

北京大学公共英语教研室
邵伯栋 高淑清

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(文科)

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说 明

本书是《大学英语文选》（文科）第一册的续编。

书中大部分文章节选自原著，内容涉及短篇小说、语言与文化、社会学、人类学和心理学等。文章基本上按语言的深浅难易编排。每篇文章后附有较难语句的注释，书后有总词汇表，供有关读者在阅读和翻译时参考。

本书由陈瑞兰老师担任主审。在编选过程中她提出了许多宝贵意见，使我们获益匪浅，我们在此表示衷心的感谢。

由于我们水平有限，书中缺点和错误在所难免，希望读者批评，指正。

编 者 1985年9月

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1. My Financial Career

Stephen Leacock^①

When I go into a bank I get rattled.^② The clerks rattle me; the wickets rattle me; the sight of the money rattles me; everything rattles me.

The moment I cross the threshold of a bank and attempt to transact business there, I become an irresponsible idiot.

I knew this beforehand, but my salary had been raised to fifty dollars a month and I felt that the bank was the only place for it.^③

So I shambled in^④ and looked timidly round at the clerks. I had an idea that a person about to open an account^⑤ must needs^⑥ consult the manager.

I went up to a wicket marked "Accountant." The accountant was a tall, cool devil. The very sight of him rattled me. My voice was sepulchral.

"Can I see the manager?" I said, and added solemnly, "alone." I don't know why I said "alone."

"Certainly," said the accountant, and fetched him.

The manager was a grave, calm man. I held my fifty-six dollars clutched in a crumpled ball in my

pocket.⑦

"Are you the manager?" I said. God knows I didn't doubt it.

"Yes," he said.

"Can I see you," I asked, "alone?" I didn't want to say "alone" again, but without it the thing seemed self-evident.⑧

The manager looked at me in some alarm.⑨ He felt that I had an awful secret to reveal.

"Come in here," he said, and led the way to a private room. He turned the key in the lock.

"We are safe from interruption here," he said. "Sit down."

We both sat down and looked at each other. I found no voice to speak.⑩

"You are one of Pinkerton's men,⑪ I presume", he said.

He had gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a detective. I knew what he was thinking, and it made me worse.

"No, not from Pinkerton's" I said, seeming to imply that I came from a rival agency.

"To tell the truth," I went on, as if I had been prompted to lie about it, "I am not a detective at all. I have come to open an account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank."

The manager looked relieved but still serious,

he concluded now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild ② or a young Gould. ③

"A large account, I suppose," he said.

"Fairly large," I whispered. "I propose to deposit fifty-six dollars now and fifty dollars a month regularly."

The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant.

"Mr. Montgomery," he said unkindly loud, "this gentleman is opening an account, he will deposit fifty-six dollars. Good morning."

I rose.

A big iron door stood open at the side of the room.

"Good morning," I said, and stepped into the safe. ④

"Come out," said the manager coldly, and showed me the other way.

I went up to the accountant's wicket and poked the ball of money at him with a quick convulsive movement as if I were doing a conjuring trick.

My face was ghastly pale.

"Here," I said, "deposit it." The tone of the words seemed to mean, "Let us do this painful thing while the fit is on us." ⑤

He took the money and gave it to another clerk.

He made me write the sum on a slip and sign

my name in a book, I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eyes.

"Is it deposited?" I asked in a hollow, vibrating voice.

"It is," said the accountant.

"Then I want to draw a cheque."

My idea was to draw out six dollars of it for present use. Someone gave me a cheque-book through a wicket and some one else began telling me how to write it out. The people in the bank had the impression that I was an invalid millionaire. I wrote something on the cheque and thrust it in at the clerk. He looked at it.

"What! are you drawing it all out again?" he asked in surprise. Then I realised that I had written fifty-six instead of six. I was too far gone to reason now.® I had a feeling that it was impossible to explain the thing. All the clerks had stopped writing to look at me.

Reckless with misery, I made a plunge.®

"Yes, the whole thing."

"You withdraw your money from the bank?"

"Every cent of it."

"Are you not going to deposit any more?" said the clerk, astonished.

"Never."

An idiot hope struck me that they might think

something had insulted me while I was writing the cheque and that I had changed my mind.⑩ I made a wretched attempt to look like a man with a fearfully quick temper.

The clerk prepared to pay the money.

“How will you have it?” he said.

“What?”

“How will you have it?”

“Oh”— I caught his meaning and answered without even trying to think—“in fifties.”

He gave me a fifty-dollar bill.

“And the six?” he asked dryly.

“In sixes,” I said.

He gave it to me and I rushed out.

As the big door swung behind me I caught the echo of a roar of laughter that went up to the ceiling of the bank.⑪ Since then I bank no more. I keep my money in cash in my trousers pocket and my savings in silver dollars in a sock.

[注]

1. Stephen Leacock [ˈsti:vən ˈli:kɒk] 斯蒂芬·李柯克 (1869—1944), 加拿大著名幽默小说家。
2. When I go into a bank I get rattled.
我一走进银行就心慌意乱。
3. I felt that the bank was the only place for it.
我觉得银行是存放这笔钱的唯一地方。

4. ... I shambled in ... 我晃晃悠悠地走了进去。
5. to open an account (在银行中) 开立户头
6. must needs = needs must 必须, 不得不
7. I held my fifty-six dollars clutched in a crumpled ball in my pocket.
我攥着口袋里捏得皱成了团的五十六元钱。
8. I didn't want to say "alone" again, but without it the thing seemed self-evident.
我真不想再说“单独”二字了, 可不说, 事情好象也是不言自明的。
9. in some alarm 颇为吃惊地
10. I found no voice to speak.
我不知道该说什么好。
11. Pinkerton's men 平克顿(私家侦探公司)的侦探
Allan Pinkerton (1819-1884), 美国著名的大侦探。
12. Baron Rothschild 罗思查尔德男爵
N. M. Rothschild (1777-1826), 英国金融家。
13. a young Gould 古尔德家的少爷
J. Gould (1836-1892) 美国金融家。
14. ... stepped into the safe. ... 踏进了保险箱。
15. "...while the fit is on us." 当我们正在兴头儿上时
while (或when) the fit is on sb. (for sth.)
当某人(对某事)兴之所至的时候
16. I was too far gone to reason now.
此刻我慌张得太厉害, 已经不能讲清原由了。
17. Reckless with misery, I made a plunge.
我痛苦得顾不上别的, 干脆断然行动了。

18. An idiot hope struck me that they might think something had insulted me while I was writing the cheque and that I had changed my mind.

我的脑子里闪现出一个愚蠢的想法，希望人们会以为我在填写支票时受了什么侮辱而改变了主意。

19. As the big door swung behind me I caught the echo of a roar of laughter that went up to the ceiling of the bank.

银行的大门在身后来回地晃荡时，我听到里边传出一阵哄堂大笑的回声。

2. The American Visitor

A. G. Eyre[Ⓢ]

The big red American car was much too wide for an English country road. When Paul Carson saw it coming towards him he stopped his own car at the side, to make room for[Ⓢ] it to pass.

The big car went slowly past, so close that Paul could see its driver's face quite clearly. It was not a pretty face. The mouth was too large, and the ears were too small. The black hair was cut very short, and the eyes were hidden behind dark glasses.

"Where have I seen that face before?" Paul wondered. "Wait a minute. I remember now. It was in the newspaper." He turned to his sister. "Have you still got yesterday's paper, Nora? Or did you light the fire with it this morning? You usually do when I need it."

"No, I didn't," laughed Nora. "But it's rather dirty. I put the fish in it just now as they had no paper in the fish shop. It's on the floor at the back of the car. I'll get it if you like."

She opened the back door and took the fish out of the paper. Paul turned quickly to the middle

page and showed her the picture. It was partly covered with wet fish's blood, but the face was clear enough. It was not a pretty face. It had a large mouth and small ears, and its eyes were hidden behind dark glasses.

"'Wanted by the police,'"^③ read Paul, "'for paying bills with useless cheques at hotels and shops in Margate, Brighton and other large sea-side towns. The City Bank will pay fifty pounds to anyone who helps the police to catch this man.'"

"Does it say anything about an American car?"

"No. But listen to this. 'He is English, but he usually talks and dresses like an American visitor.' Perhaps it's a stolen car. Men like him use a different car every week."

"That's true. What are you going to do, Paul? Call the police?"^④

"No. I want to make sure first." He turned the car and began to drive back the same way. "Let's follow him and watch for a few minutes. What's his car number? Where is he staying? To get our fifty pounds, we must be able to tell the police as much as possible."

Soon they saw the red car in front of them. It seemed to be going very slowly.

"Don't go too near, Paul. If he sees us, we'll never catch him. Oh, be careful, he's stopping!"

Paul stopped his own car behind an old farm-cart at the roadside, so that the man could not see him. The door of the red car opened, and its driver got out and looked round. Then he started walking towards an old white house, which was half-hidden by trees a little way from the road.⑤

"That's Seldon Manor, the Lightfoots' house!" said Paul. "They're away in Greece this summer, staying with her family. Dick Lightfoot married a Greek girl, you remember? The gardener is taking care of the place, but there's no one living there at present."⑥ He looked once more at the picture in the newspaper, then he got out of the car.

"Listen, Nora. You must stay here with the car. I'm going across the field to the side of the house. He won't see me, but I'll be able to watch him. If you hear me call, drive up to the house as quickly as you can."

He left her and ran across the field. The man was coming away from the front door and walking round the side of the house. The door of the garden-room was open, and he went inside.

Paul Carson did not stop to think or to ask questions. He ran across the garden and shut the door. Then he fixed it so that it could only be opened from outside.⑦ There was no other door or window. The man was caught.

Paul did not wait to talk. He ran back to the car as fast as he could. Behind him he could hear the angry man trying to break the door open. But it was a strong door; he would soon get tired of hitting it.⑥

When they reached the police station, Paul went in and quickly told the police officer all about the man with the small ears.

The officer looked at him with surprise. "That man was caught in Bognor this morning, Mr. Carson. He tried to buy a diamond ring with one of his useless cheques. You've caught someone else, I'm afraid."

"Oh! What will my sister say? She wanted those fifty pounds very much. She was spending them—in her mind,⑦ you know—all the way into town. A week in Paris. Three new hats. All that kind of thing."

"I know, sir. Just like my wife," said the officer, laughing. "But we're wasting time. We must go back and set free⑧ your man in the garden-room."

"Perhaps he's wanted by the police too," said Paul hopefully.

"Perhaps, sir. But if he isn't, he may try to make trouble. He could say that you wrongfully shut him up."

"But what was he doing at Seldon Manor? Mr. Lightfoot's a school-friend of mine. I couldn't let

the man go in and steal things.”

Outside the police station Nora was talking to a newspaper man. Paul got into the police car, leaving her to follow. The newspaper man followed too.

When they reached the white house, they found the gardener standing in the road. He was pleased to see them.

“There’s a man in my garden-room, Mr. Carson. Who shut him in, I wonder? I was afraid to open the door, because I don’t like the sound of him. But if he stays there any longer, he’ll eat my dinner.”

They walked quietly to the door, and the policeman opened it. The light was on inside, and a big man was sitting on a garden chair, looking at a book. He jumped to his feet when he saw a policeman.

“What kind of country is this?” he cried angrily. “I came to this house to ask for some water for my car. Nobody answered the front door. I looked in here, because the door was open, and somebody shut me in. Some small boy, I suppose.” His face was getting redder every second. “If I catch him, he’ll be sorry. Yes, sir! That boy’s bottom will hurt him before I’ve finished, or my name isn’t Howard L. King of New York City.”

The newspaper man was busy writing in his