

英汉
对照

中英文阅读 一书两用

麦琪的礼物

(全译本)

The Gift of the Magi

(美)欧·亨利(O. Henry) 著

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导 读

欧·亨利(1862~1910)是美国著名短篇小说大师,批判现实主义作家。本名威廉·西德尼·波特。出生于美国北卡罗来纳州一个乡镇医师家里。他3岁丧母,父亲无力抚养子女,童年时只得寄人篱下。幼年读书不多,他当过牧童、学徒,以后又做过办事员、制图员、会计、出纳等各种工作,一生大部分时间生活在贫民窟、小餐馆和工场中,经历过颠沛流离、穷困潦倒的生活,饱受歧视,遍尝艰辛。坎坷的人生经历使他接触到形形色色的人物,掌握了丰富的创作素材。他的作品人称能以“含泪的微笑”来抚慰那些饱受创伤的小人物。1901年开始从事写作直到1910年病逝。欧·亨利一生写了300多篇短篇小说,大部分反映了下层人物辛酸而又滑稽的生活。他的作品这种“含泪的微笑”的风格被誉为美国生活的“幽默的百科全书”。他的小说往往一开篇就能引起读者的兴趣,并且把紧张的气氛一直保持下去,当你想知究竟时,结局又往往出人意料,他的故事奇特却耐人寻味,语言丰富却朴实含蓄,这使《警察与赞美诗》、《麦琪的礼物》等代表作,被列入世界优秀短篇小说之列。

本文收集的小说均选自他出版于1906年的小说集《四百万》,这是作者细致观察了当时纽约四百万饥贫无告的小市民的生活之后写成的。《麦琪的礼物》写的是在圣诞节来临之际,为了送给自己心上人一件礼物,夫妻双方各自舍弃自己的心爱之物换来的东西,却因双方都因此而让对方的礼物派不上用场的凄楚情节;《爱的效劳》写的是为了挣钱让心上人攻研艺术,夫妻俩为了满足对方的志愿,而相互欺瞒对方,一个为人洗熨衣服,一个为人烧锅炉,心甘情愿地为对方作出重大牺牲的凄楚故事。在《财神和爱神》中,他为了要抨击那位认为钱能通神的肥皂大王而写的;《忙碌经纪人的浪漫史》为的是讽刺那位唯利是图到荒唐地向新婚妻子求婚的投机商而写;《配备家具的房间》为的是旁敲那位为了牟利而视人命为儿戏的女房东而写的;还有那表现下层人物身上的人性美而写的《两番环绕》。在一家的小孩走失后,街

坊邻居听到母亲的哭声,都一齐来帮忙;在《在金色光环中的姐妹》中写的是一位为了帮助别人逃脱警察的追捕,而乐意让自己的丈夫忍受皮肉之苦的新娘;《绿门》写的是一位富有同情心的小伙子帮助一位贫病交加、走投无路的女子时,面对姑娘那哀怜的目光,说:“哦,我明天还来,看看你身体怎么样,你想撇开我,没那么容易。”《自然调整》写的是三个相依为命的青年人,在面临好友被家财万贯的庸俗木材商占去时,通力合作,把那个阔佬弄醉,从而让好友得到解脱的故事。

作者以辛辣犀利的笔锋,巧妙得体的比喻,通过极平凡的生活琐事,体现出深邃的生活哲理。他写的无论是喜剧还是悲剧都令人想笑,却笑不出口,要悲,却悲中带笑。特别是小说的结尾,更是别具一格,当你为故事情节所吸引而流连忘返之际,小说会突然产生一个出人意料的结局。

译 者

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 howl.

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 lookout 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."

麦琪的礼物

一元零八十七分。那就是全部，而那之中的六十分都是些一分一分的。那些便士是通过威吓杂货店老板、卖菜的与卖肉的而一次一个两个地攒起来的，一直搞得本人的脸都暗自为这样过度的节俭而羞得通红，那交易是那样的斤斤计较。德拉把它数了三遍，一元零八十七分，而次日就过圣诞节了。

很明显，除了扑倒在那破旧的小睡椅上去嚎啕大哭以外，也没有什么可做的。

因此德拉就做了那事，那就激起了精神上的感慨，生活是由哭泣、抽噎与微笑构成的，而抽噎则最为主要。

当这个家庭的女主人慢慢地从第一个阶段到第二个阶段平静下来的时候，那就瞧一下这个家吧。一套提供设备的公寓房子，房租一个星期八美元。虽然的确不能说成乞丐，但它绝对可以称得乞丐帮这个词。

在下面的门廊里面的是一个信箱，却没有信愿意投进去，还有一个电钮，从它那儿没有人类的手指可以按出一点铃声。另外，那里还有一张写着“詹姆斯·迪林厄姆·杨先生”名字的卡片。

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

那“迪林厄姆”是在原来一段繁荣的时期，轻而易举地添上去的，当时它的主人一周可以得到三十美元。如今，当收入减少到二十美元的时候，“迪林厄姆”的字母看上去也变得模糊了，好像它们正在认真地考虑着是不是简写为谦恭而又符合实际的D。但是，每次詹姆斯·迪林厄姆·杨回家，走到上面他的房间的时候，他就会被詹姆斯·迪林厄姆·杨太太喊为“吉姆”，并被热切地搂住，就是那位早已给你们介绍过的德拉。所有的一切都非常不错。

德拉结束了她的哭泣，就朝她的两颊上抹了一些粉，她在窗户旁边站着，怔怔地往外望着一个灰色的后院里面一只灰色的猫正在一道灰色的篱笆上走着。明天就是圣诞节了，而她仅仅有一元零八十七分为吉姆购置一件礼物。她曾经尽她的一切可能把每一分钱都节省下来，都好几个月了，却是这样的结果。

一个星期二十美元真的经不住花，费用总比她预算的要多，他们老是这样。仅仅有一元零八十七分为吉姆买礼物，她的吉姆呀。她用去了好多多个幸福的钟头计划着要给他一些美好的东西，一些美好、稀有而又珍贵的东西——最起码也得跟吉姆所有的东西的价值有点儿接近啊。

在那房间的窗户之间有一面壁镜。也可能你曾看到过一个星期房租八美元的公寓壁镜吧。一个很瘦小而

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

又很灵巧的人,通过观察他在一连串的纵向条纹的影像里面,或许会对他的长相得到一个还算准确的概念。德拉很苗条,早就掌握了这种艺术。

突然,她从窗户旋转了过来,站到了壁镜前面。她的眼睛明亮的闪着光,可是在二十秒钟之内她的脸就丧失了它的光彩。她很快地把她的头发拉下来,并让它落到它完整的长度。

如今,詹姆斯·迪林厄姆·杨夫妇两人就有了两件东西,对那些他们都非常的自豪。一件是吉姆的金表,那曾经是他父亲和他祖父的;另一件就是德拉的头发。要是示巴的女王就在天井对面的公寓里居住的话,哪天德拉就会将她的头发挂到窗户外面晾干,把她的珍珠与宝物都比下去;要是所罗门王的金银财宝全都堆在地下室,而他就是看门人的话,每次吉姆从那儿经过的时候,就会拿出他的金表,去看看他嫉妒得直吹他的胡子的样子。

而现在,德拉那美丽的头发就垂落在她的四周,起着涟漪,亮闪闪的,就像褐色的瀑布一样。它都到了她的膝盖下面了,差不多都快成她的一件大衣了。后来,她又紧张而匆忙地将头发梳上去。她犹豫了一分钟,静静地在那里站着,而一两滴泪水就撒落到了那破旧的红色地毯上。

她穿上她的破旧的褐色短大衣,

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 ye 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

戴上她那破旧的褐色帽子,她的眼睛依旧闪着明亮的光,裙子旋了一圈,她就从房门里飘了出来,沿着楼梯下到大街上。

她在一块招牌那儿停住了,上面写着:"索弗罗妮夫人——专营所有种类的头发的。"德拉飞快地跑了上去,喘着气把她自己冷静了一下。那位夫人很高大,也太苍白了,冷冰冰的,很难看出那"索弗罗妮"的样子。

"你买不买我的头发?"德拉问道。

"我买头发,"夫人说道。"把你的帽子拿下来,让我瞧一下它的样子。"

那褐色的瀑布就飘落了下来。

"二十美元,"夫人说道,并用一只熟练的手抓起一把。

"赶紧把它给我,"德拉说道。

噢,接下来的那两个钟头扑打着快乐的翅膀飞了过去。别去管这瞎说的比喻。她正在为吉姆的礼物而到处搜索那些商店。

最终,她发现了它,它肯定是给吉姆做的,而不是为了其他的人。她把所有的商店都翻了个遍,在任何一家都没有其他一个跟它一样的东西,那是一条白金表链,简单而又朴素,还有花纹呢。就像所有的上等东西那样,它完全只是用实质来表现它的价值,而不是以华丽的装饰。而它与那只金表正好相配。

她一看到它,就明白绝对是吉姆的。它就跟他一样,恬静而有价值

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, closelying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant school-boy. 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

——这一形容对二者都很适用。为了它,他们从她那儿要去了二十一美元,而她就带着八十七分急急忙忙地回家了。把这条链子配到他的金表上,不管在什么地方,吉姆都会很急切地想知道时间了。

虽然那只表很贵重,可由于他用一条旧的皮革带子代替了表链,所以有的时候他就悄悄地看一下。

当德拉回到家的时候,她的陶醉变得有点审慎而理智了。她把她的烫发的铁钳子拿了出来,点着了煤气,开始动手修补由于爱情加上大方所带来的破坏,那总是一件非常艰巨的工作,亲爱的朋友们——一件不得了的任务啊。

在四十分钟之内,她的头上覆盖了小小的紧贴头皮的卷发,搞得她跟一个逃学的男学生特别像。她长时间地望着镜子里面她的身影,谨慎而又苛刻。

"要是吉姆在他瞧我第二眼之前不杀死我的话,"她跟她自己说道,"那他就会说我跟科尼岛上合唱队的一个唱歌的女子一样。可是我可以做什么呀——噢!用一元零八十七分,我可以做什么呀?"

在七点钟的时候,咖啡就煮好了,而煎锅也放到炉子上热着,准备来烤肉排。

吉姆从来都不迟到。德拉把那表链对折在她的手里面,坐在了靠近门的那个桌子角上,他总是从那儿进来。后来,她听到他的脚步声从下面第一

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."

段楼梯上响了起来,她的脸变得苍白了一阵子。她有一个习惯,就是为最简单的平常的事情而静静地祈祷,而现在,她小声说道:"恳求上帝,让他认为我依然是美丽的吧。"

门打开了,吉姆走了进来,又把它关上了。他看上去很瘦而且很严肃。可怜的人啊,他只有二十二岁,就要负担一个家庭!他需要一件新的外套,而且他还没有手套。

吉姆在门里边停住了,一动不动地就跟一只猎犬闻到了鹌鹑的气味一样。他的眼睛固定到了德拉身上,而且在它们里面有她不能读懂的神情,这把她给吓住了。那既不是恼怒,也不是吃惊,又不是反对,也不是讨厌,更不是她为之做好准备任何一种神情。他只不过在他的脸上带着这样的神情死死地瞪着德拉。

德拉一扭身跳下了桌子,并朝他走了过去。

"吉姆,亲爱的,"她叫了起来,"不要那样子看着我。我将我的头发剪去并把它卖掉了,因为不给你一件礼物,我就不能活过圣诞节。它还会重新长出来——你并不会介意,对不对?我也只得那样做。我的头发长得特别的快。说'恭贺圣诞'吧!吉姆,咱们高兴一点儿。你绝对不知道我为你找到一件多么精致——多么漂亮精致的礼物!"

“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

“你已将你的头发剪去了?”吉姆费劲地问道,好像他辛苦地动了脑筋之后,还是没有搞懂那明显的事实。

“把它剪去,并卖掉了,”德拉说道。“无论如何,难道你不是照样还喜欢我吗?我没有了我的头发,而我仍是我,对不对?”

吉姆奇怪地往房间四周看了看。

“你说你的头发没有了?”他带着一副几乎跟白痴差不多的样子问道。

“你不需要再找它啦,”德拉说道。“它已经卖了,我跟你讲,卖掉了——也就没有啦。今天是圣诞前夜,宝贝。对我好一点,因为它都是为了你才失去的。也可能我的头发是有限的,”突然她非常温柔地继续道,“但是没有人能数得清我对你的爱。我去把肉排做上吧,吉姆?”

吉姆似乎从他的出神之中迅速地醒了过来,他抱住他的德拉。让我们用上十秒钟的时间从别的角度慎重地考虑一下一些不太重要的方面。一个星期八美元,或是每年一百万美元——区别是什么呢?一个数学家或者一个有才智的人会给你错误的答案。麦琪带来了贵重的礼物,但是那却不在它们之中。这句难懂的话,在后面会给予解释。

吉姆从他的外套口袋里拿出一个包裹,并把它扔到了桌子上面。

“不要对我有什么误会,德尔,”他说道,“不管剪发、刮脸,抑或是洗头,我觉得没有任何东西可以让我对我的

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.

姑娘的爱得少一点。但是,要是你把那个包裹打开的话,你就会知道刚开始你为何把我弄得傻呆呆的了。”

白净的手指熟练地解开绳子和纸包。然后就是一声高兴得发了疯的尖叫,而后来,唉!一下子又变成了女性那竭斯底里的眼泪与痛哭,迫使这个房间的男主人马上就动用所有安慰的力量。

因为那儿放着梳子——一整套梳两边与后面的梳子,那是德拉在百老汇的一个橱窗里看到过而且羡慕了好长时间的东西。那些美丽的梳子,是纯粹的玳瑁,还镶有珠宝的边——而色彩的深浅也恰好同可以配得上那些一下子失去的美丽的头发。她很清楚,它们是昂贵的梳子,而她的心对它们也只是渴望与向往而已,却从来都没有过占有的念头。而如今,它们是她的了,而那些可以配戴这觊觎已久的装饰品的头发却已经没有了。

但是,她还是将它们搂到了她的胸前,过了好长时间才抬起那模糊的眼睛,带着微笑,说道:“我的头发长得快,吉姆!”

后来,德拉就跟一只被烫到的小猫一样跳起身来,叫了起来,“噢!噢!”

吉姆尚未看到他的漂亮的礼物呢。她急切地把它展示在伸开的手掌上,让他看,那毫无知觉的贵重的金属好像也映着她的欢乐而热切的心情。

“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.

“难道它不好看吗，吉姆？我把整座城市都搜遍了才发现了它。如今，你能够一天看上一百次时间了。给我你的表，我想瞧一下它配在它上面会是什么样。”

吉姆并没有听从，却倒到了睡椅上面，把他的两手放到他的脑袋下面，微笑了起来。

“德尔，”他说道，“咱们将咱们的圣诞礼物都放到一边，并把它们保存一阵子吧。它们真的太好了，眼下还不能使用。我把表卖了，得了钱买了你的梳子。现在，建议你去做肉排。”

就像你们知道的那样，麦琪是个精明的人，非常聪明的人，他们给马槽里面的耶稣带来了礼物。他们发明了赠送圣诞礼物这门艺术。因为他们很聪明，毫无疑问，他们的礼物也是聪明的礼物，在两样东西完全相同的情况下，或许还会给予交换的特权。在这里，我已经不太完整地给你们叙述了住在一套公寓里面的两个可爱的孩子那些平淡无奇的故事，他们最不明智地为了对方而牺牲了他们家里面最好的宝物。

但是，在对当前那些明智的人最后一句话里面，让它这样说，在所有赠送礼物的人里面，这两个是最为明智的。在所有赠送而又接收礼物的人里面，像他们这样的人是最为明智的。不管在什么地方，他们都是最为明智的。

他们便是麦琪。

A Cosmopolite in a Caté

At midnight the café was crowded. By some chance the little table at which I sat had escaped the eye of incomers, and two vacant chairs at it extended their arms with venal hospitality to the influx of patrons.

And then a cosmopolite sat in one of them, and I was glad, for I held a theory that since Adam no true citizen of the world has existed. We hear of them, and we see foreign labels on much luggage, but we find travellers instead of cosmopolites.

I invoke your consideration of the scene—the marbled tables, the range of leather-upholstered wall seats, the gay company, the ladies dressed in demi-state toilets, speaking in an exquisite visible chorus of taste, economy, opulence or art; the sedulous and largess-loving *garçons*, the music wisely catering to all with its raids upon the composers; the *mélange* of talk and laughter—and, if you will, the Würzburger in the tall glass cones that bend to your lips as a ripe cherry sways on its branch to the beak of a robber jay. I was told by a sculptor from Mauch Chunk that the scene was truly Parisian.

My cosmopolite was named E. Rushmore Cogan, and he will be heard

咖啡馆里的世界公民

在午夜的时候,咖啡馆非常拥挤。我随便坐的那张小桌正好避开了进来的人的眼睛,它旁边的两把空椅子带着诱人的盛情,冲着涌进的那些客人伸开了它们的胳膊。

那个时候,一位世界公民就坐在它们之中的一张上面,而我很快乐,因为我持有一种理论,从亚当起,尚未有一位真正的这个世界的居民存活过。我们听说过他们,而且我们在很多的行李上看到过外国的标签,可我们发现都是旅客,而并非世界公民。

我会调动你对这个情景的思索——大理石的桌子,一列靠墙的装饰着皮革的座位,快乐的同伴,穿得稍为好一点的女士们正在用一种细腻而又显而易见的趣味在一块儿说着话,经济、富裕或者是艺术,谨慎体贴喜爱赠品的侍者,让作曲家乱忙不堪的音乐聪明地投合了所有的人,那混在一块儿的说话和大笑的声音——要是你愿意的话,在高高的玻璃杯锥体里面的维尔茨堡酒就会弯下腰到你的嘴唇边,就跟在它的树枝上的一个熟了的樱桃摇摆到强盗木坚鸟的嘴里面似的。一位从英奇·丘恩克来的雕塑家跟我说,这情形的确是巴黎式的。

我的世界公民名字是E·拉什莫尔·科格兰,从下一年的夏季起,人们会

from next summer at Coney Island. He is to establish a new "attraction" there, he informed me, offering kingly diversion. And then his conversation rang along parallels of latitude and longitude. He took the great, round world in his hand, so to speak, familiarly, contemptuously, and it seemed no larger than the seed of a Maraschino cherry in a *table d'hôte* grape fruit.

He spoke disrespectfully of the equator, he skipped from continent to continent, he derided the zones, he mopped up the high seas with his napkin. With a wave of his hand he would speak of a certain bazaar in Hyderabad. Whiff! He would have you on skis in Lapland. Zip! Now you rode the breaders with the Kanakas at Kealaikahiki. Presto! He dragged you through an Arkansas post-oak swamp, let you dry for a moment on the alkali plains of his Idaho ranch, then whirled you into the society of Viennese archdukes.

Anon he would be telling you of a cold he acquired in a Chicago lake breeze and how old Escamila cured it in Buenos Aires with a hot infusion of the *chuchula* weed. You would have addressed a letter to "E. Rushmore Cogan, Esq., the Earth, Solar System, the Universe," and mailed it, feeling confident that it would be delivered to him.

I was sure that I had found at last the one true cosmopolite since Adam, and I

从科尼岛收到他的消息——他告诉我,他就要在那里建立一个新的“诱惑力”,以提供君主一样的娱乐。而后来,他的谈话沿着经度和纬度的平行线延伸开来,他将巨大的圆圆的世界抓到了他的手中,这样来说好了,非常的熟悉,又很轻蔑,而它好像仅仅有客饭里黑葡萄酒中的樱桃核那样大。

他很不尊敬地说起了赤道,他飞快地从这块大陆跳到那块大陆上,他嘲弄那些区域,他用他的餐巾向高高的海浪擦去。一挥他的手,他就会说道海德拉巴帮的某一个市场。噢!他会让你上到拉普兰滑雪橇上。嘘!现在你在基莱卡希基跟夏威夷的土著人一块儿在浪头上奔驰。很快,他拉着你从阿肯色州一个全是橡树的沼泽中穿过,使你在他的艾达荷州牧场上的碱性平原上晒上一会儿,接着把你旋转到维也纳大公们的上流社会里面。

不久,他会告诉你,他在一个芝加哥湖被风吹了而着凉的事,而在布宜诺斯艾利斯,一位老埃斯卡米拉人又是如何用热的丘丘拉草药汁将它治愈的。你应该给“宇宙、太阳系、地球、E·拉什莫尔·科格兰先生,”写一封信,并把它寄出去,并感觉到它一定会被递送给他。

我敢保证我最终找到了自亚当以后的一位真正的世界公民,而我听着

listened to his world-wide discourse fearful lest I should discover in it the local note of the mere globetrotter. But his opinions never fluttered or drooped; he was as impartial to cities, countries, and continents as the winds or gravitation.

And as E. Rushmore Coglan prattled of this little planet I thought with glee of a great almost-cosmopolite who wrote for the whole world and dedicated himself to Bombay. In a poem he has to say that there is pride and rivalry between the cities of the earth, and that "the men that breed from them, they traffic up and down, but cling to their cities' hem as a child to the mother's gown."

And whenever they walk "by roaring streets unknown" they remember their native city "most faithful, foolish, fond; making her merebreathed name their bond upon their bond. "And my glee was roused because I had caught Mr. Kipling napping. Here I had found a man not made from dust; one who had no narrow boasts of birthplace or country, one who, if he bragged at all, would brag of his whole round globe against the Martians and the inhabitants of the Moon.

Expression on these subjects was precipitated from E. Rushmore Coglan by the third corner to our table. While Cogan was describing to me the topography along the Siberian Railway the orchestra glided

他涉及全世界的谈论,唯恐我在那里面只能发觉一个环球旅行家的地方见解。但是他的观点绝对不是飘动的或者是萎靡的,他对那些城市、国家与大陆全都是公平的,就像刮风或者是地球吸引力那样。

而就在 E·拉什莫尔·科格兰对这小小的星球唠叨地说着废话的时候,我很快乐地思考着一位很伟大的几乎称得上是世界公民的人,他写作是为了这整个世界,并将他本人献给了孟买。在一首诗里面,他只得声明,在地球上的城市之间有些傲慢与敌对,而且“那些依靠它们而生存的人们,他们上上下下地交往,可是也只不过是依附在城市的折缝里面,就像孩子依附在母亲的睡袍上那样。”

而当他们走在“喧闹的陌生大街上”的时候,他们就记起对出生地的城市是“最为忠实、可爱、多情的,”使得他们的名字跟她的名字的联系非常紧密。于是我的欢乐就被激了起来,因为我一下子想到了吉卜林的马虎大意。如今,我已经发现了一个不是用尘制造的人,他没有对出生地或者是国家狭隘的自夸,要是他夸赞了的话,那也是跟火星人与月球的居民夸赞他的整个圆圆的地球。

对这些方面的看法是坐在我们的桌子的第三个桌角边的 E·拉什莫尔·科格兰猛地抛落过来的。正当科格兰跟我描述西伯利亚铁道的地形的时候,那乐队悄悄地换成了集成曲。结

into a medley. The concluding air was "Dixie," and as the exhilarating notes tumbled forth they were almost overpowered by a great clapping of hands from almost every table.

It is worth a paragraph to say that this remarkable scene can be witnessed every evening in numerous cafés in the City of New York. Tons of brew have been consumed over theories to account for it. Some have conjectured hastily that all Southerners in town hie themselves to cafés at nightfall. This applause of the "rebel" air in a Northern city does puzzle a little; but it is not insolvable.

The war with Spain, many years' generous mint and watermelon crops, a few long-shot winners at the New Orleans race track, and the brilliant banquets given by the Indiana and Kansas citizens who compose the North Carolina Society have made the South rather a "fad" in Manhattan. Your manicure will lisp softly that your left forefinger reminds her so much of a gentleman's in Richmond, Va. Oh, certainly; but many a lady has to work now—the war, you know.

When "Dixie" was being played a dark-haired young man sprang up from somewhere with a Mosby guerrilla yell and waved frantically his soft-brimmed hat. Then he strayed through the smoke, dropped into the vacant chair at our table and pulled out cigarettes.

束的曲调是“迪克西”，而就在这令人愉快的乐曲快速地前进的时候，几乎从每一张桌子都传来了掌声，它们差一点让这巨大的声音所压倒。

用一节说一下在纽约市里面，每个夜里在无数的咖啡馆中都可以见到的这样的不平常的情景，很值得。很多吨饮料都在那些说明它的理论上给消耗掉了。有人曾经草率地推断，城市里面的一切南方人在黄昏的时候全都催促他们自己到咖啡馆去。在一座北方城市中，这样对这种“叛乱”的气氛而鼓掌欢呼让人有点难以理解，不过它并不是没法解答的。

跟西班牙的战争，很多年的薄荷与西瓜等农作物的大量收获，一些在新奥尔良的跑道上令人惊讶的胜利者，还有由印地安纳与堪萨斯的市民举办的豪华的宴会，他们已经组成了“北卡罗来纳社团”，这早已让南方在曼哈顿变成了一种“时尚”。你修剪指甲就会轻柔地隐约说明，你的左手食指会让她想起那么多有关一位弗吉尼亚州里士满的绅士的事。噢，当然了，但是，如今很多的女士都必须得工作——战争，你也很清楚。

当“迪克西”正在被演奏的时候，伴着一声莫斯比游击队队员的大叫，一位黑发年轻男子不知道从哪儿跳了出来，并发疯似地挥动着他的软边帽。然后他游游荡荡地从烟雾里穿过来，跌进我们桌子旁边的那张空椅子里，又抽出了一根香烟。