентністю дозволяє

майбутнім вчителям англійської мови сприймати і відтворювати цілісний художній твір через призму його / її філологічного аналізу. Знання літератури країни, мова якої вивчається, сприяє успішному формуванню вмінь лінгвістичної інтерпретації художнього тексту, визначенню його своєрідності й самобутності, відчуттю унікальної манери письма автора.

За такої інтеграції іноземна мова слугує найефективнішим інструментом для розуміння характеру героїв, їх взаємодії та поведінки в різних життєвих ситуаціях, а художній текст є скарбницею соціального і культурного досвіду автора, його розуміння психології людей, історичної епохи і літературного напрямку того часу.

Схематично структуру філологічної підготовки майбутніх вчителів ІМ представимо у вигляді схеми.

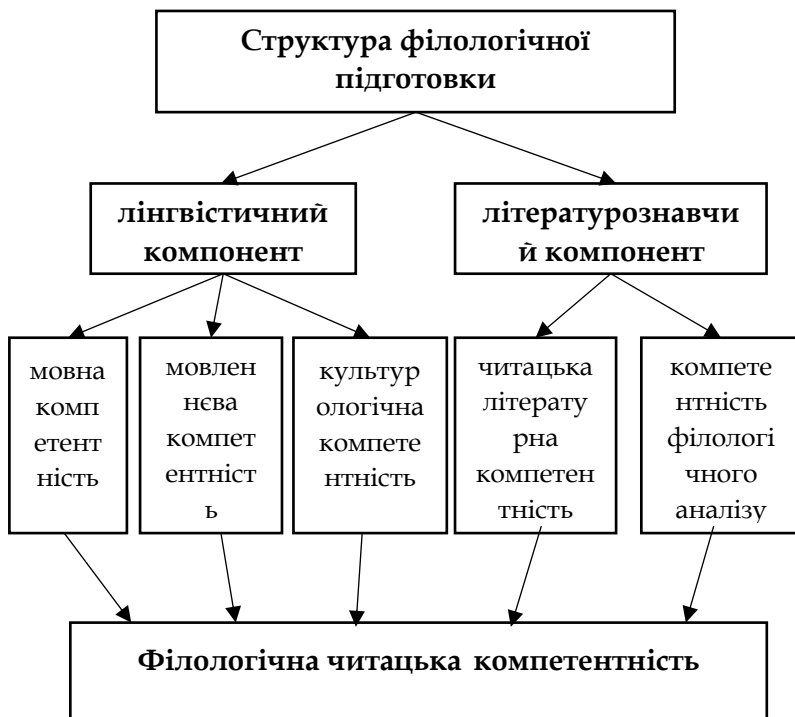


Рис. 2. Структура філологічної підготовки майбутніх вчителів ІМ у мовному ЗВО

Як видно з Рис. 2 філологічна читацька компетентність майбутнього вчителя-філолога складається з двох взаємопов'язаних компонентів – лінгвістичного і літературознавчого, у яких інтегровані необхідні складові.

Наш досвід свідчить про те, що для успішного формування всіх складових філологічної компетентності слід починати з першого курсу мовного ЗВО, починаючи з простих професійно-орієнтованих лінгвістичних та літературознавчих завдань, які відповідають рівню їх мовної підготовки з поступовим ускладненням.

Крім того, практика показує доцільність використання художніх текстів не тільки як мети формування філологічної читацької компетентності, але і як засобу навчання різним видам мовленнєвої діяльності.

У процесі читання тексту реалізуються комунікативні цілі, які знаходять реалізацію у писемному та усному мовленні, а саме:

- визначення проблеми, яку висвітлено у творі;
- розгляд засобів визначеної проблеми тексту;
- роль мовних та мовленнєвих одиниць тексту у розкритті проблеми;
- відбір ключових фактів, що додають розкриття основної проблеми;
- самостійне вирішення, що саме мається на увазі у тексті, але не здійснено його опису;
- вираження свого власного ставлення до прочитаного з обов'язковим обґрунтуванням

думки та представленням конкретних доказів тощо.

В нашому посібнику використання художнього тексту як цілі формування вмінь філологічного читання відбувається під рубрикою *Learn to Read*, а його використання як засобу розвитку та вдосконалення інших навичок та вмінь під рубрикою *Read to Learn*.

1.2. Формування вмінь філологічного читання засобами напіваадаптованих художніх текстів

Згідно програми з англійської мови для мовних ЗВО **практична мета** навчання читання студентів передбачає формування у випускників загальної і професійно-орієнтованої компетентності у читанні на рівні C2.

У дескрипторі читання для даного рівня, що представлено у Загальноєвропейських Рекомендаціях з мовної освіти зазначається, що користувач рівня C2 "може розуміти та критично інтерпретувати усі форми писемного мовлення, у тому числі абстрактне, зі складною структурою з великою кількістю літературних та нелітературних письмових колоквіалізмів" [12, 69].

Сказане підтверджує наше припущення про те, що для досягнення такого високого рівня читацької компетентності у професійно-орієнтованому контексті, незалежні користувачі рівня B2, тобто студенти першого курсу, повинні починати оволодіння нею з самого початку навчання у мовному ЗВО.

Читацька компетентність визначається як "здатність читати автентичні тексти різних жанрів і видів із різним рівнем розуміння змісту в умовах опосередкованого спілкування" [8, 370]. Ефективність формування такої компетентності, на нашу думку, залежить від рівня сформованості в учнів інтелектуальних умінь: імовірного прогнозування, критичного оцінювання прочитаного, класифікації і систематизації отриманої інформації тощо.

Для формування умінь філологічного читання художніх текстів велике значення має матеріал для читання, від якого залежить мотивація студентів до оволодіння читацької компетентністю у руслі обраної професії. Оскільки ми пропонуємо починати навчання іншомовного читання з першого курсу, то ми вважаємо, що на першому етапі

доцільно обирати художні тексти з легкою адаптацією, які в методичній літературі називають "напіваадаптовані" [8], але відповідають найвищому рівню володіння іноземною мовою B2/C1 і які б задовольняли пізнавально-комунікативні потреби та інтереси колишніх випускників ЗЗСО, а нині студентів 1 курсу мовного ЗВО.

Обираючи стартовий засіб для формування філологічної компетентності студентів першого курсу, автори брали до уваги описані психологами рівні розуміння читачами іншомовних текстів. Для рівнів мовної підготовки студентів першого курсу B1+/B2 з нашої точки зору відповідає рівень критичного розуміння тексту, який передбачає здатність студентів узагальнювати ідейно-тематичний зміст та його зв'язок із загальним напрямом художнього тексту. Саме тому для формування філологічної компетентності на початковому етапі нами були обрані напіваадаптовані художні тексти.

Ми також вважаємо за необхідне виокремити деякі вимоги до напіваадаптованих художніх текстів для читання, а саме:

- наукова та пізнавальна цінність текстів, яка сприяє розширенню філологічних та літературних знань студентів, збагаченню їх мовного та мовленнєвого репертуару, розвитку лінгвосоціокультурної обізнаності;
- відповідність текстів до: а) програм з іноземної мови та зарубіжної літератури для даного курсу; б) інтелектуального рівня, досвіду та емоційного запиту;
- наявність значущої для майбутніх вчителів-філологів інформації, яка потребує роздуму, осмислення, визначення, обговорення та прийняття рішення;

- наявність мовних труднощів, що спонукають студентів до їх всебічного аналізу, порівняння з рідною мовою або з другою іноземною, яку вони вивчають у ЗВО, самостійного пошуку недостатньої інформації з довідкової літератури, англomовних словників різного типу;
- здатність слугувати розвитку лінгво-комунікативних та літературно-комунікативних вмінь студентів: коментування прямих і непрямих методів характеристик героїв художнього тексту, виклад змісту виокремлених студентами змістовних груп навколо ключових речень, знаходження і представлення зав'язки, кульмінації та розв'язки тексту тощо.

Наш досвід показав, що напівадаптовані оповідання англійського письменника Сомерсета Моема відповідають всім вище перерахованим критеріям, тому у нашому експериментальному дослідженні студентам першого курсу було запропоновано п'ять відібраних нами оповідань письменника, на основі яких відбувалося формування філологічної читацької компетентності майбутніх вчителів англійської мови за розробленою нами методикою.

У 2022-2024 рр. на базі НІІ іноземної філології Житомирського державного університету імені Івана Франка ми провели експериментальне дослідження з проблеми, зазначеної вище, зі студентами I-II курсів під час практичних занять з філологічного читання.

Ми розробили методику формування філологічної читацької компетентності вчителя англійської мови, яка складається з декількох етапів, які представлено у нижче наведеній таблиці.

Таблиця 1.1

**Етапи формування філологічної читацької
компетентності майбутнього вчителя англійської мови**

Етапи	Мета
<u>Етап 1.</u> Формування ідей та концепцій до знайомства з художнім твором.	Формування вмінь антиципації та предикції.
<u>Етап 2.</u> Самостійного лінгвістичного, лінгвокультурного та літературознавчого пошуку.	Формування вмінь самостійного пошуку лінгвокультурної та літературознавчої інформації, про яку можна здогадатися у художньому тексті для поширеного створення контексту майбутнього читання.
<u>Етап 3.</u> Learn to Read. Формування первинних вмінь філологічного читання.	Формування вмінь характеризувати героїв оповідання на основі філологічного підходу – прямих і непрямих технологій, логічно організовувати зміст тексту (зав'язка, кульмінація, розв'язка).
<u>Етап 4.</u> Read to Learn. Формування лінгвістичного компоненту філологічної читацької компетентності.	Формування вмінь всіх компонентів лінгвістичної компетентності на базі художнього тексту, що читається.

Вважаємо за доцільно проілюструвати їх на прикладі роботи з напівадаптованими художніми текстами Сомерсета Моєма. Робота з одним художнім текстом може займати до трьох аудиторних занять залежно від обсягу читаного. Перші заняття з формування вмінь філологічної компетентності, як правило, потребують більше часу, оскільки майбутні вчителі починають своє знайомство з азами філології. Практика показала, що короткі тексти можуть бути прочитані та поетапно опрацьовані за одну академічну пару. Однак, виконання домашніх завдань філологічного спрямування є обов'язковим етапом закріплення освоєного на аудиторних заняттях.

Першим оповіданням є “A Friend in Need”, тому етапи роботи над ним є в деякій мірі більш об'ємними для того, щоб надати студентам можливості засвоїти новий вид читання.

Stage I – Ideation – розглядається як ключове вміння для розвитку креативності та інновацій і метою якого є формування вмінь змістової антиципації й предикції перед читанням оповідання. Тому студентам були запропоновані розроблені нами organization techniques різних типів, які не тільки розвивали їх логічне мислення, допомагали вибудовувати послідовність подій тексту, зануритись глибоко в його зміст, але і розвивали мовну здогадку та антиципацію, інтерес до читання іншомовної літератури, а також самостійність у подоланні мовних і змістовних труднощів. Отже, на даному етапі студентам було запропоновано завдання на змістовну і лінгвістичну антиципацію. Наведемо декілька прикладів на розвиток предикативних вмінь за деякими оповіданнями:

- визначте можливий настрій оповідання за заголовком з опорою на філологічні мовленнєві підказки, наприклад:

The title “A friend in Need” or “Mr. Know All”

- sounds ironic ...
- is suggestive of ...
- has a touch of human ...
- serves as a ...

- прочитайте перший параграф оповідання і прокоментувати слова автора, наприклад: "I was prepared to dislike Mr. Kelada even before I knew him".
- подивіться на картинки і висловіть свою думку щодо виразності зовнішності людей і як вона впливає на перше враження про них.



- на платформі Padlet за назвою оповідання згенеруйте зображення головного героя оповідання, місце подій та інших героїв, використовуючи слова-підказки з тексту.

Пропоновані нами технології ймовірного прогнозування відбуваються на різних рівнях мови і зумовлюються як мовними, так і змістовними факторами. До мовних факторів відносять правила граматики, сполучуваність лексичних одиниць, структури речень; до змістовних – ситуативна інформація і контекст. Відповідно, розрізняють вербальне прогнозування і змістовне [8, 373].

У руслі нашого дослідження синтез цих двох видів прогнозування дозволяє майбутнім вчителям іноземної мови спиратися на власний лінгвістичний та лінгвосоціокультурний досвід, який розповсюджується на існуючий в них мовний та мовленнєвий інвентар,

країнознавчі та фонові знання, що уможливилює передбачення на рівні змісту тексту, з яким вони ще не ознайомлені.

Stage 2 – Culture and Language Searching Tasks. Даний етап був спрямований на формування вмінь студентів самостійно знаходити інформацію про культурні реалії з художнього тексту з однієї сторони, і пошук конотацій запропонованих з тексту слів (positive vs negative) з другої сторони. Таким чином, студентам було надано деякі мовні та літературні факти з тексту, які вони будуть читати у подальшому. Наприклад:

- use your smart phones to find the information about the places mentioned in the story and to decide what they may do with the main characters: Yokohama, New York, the Fifth Avenue etc;
- work in three groups and find information about the food preferences of the French for snacks, main dishes, desserts and drinks. Present your findings;
- do the language searching tasks of the words you don't know and classify them into two categories: positive and negative.

Stage 3 – Learn to Read. Developing your Reading Competence – найдовший і відповідальний етап, на якому студенти знайомились з філологічними методами характеристики героїв оповідання (прямими і непрямыми).

Наприклад: Read the sentences suggested, identify key words of the character's direct description and say how they reveal his character:

- “the main thing that struck me was his kindness”;
- “you felt that he couldn't hurt a fly” etc.

Наведемо інший приклад: As future philologists think and decide how vocabulary and grammar items add to the description of the character's emotional state:

- to be down and out;

- to commit suicide;
- to turn pale etc.

Крім того, майбутні філологи під час роботи з англомовними художніми творами навчаються аналізувати їх композиційну структуру, визначаючи експозицію, зав'язку, кульмінацію та розв'язку, що сприяє глибшому розумінню логіки розвитку сюжету. Вони навчаються виокремлювати ключові епізоди та моменти, які є важливими для розвитку теми або розкриття характерів героїв. Такий аналіз допомагає знаходити ключові фрази, речення, які несуть основну ідею або настрій тієї чи іншої частини твору.

Важливою частиною навчання є також вміння інтерпретувати судження, мотиви та вчинки героїв, аналізуючи їх через призму контексту, соціального оточення та особистих рис персонажів. Завдяки цьому студенти вчаться виявляти авторське ставлення до героїв та їхніх дій, визначати, хто з персонажів висловлює ідеї автора, а також розрізняти об'єктивні факти і суб'єктивну точку зору. Наведемо приклад такого завдання:

- While reading pay attention to the sentences which made you read “between lines”, because much more is implied than is expressed in words. In pairs find, read out and comment on them.

Example: Old Burton said: I told my namesake that if he'd do it, I'd give a job. – I believe that old Burton knew that his namesake would be unable to do it, nevertheless he voiced his idea. It characterizes him as a very cruel person, who sent the other character to die.

Наші експериментальні дані свідчать про те, що читання художніх творів, навіть напівадаптованих, розвиває пізнавальні уміння та вміння критичного мислення, адже майбутнім філологам потрібно не лише розуміти текст, але й уміти використовувати, порівнювати й аналізувати художні прийоми, які використовує автор для розкриття своїх ідей.

Крім того, набуті вміння бачити підтекст, розпізнавати алюзії, культурні відсилання, які можуть бути приховані у тексті, сприятимуть розширенню їхнього світогляду і підвищенню загального рівня ерудиції. Отримані майбутніми вчителями-філологами первинні вміння філологічного читання дозволять їм легше перейти до читання літератури в оригіналі різних письменників.

Stage 4 – Read to Learn. Creating a Purpose with Home-reading. В цій же рубриці студентам пропонується перші завдання самостійного пошуку деяких філологічних термінів, які добре представлені в оповіданні. Наприклад:

- S. Maugham in his stories uses such language devices as irony and contrast. Scan the QR code to get to know more about them;
- In the woman's description the author uses the humorous exaggeration (hyperbole) in the sentence: "She gave me the impression of having more teeth, white and large and even, than were necessary for any practical purpose".
- find out what a hyperbole is and discuss with your partner how this description shapes / influences your opinion of the woman;
- in the text find, read out and translate the direct description of the woman. Think and say how the woman's appearance contributes to the plot.

При виконанні домашньої роботи з художнім текстом студенти мали можливість розширити мовний інвентар за рахунок запропонованого списку (story-based vocabulary) і самостійно опрацювати його у розроблених нами вправах, а також попрактикувати уміння читання, наприклад:

- find the mentioned phrases in the story, reproduce the situations with them and make up your own contexts with them in writing;
- in the story find the words / phrases with the opposite meaning. Say what makes them opposite;

- paraphrase the sentences using the story-based vocabulary;
- use your E-dictionary to help you define the word in a line that does not go with the preposition given.

1.3. Особливості формування філологічної читацької компетентності на основі оригінальних художніх текстів

Наш досвід показав, що філологічний підхід до формування читацької компетентності студентів на основі напіваадаптованих художніх текстів найвищого (Advanced) рівня, який межує B2/C1, значно підготував майбутніх вчителів до читання оригінальних художніх текстів. У межах розвитку всіх складових лінгвістичного компоненту філологічної компетентності (мовної, мовленнєвої і культурологічної) було виявлено не тільки збільшення лексичного словника студентів, але і вміння використовувати мовленнєві комунікативні одиниці для виконання філологічних завдань – передачі логічно зв'язного змісту художнього твору, опис літературних героїв різними прямими і непрямыми технологіями, коментування їх вчинків та висловлювань тощо.

Поповненню соціокультурних знань студентів сприяла їх самостійна робота з довідковою літературою, електронними словниками, словниками британської і американської культури, електронною енциклопедією тощо. Пошук інформації про культурні об'єкти різних країн, які згадаються у художніх творах, не тільки збагатив загальний і лінгвістичний кругозір студентів, але і сприяв створенню більш повного і глибокого контексту подій, опис яких здійснюється у художньому тексті.

Особливої уваги заслуговує рівень сформованих вмінь філологічної читацької компетентності майбутніх філологів, які оволоділи первинними базовими вміннями філологічного читання:

- умінням передбачати зміст художнього твору за картинками, окремим реченням, групи слів і фраз;

- визначати зав'язку, кульмінацію і розв'язку оповідання;
- надавати повну характеристику літературних героїв, використовуючи вивчені філологічні технології тощо.

Ми вважаємо доцільним навчання філологічного читання на основі художніх творів одного автора, що дало студентам можливість переконатися у правильності власних суджень про стиль автора, його манеру представляти події художнього твору, літературних героїв; дозволило їм визначати характер твору і представляти власно знайдену доказову базу.

Сказане дало нам право перейти до знайомства майбутніх вчителів англійської мови з художніми творами чотирьох різних відомих авторів британської і американської літератури для того, щоб розширити їх літературознавчу компетентність на основі філологічного підходу.

Обсяг оригінальних літературних творів є більшим ніж обсяг напівадаптованих текстів, тому це потребувало і більшого часу, і різноманіття технологій роботи з ними. Однак, основний алгоритм розробленої нами методики **Learn to Read and Read to Learn** зберігається, хоча в нього було привнесено багато змін у бік ускладнення вмінь філологічної читацької компетентності.

Робота над кожним оповіданням починається з рубрики **“Writer’s Corner”**, в якій студентам пропонується в парах за допомогою смартфонів знайти інформацію про письменника за спеціально організованими завданнями, які передбачають дві мети:

- доказ або спростування запропонованої інформації;
- складання списку слів і словосполучень необхідних для обговорення літературно-творчої діяльності письменника.

Наприклад:

1. In groups of 3-4, use your smartphones to find the information from E-encyclopedia or other sources available to prove or refute the following statements about O. Wilde's literary activity and to present it to your fellow students.

2. Come back to your findings to continue your list of words and word combinations suitable for describing a writer's creative activity. Share and discuss your lists with your groupmates.

Формування предикативних вмінь відбувається при читанні оригінальних текстів не на основі досвіду студентів, їх фонових знань, а на опорі знайденої ними інформації, наприклад:

1. The story you are going to read is "The Gift of the Magi". The word "gift" has several meanings. With your shoulder partner work with E-dictionary and decide which of the meanings is meant in the title of the story: a present? a natural ability? Gift from the God? etc.

2. Bearing in mind K. Mansfield's originality of her stories' creative compositions come up with your ideas about a possible plot of the story you are going to read judging by the pictures.

3. Work in three groups, take a list of descriptive words and word combinations and a set of one colour hexagons to describe three characters of the story. Present your descriptions to the groupmates.

Рубрика **"Cultural and Language Searching Tasks"** зберігається, однак, кількість лінгвосоціокультурної інформації, яку студенти повинні знайти самостійно, збільшується. Наприклад:

1. To understand O. Wilde's esthetic views do independent culture search to find the information about the Palace of Sand-Sonci and interpret it in view of the fairy tale's plot.

2. Work with encyclopedia or Dictionary of English Language and Culture to find out the origin of the cultural realia

suggested below. Say in what context they are used in the story and what roles they play in the presentation of the characters.

Новим етапом роботи з оригінальним текстом є етап **"Навчання читати поміж рядків"**, метою якої є формування нових вмінь читання. "Нотатки на полях" (Marginal Notes for Future Philologists) спрямовують студентів на оволодіння новим матеріалом для філологічного аналізу художнього тексту, на основі якого формуються більш складні вміння філологічного читання, наприклад:

- Work in groups to find and comment on other examples of O. Wilde's irony.
- Say what symbols of religious wisdom Queen Sheba and King Solomon represent in the story you have read.
- Read the examples below and say what effect of one word repetition speaks of: "Della stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard."

Домашні завдання для майбутніх вчителів англійської мови передбачають самостійне прочитання оригінального тексту і виконання філологічних завдань для роботи з ним і лінгвістичних завдань для роботи зі словником. Оригінальні художні тексти надають читачам-філологам мовний матеріал для розпізнання смислу слів з однаковим значенням, наприклад: to stare – to look at – to gaze – to peer; фразових дієслів з однаковими прийменниками, наприклад: to help out, to gasp out, to cry out тощо. Таким чином, студенти навчаються як мовлення героїв додає інформацію до їх характеристик.

При роботі з оригінальним художнім текстом також зростає можливість його використання як засобу розвитку комунікативних вмінь майбутніх філологів у різних режимах – в парах, малих групах, всією групою у формі ролевих ігор

між героями, дебатів і дискусій з проблем, які висвітлено в тексті, наприклад:

- In the whole group read the quotes from the fairy tale and interpret them;
- In groups discuss the character sketches of Jim and Della and present them with the help of Venn Diagram;
- In the whole group discuss O'Henry's famous meaningful quote. Prove or refute it with your personal experience or examples from literature you have read.

В кінці роботи з художнім текстом автори пропонують заключне заняття, яке підсумовує всю роботу і демонструє здобуті студентами вміння філологічної читацької компетентності, включаючи і комунікативні вміння на основі художнього тексту.

Представимо етапи розробленої нами методики формування філологічної читацької компетентності майбутніх вчителів англійської мови у вигляді таблиці.

Таблиця 1.2

**Етапи формування філологічної читацької
компетентності майбутніх вчителів
англійської мови**

Етап	Мета
Етап 1. Знайомство з літературною творчістю автора.	Формування вмінь самостійно знаходити інформацію про автора за спеціально організованими завданнями з метою їх погодження або спростування.

Етап 2. Предикативно-асоціативний.	Формування предикативних вмінь на основі характеристик літературної творчості автора.
Етап 3. Самостійного лінгвосоціокультурного та літературознавчого пошуку.	Формування вмінь знаходити задану інформацію для створення розширеного контексту про майбутній зміст художнього тексту.
Етап 4. Learn to Read. Читання між строчок.	Формування вмінь знаходити при читанні більше інформації ніж вона представлена в художньому творі.
Етап 5. Read to Learn. Розвиток мовних навичок та комунікативних вмінь на основі художнього тексту.	Формування лексичних та граматичних навичок та мовленнєвих усних і письмових вмінь на основі художнього тексту.
Етап 6. Демонстрація отриманих вмінь філологічної читацької компетентності.	Формування вмінь самостійного літературно-філологічного аналізу художнього твору.

По закінченню експериментального пілотування нашої методики філологічної підготовки майбутніх вчителів ІМ ми запропонували студентам тест оцінювання такої методики з метою виявлення її ефективності й доцільності майбутнього використання у світлі їх очікувань при вступі до ЗВО.

Кожен із запропонованих тестів містив відкриту відповідь, щоб майбутні філологи могли висловити свою особливу думку. Оцінюючи ефективність даної філологічної

підготовки на основі художніх текстів, 82% респондентів виявили її "цікавою", "корисною", "інноваційною", "потрібною" тощо. Для виокремлення аспектів філологічної підготовки, що найбільш сподобались, студенти відмітили: "підбір художніх текстів" 47%; "надання можливості самостійно знаходити і коментувати мовний матеріал" 34%; "застосування різних технологій роботи з художніми текстами" 26%.

Коментуючи своє ставлення щодо розуміння художньої літератури засобами філологічного аналізу, студенти обрали такі варіанти:

- "Я знаю, що мені робити далі, щоб стати справжнім філологом" 63 %;
- "Нарешті я зрозумів, що означає 'я – філолог іноземної мови'" 52%;
- "Я чітко усвідомлюю як правильно читати і можу навчити цьому своїх учнів 'як вони вбачають свою філологічну підготовку'" 51 %;
- "Наразі я впевнений, що 'філологія це література, англійська мова, культура'" 42%;
- "Я навчився читати 'поміж строк', розуміти що міг би автор мати на увазі під певними фразами" 34%;
- "Я відчуваю себе впевненим, можу інтерпретувати зміст і знаходити мовні підтвердження власним міркуванням" 32%;
- "Я не боюсь висловлювати своє бачення щодо прочитаного" 28%.

Таким чином, проведене дослідження підтвердило наше припущення про необхідність спеціально розробленої методики філологічної підготовки вчителя-словесника на основі двох типів художнього тексту, яка розвиває духовний світ вчителя, створює умови для удосконалення його/її креативності та глибокого естетичного сприйняття художнього твору, стимулює до міркувань над його

філософією і психологією, а головне – наділяє студентів впевненості в обранні професії та розуміння її філологічної сутності.

Перспективи дослідження, на нашу думку, полягають у розробці наскрізної методики філологічної підготовки студентів 1-4 курсів з поступовим ускладненням філологічного аналізу і художніх текстів.

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TEXTS FOR READING

A FRIEND IN NEED

For thirty years now I have been studying my fellow-men. I do not know very much about them. I suppose it is on the face that for the most part we judge the persons we meet. We draw our conclusions from the shape of the jaw, the look in the eyes, the shape of the mouth. I shrug my shoulders when people tell me that their first impressions of a person are always right. For my own part I find that the longer I know people the more they puzzle me: my oldest friends are just those of whom I can say that I don't know anything about them.

These thoughts have occurred to me because I read in this morning's paper that Edward Hyde Burton had died at Kobe. He was a merchant and he had been in Japan for many years. I knew him very little, but he interested me because once he gave me a great surprise. If I had not heard the story from his own lips I should never have believed that he was capable of such an action. It was the more startling because both his appearance and his manner gave the impression of a very different man. He was a tiny little fellow, very slender, with white hair, a red face much wrinkled, and blue eyes. I suppose he was about sixty when I knew him. He was always neatly and quietly dressed in accordance with his age and station.

Though his offices were in Kobe Burton often came down to Yokohama. I happened on one occasion to be spending a few days there, waiting for a ship, and I was introduced to him at the British Club. We played bridge together. He played a good game and a generous one. He did not talk very much, either then or later when we were having drinks, but what he said was sensible. He had a quiet, dry humour. He seemed to be popular at the club and afterwards, when he had gone, they described him as one of the best. It happened that we were both staying at the Grand Hotel and next day he asked me to dine with him. I met his wife, fat,

elderly and smiling, and his two daughters. It was evidently a united and loving family. I think the chief thing that struck me about Burton was his kindliness. There was something very pleasing in his mild blue eyes. His voice was gentle; you could not imagine that he could raise it in anger; his smile was kind. Here was a man who attracted you because you felt in him a real love for his fellows. He had charm. But there was nothing sentimental about him: he liked his game of cards and his cocktail, he could tell a good and spicy story, and in his youth he had been something of an athlete. He was a rich man and he had made every penny himself. I suppose one thing that made you like him was that he was so small and frail; he aroused your instincts of protection. You felt that he would not hurt a fly.

One afternoon I was sitting in the lounge of the Grand Hotel. From the windows you had an excellent view of the harbour with its crowded traffic. There were great liners; merchant ships of all nations, junks and boats sailing in and out. It was a busy scene and yet, I do not know why, restful to the spirit.

Burton came into the lounge presently and caught sight of me. He seated himself in the chair next to mine.

"What do you say to a little drink?"

He clapped his hands for a boy and ordered two drinks. As the boy brought them a man passed along the street outside and seeing me waved his hand.

"Do you know Turner?" said Burton as I nodded a greeting.

"I've met him at the club. I'm told he's a remittance man."

"Yes, I believe he is. We have a good many here."

"He plays bridge well."

"They generally do. There was a fellow here last year, a namesake of mine, who was the best bridge player I ever met. I suppose you never came across him in London. Lenny Burton he called himself."

"No. I don't believe I remember the name."

"He was quite a remarkable player. He seemed to have an instinct about the cards. It was uncanny. I used to play with him a lot. He was in Kobe for some time."

Burton sipped his gin.

"It's rather a funny story," he said. "He wasn't a bad chap. I liked him. He was always well-dressed and he was handsome in a way, with curly hair and pink-and-white cheeks. Women thought a lot of him. There was no harm in him, you know, he was only wild. Of course he drank too much. Fellows like him always do. A bit of money used to come in for him once a quarter and he made a bit more by card-playing. He won a good deal of mine, I know that."

Burton gave a kindly little chuckle.

"I suppose that is why he came to me when he went broke, that and the fact that he was a namesake of mine. He came to see me in my office one day and asked me for a job. I was rather surprised. He told me that there was no more money coming from home and he wanted to work. I asked him how old he was.

"'Thirty five,' he said.

"And what have you been doing before?" I asked him.

"Well, nothing very much," he said.

"I couldn't help laughing."

"I'm afraid I can't do anything for you just now," I said. "Come back and see me in another thirty-five years, and I'll see what I can do."

"He didn't move. He went rather pale. He hesitated for a moment and then he told me that he had had bad luck at cards for some time. He hadn't a penny. He'd pawned everything he had. He couldn't pay his hotel bill and they wouldn't give him any more credit. He was down and out. If he couldn't get a job he'd have to commit suicide.

"I looked at him for a bit. I could see now that he was all to pieces. He'd been drinking more than usual and he looked fifty.

"Well, isn't there anything you can do except play cards?" I asked him.

"I can swim," he said

"Swim!"

"I could hardly believe my ears; it seemed such a silly answer.

"I swam for my university."

"I was a pretty good swimmer myself when I was a young man," I said.

"Suddenly I had an idea.

Pausing in his story, Burton turned to me.

"Do you know Kobe?" he asked.

"No," I said, "I passed through it once, but I only spent a night there."

"Then you don't know the Shioya Club. When I was a young man I swam from there round the beacon and landed at the creek of Tarumi. It's over three miles and it's rather difficult on account of the currents round the beacon. Well, I told my young namesake about it and I said to him that if he'd do it I'd give him a job.

"I could see he was rather taken aback.

"You say you're a swimmer," I said.

"I'm not in very good condition," he answered.

"I didn't say anything. I shrugged my shoulders. He looked at me for a moment and then he nodded.

"All right," he said. "When do you want me to do it?"

"I looked at my watch. It was just after ten.

"The swim shouldn't take you much over an hour and a quarter. I'll drive round to the creek at half-past twelve and meet you. I'll take you back to the club to dress and then we'll have lunch together."

"Done," he said.

"We shook hands. I wished him good luck and he left me. I had a lot of work to do that morning and I only just managed to

get to the creek at half past twelve. I waited for him there, but in vain."

"Did he get frightened at the last moment?" I asked.

"No, he didn't. He started swimming. But of course he'd ruined his health by drink. The currents round the beacon were more than he could manage. We didn't get the body for about three days.

I didn't say anything for a moment or two. I was a little shocked. Then I asked Burton a question.

"When you offered him the job, did you know that he'd be drowned?"

He gave a little mild chuckle and he looked at me with those kind blue eyes of his. He rubbed his chin with his hand.

"Well, I hadn't got a vacancy in my office at the moment."

THE MAN WITH THE SCAR

It was on account of the scar that I first noticed him, for it ran, broad and red, from his temple to his chin. This scar spoke of a terrible wound and I wondered whether it had been caused by a sabre or by a fragment of shell. It was unexpected on that round, fat and good-humoured face. He had small features and his face went oddly with his large and fat body. He was a powerful man of more than common height. I never saw him in anything, but a very shabby grey suit, a khaki shirt and an old sombrero. He was far from clean. He used to come into the Palace Hotel at Guatemala City every day at cocktail time and tried to sell lottery tickets. I never saw anyone buy, but now and then I saw him offered a drink.

He never refused it. He walked among the tables, pausing at each table, with a little smile offered the lottery tickets and when no notice was taken of him with the same smile passed on. I think he was the most part a little drunk.

I was standing at the bar one evening with an acquaintance when the man with the scar came up. I shook my head as for the twentieth time since my arrival he held out his lottery tickets to me.

But my companion greeted him, kindly.

"How is life, general?"

"Not so bad. Business is not too good, but it might be worse."

"What will you have, general?"

"A brandy."

He drank it and put the glass back on the bar. He nodded to my acquaintance.

"Thank you."

Then he turned away and offered his tickets to the men who were standing next to us.

"Who is your friend?" I asked. "That's a terrific scar on his face."

"It doesn't add to his beauty, does it? He's an exile from Nicaragua. He's a ruffian of course and a bandit, but not a bad fellow. I give him a few pesos now and then. He took part in a rebellion and was general of the rebellious troops. If his ammunition hadn't given out he'd have upset the government and would be minister of war now instead of selling lottery tickets in Guatemala. They captured him together with his staff, and tried him by court-martial. Such things are usually done without delay in these countries, you know, and he was sentenced to be shot at dawn. I think he knew what was coming to him when he was caught. He spent the night in jail and he and the others, there were five of them altogether, passed the time playing poker. They used matches for chips. He told me he'd never had such bad luck in his life: he lost and lost all the time. When the day broke and the soldiers came into the cell to fetch them for execution, he had lost more matches than a man could use in a life-time."

"They were led into the courtyard of the jail and placed against a wall, the five of them side by side with the firing squad facing them. There was a pause and our friend asked the officer commanding the squad what the devil they were keeping him waiting for. The officer said that the general commanding the troops wished to attend the execution and they awaited his arrival.

"Then I have time to smoke another cigarette,' said our friend.

"But he had hardly lit it when the general came into the courtyard. The usual formalities were performed and the general asked the condemned men whether there was anything they wished before the execution took place. Four of the five shook their heads, but our friend spoke.

"Yes, I should like to say good-bye to my wife.'

"Good,' said the general, "I have no objection to that. Where is she?"

"She is waiting at the prison door.'

"Then it will not cause a delay of more than five minutes."

"Hardly that, Señor General."

"Have him placed on one side."

"Two soldiers advanced and between them the condemned rebel walked to the spot indicated. The officer in command of the firing squad on a nod from the general gave an order and the four men fell. They fell strangely, not together, but one after the other, with movements that were almost grotesque, as though they were puppets in a toy theatre. The officer went up to them and into one who was still alive emptied his revolver. Our friend finished his cigarette.

"There was a little stir at the gateway. A woman came into the courtyard, with quick steps, and then, her hand on her heart, stopped suddenly. She gave a cry and with outstretched arms ran forward.

"Caramba," said the general.

"She was in black, with a veil over her hair, and her face was dead white. She was hardly more than a girl, a slim creature, with little regular features and enormous eyes. Her loveliness was such that as she ran, her mouth slightly open and the agony on her beautiful face, even the indifferent soldiers who looked at her gave of surprise.

"The rebel advanced a step or two to meet her. She threw herself into his arms and with a cry of passion: 'soul of my heart, he pressed his lips to hers. And at the same moment he drew a knife from his ragged shirt — I haven't a notion how he had managed to keep it - and stabbed her in the neck. The blood spurted from the cut vein and dyed his shirt. Then he threw his arms round her and once more pressed his lips to hers.

"It happened so quickly that many didn't know what had occurred, but the others gave a cry of horror; they sprang forward and seized him. They laid the girl on the ground and stood round watching her. The rebel knew where he was striking and it was

impossible to stop the blood. In a moment the officer who had been kneeling by her side rose.

"She's dead,' he whispered.

"The rebel crossed himself.

"Why did you do it?' asked the general.

"I loved her.'

"A sort of sigh passed through those men crowded together and they looked with strange faces at the murderer. The general stared at him for a while in silence.

" 'It was a noble gesture, he said at last, 'I cannot execute this man. Take my car and drive him to the frontier. I honour you, Señor, as one brave man must honour another.'

"And between the two soldiers without a word the rebel marched to the waiting car."

My friend stopped and for a little while I was silent. I must explain that he was a Guatemaltecan and spoke to me in Spanish. I have translated what he told me as well as I could, but I have made no attempt to change his rather high-flown language. To tell the truth I think it suits the story.

"But how then did he get the scar?" I asked at last.

"Oh, that was due to a bottle that burst when he was opening it. A bottle of ginger ale."

"I never liked it, " said I.

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

When I was a very small boy I was made to learn by heart certain of the fables of La Fontaine, and the moral of each was carefully explained to me. Among those I learnt was "The Ant and The Grasshopper". In this admirable fable the ant spends a laborious summer gathering its winter store, while the grasshopper sits singing to the sun. Winter comes and the ant is comfortably provided for, but the grasshopper has an empty larder: he goes to the ant and begs for a little food.

I could not help thinking of this fable when the other day I saw George Ramsay lunching by himself in a restaurant. I never saw anyone wear an expression of such deep gloom. He was staring into space. He looked as though the burden of the whole world sat on his shoulders. I was sorry for him: I suspected at once that his unfortunate brother had been causing trouble again. I went up to him.

"How are you?" I asked.

"I'm not in hilarious spirits," he answered.

"Is it Tom again?"

He sighed. "Yes, it's Tom again."

"Why don't you chuck him? You've done everything in the world for him. You must know by now that he's quite hopeless."

I suppose every family has a black sheep. Tom had begun life decently enough: he went into business, married, and had two children. The Ramsays were perfectly respectable people and there was every reason to suppose that Tom Ramsay would have a useful and honorable career.

But one day he announced that he didn't like work and that he wasn't suited for marriage. He wanted to enjoy himself. He left his wife and his office. He had a little money and he spent two happy years in the various capitals of Europe. He certainly had a very good time. He was charming and unscrupulous. I have never met anyone to whom it was more difficult to refuse a loan. He made a steady income from his friends and he made friends easily.

But he always said that the money you spent on necessities was boring; the money that was amusing to spend was the money you spent on luxuries. For this he depended on his brother George. He did not waste his charm on him.

George was a serious man. George was respectable. Once or twice he fell to Tom's promises and gave him considerable sums in order that he might make a fresh start. On these Tom bought a motor-car and some very nice jewelry. But when circumstances forced George to realize that his brother would never settle down and he washed his hands of him, Tom began to blackmail him.

It was not very nice for a respectable lawyer to find his brother shaking cocktails behind the bar of his favorite restaurant or to see him waiting on the box-seat of a taxi outside his club. Tom said that to serve in a bar or to drive a taxi was a perfectly decent occupation, but if George could oblige him with a couple of hundred pounds, he didn't mind for the honour of the family giving it up. George paid.

Once Tom nearly went to prison. George was terribly upset. The man Tom had cheated, a man called Cronshaw, was vindictive. He was determined to take the matter into court; he said Tom should be punished. It cost George five hundred pounds to settle the affair. I have never seen him in such a rage as when he heard that Tom and Cronshaw had gone off together to Monte Carlo the moment they cashed the cheque. They spent a happy month there.

For twenty years Tom gambled, danced, ate in the most expensive restaurants, and dressed beautifully. He was a most amusing companion. He had high spirits, gaiety, and incredible charm. I never lent him fifty pounds without feeling that I was in his debt. Tom Ramsay knew everyone and everyone knew Tom Ramsay. You could not approve of him, but you could not help liking him.

Poor George, he had never taken more than a fortnight's holiday in the year for a quarter of a century. He was in his office

every morning at nine-thirty and never left it till six. He was honest, industrious, and worthy. He had a good wife and four daughters to whom he was the best of fathers. He made a point of saving a third of his income and his plan was to retire at fifty-five to a little house in the country where he proposed to cultivate his garden and play golf.

Poor George! I sympathized with him. I wondered now as I sat down beside him what infamous thing Tom had done. George was very much upset.

"Do you know what's happened now?" he asked me.

I was prepared for the worst. I wondered if Tom had got into the hands of the police at last. George could hardly bring himself to speak.

"You're not going to deny that all my life I've been hardworking, decent, respectable. After a life of industry and thrift I can look forward to retiring on a small income. I've always done my duty in that state of life in which it has pleased Providence to place me."

"True."

"And you can't deny that Tom has been an idle, worthless, and dishonorable. If there were any justice he'd be in the workhouse."

"True."

George grew red in the face.

"A few weeks ago he became engaged to a woman old enough to be his mother. And now she's died and left him everything she had. Half a million pounds, a yacht, a house in London, and a house in the country."

George Ramsay beat his fist on the table.

"It's not fair, I tell you, it's not fair."

I could not help it, I burst into a shout of laughter - I very nearly fell on the floor. George never forgave me. But Tom often asks me to excellent dinners in his charming house in Mayfair, and

if he occasionally borrows a trifle from me, that is merely from force of habit. It is never more than a sovereign.

THE LUNCHEON

I caught sight of her at the play and in answer to her beckoning I went over during the interval and sat down beside her. It was long since I had last seen her and if someone had not mentioned her name I do not think I would have recognized her. She addressed me brightly.

"Well, it's many years since we first met. How time flies! We are not getting any younger. Do you remember the first time I saw you? You asked me to, luncheon."

Did I remember?

It was twenty years ago and I was living in Paris. I had a tiny apartment in the Latin Quarter and I was earning barely enough money to keep body and soul together. She had read a book of mine and had written to me about it. I answered, thanking her, and presently I received from her another letter saying that she was passing through Paris and would like to have a chat with me; but her time was limited and the only free moment she had was on the following Thursday. She asked me if I would give her a little luncheon at Foyot's. Foyot's is a restaurant at which the French senators eat and it was so far beyond my means that I had never even thought of going there. But I was flattered and I was too young to say no to a woman. I had eighty francs to live on till the end of the month and a modest luncheon should not cost more than fifteen. If I cut out coffee for the next two weeks, I could manage well enough.

I answered that I would meet her at Foyot's on Thursday at half past twelve.

She was not so young as I expected and in appearance imposing rather than attractive. She was in fact a woman of forty, and she gave me the impression of having more teeth, white and large and even, than were necessary for any practical purpose. She was talkative, but since she seemed inclined to talk about me I was prepared to be an attentive listener. I was startled when the menu

was brought, for the prices were a great deal higher than I had expected. But she reassured me.

"I never eat anything for luncheon," she said.

"Oh, don't say that!" I answered generously.

"I never eat more than one thing. I think people eat too much nowadays. A little fish, perhaps. I wonder if they have any salmon."

Well, it was early in the year for salmon and it was not on the menu, but I asked the waiter if there was any. Yes, they had a beautiful salmon, it was the first they had had. I ordered it for my guest. The waiter asked her if she would have something while it was being cooked.

"No," she answered, "I never eat more than one thing. Unless you had a little caviare. I never mind caviare."

My heart sank a little. I knew I could not afford caviare, but I could not tell her that. I told the waiter by all means to bring caviare. For myself I chose the cheapest dish on the menu and that was a mutton chop.

"I think you're unwise to eat meat," she said. "I don't know how you can expect to work after eating heavy things like chops. I never overload my stomach."

Then came the question of drink.

"I never drink anything for luncheon," she said.

"Neither do I," I answered promptly.

"Except white wine," she went on as though I had not spoken.

"These French white wines are so light. They are wonderful for the digestion."

"What would you like?" I asked her.

"My doctor won't let me drink anything but champagne."

I think I turned a little pale. I ordered half a bottle. I mentioned casually that my doctor had absolutely forbidden me to drink champagne.

"What are you going to drink, then?"

"Water."

She ate the caviare and she ate the salmon. She talked gaily of art and literature and music. But I wondered what the bill would come to. When my mutton chop arrived she said:

"I see that you're in the habit of eating a heavy luncheon. I'm sure it's a mistake. Why don't you follow my example and just eat one thing? I'm sure you'd feel much better then."

"I am only going to eat one thing," I said, as the waiter came again with the menu.

She waved him aside with a light gesture.

"No, no, I never eat anything for luncheon. Just a bite, I never want more than that. I can't eat anything more unless they had some of those giant asparagus. I should be sorry to leave Paris without having some of them."

My heart sank. I had seen them in the shops and I knew that they were horribly expensive. My mouth had often watered at the sight of them.

"Madame wants to know if you have any of those giant asparagus," I asked the waiter.

I hoped he would say no. A happy smile spread over his broad face, and he assured me that they had some so large, so splendid, so tender, that it was a marvel.

"I'm not in the least hungry," my guest sighed, "but if you insist I don't mind having some asparagus."

I ordered them.

"Aren't you going to have any?"

"No, I never eat asparagus."

"I know there are people who don't like them."

We waited for the asparagus to be cooked. Panic seized me. It was not a question now how much money I should have left for the rest of the month, but whether I had enough to pay the bill. It would be terrible to find myself ten francs short and be obliged to borrow from my guest. I could not bring myself to do that. I knew exactly how much money I had and if the bill came to more I made

up my mind that I would put my hand in my pocket and with a dramatic cry start up and say my money had been stolen. If she had not money enough to pay the bill then the only thing to do would be to leave my watch and say I would come back and pay later.

The asparagus appeared. They were enormous and appetizing. The smell of the melted butter tickled my nostrils. I watched the woman send them down her throat and in my polite way I talked on the condition of the drama in the Balkans. At last she finished.

"Coffee?" I said.

"Yes, just an ice-cream and coffee," she answered.

It was all the same to me now, so I ordered coffee for myself and an ice-cream and coffee for her.

"You know, there's one thing I thoroughly believe in," she said, as she ate the ice-cream. "One should always get up from a meal feeling one could eat a little more."

"Are you still hungry?" I asked faintly.

"Oh, no, I'm not hungry; you see, I don't eat luncheon. I have a cup of coffee in the morning and then dinner, but I never eat more than one thing for luncheon. I was speaking for you."

"Oh, I see!"

Then a terrible thing happened. While we were waiting for the coffee, the head waiter, with a smile on his false face, came up to us bearing a large basket full of huge peaches. Peaches were not in season then. Lord knew what they cost. I knew too — a little later, for my guest, going on with her conversation, absent-mindedly took one.

"You see, you've filled your stomach with a lot of meat and you can't eat any more. But I've just had a snack and I shall enjoy a peach."

The bill came and when I paid it I found that I had only enough for a quite inadequate tip. Her eyes rested for a moment on the three francs I left for the waiter and I knew that she thought

me mean. But when I walked out of the restaurant I had the whole month before me and not a penny in my pocket.

"Follow my example," she said as we shook hands, "and never eat more than one thing for luncheon."

"I'll do better than that," I answered. "I'll eat nothing for dinner tonight."

"Humorist!" she cried gaily, jumping into a cab. "You're quite a humorist!"

But I have had my revenge at last. Today she weighs twenty-one stone.

MR. KNOW-ALL

I was prepared to dislike Mr. Kelada even before I knew him. The war had just finished and the passenger traffic in the ocean-going liners was heavy. It was very hard to get accommodation and you had to put up with whatever the agents chose to offer you. You could not hope for a cabin to yourself and I was thankful to be given one in which there were only two beds. But when I was told the name of my companion my heart sank. It suggested closed portholes without some fresh night air. It was bad enough to share a cabin for fourteen days with anyone (I was going from San Francisco to Yokohama), but I should have looked upon it with less dismay if my fellow-passenger's name had been Smith or Brown.

When I went on board I found Mr. Kelada's luggage already below. I did not like the look of it; there were too many labels on the suitcases, and the wardrobe trunk was too big. He had unpacked his toilet things, and I noticed that he was excellent; for I saw on the dressing table his scent, his hair-wash and special oil for his brilliant hair, Mr. Kelada's brushes with his monogram in gold, would have been the best for cleaning. I did not at all like Mr. Kelada. I made my way into the smoking-room. I called for a pack of cards and began to play patience. I had scarcely started before a man came up to me and asked me if he was right in thinking my name was so-and-so.

"I am Mr. Kelada," he added, with a smile that showed his flashing teeth, and sat down.

"Oh, yes, we're sharing a cabin, I think."

"Bit of luck, I call it. You never know who you're going to be put in with. I was very glad when I heard you were English. We are English and we should stick together when we're abroad, if you understand what I mean."

I blinked.

"Are you English?" I asked, perhaps impolitely.

"Rather. You don't think I look like an American, do you? British to the backbone, that's what I am."

To prove it, Mr. Kelada took out of his pocket a passport and easily waved it under my nose.

Mr. Kelada was short, and of a strong build, clean-shaven and dark-skinned, with a fleshy, hooked nose and very large, lustrous and wet eyes. His long black hair was curly. He spoke with a fluency in which there was nothing English and he gesticulated all the time. I felt pretty sure that a closer inspection of that British passport would have determined the fact that Mr. Kelada wasn't born in England.

"What will you have?" he asked me.

I looked at him doubtfully. Prohibition was in force. When I am not thirsty I do not know which I dislike more, ginger-ale or lemon-squash. But Mr. Kelada flashed an oriental smile at me.

"Whisky and soda or a dry Martini, you have only to say the word."

From each of his pockets he took out flasks and laid them on the table before me. I chose the Martini, and calling the waiter he ordered a tumbler of ice and a couple of glasses.

"A very good cocktail," I said.

"Well, there are plenty more where that came from, and if you've got any friends on board, you tell them you've got a pal who's got all the liquor in the world."

Mr. Kelada was chatty. He talked of New York and of San Francisco. He discussed plays, pictures, and politics. He was patriotic. Mr. Kelada was familiar. I do not wish to put on airs, but I cannot help feeling that it is seemly in a total stranger to put mister before my name when he addresses me. Mr. Kelada, doubtless to set me at my ease, used no such formality. I did not like Mr. Kelada. I had put aside the cards when he sat down, but now, thinking that for this first occasion our conversation had lasted long enough, I went on with my game.

"The three on the four," said Mr. Kelada.

There is nothing more exasperating when you are playing patience than to be told where to put the card you have turned up before you have had a chance to look for yourself.

"It's coming out, it's coming out," he cried, "The ten on the knave."

I was angry and with a hate in my heart I finished. Then he seized the pack.

"Do you like card tricks?"

"No, I hate card tricks," I answered.

"Well, I'll just show you this one."

He showed me three. Then I said I would go down to the dining-room and get my seat at table.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "I've already taken a seat for you. I thought that as we were in the same room we might just as well sit at the same table."

I did not like Mr. Kelada. I not only shared a cabin with him and ate three meals a day at the same table, but I could not walk round the deck without his joining me. It was impossible to put him in his place. It never occurred to him that he was not wanted. He was certain that you were as glad to see him as he was to see you. In your own house you might have kicked him downstairs and shut the door in his face without the suspicion dawning on him that he was not a welcome visitor. He was too sociable, and even in three days he knew everyone on board.

He ran everything. He conducted the auctions, collected money for prizes at the sports, got up golf matches, organized the concert and arranged the fancy-dress ball. He was everywhere and always. He was certainly the best-hated man in the ship. We called him Mr. Know-All, even to his face. He took it as a compliment. But it was at meal times that he was most intolerable. For the better part of an hour then he had us at his mercy. He was hearty, cheerful, talkative and argumentative. He knew everything better than anybody else, and it was an affront to him that you should disagree with him. He would not drop a subject,

however unimportant, till he had brought you round to his way of thinking. The possibility that he could be mistaken never occurred to him. He was the man who knew. We sat at the doctor's table. Mr. Kelada would certainly have had it all his own way, for the doctor was lazy and I was indifferent, except for a man called Ramsay who sat there also. He was as dogmatic as Mr. Kelada. The discussions they had were acrimonious and endless.

Ramsay was in the American Consular Service, and was stationed at Kobe. He was a great heavy fellow from the Middle West, with loose fat under a tight skin, and his ready-made clothes were too little for him. He was on his way back to resume his post, having been on a flying visit to New York to fetch his wife, who had been spending a year at home.

Mrs. Ramsay was a very pretty little thing, with pleasant manners and a sense of humour. The Consular Service is badly paid, and she was dressed always very simply; but she knew how to wear her clothes. She achieved an effect of quiet distinction. I should not have paid any particular attention to her but that she had a quality that may be common enough in women, but nowadays is not obvious in their demeanour. You could not look at her without being struck by her modesty.

One evening at dinner we had a conversation which by chance turned to the subject of pearls. There had been in the papers a good deal of talk about the culture pearls which the cunning Japanese were making, and the doctor remarked that they must diminish the value of real ones. They were very good already; they would soon be perfect. Mr. Kelada, as was his habit, rushed the new topic. He told us all that was to be known about pearls.

I do not believe Ramsay knew anything about them at all, but he could not lose the opportunity to express his opinion, and in five minutes we were in the middle of a heated argument. I had seen Mr. Kelada vehement and voluble before, but never so

voluble and vehement as now. At last something that Ramsay said stung him, for he thumped the table and shouted:

"Well, I ought to know what I am talking about. I'm going to Japan just to look into this Japanese pearl business. I'm in the trade and there's not a man in it who won't tell you that what I say about pearls is true. I know all the best pearls in the world, and what I don't know about pearls isn't worth knowing."

Here was news for us, for Mr. Kelada, with all his talkativeness, had never told anyone what his business was. We only knew that he was going to Japan on some commercial errand.

He looked round the table triumphantly.

"They'll never be able to get a culture pearl that an expert like me can't tell with half an eye." He pointed to a chain that Mrs. Ramsay wore. "You take my word for it, Mrs. Ramsay, that chain you're wearing will never be worth a cent less than it is now."

Mrs. Ramsay in her modest way flushed a little and slipped the chain inside her dress. Ramsay leaned forward. He gave us all a look and a smile blinked in his eyes.

"That's a pretty chain of Mrs. Ramsay's, isn't it?"

"I noticed it at once," answered Mr. Kelada. "Gee, I said to myself, those are pearls all right."

"I didn't buy it myself, of course. I'd be interested to know how much you think it cost."

"Oh, in the trade somewhere round fifteen thousand dollars.

But if it was bought on Fifth Avenue I shouldn't be surprised to hear that you paid for it about thirty thousand dollars."

Ramsay smiled grimly.

"You'll be surprised to hear that Mrs. Ramsay bought that chain at a department store the day before we left New York, for eighteen dollars."

Mr. Kelada flushed.

"Rot. It's not only real, but it's as fine a chain for its size as I've ever seen."

"Will you bet on it? I'll bet you a hundred dollars it's imitation."

"Done."

"Oh, Elmer, you can't bet on a certainty," said Mrs. Ramsay.

She had a little smile on her lips and her tone spoke that she was gently disagreeing with it.

"Can't I? If I get a chance of easy money like that I should be all sorts of a fool not to take it."

"But how can it be proved?" she continued. "It's only my word against Mr. Kelada's."

"Let me look at the chain, and if it's imitation I'll tell you quickly enough. I can afford to lose a hundred dollars," said Mr. Kelada.

"Take it off, dear. Let the gentleman look at it as much as he wants.

Mrs. Ramsay thought for a while. Then she put her hands to the clasp.

"I can't take it off," she said. "Mr. Kelada will just have to take my word for it."

I had a sudden suspicion that something unfortunate was about to occur, but I could think of nothing to say. Ramsay jumped up.

"I'll take it off."

He handed the chain to Mr. Kelada. He took a magnifying glass from his pocket and closely examined it. A smile of triumph spread over his swarthy face. He handed back the chain. He was about to speak.

Suddenly he caught sight of Mrs. Ramsay's face. It was so white that she looked as though she were about to faint. She was staring at him with wide and terrified eyes. They were full of the desperation; it was so clear that I wondered why her husband did not see it. Mr. Kelada stopped with his mouth open. He flushed deeply.

You could almost see the effort he was making over himself.

"I was mistaken," he said. "It's a very good imitation, but of course as soon as I looked through my glass I saw that it wasn't real. I think eighteen dollars is just about as much as the damned thing's worth."

He took out his pocket-book and from it a hundred-dollar note. He handed it to Ramsay without a word.

"Perhaps that'll teach you not to be so self-confident another time, my young friend," said Ramsay as he took the note.

I noticed that Mr. Kelada's hands were trembling.

The story spread over the ship as stories do, and he had to put up with a good deal of chaff that evening. It was a fine joke that Mr. Know-All had been caught out. But Mrs. Ramsay returned to her room with a headache.

Next morning I got up and began to shave. Mr. Kelada lay on his bed smoking a cigarette. Suddenly there was a small scraping sound and I saw a letter pushed under the door. I opened the door and looked out. There was nobody there. I picked up the letter and saw that it was addressed to Mr. Kelada. I handed it to him.

"Who's this from?" He opened it. "Oh!"

He took out of the envelope, not a letter, but a hundred-dollar note. He looked at me and again he reddened. He tore the envelope into little bits and gave them to me.

"Do you mind just throwing them out of the porthole?"

I did as he asked, and then I looked at him with a smile.

"No one likes being made to look a perfect damned fool," he said.

"Were the pearls real?"

"If I had a pretty little wife, I shouldn't let her spend a year in New York while I stayed at Kobe," said he.

At that moment I did not entirely dislike Mr. Kelada. He reached out for his pocket-book and carefully put in it the hundred-dollar note.

A CUP OF TEA

Rosemary Fell was not exactly beautiful. No, you couldn't have called her beautiful. Pretty? Well, if you took her to pieces... But why be so cruel as to take anyone to pieces? She was young, brilliant, extremely modern, exquisitely well dressed, amazingly well read in the newest of the new books, and her parties were the most delicious mixture of the really important people and ... artists-quaint creatures, discoveries of hers, some of them too terrifying for words, but others quite presentable and amusing.

Rosemary had been married two years. She had a duck of a boy. No, not Peter - Michael. And her husband absolutely adored her. They were rich, really rich, not just comfortably well off, which is odious and stuffy and sounds like one's grandparents. But if Rosemary wanted to shop, she would go to Paris as you and I would go to Bond Street. If she wanted to buy flowers, the car pulled up at that perfect shop in Regent Street, and Rosemary inside the shop just gazed in her dazzled, rather exotic way, and said: "I want those and those and those. Give me four bunches of those. And that jar of roses. Yes, I'll have all the roses in the jar. No, no lilac. I hate lilac. It's got no shape." The attendant bowed and put the lilac out of sight, as though this was only too true; lilac was dreadfully shapeless. "Give me those stumpy little tulips. Those red and white ones." And she was followed to the car by a thin shop-girl staggering under an immense white paper armful that looked like a baby in long clothes.

One winter afternoon she had been buying something in a little antique shop in Curzon Street. It was a shop she liked. For one thing, one usually had it to oneself. And then the man who kept it was ridiculously fond of serving her. He beamed whenever she came in. He clasped his hands; he was so gratified he could scarcely speak. Flattery, of course. All the same, there was something ... "You see, madam," he would explain in his low respectful tones, "I love my things. I would rather not part with them than sell them to someone who does not appreciate them,

who has not that fine feeling which is so rare ..." And, breathing deeply, he unrolled a tiny square of blue velvet and pressed it on the glass counter with his pale finger-tips. Today it was a little box. He had been keeping it for her. He had shown it to nobody as yet. An exquisite little enamel box with a glaze so fine it looked as though it had been baked in cream. On the lid a minute creature stood under a flowery tree, and a more minute creature still had her arms round his neck. Her hat, really no bigger than a geranium petal, hung from a branch; it had green ribbons. And there was a pink cloud like a watchful cherub floating above their heads. Rosemary took her hands out of her long gloves. She always took off her gloves to examine such things. Yes, she liked it very much. She loved it; it was a great duck. She must have it. And, turning the creamy box, opening and shutting it, she couldn't help noticing how charming her hands were against the blue velvet. The shopman, in some dim cavern of his mind, may have dared to think so too. For he took a pencil, leant over the counter, and his pale, bloodless fingers crept timidly towards those rosy, flashing ones, as he murmured gently: "If I may venture to point out to madam, the flowers on the little lady's bodice."

"Charming!" Rosemary admired the flowers. But what was the price? For a moment the shopman did not seem to hear. Then a murmur reached her. "Twenty-eight guineas, madam." "Twenty-eight guineas." Rosemary gave no sign. She laid the little box down; she buttoned her gloves again. Twenty-eight guineas. Even if one is rich ... She looked vague. She stared at a plump tea-kettle like a plump hen above the shopman's head, and her voice was dreamy as she answered: "Well, keep it for me - will you? I'll..."

But the shopman had already bowed as though keeping it for her was all any human being could ask. He would be willing, of course, to keep it for her for ever. The discreet door shut with a click. She was outside on the step, gazing at the winter afternoon.

Rain was falling, and with the rain it seemed the dark came too, spinning down like ashes. There was a cold bitter taste in the air, and the new-lighted lamps looked sad. Sad were the lights in the houses opposite. Dimly they burned as if regretting something. And people hurried by, hidden under their hateful umbrellas. Rosemary felt a strange pang. She pressed her muff against her breast; she wished she had the little box, too, to cling to. Of course, the car was there. She'd only to cross the pavement. But still she waited. There are moments, horrible moments in life, when one emerges from shelter and looks out, and it's awful. One oughtn't to give way to them. One ought to go home and have an extra-special tea. But at the very instant of thinking that, a young girl, thin, dark, shadowy - where had she come from? - was standing at Rosemary's elbow and a voice like a sigh, almost like a sob, breathed: "Madam, may I speak to you a moment?" "Speak to me?" Rosemary turned. She saw a little battered creature with enormous eyes, someone quite young, no older than herself, who clutched at her coat-collar with reddened hands, and shivered as though she had just come out of the water. "M-madam, stammered the voice. Would you let me have the price of a cup of tea?" "A cup of tea?" There was something simple, sincere in that voice; it wasn't in the least the voice of a beggar. "Then have you no money at all?" asked Rosemary.

"None, madam," came the answer.

"How extraordinary!" Rosemary peered through the dusk and the girl gazed back at her. How more than extraordinary! And suddenly it seemed to Rosemary such an adventure. It was like something out of a novel by Dostoevsky, this meeting in the dusk. Supposing she took the girl home? Supposing she did do one of those things she was always reading about or seeing on the stage, what would happen? It would be thrilling. And she heard herself saying afterwards to the amazement of her friends: "I simply took her home with me," as she stepped forward and said to that dim person beside her: "Come home to tea with me." The girl drew

back startled. She even stopped shivering for a moment. Rosemary put out a hand and touched her arm. "I mean it," she said, smiling. And she felt how simple and kind her smile was. "Why won't you? Do. Come home with me now in my car and have tea." "You - you don't mean it, madam," said the girl, and there was pain in her voice. "But I do," cried Rosemary. "I want you to. To please me. Come along." The girl put her fingers to her lips and her eyes devoured Rosemary. "You're - you're not taking me to the police station?" she stammered.

"The police station!" Rosemary laughed out. "Why should I be so cruel? No, I only want to make you warm and to hear - anything you care to tell me." Hungry people are easily led. The footman held the door of the car open, and a moment later they were skimming through the dusk.

"There!" said Rosemary. She had a feeling of triumph as she slipped her hand through the velvet strap. She could have said, "Now I've got you," as she gazed at the little captive she had netted. But of course she meant it kindly. Oh, more than kindly. She was going to prove to this girl that - wonderful things did happen in life, that - fairy godmothers were real, that - rich people had hearts, and that women were sisters. She turned impulsively, saying "Don't be frightened. After all, why shouldn't you come back with me? We're both women. If I'm the more fortunate, you ought to expect..."

But happily at that moment, for she didn't know how the sentence was going to end, the car stopped. The bell was rung, the door opened, and with a charming, protecting, almost embracing movement, Rosemary drew the other into the hall. Warmth, softness, light, a sweet scent, all those things so familiar to her she never even thought about them, she watched that other receive. It was fascinating. She was like the rich little girl in her nursery with all the cupboards to open, all the boxes to unpack.

"Come, come upstairs," said Rosemary, longing to begin to be generous. "Come up to my room." And, besides, she wanted to

spare this poor little thing from being stared at by the servants; she decided as they mounted the stairs she would not even ring to Jeanne, but take off her things by herself. The great things were to be natural!

And "There!" cried Rosemary again, as they reached her beautiful big bedroom with the curtains drawn, the fire leaping on her wonderful lacquer furniture, her gold cushions and the primrose and blue rugs.

The girl stood just inside the door; she seemed dazed. But Rosemary didn't mind that. "Come and sit down," she cried, dragging her big chair up to the fire, "in this comfy chair. Come and get warm. You look so dreadfully cold." "I daren't, madam," said the girl, and she edged backwards. "Oh, please," - Rosemary ran forward - "you mustn't be frightened, you mustn't, really. Sit down, when I've taken off my things we shall go into the next room and have tea and be cosy. Why are you afraid?" And gently she half pushed the thin figure into its deep cradle. But there was no answer. The girl stayed just as she had been put, with her hands by her sides and her mouth slightly open. To be quite sincere, she looked rather stupid. But Rosemary wouldn't acknowledge it. She leant over her, saying:

"Won't you take off your hat? Your pretty hair is all wet. And one is so much more comfortable without a hat, isn't one?"

There was a whisper that sounded like "Very good, madam," and the crushed hat was taken off.

"And let me help you off with your coat, too," said Rosemary. The girl stood up. But she held on to the chair with one hand and let Rosemary pull. It was quite an effort. The other scarcely helped her at all. She seemed to stagger like a child, and the thought came and went through Rosemary's mind, that if people wanted helping they must respond a little, just a little, otherwise it became very difficult indeed. And what was she to do with the coat now? She left it on the floor, and the hat too. She

was just going to take a cigarette off the mantelpiece when the girl said quickly, but so lightly and strangely:

"I'm very sorry, madam, but I'm going to faint. I shall go off, madam, if I don't have something."

"Good heavens, how thoughtless I am!" Rosemary rushed to the bell. "Tea! Tea at once! And some brandy immediately!"

The maid was gone again, but the girl almost cried out: "No, I don't want no brandy. I never drink brandy. It's a cup of tea I want, madam." And she burst into tears. It was a terrible and fascinating moment. Rosemary knelt beside her chair. "Don't cry, poor little thing," she said. "Don't cry." And she gave the other her lace handkerchief. She really was touched beyond words. She put her arm round those thin, bird-like shoulders. Now at last the other forgot to be shy, forgot everything except that they were both women, and gasped out: "I can't go on no longer like this. I can't bear it. I can't bear it. I shall do away with myself. I can't bear no more."

"You shan't have to. I'll look after you. Don't cry any more. Don't you see what a good thing it was that you met me? We'll have tea and you'll tell me everything. And I shall arrange something. I promise. Do stop crying. It's so exhausting. Please!"

The other did stop just in time for Rosemary to get up before the tea came. She had the table placed between them. She plied the poor little creature with everything, all the sandwiches, all the bread and butter, and every time her cup was empty she filled it with tea, cream and sugar. People always said sugar was so nourishing. As for herself she didn't eat; she smoked and looked away tactfully so that the other should not be shy.

And really the effect of that slight meal was marvellous. When the tea-table was carried away a new being, a light, frail creature with tangled hair, dark lips, deep, lighted eyes, lay back in the big chair in a kind of sweet languor, looking at the blaze. Rosemary lit a fresh cigarette; it was time to begin.

"And when did you have your last meal?" she asked softly. But at that moment the door-handle turned

"Rosemary, may I come in?" It was Philip.

"Of course."

He came in. "Oh, I'm so sorry," he said, and stopped and stared.

"It's quite all right," said Rosemary, smiling. "This is my friend, Miss ..." "Smith, madam," said the languid figure, who was strangely still and unafraid. "Smith," said Rosemary. "We are going to have a little talk."

"Oh yes," said Philip. "Quite," and his eye caught sight of the coat and hat on the floor. He came over to the fire and turned his back to it. "It's a beastly afternoon," he said curiously, still looking at that listless figure, looking at its hands and boots, and then at Rosemary again. "Yes, isn't it?" said Rosemary enthusiastically. "Vile."

Philip smiled his charming smile. "As a matter of fact," said he, "I wanted you to come into the library for a moment. Would you? Will Miss Smith excuse us?" The big eyes were raised to him, but Rosemary answered for her: "Of course she will." And they went out of the room together.

"I say," said Philip, when they were alone. "Explain. Who is she? What does it all mean?"

Rosemary, laughing, leaned against the door and said: "I picked her up in Curzon Street. Really. She's a real pick-up. She asked me for the price of a cup of tea, and I brought her home with me."

"But what on earth are you going to do with her?" cried Philip.

"Be nice to her," said Rosemary quickly. "Be frightfully nice to her. Look after her. I don't know how. We haven't talked yet. But show her - treat her - make her feel -" "My darling girl," said Philip, "you're quite mad, you know. It simply can't be done." "I knew you'd say that," retorted Rosemary. "Why not? I want to. Isn't

that a reason? And besides, one's always reading about these things. I decided -"

"But," said Philip slowly, and he cut the end of a cigar; "she's so astonishingly pretty."

"Pretty?" Rosemary was so surprised that she blushed. "Do you think so? I - I hadn't thought about it."

"Good Lord!" Philip struck a match. "She's absolutely lovely. Look again, my child. I was bowled over when I came into your room just now. However... I think you're making a ghastly mistake. Sorry, darling, if I'm rude and all that. But let me know if Miss Smith is going to dine with us in time for me to look up *The Milliner's Gazette*."

"You absurd creature!" said Rosemary, and she went out of the library, but not back to her bedroom. She went to her writing-room and sat down at her desk. Pretty! Absolutely lovely! Bowled over! Her heart beat like a heavy bell. Pretty! Lovely! She drew her cheque-book towards her. But no, cheques would be no use, of course. She opened a drawer and took out five pound notes, looked at them, put two back, and holding the three squeezed in her hand, she went back to her bedroom.

Half an hour later Philip was still in the library, when Rosemary came in.

"I only wanted to tell you," said she, and she leaned against the door again and looked at him with her dazzled exotic gaze, "Miss Smith won't dine with us tonight."

Philip put down the paper. "Oh, what's happened? Previous engagement?"

Rosemary came over and sat down on his knee.

"She insisted on going," said she, so I gave the poor little thing a present of money. I couldn't keep her against her will, could I?" she added softly.

Rosemary had just done her hair, darkened her eyes a little and put on her pearls. She put up her hands and touched Philip's cheeks.

"Do you like me?" said she, and her tone, sweet, husky, troubled him.

"I like you awfully," he said, and he held her tighter. "Kiss me."

There was a pause.

Then Rosemary said dreamily: "I saw a fascinating little box today. It cost twenty-eight guineas. May I have it?"

Philip jumped her on his knee. "You may, little wasteful one," said he.

But that was not really what Rosemary wanted to say.

"Philip," she whispered, and she pressed his head against her bosom, "am I pretty?"

THE HAPPY PRINCE

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt.

He was very much admired indeed. "He is as beautiful as a weathercock," remarked one of the Town Councillors who wished to gain a reputation for having artistic tastes; "only not quite so useful," he added, fearing lest people should think him unpractical, which he really was not.

"Why can't you be like the Happy Prince?" asked a sensible mother of her little boy who was crying for the moon. "The Happy Prince never dreams of crying for anything."

"I am glad there is some one in the world who is quite happy," muttered a disappointed man as he gazed at the wonderful statue.

"He looks just like an angel," said the Charity Children as they came out of the cathedral in their bright scarlet cloaks and their clean white pinafores.

"How do you know?" said the Mathematical Master, "you have never seen one."

"Ah! but we have, in our dreams," answered the children; and the Mathematical Master frowned and looked very severe, for he did not approve of children dreaming.

One night there flew over the city a little Swallow. His friends had gone away to Egypt six weeks before, but he had stayed behind, for he was in love with the most beautiful Reed. He had met her early in the spring as he was flying down the river after a big yellow moth, and had been so attracted by her slender waist that he had stopped to talk to her.

"Shall I love you?" said the Swallow, who liked to come to the point at once, and the Reed made him a low bow. So he flew round and round her, touching the water with his wings, and

making silver ripples. This was his courtship, and it lasted all through the summer.

"It is a ridiculous attachment," twittered the other Swallows; "she has no money, and far too many relations"; and indeed the river was quite full of Reeds. Then, when the autumn came they all flew away.

After they had gone he felt lonely, and began to tire of his lady-love. "She has no conversation," he said, "and I am afraid that she is a coquette, for she is always flirting with the wind." And certainly, whenever the wind blew, the Reed made the most graceful curtseys. "I admit that she is domestic," he continued, "but I love travelling, and my wife, consequently, should love travelling also."

"Will you come away with me?" he said finally to her; but the Reed shook her head, she was so attached to her home.

"You have been trifling with me," he cried. "I am off to the Pyramids. Good-bye!" and he flew away.

All day long he flew, and at night-time he arrived at the city. "Where shall I put up?" he said; "I hope the town has made preparations."

Then he saw the statue on the tall column.

"I will put up there," he cried; "it is a fine position, with plenty of fresh air." So he alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince.

"I have a golden bedroom," he said softly to himself as he looked round, and he prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his head under his wing a large drop of water fell on him. "What a curious thing!" he cried; "there is not a single cloud in the sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining. The climate in the north of Europe is really dreadful. The Reed used to like the rain, but that was merely her selfishness."

Then another drop fell.

"What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?" he said; "I must look for a good chimney-pot," and he determined

to fly away. But before he had opened his wings, a third drop fell, and he looked up, and saw — Ah! what did he see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity.

“Who are you?” he said. “I am the Happy Prince.”

“Why are you weeping then?” asked the Swallow; “you have quite drenched me.”

“When I was alive and had a human heart,” answered the statue, “I did not know what tears were, for I lived in the Palace of Sans-Souci, where sorrow is not allowed to enter. In the daytime I played with my companions in the garden, and in the evening I led the dance in the Great Hall. Round the garden ran a very lofty wall, but I never cared to ask what lay beyond it, everything about me was so beautiful. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I was, if pleasure be happiness. So I lived, and so I died. And now that I am dead they have set me up here so high that I can see all the ugliness and all the misery of my city, and though my heart is made of lead yet I cannot choose but weep.”

“What! is he not solid gold?” said the Swallow to himself. He was too polite to make any personal remarks out loud.

“Far away,” continued the statue in a low musical voice, “far away in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open, and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face is thin and worn, and she has coarse, red hands, all pricked by the needle, for she is a seamstress. She is embroidering passion-flowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen’s maids-of-honour to wear at the next Court-ball. In a bed in the corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. He has a fever, and is asking for oranges. His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not bring

her the ruby out of my sword-hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal and I cannot move."

"I am waited for in Egypt," said the Swallow. "My friends are flying up and down the Nile, and talking to the large lotus-flowers. Soon they will go to sleep in the tomb of the great King. The King is there himself in his painted coffin. He is wrapped in yellow linen, and embalmed with spices. Round his neck is a chain of pale green jade, and his hands are like withered leaves."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty, and the mother so sad."

"I don't think I like boys," answered the Swallow. "Last summer, when I was staying on the river, there were two rude boys, the miller's sons, who were always throwing stones at me. They never hit me, of course; we swallows fly far too well for that, and besides, I come of a family famous for its agility; but still, it was a mark of disrespect."

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was sorry. "It is very cold here," he said; "but I will stay with you for one night, and be your messenger."

"Thank you, little Swallow," said the Prince.

So the Swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince's sword, and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town. He passed by the cathedral tower, where the white marble angels were sculptured. He passed by the palace and heard the sound of dancing. A beautiful girl came out on the balcony with her lover. "How wonderful the stars are," he said to her, "and how wonderful is the power of love!"

"I hope my dress will be ready in time for the State-ball," she answered; "I have ordered passion-flowers to be embroidered on it; but the seamstresses are so lazy."

He passed over the river, and saw the lanterns hanging to the masts of the ships. He passed over the Ghetto, and saw the old Jews bargaining with each other, and weighing out money in

copper scales. At last he came to the poor house and looked in. The boy was tossing feverishly on his bed, and the mother had fallen asleep, she was so tired. In he hopped, and laid the great ruby on the table beside the woman's thimble. Then he flew gently round the bed, fanning the boy's forehead with his wings. "How cool I feel," said the boy, "I must be getting better"; and he sank into a delicious slumber.

Then the Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince, and told him what he had done. "It is curious," he remarked, "but I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold."

"That is because you have done a good action," said the Prince. And the little Swallow began to think, and then he fell asleep. Thinking always made him sleepy.

When day broke he flew down to the river and had a bath. "What a remarkable phenomenon," said the Professor of Ornithology as he was passing over the bridge. "A swallow in winter!" And he wrote a long letter about it to the local newspaper. Every one quoted it, it was full of so many words that they could not understand.

"To-night I go to Egypt," said the Swallow, and he was in high spirits at the prospect. He visited all the public monuments, and sat a long time on top of the church steeple. Wherever he went the Sparrows chirruped, and said to each other, "What a distinguished stranger!" so he enjoyed himself very much.

When the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince. "Have you any commissions for Egypt?" he cried; "I am just starting."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"I am waited for in Egypt," answered the Swallow. "Tomorrow my friends will fly up to the Second Cataract. The river-horse couches there among the bulrushes, and on a great granite throne sits the God Memnon. All night long he watches the stars, and when the morning star shines he utters one cry of joy, and

then he is silent. At noon the yellow lions come down to the water's edge to drink. They have eyes like green beryls, and their roar is louder than the roar of the cataract.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "far away across the city I see a young man in a garret. He is leaning over a desk covered with papers, and in a tumbler by his side there is a bunch of withered violets. His hair is brown and crisp, and his lips are red as a pomegranate, and he has large and dreamy eyes. He is trying to finish a play for the Director of the Theatre, but he is too cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate, and hunger has made him faint."

"I will wait with you one night longer," said the Swallow, who really had a good heart. "Shall I take him another ruby?"

"Alas! I have no ruby now," said the Prince; "my eyes are all that I have left. They are made of rare sapphires, which were brought out of India a thousand years ago. Pluck out one of them and take it to him. He will sell it to the jeweller, and buy food and firewood, and finish his play."

"Dear Prince," said the Swallow, "I cannot do that"; and he began to weep.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So the Swallow plucked out the Prince's eye, and flew away to the student's garret. It was easy enough to get in, as there was a hole in the roof. Through this he darted, and came into the room. The young man had his head buried in his hands, so he did not hear the flutter of the bird's wings, and when he looked up he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the withered violets.

"I am beginning to be appreciated," he cried; "this is from some great admirer. Now I can finish my play," and he looked quite happy.

The next day the Swallow flew down to the harbour. He sat on the mast of a large vessel and watched the sailors hauling big chests out of the hold with ropes. "Heave a-hoy!" they shouted as

each chest came up. "I am going to Egypt"! cried the Swallow, but nobody minded, and when the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.

"I am come to bid you good-bye," he cried.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"It is winter," answered the Swallow, "and the chill snow will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm on the green palm-trees, and the crocodiles lie in the mud and look lazily about them. My companions are building a nest in the Temple of Baalbec, and the pink and white doves are watching them, and cooing to each other. Dear Prince, I must leave you, but I will never forget you, and next spring I will bring you back two beautiful jewels in place of those you have given away. The ruby shall be redder than a red rose, and the sapphire shall be as blue as the great sea."

"In the square below," said the Happy Prince, "there stands a little match-girl. She has let her matches fall in the gutter, and they are all spoiled. Her father will beat her if she does not bring home some money, and she is crying. She has no shoes or stockings, and her little head is bare. Pluck out my other eye, and give it to her, and her father will not beat her."

"I will stay with you one night longer," said the Swallow, "but I cannot pluck out your eye. You would be quite blind then."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So he plucked out the Prince's other eye, and darted down with it. He swooped past the match-girl, and slipped the jewel into the palm of her hand. "What a lovely bit of glass," cried the little girl; and she ran home, laughing.

Then the Swallow came back to the Prince. "You are blind now," he said, "so I will stay with you always."

"No, little Swallow," said the poor Prince, "you must go away to Egypt."

"I will stay with you always," said the Swallow, and he slept at the Prince's feet.

All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder, and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands. He told him of the red ibises, who stand in long rows on the banks of the Nile, and catch gold-fish in their beaks; of the Sphinx, who is as old as the world itself, and lives in the desert, and knows everything; of the merchants, who walk slowly by the side of their camels, and carry amber beads in their hands; of the King of the Mountains of the Moon, who is as black as ebony, and worships a large crystal; of the great green snake that sleeps in a palm-tree, and has twenty priests to feed it with honey-cakes; and of the pygmies who sail over a big lake on large flat leaves, and are always at war with the butterflies.

"Dear little Swallow," said the Prince, "you tell me of marvellous things, but more marvellous than anything is the suffering of men and of women. There is no Mystery so great as Misery. Fly over my city, little Swallow, and tell me what you see there."

So the Swallow flew over the great city, and saw the rich making merry in their beautiful houses, while the beggars were sitting at the gates. He flew into dark lanes, and saw the white faces of starving children looking out listlessly at the black streets. Under the archway of a bridge two little boys were lying in one another's arms to try and keep themselves warm. "How hungry we are!" they said. "You must not lie here," shouted the Watchman, and they wandered out into the rain.

Then he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.

"I am covered with fine gold," said the Prince, "you must take it off, leaf by leaf, and give it to my poor; the living always think that gold can make them happy."

Leaf after leaf of the fine gold the Swallow picked off, till the Happy Prince looked quite dull and grey. Leaf after leaf of the fine gold he brought to the poor, and the children's faces grew rosier,

and they laughed and played games in the street. "We have bread now!" they cried.

Then the snow came, and after the snow came the frost. The streets looked as if they were made of silver, they were so bright and glistening; long icicles like crystal daggers hung down from the eaves of the houses, everybody went about in furs, and the little boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice.

The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince, he loved him too well. He picked up crumbs outside the baker's door when the baker was not looking and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings. But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just strength to fly up to the Prince's shoulder once more. "Good-bye, dear Prince!" he murmured, "will you let me kiss your hand?"

"I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow," said the Prince, "you have stayed too long here; but you must kiss me on the lips, for I love you."

"It is not to Egypt that I am going," said the Swallow. "I am going to the House of Death. Death is the brother of Sleep, is he not?"

And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips, and fell down dead at his feet. At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue, as if something had broken. The fact is that the leaden heart had snapped right in two. It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.

Early the next morning the Mayor was walking in the square below in company with the Town Councillors. As they passed the column he looked up at the statue: "Dear me! how shabby the Happy Prince looks!" he said.

"How shabby indeed!" cried the Town Councillors, who always agreed with the Mayor; and they went up to look at it.

"The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he is golden no longer," said the Mayor in fact, "he is little better than a beggar!"

"Little better than a beggar," said the Town Councillors.

"And here is actually a dead bird at his feet!" continued the Mayor. "We must really issue a proclamation that birds are not to be allowed to die here." And the Town Clerk made a note of the suggestion.

So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. "As he is no longer beautiful he is no longer useful," said the Art Professor at the University. Then they melted the statue in a furnace, and the Mayor held a meeting of the Corporation to decide what was to be done with the metal. "We must have another statue, of course," he said, "and it shall be a statue of myself."

"Of myself," said each of the Town Councillors, and they quarrelled. When I last heard of them they were quarrelling still.

"What a strange thing!" said the overseer of the workmen at the foundry. "This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace. We must throw it away." So they threw it on a dust-heap where the dead Swallow was also lying.

"Bring me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His Angels; and the Angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

"You have rightly chosen," said God, "for in my garden of Paradise this little bird shall sing for evermore, and in my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me."

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 bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony 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 cry. So, Della did it, which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

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 description, but it certainly had that word on the look-out for the mendicancy 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 thereunto 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 gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray 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 rare and sterling-something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass 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 color 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 your hat off 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 ransacking 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 a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious 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 sly 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 it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll 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, laboriously, 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't 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 a 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 going 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 for 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 tresses that should have adorned the coveted 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!"

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 dandy, 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.

THE DINNER PARTY

There are still some rich people in the world; and there were many more, in the enjoyable world of thirty years ago. I hope that no one will be led astray by fiction that rich people lead dull, boring and frustrated lives; compelled to listen to unintelligible chamber music every other night, to sit through interminable operas which they do not understand, to bow unwillingly to royalty and to force down their gullets such dietary dross as pâté de foie gras, trout in aspic, and champagne. Please be assured that many of them lead lives of particular pleasure; commanding the finest artists to play and sing exactly what they wish to hear, greeting royalty on terms of pleasure and intimacy, and eating and drinking precisely what they want - often pâté de foie gras, trout in aspic, and champagne.

But rich people do have their problems. They are seldom problems of finance, since most rich people have sufficient sense to hire other people to take care of their worries - whether they are concerned with taxes, politics, the education of their children, the estrangement of their wives, or the greed of their servants. But there are other, more genuine problems. They are the problems of behaviour. Let me tell you one such a problem, which beset my uncle Octavian a full thirty years ago.

A full thirty years ago I myself was fifteen. That is not really important, though it was important to me at that time, on the threshold of the dazzling adult world. More important to this story, my uncle Octavian, was then (in 1925) a rich man in the lavish pride of manhood. He was, as any suitable contemporary will confirm, a charming and accomplished host whose villa on the Cote d'Azur was an accepted rendezvous of the great, and he was (as I will confirm) a hospitable, contented, and most amiable man - until January 3, 1925.

There was nothing special about that day, in the life of my uncle Octavian, except that it was his fifty-fifth birthday. As usual on such a day, he was giving a dinner party, a party for twelve

people. All of them were old friends: two of them, indeed, were what were then called, unambiguously, "old flames". My uncle, aged fifty-five, would scarcely have found it possible to give a birthday dinner party not attended by at least two such guests. He had long been addicted to what was then called, with equal unambiguity, a "full life".

I, myself, aged fifteen, was deeply privileged. I was staying with my uncle at his exquisite villa near Cap d' Antibes; and as a special concession on this happy day, I was allowed to come down to dinner.

It was exciting to me to be admitted to such company, which included besides the two "old flames", and their respective husbands, a newspaper proprietor of exceptional intelligence and his fabulous American wife; a recent prime-minister of France and a monumental statesman of post-war Germany, and a Habsburg prince and princess.

At that age, on holiday from school, you will guess that I was dazzled. Even today, thirty years later, one may fairly admit that the company was distinguished. But I should also stress, to give point to the story, that they were all old and intimate friends of my uncle Octavian.

Towards the end of a wonderful dinner when dessert had been brought in and the servants had left, my uncle leant forward to admire a magnificent solitaire diamond ring on the princess's hand. She was a handsome woman, of regal bearing.

I remember the candlelight flashing on, and within, the canary-yellow stone as she turned her hand gracefully towards my uncle.

Across the table, the newspaper proprietor leant across and said: "May I also have a look, Therese?" She smiled and nodded. Then she took off the ring and held it out to him. 'It was my grandmother's - the old empress,'" she said. "I have not worn it for many years. It is said to have once belonged to Genghis Khan."

There were exclamations of delight and admiration. The ring was passed from hand to hand. For a moment it rested on my own palm, gleaming splendidly with that wonderful interior yellow glow that such jewels can command. Then I passed it on to my next-door neighbour. As I turned away again, I thought I saw her pass it on. At least I was almost sure I saw her.

It was some twenty minutes later when the princess stood up, giving the signal for the ladies to withdraw. She looked round us with a pleasant smile. Then she said: "Before we leave you, may I have my ring back?"

I remembered my uncle Octavian murmuring: "Ah yes - that wonderful ring!" I remember the newspaper proprietor saying: "By Jove! Mustn't forget that!" and one of the women laughing.

Then there was a pause, while each of us looked expectantly at his neighbour. Then there was silence. The princess was still smiling, though less easily. She was unused to asking for things twice.

"If you please," she said, with a touch of hauteur, "Then we can leave the gentlemen to their port."

When no one answered her, and the silence continued, I still thought that it could only be a practical joke, and that one of us - probably the prince himself - would produce the ring with a laugh and a flourish, perhaps chiding her for her carelessness. But when nothing happened at all, I knew that the rest of the night would be dreadful.

I am sure that you can guess the sort of scene that followed. There was the embarrassment, immediate and shattering, of the guests - all of them old and valued friends. There was the freezing politeness of the prince, the near-tears of the princess. There were the demands to be searched, the overturning of chairs, the minute scrutiny of the carpet, and then of the whole room. There was the fact that presently no one would meet anyone else's eye.

All these things happened, but they did not bring the princess's ring back again. It had vanished - an irreplaceable

heirloom, worth possibly two thousand pounds - in a roomful of twelve people, all known to each other.

No servants had entered the room. No one had left it for a moment. The thief (for now it could only be theft) was one of us, one of my uncle Octavian's cherished friends.

I remember it was the French cabinet minister who was most insistent on being searched; indeed, in his excitement he had already started turning out his pockets, before my uncle held up his hand and stopped him. Uncle Octavian's face was pale and tremendously tense, as if he had been dealt a mortal blow.

"There will be no searching," he commanded. "Not in my house. You are all my friends. The ring can only be lost. If it is not found," he bowed towards the princess, "I will naturally make amends myself."

The dreadful and fruitless search began again.

The ring was never found, though the guests stayed nearly till dawn - unwilling to be the first to leave, wishing to comfort my uncle, who though deadly calm was deeply stricken, and still hoping that, from the shambles of the dining-room, the ring would somehow appear.

It never did appear, either then or later. My uncle Octavian, to the last, remained true to his rigid code and adamant that no one to be searched.

I myself went back to England, and school, a few days later. I was very glad to escape. The sight of my uncle's face, and the knowledge of his overturned world, were more than I could bear. All that he was left with, among the ruins of his way of life, was a question mark: which of his intimate friends was the thief?

I do not know how, or on what scale, my uncle Octavian made amends. I know that he never returned to his lonely house near Cap d'Antibes, and that he remained a recluse for the rest of his days.

I know that, to our family's surprise, he was a comparatively poor man when he died.

He died, in fact, a few weeks ago, and that is why I feel I can tell the story.

It would be wrong to say that he died a broken man, but he did die a profoundly sad one, with the special sadness of a hospitable host who never gave a single lunch or dinner party for the last thirty years of his life.

Навчальне видання

Калініна Лариса Вадимівна
Григор'єва Тетяна Юріївна

**LEARN TO READ
AND
READ TO LEARN:**
**навчайся філологічному читанню і читай,
удосконалюючи іноземну мову**

Навчальний посібник