

THE STORY OF
MADAME
CURIE



居里夫人的故事

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外语教学与研究出版社

英語學習 读物丛书

The Story of Madame Curie

居里夫人的故事

Alice Thorne 原著

章士法 注释

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《英语学习》读物丛书

出版说明

英语是世界上广泛使用的语言，在联合国和其他重要国际场合它是主要工作语言之一。我们在社会主义新长征中，需要学习外国的先进经验，以便加速实现四个现代化。在这方面，英语能起相当大的作用。目前，随着我国对外关系、科技交流、旅行游览活动蓬勃开展，对英语的需要越来越紧迫。通过广播英语和电视英语的教学，英语学习已经普及到了全国各地，学习人数空前增多。这种形势要求我们出版更多更好的英语读物。

学习外语，在有了一定的语音、语法和词汇知识的基础上，尽可能多读一些书会大有助于迅速提高外语水平。对于自学者来说，阅读尤为重要。坚持阅读可以逐渐学会通过外语这个工具来学知识、学专业，为四化建设多作贡献。

为了帮助广大读者学习和提高英语水平，同时也为了弥补《英语学习》杂志目前篇幅之不足，我们特编辑出版《英语学习》读物丛书。这套丛书以初级和中级水平的读者为对象，可供自学或课堂教学使用。读物体裁多样，包括小说(中篇和短篇)、传记、历史、地理、戏剧、童话、游记、回忆录、电影脚本、民间故事、科普作品、幽默小品和描写英美等国风土人情的作品。

为了便利读者，丛书各册均配有汉语注释，解释语言难点，提供背景知识；对作家和作品本身也作了简要介绍。对于人名、地名和较难读的词语，一律用国际音标注明读音。

由于我们水平有限，又缺少经验，错误不当之处，欢迎读者批评指正，使这套丛书能更好地为读者服务。

编者

一九八〇年元月

内 容 提 要

这是本关于居里夫人一生主要事迹的书。作者是阿莉斯·索恩 (Alice Thorne)。

居里夫人 (Marie S. Curie, 1867—1934) 是法国化学家和物理学家，世界第一个获得两次诺贝尔奖金的杰出的科学家。她是一个品德高尚的人，一个爱国者。

居里夫人原籍波兰。自幼勤奋好学。十六岁，以优异成绩从中学毕业，即去教书，同时继续学习。十八岁，只身去农村当家庭教师。二十四岁去巴黎大学学习。二十八岁和居里结婚，两人共同对当时已发现的放射性现象进行研究。一八九八年，经过五年艰苦卓绝的劳动，成功地提炼出纯镭。一九〇六年居里逝世后，她继续研究放射性，对原子核科学的发展，作出了重要的贡献。

居里夫人坚持科学应为人类谋福利的崇高理想。当首次向外界公开制镭工艺的秘密时，本来可以出卖专利获得利益，而且当时家境拮据，又渴望得到一笔资金以便建立一所实验室，但是居里夫人考虑到那样做会有碍于镭为人类保健服务，毅然放弃了出卖专利的想法，无代价、无保留地向外界公开了提炼纯镭的秘密。

居里夫人热爱自己的祖国。她生长于沙皇俄国统治下的波兰，少年时代就对外国压迫者表现出强烈的蔑视和憎恶。她把自己首先发现的另一种放射性元素取名为钋 (Polonium)，以纪念自己亲爱的祖国。

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CHAPTER ONE

The Secret School¹

The classroom was very quiet. Through the big windows on one side could be seen the leafless trees of the Saxony Garden, white now with the first snowfall². But not one pair of eyes strayed from³ the history books which twenty-five little girls were studying so earnestly.

It was not that they feared the teacher, Mademoiselle⁴ Tupalska, though she did have a plain face and a severe manner⁵. On the contrary, "Tupsia," as they called her behind her back, was much admired by her pupils. For this was the year 1877, and the school was in Warsaw, Poland⁶.

A large part of Poland had been conquered by Russia. It was forbidden to teach Polish children the history of their own country or even their own language. But Tupsia was doing just that, although the Russians had spies everywhere in Warsaw.

A shaft of pale November sunlight crept along the rows of schoolgirls⁷. They were all dressed alike in navy-blue serge⁸ with starched white collars⁹. The sunbeams turned to gold the light hair of one little girl in the third row, and played among the curls that

had escaped from her tight braid.¹⁰ But Marya Sklodowska, whose nickname was Manya, never noticed. She was deep in the book¹¹ she was reading.

Suddenly there came the faint sound of a bell. With a start, Manya came back to the present.¹² She listened fearfully. Was it the signal? Yes! Two long rings, two short rings.

Every head came up. Quick hands grabbed all the Polish history books off the desks and scooped up¹³ all the papers. Four girls ran along the rows holding out their aprons. The books and papers were tossed into the aprons,¹⁴ and the four scampered¹⁵ through a door leading to the boarding students' rooms.

The other girls swiftly took sewing materials from their desks. They scattered thread, needles, and scissors about.¹⁶ With hands that shook a little, they began to embroider¹⁷ little squares of cloth.

Tupsia shot a last look¹⁸ along the rows of desks. Then she picked up a big book printed in Russian.

Just as the four girls who had hidden the Polish books returned to their seats, trying not to pant,¹⁹ the outer door opened.

There stood Inspector²⁰ Hornberg, who had been put in charge by the Russians of the private schools of Warsaw. He was a bulky, heavy man dressed in a tight-fitting yellow and blue uniform.²¹ His close-cropped hair outlined a bullet-shaped head and a fat face.²²

And when Manya saw his cold, steely eyes behind the thick glasses, she felt sick with fear and hatred.²³

With the inspector was Mademoiselle Sikorska, the directress of the school. Mademoiselle Sikorska was outwardly calm as she glanced at the teacher and the pupils. But inwardly she was terribly anxious. There had been so little time to warn the class of the inspector's arrival.²⁴

But the inspector found nothing inside the desks when he lifted a lid²⁵ here and there as he walked along the rows. And the young hands that held the embroidery squares did not tremble now. The twenty-five girls sat quietly as Tupsia calmly invited Inspector Hornberg to take a chair.²⁶

"We have two sewing classes a week, Mr. Inspector," she explained. "I read to the children while they work."

"And what have you been reading to them this week, Mademoiselle?" Inspector Hornberg demanded.

Tupsia held up the book. "Russian fairy tales,"²⁷ she said.

The inspector gave a grunt of approval.²⁸ "Now," he said, "I should like to question one of your pupils."²⁹

Manya's heart pounded,³⁰ and she tried to seem smaller behind her desk.³¹

"Please, please don't let it be me,"³² she thought, in panic. But she knew it would be. Although Manya was

only ten, two years younger than the other girls in the class, she was by far the best student,³³ and she spoke Russian very well.

"Manya Sklodovska, please stand," Tupsia ordered quietly.

Manya rose from her seat without a word, but she was tense and trying not to tremble. She felt so hot that she wondered if her face had gone red.³⁴

"Recite the Lord's Prayer³⁵—in Russian," Inspector Hornberg snapped.³⁶

Manya recited the prayer without hesitation in a low voice, trying not to show her feelings.

"Now name the members of the Imperial Russian family," the inspector ordered.

"Her Majesty the Empress, His Imperial Highness the Czarevitch Alexander, His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke—"

"That will do,"³⁷ Hornberg interrupted. "Name my title."³⁸

"*Vysokorodye*,"³⁹ Manya answered.

The inspector puffed out his chest a little.⁴⁰

"Now tell me," he demanded, "who is our ruler?"

Manya's face went pale, and her deep-set gray eyes flashed angrily before she quickly lowered her eyelids.⁴¹ She opened her mouth, but the words would not come.

"So, my little Polish patriot, you do not wish to tell

me who rules over us," the Russian inspector said, scowling.⁴² "Answer me!"

Manya swallowed hard,⁴³ and at last she could no longer keep her voice from trembling. "His Majesty Alexander II, Czar of All the Russias," she said.

"That is more like it,"⁴⁴ Hornberg grunted, rising from his chair. "Now, Mademoiselle Sikorska, I wish to visit one of the other classes."

"Certainly, Mr. Inspector," Mademoiselle Sikorska agreed and led the way to the door onto the landing.⁴⁵ The inspector followed without a backward glance.⁴⁶ When the door had closed upon them, a sigh of relief⁴⁷ ran along the rows of frozen schoolgirls.⁴⁸ They began to stir again.

Mademoiselle Tupalska looked over at Manya, who had returned to her seat and now sat limply⁴⁹ behind her desk. "Come here, Manya," she said gently.

Manya stood up and walked to the teacher's desk. Tupsia's homely face⁵⁰ was full of pride and pity. Without a word, she put her arms around the little girl and kissed her.

Manya burst into tears.⁵¹

注 释

Chapter I

1. The Secret School: school=lessons (课程)。
2. Through the big windows ... snowfall: 透过教室一侧的大窗子可以望见萨克森花园里的光秃秃的树木。下了初雪, 花园一片白色。
3. stray [strei] from: 离开。
4. Mademoiselle [ˌmædəmə'zel]: (法语) 小姐。
5. did have a plain face and a severe manner: 确是相貌平常而态度严厉。
6. Warsaw ['wɔ:sɔ:], Poland ['pəʊlənd]: 波兰, 华沙。
7. a shaft of ... schoolgirls: 一道淡淡的十一月份的阳光, 照在几排女学生身上。creep along ...: 沿……轻轻地移动。
8. navy-blue serge [sə:dʒ]: 海军蓝哔叽。
9. starched white collars: 浆洗过的白衣领。
10. The sunbeams turned ... braid: 阳光把第三排一个小女孩的浅色头发照成了金色, 光线在她那扎得紧紧的辫子中未曾扎住的发卷上闪动。
11. she was deep in the book: 她看书入了神。
12. with a start, ... the present: 玛莉亚一惊, (从书本上) 又回到现实中来了。
13. scoop up: (用手) 撮起; 舀起。
14. tossed into the apron ['eiprən]: 抛进围裙。
15. scamper ['skæmpə]: 奔逃。
16. scatter...about: 把……乱放。
17. embroider [im'brɔɪdə]: 绣(花); 刺绣。
18. shot a last look: 最后扫视一眼。
19. pant [pænt]: 喘气。
20. inspector [in'spektə]: 督学。
21. He was a bulky, ... uniform: 他是个身材庞大、粗笨的人, 穿着黄蓝色紧身制服。
22. His close-cropped hair...face: 他那剪得短短的头发显出尖尖的脑袋和一张胖脸。
23. she felt...hatred: 她又怕又恨, 感到恶心。
24. warn the class...arrival: 把督学到达的消息告诉这个班。

25. lift a lid: 揭开 (课桌) 盖板。
26. take a chair: (在椅子上) 坐下。
27. Russian fairy tales: 俄国童话故事。
28. gave a grunt of approval [ə'pru:vl]: 粗鲁地哼一声。
29. I should like to question: 我要考问。should like (to do sth.) 希望 (做某事)。
30. pound [paʊnd]: (心) 砰砰地跳。
31. she tried...desk: 她缩在课桌后面, 想要显得小些。
32. please don't let it be me: 千万不要问到我。it 指上文 one of your pupils.
33. she was...student: 她是最优秀的学生。
34. her face had gone red: 她脸色变红。这里的 go 相当于 turn 或 become.
35. the Lord's Prayer ['preɪjə]: 主祷文。
36. snap [snæp]: 厉声说。
37. That will do: 行了。
38. Name my title: 说出我的官衔。
39. *Vysokorodye* 俄文词, 帝俄时期对五等文官的尊称, 这里指 inspector (督学)
40. puffed out...little: 把胸脯稍稍挺起。
41. deep-set gray eyes...eyelids ['aɪlɪdz]: 深凹的灰色眼睛一闪, 眼睑随即迅速垂下。
42. scowl [skaʊl]: 蹙额; 以怒容表示不悦。
43. swallowed hard: 忍气吞声。
44. That is more like it: 这还可以; 这还差不多。
45. the landing: (楼梯口或转弯处的) 小平台。
46. without a backward glance: 并不回头瞥一眼。
47. a sigh of relief: 一阵宽慰的舒气声。
48. frozen school girls: (吓) 呆了的女学生。
49. limply ['lɪmpli]: 软弱无力地。
50. homely face: 平凡的面孔。
51. burst into tears: 突然哭起来。

CHAPTER TWO

The Tower of Chairs

When school was over for the day¹, Manya and her sister Hela ran to the cloakroom for their heavy coats and mufflers². Hela was two years older than Manya and very pretty.

"You did well today³, Manya," Hela said, winding a bright red muffler over her shining hair⁴. "For a moment, though, I was afraid you were going to refuse to answer the inspector."

"I would not dare refuse," Manya said bitterly, stamping her feet into her boots. "But how I hate his fat, pig face!"

"Are you ready? Come along then," Hela said gaily. "We mustn't keep Aunt Lucia waiting."

Madame Sklodovska, the children's beautiful mother, was very ill, and loyal Aunt Lucia was in the habit of calling for them at the school⁵. She was standing in the snow at the foot of the steps now, waiting. Hela ran to her, full of excited chatter⁶ about the inspector's visit. Manya followed more slowly, still upset and unhappy.

Aunt Lucia glanced at the silent little girl and said cheerfully, "How would you children like to go down

to the Vistula⁷ and help me pick out apples for the winter?"

"Oh, good! Good!" Hela cried happily. "May I pick out the apples, Aunt Lucia? May I?"

"And I too?" Manya asked timidly. Her gray eyes were shining now.

"Of course, you may both pick them out," Aunt Lucia said. "Now, let us walk fast. It is bitter cold today. And besides, we shall want to stop at the Chapel and say a prayer for your dear sister Zozia."

Zozia, the oldest sister, had died two years before. Manya, who was the baby of the family⁸, thought no one in the world could ever tell such wonderful stories as Zozia had. The little girl missed her keenly, even though she still had Hela, her brother Joseph⁹, and her favorite sister, Bronya.

Walking rapidly, with their schoolbags swinging from their shoulders, the two sisters and their aunt crossed the Saxony Garden. They entered the old section of Warsaw.¹⁰

Here the snow covered high, peaked roofs and tufted the elaborately carved gray-stone fronts with white.¹¹ They came to the Chapel of Our Lady¹² and climbed the old, uneven red-stone steps.

Inside the church, Manya knelt near her sister and her aunt and prayed for Zozia's soul. Then she added another prayer, to ask God not to let her mother die.

But in her heart, Manya knew that this was one prayer God might not grant.

Out in the cold afternoon air again, the three picked their way carefully down the slippery steps that led to the Vistula River.¹³

"I see them!" Hela exclaimed joyously, pointing to two long, narrow boats on the swirling¹⁴ yellow water. The boats were loaded with great piles of shining red apples.

"All right, children, go and tell the master of the boat on this side of the pier¹⁵ that you wish to pick out your own apples," Aunt Lucia said. "And be very careful to select the firmest ones."

Manya and Hela skipped¹⁶ over to the man who stood by the nearer boat. He was swinging his arms against the cold¹⁷ even though he was bundled up warmly.¹⁸ He gave the girls a large basket, and they went to work.

"If you find a rotten apple, throw it in the river," he told them cheerfully.

The children soon filled the basket with fine red apples. They chose one each to eat on the way home. Then Aunt Lucia paid the boatman and handed the brimming basket to a ragged boy¹⁹ who was standing near by. She gave him a coin and told him to take the basket to the Sklodovski apartment²⁰ on Carmelite Street.

When Aunt Lucia and her nieces reached home, the

boy had come and gone. It was five o'clock, time for tea. The dining room was crowded, for besides Professor Sklodovski and his family, there were ten boy boarders.

Manya sighed, remembering the peaceful, happy days when they had lived in a large, quiet apartment with no boarders. But that was before her father had had trouble with the director²¹ of the Russian school where Professor Sklodovski taught physics. Now, his salary had been lowered, and he was forced to take in²² boarding pupils to make enough money to care for his family.²³

Manya and Hela took off their snow-cru²⁴sted boots and hung up their coats and mufflers in the hall closet.²⁵ Then Hela joined the others around the steaming tea urn.²⁶ But Manya first tiptoed²⁷ along the hall to her mother's room. She opened the door carefully.

"Mamma is sleeping. I must not wake her," she thought, peering over at her mother, who was lying in bed with her eyes closed. Cautiously, so the door would not squeak,²⁸ Manya closed it and tiptoed back down the hall. When she reached the dining room she made her way²⁹ around the long mahogany³⁰ table to where her father sat.

"Ah, my little Manya," the professor said, his eyes lighting as they rested on his favorite child. "You have color in your cheeks today, little rascal.³¹ I am glad. You have been too pale lately."