

美国青少年  
必读经典

中英对照

Joe  
THE HOTEL BOY 下  
乔伊 历险记

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中国书籍出版社

# JOE THE HOTEL BOY



## CHAPTER XVI

# A MATTER OF SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS

"Say, you, give me my money!"

Such were Josiah Bean's words, as he rushed up to Henry Davis and grabbed the swindler by the shoulder.

The slick-looking individual was thoroughly startled, for he had not dreamed that the countryman would get on his track so soon. He turned and looked at the man and also at Joe, and his face fell.

"Wha—what are you talking about?" he stammered.

"You know well enough what I am talking about," answered Josiah Bean, wrathfully. "I want my money, every cent of it—and you are going to jail!"

"Sir, you are making a sad mistake," said the swindler, slowly. "I know nothing of you or your money."

"Yes, you do."

"Make him get off the car." put in Joe.

"Boy, what have you to do with this?" asked the swindler, turning bitterly to our hero.

"Not much perhaps," answered Joe. "But I'd like to see justice done."

## 第 16 章

# 六百美元

“嘿，你，把我的钱还给我！”

乔西亚·比恩大叫道，一下子冲到了亨利·戴维斯面前，一把抓住这个骗子的肩膀。

长相狡猾的家伙大吃一惊，因为他根本没想到这个乡下老头这么快就能赶上自己。他转过身来看了看老头和乔伊，脸马上拉了下来。

“什——你说什么啊？”他结结巴巴地说道。

“你很清楚我在说什么，”乔西亚·比恩愤怒地说道，“我想要我的钱，一分都能少——还要把你送进监狱！”

“先生，你认错人了吧，”骗子缓缓地说道，“我根本不认识你，也不知道你的钱。”

“不，你知道。”

“把他拉下来。”乔伊说道。

“孩子，这跟你有什么关系？”骗子转过头来看着自己的主人公，愤怒地说道。

“或许是没有太大关系，”乔伊回答道，“不过我想看到正义得到伸张。”

"I want that money," went on the countryman, doggedly.  
"Come off the car."

He caught the swindler tighter than ever and made him walk to the sidewalk. By this time a crowd of people began to collect.

"What's the trouble here?" asked one gentleman.

"He's robbed me, that's what's the matter," answered the countryman. "He has got six hundred dollars of mine!"

"Six hundred dollars!" cried several and began to take a deeper interest.

"Gentleman, this man must be crazy. I never saw him before." came loudly from the swindler.

"That is not true!" cried Joe. "He was with the man who lost the money. I saw them together yesterday."

"I am a respectable merchant from Pittsburg." went on the swindler. "It is outrageous to be accused in this fashion."

"Somebody had better call a policeman." said Joe.

"I'll do that." answered a newsboy, and ran off to execute the errand.

As the crowd began to collect the swindler saw that he was going to have difficulty in clearing himself or getting away. He looked around, and seeing an opening made a dash for it.

He might have gotten away had it not been for Joe. But our hero was watching him with the eyes of a hawk, and quick as a flash he caught the rascal by the coat sleeve.

“我想要回我的钱，”乡下老头固执地说道，“下来。”

他用力抓紧骗子，把他拉到马路边。此时周围已经聚集了一群人。

“发生什么事情了？”一位绅士问道。

“他抢了我的钱，就是这样，”乡下老头回答道，“他抢了我六百美元！”

“六百美元！”几个人叫道，开始对这件事情更感兴趣了。

“先生，这个男人一定是疯了。我以前从来没见过他。”骗子大声说道。

“这不是真的！”乔伊叫道，“他确实跟那位丢钱的先生在一起。我昨天就看到他们在一起了。”

“我是来自匹兹堡的一位体面的商人，”骗子接着说道，“居然被人这样诬陷，真是太过分了。”

“最好有人去叫警察。”乔伊说道。

“我去叫。”一位卖报纸的小孩回答道，然后赶忙跑去叫警察了。

随着人群逐渐聚集起来，骗子发现自己很难解释清楚，也很难脱身了。他往周围看了看，突然看到有一个出口，于是急忙夺路而逃。

如果不是乔伊在场的话，他很可能逃脱。可我们的主人公一直在用鹰一样的眼睛注视着他，就在他将要逃跑的时候，乔伊闪电般地一把抓住了这个混蛋的外套袖子。

"No, you don't!" he exclaimed. "Come back here!"

"Let go!" cried the man and hit Joe in the ear. But the blow did not stop Joe from detaining him and in a second more Josiah Bean caught hold also.

"Aren't going to get away nohow!" exclaimed the countryman, and took hold of the swindler's throat.

"Le—let go!" came back in a gasp. "Don't—don't strangle me!"

When a policeman arrived the swindler was thoroughly cowed and he turned reproachfully to Josiah Bean.

"This isn't fair," he said. "It was all a joke. I haven't got your money."

"Yes, you have."

"He is right, Mr. Bean," put in Joe. "The money, I think, is in your side pocket."

The countryman searched the pocket quickly and brought out a flat pocketbook.

"Hullo! this isn't mine!" he ejaculated.

He opened the pocketbook and inside were the twelve fifty-dollar bills.

"My money sure enough! How in the world did it get there?"

"This man just slipped the pocketbook into your pocket." answered Joe.

"I did not!" put in the swindler, hotly.

"You did."

“不，你不能跑！”他叫道，“回来！”

“放手！”那个人说道，然后一拳打中了乔伊的耳朵。可这一拳并没有让乔伊松手，很快，乔西亚·比恩也跑过来抓住了他。

“哪儿也不能去！”乡下老头叫道，一把掐住了骗子的喉咙。

“放——放手！”对方喘着粗气叫道，“别——别掐死我了！”

当警察感到的时候，骗子立刻屈服了，他转过身去，怨恨地看着乔西亚·比恩。

“这不公平，”他说道，“这只是个玩笑。我并没有拿你的钱！”

“你拿了。”

“他说得对，比恩，先生，”乔伊说道，“我想那钱在你另一边的口袋里。”

乡下人摸了摸自己的口袋，从里面拿出一个钱包。

“嘿！这不是我的！”他叫道。

他打开钱包，发现里面有十二张五十美元的钞票。

“这是我的钱，没错！它怎么会在我这里呢？”

“他刚刚把钱包放到你口袋里。”乔伊回答道。

“我没有！”骗子愤怒地说道。

“就是你。”



"That's right!" piped up the newsboy who had brought the policeman. "I see him do the trick just a moment ago!"

"This is a plot against me!" fumed the swindler.

"That fellow is a bad egg!" went on the newsboy. "His name is Bill Butts. He's a slick one."

At the mention of the name, Bill Butts, the policeman became more interested than ever.

"You'll come to the station house with me," he said, sternly. "We can straighten out the matter there."

"All right." answered Bill Butts, for such was his real name.

In a few minutes more the party, including Joe, was off in the direction of the police station.

"Better keep a good eye on your money, Mr. Bean." said our hero, as they walked along.

"I've got it tucked away safe in an inside pocket." answered the old countryman.

The station house was several squares away, and while walking beside the policeman the eyes of Bill Butts were wide open, looking for some means of escape. He had "done time" twice and he did not wish to be sent up again if it could possibly be avoided.

His opportunity came in an unexpected manner. In a show window on a corner a man was exhibiting some new athletic appliances and a crowd had collected to witness the exhibition. The policeman had to force his way through.

“没错！”那位刚刚去喊警察的报童说道，“我看见他一分钟前刚刚把钱包放进去。”

“这是阴谋！”骗子愤怒地叫道。

“那家伙是个坏蛋！”报童接着说道，“他的名字叫比尔·巴斯。他是个骗子。”

一提到比尔·巴斯这个名字，警察的兴趣就立即被提了起来。

“你们跟我到警察局来，”他严厉地说道，“我们把这件事情说清楚。”

“好的。”比尔·巴斯说道，这是他的真名字。

几分钟之后，这群人，包括乔伊，一起往警察局方向走去。

“你最好仔细看着你的钱，比恩先生。”他们一边走着，我们的主人公一边说道。

“我把它放在里面的口袋里，很安全。”乡下老头说道。

警察局就在几个街区之外，比尔·巴斯走在警察旁边，眼睛睁得大大的，好像在想办法逃跑。他以前曾经“进去过两次”，如果有可能逃跑的话，他可不想再被抓进去。

他的机会以一种出乎意料的方式到来了。就在街道的一家展示橱窗里面，有一个男人正在展示一些新式的运动器械，一群人在旁边围着看，所以警察必须得推开行人才能往前走。

"Hi, quit shoving me!" growled a burly fellow in the crowd, not knowing he was addressing a guardian of the law.

"Make way here!" ordered the policeman, sternly, and then the fellow fell back.

It gave Bill Butts the chance he wanted and as quick as a flash he rushed into the crowd and out of sight.

"He is running away!" cried Joe.

"Catch him!" put in Josiah Bean.

Both went after the swindler and so did the policeman. But the crowd was too dense for them, and inside of five minutes Bill Butts had made good his escape.

"What did you want to let him slip?" growled the old countryman, angrily.

"Don't talk to me." growled the policeman.

"You ought to be reported for this." put in our hero.

"Say another word and I'll run you both in," said the bluecoat.

"Come away," whispered Josiah Bean. "Anyway, it isn't so bad. I've got my money."

"I'm willing to go," answered Joe. "But, just the same, that policeman is a pudding head." he added, loudly.

"I'll pudding head you!" cried the bluecoat, but made no attempt to molest Joe.

Side by side Josiah Bean and our hero walked away, until the crowd was left behind and they were practically alone.

“嘿，别推我！”人群里面有个家伙叫了起来，他根本不知道自己面对的是一名执法者。

“让开！”警察严厉地命令道，然后那家伙只好闪开了。

这正是比尔·巴斯想要的机会，突然之间，他像闪电一样冲进了人群，很快就消失得无影无踪了。

“他跑了！”乔伊叫道。

“抓住他！”乔西亚·比恩说道。

两个人立刻去追骗子，警察也随即冲了上去。可人群实在太拥挤了，五分钟之后，比尔·巴斯已经成功地逃跑了。

“你为什么让他跑掉？”乡下人愤怒地咆哮道。

“别跟我这么说话！”警察也叫了起来。

“您应该把这件事写个报告。”我们的主人公说道。

“再敢多嘴，我把你们都抓起来。”穿着蓝制服的警察说道。

“跑了，”乔西亚·比恩小声说道，“不管怎么说，情况没有那么糟糕。我拿到了我的钱。”

“我要走了，”乔伊回答道，“那警察真是个布丁脑袋。”他大声地说道。

“我会让你变成布丁脑袋！”警察叫道，可他并没有去碰乔伊。

然后乔西亚·比恩和我们的主人公一起肩并肩地走开了，直到他们远离人群，身边没有其他人了。

"I'm going to count that money again." said the old countryman, and did so, to make certain that it was all there.

"We were lucky to spot the rascal, Mr. Bean."

"I didn't spot him—it was you. I'm much obliged to you."

"Oh, that's all right."

"Seems to me you are entitled to a reward, Joe." went on the old farmer.

"I don't want any reward."

"But you'r going to take it. How would five dollars strike you?"

"Not at all, sir. I don't want a cent."

"Then, maybe, you won't even come and take dinner with me." continued the old man, in disappointed tones.

"Yes, I'll do that, for this chase has made me tremendously hungry."

"If you ever come down my way, Joe, you must stop and call on me."

"I will, Mr. Bean."

"Anything on my farm will be too good for you, Joe. I'm going to tell my wife Mirandy of this happening and she'll thank you just as I've done."

A good restaurant was found not far away and there the two procured a fine meal and took their time eating it.

"Have you found work yet?" asked the old man.

"Not yet. I was looking for a job when I met you."

“我想再数一次钱。”乡下老头说道，于是他又数了一次，以确保所有的钱都在身边。

“我们很幸运能发现那个混蛋，比恩先生。”

“我没看到他——是你。真的很感谢你。”

“哦，没关系。”

“你应该得到奖励，乔伊。”老农场主接着说道。

“我不想要任何奖励。”

“可你还是应当接受。给你五美元怎么样？”

“不用了，先生。我不一分钱也不想要。”

“那你过来跟我吃顿晚饭怎么样？”老头失望地问道。

“可以，我可以跟你一起吃饭，追这坏蛋追得我已经很累了。”

“要是你到我这里来的话，乔伊，你一定要来找我啊。”

“我会的，比恩先生。”

“我的农场上有许多好东西，乔伊。我会告诉我的妻子米兰蒂我在这里的经历，她会跟我一样感激你的。”

他们在不远的地方找到了一家很好的餐厅，于是两个人就点了一些好菜，舒舒服服地吃了一顿。

“你找到工作了吗？”老人问道。

“还没。碰到你的时候我正在找。”

"Well, I hope you strike what you want, lad. But it's hard to get a place in the city, sometimes."

"I shall try my level best."

"Wish I could get a job for you. But I don't know anybody."

"I am going to try the hotels next. I have a strong letter of recommendation from a hotel man."

"If you don't get any work in Philadelphia come out on my farm. I'll board you all winter for anything." went on Josiah Bean, generously.

"Thank you, Mr. Bean; you are very kind."

"I mean it. We don't live very high-affluently, but we have plenty of plain, good victuals."

"I'll remember what you say." answered our hero.

An hour later he saw the countryman on a train bound for home, and then he started once more to look for a situation.

“哦，我希望你能找到自己喜欢的工作，孩子。可有时候在城市里面找个工作并不容易。”

“我会尽力的。”

“我很想帮你找份工作，可我在这里也没有熟人。”

“我接下来会尝试去旅馆找工作。有一位旅馆老板给我写了一封很好的推荐信。”

“要是在费城找不到工作的话，你可以到我的农场里来。管吃管住，住一整个冬天都没问题。”乔西亚·比恩慷慨地说道。

“谢谢你，比恩先生，你真好。”

“我说话算数。我们的生活不是很富裕，不过我们有足够的粮食。”

“我会记得你说过的话的。”我们的主人公回答道。

一个小时以后，他送乡下老头登上了回家的列车，然后就开始再次寻找工作了。



## CHAPTER XVII

### JOE'S NEW POSITION

All of that afternoon Joe looked for a position among the various hotels of the Quaker City. But at each place he visited he received the same answer, that there was no help needed just then.

"This is discouraging," he told himself, as he retired that night. "Perhaps I'll have to go to the country or back to Riverside after all."

Yet he was up bright and early the next day and just as eager as ever to obtain a situation.

He had heard of a new hotel called the Grandon House and visited it directly after breakfast.

As he entered the corridor he heard his name called and turning around saw Andrew Mallison.

"How do you do, Mr. Mallison," said our hero, shaking hands. "I didn't expect to meet you here."

"I've got a little special business in Philadelphia," said the hotel man. "I came in last night and I am going back this afternoon. How are you making out?"

"It's all out so far," and Joe smiled faintly at his own joke.

"No situation, eh?"