

英语注释读物

八十年代美国名家中短篇小说丛书(之二)

# 约翰·奇弗 短篇小说集

中国对外翻译出版公司

*John Cheever Short Stories*

# 约翰·奇弗短篇小说集

[美] 约翰·奇弗 著  
潘绍中 注释

中国对外翻译出版公司

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**THE STORIES OF JOHN CHEEVER**

By John Cheever

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## 出版前言

近些年来,我们经常接触到一些读者,有大学英语本科生、研究生,有翻译工作者,也有英语文学爱好者,他们不约而同地提到,想多看一些最新的英文原著,但遗憾的是这类书不多,能找到的也大多年代较早,要想看看近年出的文学原作可谓难上加难。为此我公司才决定出版这套丛书。

这套丛书包括六个短篇小说集和一个中篇,作者分别是:索尔·贝娄、约翰·奇弗、约翰·厄普代克、雷蒙德·卡弗、唐纳德·巴塞尔姆、安·贝蒂和威廉·肯尼迪。这些作家有的是久负盛名的文学大家,有的则是八十年代崛起的说部新秀;其中包括诺贝尔文学奖以及美国普利策奖和全国图书奖的得主。他们的这些集子大多曾是美国的畅销书,有的被权威性报刊评为八十年代的十部佳作之一。

我们这套丛书主要收入八十年代依然活跃文坛的名家的短篇小说集,在此之前的作家的同类作品不在此列。有些作家虽在美国文坛卓有声望,但我们未能找到他们在八十年代出版的短篇集,只能付之阙如。

丛书中有六本是八十年代第一次出版,唯有《奇弗短篇小说集》例外。这本作家自选集于1978年第一次出版精装本,出版之后即成为美国罕见的短篇小说畅销书,并一举获得美国两项文学大奖——普利策奖和全国图书奖。此书至1988年已是第九次印刷。鉴于约翰·奇弗在美国文坛的地位以及在中国文学界的影响,本集又是他生前最后一部短篇集,我们仍将它收入丛书(依据美国兰登书屋下属的巴兰坦出版社1980年3月的版本)。此外还有一点需要说明,这套丛书中的集子原书部头太大,一时不能全出,目前先选了八十年代或靠近八十年代的作品。

我们在编辑这套丛书时,注意兼顾到作品的文学代表性,尽可能选择不同流派的、风格相异的作家和作品,以使读者不仅对每位作家的风格有深刻的印象,还可由此对当今美国文坛有比较广泛的了解。

本丛书的注释以大学英语本科高年级学生和具有同等水平的英语文学爱好者为对象,力求少而精,只就一些较难理解的方言俚语、独特的背景知识以及疑难句子作注。

我们这套丛书为读者提供了一个阅读最新英文佳作的机会,这是读者盼望已久且不可多得的机会,若读者能够珍惜它,在品味和欣赏文学原著的过程中提高英文阅读能力和文字水平,同时加深对美国的文学和社会现状的了解,我们将感到莫大的欣慰。

在这里,我们要感谢参加这套丛书注释工作的外交学院和厦门大学的教授、副教授们的鼎力相助。此外,由于我们水平有限,在丛书的选编方面难免有不足之处,还望读者多多指教。

## 奇弗和他的短篇小说

在生气蓬勃、群星璀璨的美国战后文坛上,约翰·奇弗(1912—1982)称得上是一位“老牌”名家。这不仅因为他早在1930年即开始发表作品并于战后不久崭露头角、引人注目,而且因为他从五十年代起发表了一百多篇短篇(共编为七个集子)和五部长篇,获得了美国文坛的一系列殊荣。他的第一部长篇小说《沃普肖编年史》(The Wapshot Chronicle)(1957)被授予“全国图书奖”;1965年,他荣获美国文学艺术学会颁发的“豪威尔斯奖章”,被选为该会总数限为五十人的院士之一;1979年,他的自选短篇小说集(1978)得到了堪称美国文坛最高荣誉的“普利策文学奖”和“全国图书奖”;1981年,他继诗人洛威尔、麦克利什、小说家沃伦、纳博科夫、韦尔蒂等人之后获得了表彰终生从事文学创作、取得杰出成就的作家的“全国文学奖章”。可以毫不夸张地说,到他1982年逝世的时候,奇弗用长达半个世纪的辛勤笔耕赢得了“描写美国远郊区生活的契诃夫”的美名,在广大读者心中树立了一面不可磨灭的丰碑,为人们了解当代美国生活的演变与现况提供了细腻、深刻的众多作品,成为关心美国文学与文化的人们不可不读的重要作家之一。这也正是我们在这套丛书中选编这本《奇弗短篇小说集》的根本原因。

奇弗的作品之所以引人入胜、经久不衰,是由于他虽然亲身经历了美国社会的动荡变迁和文坛风尚的沧海桑田,却始终坚持美国文学的现实主义传统,坚持描绘他所熟悉的普通生活与普通人物;正如他用第一个集子的标题开宗明义所表示的,他写的乃是“某些人的生活方式”,也就是他自幼生活其间、耳濡目染的美国中产阶级,尤其是新英格兰和纽约地区白人中产阶级的生活,不断地从中挖掘出生动的故事和深邃的哲理。

奇弗 1912 年生于马萨诸塞州昆西的一个中产阶级家庭,从小热爱文学、憧憬写作生涯。1929 年开始的经济危机,使他的家庭完全崩溃:父亲破产,父母分居,不久他又遭学校开除,跑到纽约独自谋生。1930 年,他根据亲身经历写成的第一个短篇《开除》在《新共和》杂志上发表,从此正式开始了他的文学事业,虽然他还是一直靠干各种杂活来维持生计。直到二次大战爆发,奇弗还只是当时千千万万为生存而奋斗的文学青年之一。他于 1941 年结婚,婚后不久即从军,但始终没有参加实战。他业余坚持写作并于 1943 年出版了第一个短篇集子:《某些人的生活方式》(The Way Some People Live: A Book of Stories)。复员后,奇弗定居纽约,专门从事创作。在此之前,他已成为《纽约人》周刊的撰稿人;他的短篇,与塞林格、厄普代克的作品一样,往往首先在这家著名的文学杂志上发表而拥有广大的读者。知名度的提高,带来了经济的富裕与稳定。随着美国中产阶级离开城市、迁往远郊区的潮流,奇弗一度迁居富有田园风光的新罕布什尔州,又搬到地点适中的纽约州的韦斯特切斯特。其后,他旅居意大利一个时期,回国后定居纽约州的奥西宁直到逝世。可以看出:新英格兰和纽约地区在战后兴起的中产阶级生活正是奇弗赖以写作的素材源泉;在他的作品中出现 Bullet Park, Shady Hill... 以至 Westchester 等纯属杜撰或确有其地的远郊区小镇,以及他笔下的纽约街道与意大利城乡,莫不一一来自作家生活的积淀。当然,这绝不意味着奇弗的创作只是他自己生活的再现。关于这一点,作家有一段相当生动的说明:“在我看来,任何混淆自传与创作的做法都降低了创作的水准。自传在创作中所起的作用,恰如现实在梦里的作用一般。你梦见一只船的时候,你也许认得这只船,但是你正在开往一个颇为陌生的海岸,穿着奇装异服,周围听到的又是你一窍不通的语言,不过站在你左手的女人却是你的妻子。事实与想象这种并非牵强附会而又颇为神秘的结合,在我看来,同样存在于创作之中。”的确,在奇弗的创作中,这种基于生活而又不照搬生活的想象,甚至梦幻的升华比比皆是,给予他的作品以耐人寻味的丰富内涵和特有的神奇风韵。也许,这就是奇弗创作的成功秘诀吧。

作为一个活跃地耕耘于战后美国文坛的作家,奇弗却从未积极参与,也未在创作中表现几十年来的重大事件或运动。应该说,他的创作视野没有超越新英格兰和纽约地区白人中产阶级的生活。这不能不使他的作品缺乏某种广度与深度。另一方面,奇弗从不追随任何一个盛极一时的文学流派。他既不跻身于“垮掉的一代”或“黑色幽默”派,也不着迷于“反英雄”文学或“超现实主义”的朦胧。尽管他不拒绝借鉴某些流派的艺术手法(这在他的创作中时有反映),他始终着眼于广大的读者,在自己的创作中不断揭示“某些人的生活方式”中最稳定、最深入、也最发人深省的特质,从而长盛不衰。直到美国社会进入了以“里根——布什时代”为特征的八九十年代,他的作品读起来依然给人以启示而没有过时之感。这正是奇弗创作的成功之处。

在美国,由于第二次大战期间及其后的经济发展和三十年代“大萧条”以来对社会财富分配所作的调节,被称作“中产阶级”的人们,尤其其中上层,生活相当富裕。他们不仅拥有洋房汽车,以宴请社交为乐,而且可以出国度假,甚至长期旅居他乡,似乎已经实现了美国人长期以来梦寐以求的理想。可以说,在他们身上,充分体现了美国资产阶级长期鼓吹、倡导的生活方式和价值观念。即使不涉及“中产阶级”能否代表美国人的大多数和美国依然存在着为数不小的贫穷人口,以至无家可归的人们等有关问题,了解美国“中产阶级”,尤其其中上层的生活方式和价值观念的实质,对于了解美国社会与文化,显然会有很大的帮助。

对于“美国生活方式”停留在一知半解、浮光掠影的认识上的人们,莫不为美国中产阶级、更不必说上层资产阶级的生活所吸引。然而,这种生活的核心是什么?过着这种生活的人们是否真正幸福?恐怕更为耐人寻味。奇弗自己年轻时曾经相当贫穷,对于富裕舒适、温文尔雅的人们也充满了羡慕。但是当他进入这个阶层、深入地进行观察以后,他“大为惊奇地发现:这些温文尔雅的男男女女的为人处事原来充满了色情、怨恨,甚至贪婪”。《矮屌柜》(The Lowboy)中的理查是一个典型:他一辈子追求财富,一言一行莫不为了“占有”,容不下任何真正的人的感情。即使是亲兄弟到他家作客,他也念念不忘



“你是在用他的刀叉,在他的盘子里,吃着他的饭菜;如果你符合了他家那种古怪难测、庸俗透顶的规矩,那么你也许有幸喝到一些他的白兰地……”那个家传的“矮屈柜”在他眼里是财富、地位的象征,他更是千方百计地要去“占有”。一旦如愿以偿,而且证实这是一件价值千金的古董,他似乎应该心满意足了;然而,他却用一种“怨天尤人的腔调……和每一个人吵架……”他并没有得到真正的幸福。

当然,“温文尔雅的男男女女”不见得个个都像理查那样贪婪成癖,更不会人人都背着家族传统的十字架。不过,在他们的富裕生活中缺乏精神的充实,却是司空见惯的事。《海洋》(The Ocean)中的主人公可以说是命运的宠儿。富裕生活所能够提供的一切他都有:四十多岁时已当上了大公司的董事兼副总经理,并且显得十分年轻。但是一旦离职在家,他便发现生活充满了痛苦、失望与紧张,甚至日夜担心妻子要谋害自己!《苹果的世界》(The World of Apples)里的老诗人巴斯科姆更可谓“名利双收”:得到了一个作家所能得到的差不多所有的荣誉(和奇弗一样,只差诺贝尔文学奖一项),又有足够的资财可以隐居山明水秀的意大利山村。为什么这样一位“田园诗人”产生了一种不可名状、欲理还乱的失落感,一种既非生理需求、又非单纯怀旧的怅惘?以至不可自拔,不得不求救于中世纪的“圣灵”!

只想“占有”,只是“索取”的生活方式,最常见、最压抑的特征就是人与人之间的虚情假意和生活情调的乏味做作。卡伯特一家(见 The Jewels of the Cabots)的藏污纳垢、明争暗斗,演变到偷盗谋害,固然骇人听闻。就是在平淡、宁静的乡村住宅中(见 The Country Husband),弗朗西斯·威德所感到的精神重负也远远超过了 he 几遭空难时所承受的压力,以至他要以自己的方式(而这又典型地丝毫不顾及他人!)去发泄,去呼喊。为这种精神重负所扭曲的生活,显示了一种不真实感,一种犹如梦幻的特质。恰如《对世界的看法》(A Vision of the World)中女主人公所说:“我就是有这么一种可怕的感觉:我只是一出电视滑稽喜剧中的人物……演的还是黑白片,随时可以被人家关掉。”追求刺激往往成为摆脱精神压力的办法。《第四次火警》(The Fourth Alarm)中,女主人公一变其端庄严肃的旧貌,投身

于裸体色情表演，却感叹道：“啊，当你不再扮演父母亲友给你规定的角色时，生活可以变得多么美妙、丰富而又新奇啊！”——这种一时的快感，说明了美国社会中何以会有层出不穷、昙花一现的狂热风尚。更多的人则是“饱暖思淫乐”，在婚外情中寻求刺激。然而，无论是不期而遇的偷情（如 *Marito in Città* 和 *An Educated American Woman*），还是蓄意安排的勾引（如 *Country Husband* 和 *Brigadier and the Golf Widow*），也无论是得逞还是失意，到头来，只能带来情欲的苦果，加重精神的负担。甚至为了解脱、减轻精神苦闷而欺骗自己编造出来的幻影（见 *The Chimera*），也和生活一样地肮脏无味。可悲的是：这些“温文尔雅的人们”还不得不继续向新的刺激或幻影去寻求慰藉。

这种虚幻感，还表现在人们所追求的“成功”形象上。原来，在这个不时兴头衔称呼、似乎人人都“平等”地称名道姓的社会里，谁属于这个圈子、谁归入哪一层次，谁在上升、谁在下降，总之，谁高谁低——这在“明眼人”心中可以说泾渭分明，容不得半点含糊。深知此中利害关系的佩兰吉太太（见 *The Metamorphoses*）不但利用自己“社交领袖”的地位作威作福，而且不惜对女儿“不相称”的恋情横加干涉、毫无怜心。反之，来自另一种文化的意大利旧贵族布比（见 *Another Story*），以为美国意味着自由、平等，却处处碰壁、饱受冷遇，始终不明白自己虽然由于外婆的遗传也长着金发碧眼、身高六呎，然而在人家眼里只不过是贫穷、可笑的“意大利佬”而已！

懂得了“成功”形象之至关重要，就可以透过《啊！青春与健美！》（*O Youth and Beauty!*）的夸张、情调（或曰“黑色幽默”？），看到年过四十、头发稀疏的卡什·本特利在一个又一个乏味的酒会后兴奋地表演“障碍赛”的可悲心态——在他越过客厅中一个个沙发、一张张桌子时，他似乎弥补了生意的失利、经济的困窘、年华的消逝，得到了一种似是而非的满足。如此下去，其结局虽然出乎意料，难道不正在情理之中吗？相形之下，《游泳者》（*The Swimmer*）的内涵显然要含蓄得多、复杂得多了。在朋友家作客的内德·梅里尔忽发奇想，要穿过各家各户的游泳池、“游回”八英里以外的家中。这个梦幻般的行程，

揭示了人们相互间的微妙关系和各自的处境，显露出内德下意识地拒绝承认现实、顽强而又绝望地维护“形象”的扭曲心态，堪称传统笔法与“超现实主义”描写的奇妙结合，恰如其分地反映了主人公虚幻的自我感觉与冷冰冰的客观现实的反差与撞击。剩下的只是对这种生活方式的实质的苦涩回味！

作为一个“故事大师”，奇弗的艺术自然远远不限于上述的几个方面。譬如他善于夹叙夹议、以讲故事人的口吻穿插铺衬，给人以自然可信、不事雕琢之感。他笔下的人物各有特点、呼之欲出，使人恍如置身于美国中产阶级的芸芸众生之中。他的语言生动流畅而又符合规范，正是学习当代美国口语体英文的理想材料……限于篇幅，这里就不再一一详述。我们希望：这本《奇弗短篇小说选》能够引起广大英语学习者和美国文学爱好者的兴趣，进而研究美国当代文学与文化并深入地了解美国社会的实质。欢迎广大读者批评、指正！

潘绍中

1991年3月于北京

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## O YOUTH AND BEAUTY!

**A**T THE TAG END of nearly every long, large Saturday-night party in the suburb of Shady Hill, when almost everybody who was going to play golf or tennis in the morning had gone home hours ago and the ten or twelve people remaining seemed powerless to bring the evening to an end although the gin and whiskey were running low, and here and there a woman who was sitting out her husband would have begun to drink milk; when everybody had lost track of time, and the baby-sitters who were waiting at home for these diehards would have long since stretched out on the sofa and fallen into a deep sleep, to dream about cooking-contest prizes, ocean voyages, and romance; when the bellicose drunk, the crapshooter, the pianist, and the woman faced with the expiration of her hopes had all expressed themselves; when every proposal—to go to the Farquarsons' for breakfast, to go swimming, to go and wake up the Townsends, to go here and go there—died as soon as it was made, then Trace Bearden would begin to chide Cash Bentley about his age and thinning hair. The chiding was preliminary to moving the living-room furniture. Trace and Cash moved the tables and the chairs, the sofas and the fire screen, the woodbox and the footstool; and when they had finished, you wouldn't know the place. Then if the host had a revolver, he would be asked to produce it. Cash would take off his shoes and assume a starting crouch behind a sofa. Trace would fire the weapon out of an open window, and if you were new to the community and had not understood what the preparations were about, you would then realize that you were watching a hurdle race. Over the sofa went Cash, over the tables, over the fire screen and the woodbox. It was not exactly a race, since Cash ran it alone, but it was extraordinary to see this man of forty surmount so many obstacles so gracefully. There was not a piece of furniture in Shady Hill that Cash could not

take in his stride. The race ended with cheers, and presently the party would break up.

5 Cash was, of course, an old track star, but he was never aggressive or tiresome about his brilliant past. The college where he had spent his youth had offered him a paying job on the alumni council, but he had refused it, realizing that that part of his life was ended. Cash and his wife, Louise, had two children, and they lived in a medium-cost ranch house on Alewives Lane. They belonged to the country club, although they could not afford it, but in the case of the Bentleys nobody ever pointed this out, and Cash was one of the best-liked men in Shady Hill. He was still slender—he was careful about his weight—and he walked to the train in the morning with a light and vigorous step that marked him as an athlete. His hair was thin, and there were mornings when his eyes looked bloodshot, but this did not detract much from a charming quality of stubborn youthfulness.

20 In business Cash had suffered reverses and disappointments, and the Bentleys had many money worries. They were always late with their tax payments and their mortgage payments, and the drawer of the hall table was stuffed with unpaid bills; it was always touch and go with the Bentleys and the bank. Louise looked pretty enough on Saturday night, but her life was exacting and monotonous. In the pockets of her suits, coats, and dresses there were little wads and scraps of paper on which was written: "Oleomargarine, frozen spinach, Kleenex, dog biscuit, hamburger, pepper, lard . . ." When she was still half awake in the morning, she was putting on the water for coffee and diluting the frozen orange juice. Then she would be wanted by the children. She would crawl under the bureau on her hands and knees to find a sock for Toby. She would lie flat on her belly and wiggle under the bed (getting dust up her nose) to find a shoe for Rachel. Then there were the housework, the laundry, and the cooking, as well as the demands of the children. There always seemed to be shoes to put on and shoes to take off, snowsuits to be zipped and unzipped, bottoms to be wiped, tears to be dried, and when the sun went down (she saw it set from the kitchen window) there was the supper to be cooked, the baths, the bedtime story, and the Lord's

Prayer. With the sonorous words of the Our Father in a darkened room the children's day was over, but the day was far from over for Louise Bentley. There were the darning, the mending, and some ironing to do, and after sixteen years of housework she did not seem able to escape her chores even while she slept. Snowsuits, shoes, baths, and groceries seemed to have permeated her subconscious. Now and then she would speak in her sleep—so loudly that she woke her husband. "I can't *afford* veal cutlets," she said one night. Then she sighed uneasily and was quiet again. 5 10

By the standards of Shady Hill, the Bentleys were a happily married couple, but they had their ups and downs. Cash could be very touchy at times. When he came home after a bad day at the office and found that Louise, for some good reason, had not started supper, he would be ugly. "Oh, for Christ sake!" he would say, and go into the kitchen and heat up some frozen food. He drank some whiskey to relax himself during this ordeal, but it never seemed to relax him, and he usually burned the bottom out of a pan, and when they sat down for supper the dining space would be full of smoke. It was only a question of time before they were plunged into a bitter quarrel. Louise would run upstairs, throw herself onto the bed and sob. Cash would grab the whiskey bottle and dose himself. These rows, in spite of the vigor with which Cash and Louise entered into them, were the source of a great deal of pain for both of them. Cash would sleep downstairs on the sofa, but sleep never repaired the damage, once the trouble had begun, and if they met in the morning, they would be at one another's throats in a second. Then Cash would leave for the train, and, as soon as the children had been taken to nursery school, Louise would put on her coat and cross the grass to the Beardens' house. She would cry into a cup of warmed-up coffee and tell Lucy Bearden her troubles. What was the meaning of marriage? What was the meaning of love? Lucy always suggested that Louise get a job. It would give her emotional and financial independence, and that, Lucy said, was what she needed. 15 20 25 30 35

The next night, things would get worse. Cash would not come home for dinner at all, but would stumble in at about eleven, and the whole sordid wrangle would be repeated, with Louise going to bed in tears upstairs and 40

Cash again stretching out on the living-room sofa. After a few days and nights of this, Louise would decide that she was at the end of her rope. She would decide to go and stay with her married sister in Mamaroneck. She usually  
5 chose a Saturday, when Cash would be at home, for her departure. She would pack a suitcase and get her War Bonds from the desk. Then she would take a bath and put on her best slip. Cash, passing the bedroom door, would see her. Her slip was transparent, and suddenly he was all  
10 repentance, tenderness, charm, wisdom, and love. "Oh, my darling!" he would groan, and when they went downstairs to get a bite to eat about an hour later, they would be sighing and making cow eyes at one another; they would be the happiest married couple in the whole eastern  
15 United States. It was usually at about this time that Lucy Bearden turned up with the good news that she had found a job for Louise. Lucy would ring the doorbell, and Cash, wearing a bathrobe, would let her in. She would be brief with Cash, naturally, and hurry into the dining room to  
20 tell poor Louise the good news. "Well, that's very nice of you to have looked," Louise would say wanly, "but I don't think that I want a job any more. I don't think that Cash wants me to work, do you, sweetheart?" Then she would turn her big dark eyes on Cash, and you could practically  
25 smell smoke. Lucy would excuse herself hurriedly from this scene of depravity, but never left with any hard feelings, because she had been married for nineteen years herself and she knew that every union has its ups and downs. She didn't seem to leave any wiser, either; the next  
30 time the Bentleys quarreled, she would be just as intent as ever on getting Louise a job. But these quarrels and reunions, like the hurdle race, didn't seem to lose their interest through repetition.

35 ON A SATURDAY NIGHT in the spring, the Farquarsons gave the Bentleys an anniversary party. It was their seventeenth anniversary. Saturday afternoon, Louise Bentley put herself through preparations nearly as arduous as the Monday wash. She rested for an hour, by the clock, with  
40 her feet high in the air, her chin in a sling, and her eyes bathed in some astringent solution. The clay packs, the too tight girdle, and the plucking and curling and painting that



went on were all aimed at rejuvenation. Feeling in the end that she had not been entirely successful, she tied a piece of veiling over her eyes—but she was a lovely woman, and all the cosmetics that she had struggled with seemed, like her veil, to be drawn transparently over a face where mature beauty and a capacity for wit and passion were undisguisable. The Farquarsons' party was nifty, and the Bentleys had a wonderful time. The only person who drank too much was Trace Bearden. Late in the party, he began to chide Cash about his thinning hair and Cash good-naturedly began to move the furniture around. Harry Farquarson had a pistol, and Trace went out onto the terrace to fire it up at the sky. Over the sofa went Cash, over the end table, over the arms of the wing chair and the fire screen. It was a piece of carving on a chest that brought him down, and down he came like a ton of bricks. 5 10 15

Louise screamed and ran to where he lay. He had cut a gash in his forehead, and someone made a bandage to stop the flow of blood. When he tried to get up, he stumbled and fell again, and his face turned a terrible green. Harry telephoned Dr. Parminter, Dr. Hopewell, Dr. Altman, and Dr. Barnstable, but it was two in the morning and none of them answered. Finally, a Dr. Yerkes—a total stranger—agreed to come. Yerkes was a young man—he did not seem old enough to be a doctor—and he looked around at the disordered room and the anxious company as if there was something weird about the scene. He got off on the wrong foot with Cash. "What seems to be the matter, old-timer?" he asked. 20 25

Cash's leg was broken. The doctor put a splint on it, and Harry and Trace carried the injured man out to the doctor's car. Louise followed them in her own car to the hospital, where Cash was bedded down in a ward. The doctor gave Cash a sedative, and Louise kissed him and drove home in the dawn. 30 35

CASH was in the hospital for two weeks, and when he came home he walked with a crutch and his broken leg was in a heavy cast. It was another ten days before he could limp to the morning train. "I won't be able to run the hurdle race any more, sweetheart," he told Louise sadly. She said that it didn't matter, but while it didn't 40