

高等教育“十二五”部委级规划教材

大学英语 分级阅读

第三册

● 主编 陆亚芳 高蕴华

东华大学出版社

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出版前言

《大学英语分级阅读》系列教材全套共四册，全书严格按照美国蓝斯的分级方法分成四个级别，可供大学英语1-4级的学生使用。

蓝斯 (Lexile) 测量是由美国MetaMetrics教育测量公司为了提高美国学生的阅读能力，历经20多年研发的一种衡量学生阅读水平和标识文章难易程度的标准。相对于其他测量方法，蓝斯测量体系独特之处在于它提供了一种衡量阅读能力 (Reading Capability) 与文章难度 (Text Difficulty) 的科学方法，即在一种阅读测量体系下，既可以测定学习者的阅读能力，也可以测定不同级别教材的阅读难度。

基于对2007年6月至2010年12月四年CET-4共8次考试试题阅读难度的实际测量发现：大学英语四级阅读部分难度区间大致在1000L-1400L之间。以此为依据，再根据现行大学英语教学分级教学的实际情况，编者将本阅读教程按阅读难度分为4个级别，1级至4级，其分别对应的阅读难度为1000L-1100L、1100L-1200L、1200L-1300L和1300L-1400L。本教程选编的阅读材料严格遵照上述标准进行选择，从而确保同一级别阅读材料难度符合实际级别水平，避免出现以往因阅读材料难度不一造成学生无所适从的现象，大大提高了阅读材料的使用效率，有助于快速提升学生的阅读能力。

同时，本系列教材内容涵盖面广，从学习者实际出发，把英语学习中接触较多、需求广泛的题材编辑为八大板块，分别以文化、教育、科技、经济、医药卫生、政治、法律和生物等领域的相关文章为主题构成全书的八个单元。每个单元配有一定的翻译、阅读理解和完型填空，帮助学生巩固和消化阅读材料的内容。

本书是《大学英语分级阅读》系列教材的第三册，其阅读难度符合蓝斯分级区间 (1200L-1300L)，同时，每个单元的选材在相应的题材范围内，比第一、二册更深更广，比较适合大学三级、四级的学生使用。

本教材主编是陆亚芳、高蕴华；唐再凤、张莉老师参编。他们的智慧和辛劳，以及团队协作精神更使本书稿生辉许多。毋庸赘言，本书的设计、编写和制作过程中，难免会有不足之处，欢迎使用本教材的教师和学生给予批评和指正。

在此，特别感谢李盛老师，他负责对整个阅读材料的分级工作；还要感谢方小菊老师，她对本套丛书提出了许多宝贵的修改意见。东华大学外语学院领导和部门领导也给予了大力支持，同时本书的编写也得到了出版社和校内外专家的许多帮助，在此一并向他们表示由衷的感谢。

任再新

2012年7月

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Unit 1

Good Old Days

Text A

One Small Stone, Unforgotten

by Marsha Arons

1 To some people, a cemetery can be a frightening, sad place, full of unfinished business and painful memories. But, not to me. When I was a young child growing up in rural Indiana, cemeteries were my playgrounds. My father was the *groundskeeper* for several state-run and private cemeteries in the country.

groundskeeper ['graundz,ki:pə]
n. 坟地管理员

2 He had come to America from Russia after the war as a young man and met my mother, also a recent immigrant, through *mutual* friends. Somehow, they ended up in a small town in Indiana where my father found work as a landscape gardener. He worked hard all his life and his little business grew. He tended all the cemeteries in the county as well as all the lawns of the private homes in the area. Often, he would take me with him to work.

mutual ['mju:tʃuəl, -tʃuəl] adj.
彼此的

3 My father chose his profession partly because his English remained poor all his life and landscaping was something he could do well without extensive communication skills. He loved to make beautiful spaces, spaces that would cause one to pause and appreciate the *serene* loveliness in Nature.

serene [si'ri:n] n. 平静

conjure ['kʌndʒə, 'kɒn-] vt.

想象

scenario [si'nɑ:riəu, -'næ-,

-'neə-] n. 情节; 剧本

infuse...with [in'fju:z] vt.

使……充满

perish ['periʃ] vi. 死亡

untimely [ʌn'taimli] adj.

不合时宜的; 过早的

demise [di'maiz] n. 死亡

obituary [əu'bitjuəri, -tʃuə-] n.

讣告

encapsulate [in'kæpsəleɪt] vt.

压缩;

devoid of 缺乏的

occur to 想到; 想起

tumultuous [tju:'mʌltjuəs,

-tʃuəs] adj. 动荡不安的

fervor ['fɜ:və] n. 热情; 热心

4 When I was very little, I loved to go to the cemeteries with him. To me, the cemeteries were quiet, calm places full of life stories—millions of them which I *conjured* in my own imagination. Just the name and dates of a person's life were enough for me. I would imagine whole *scenarios* about how that person lived and what kind of family he had had. I would *infuse* the dead of rural Indiana *with* all manner of mystery. Some of the graves belonged to long-lost royalty or heroes who had *perished* saving others. And, sometimes, I imagined that a grave bore a lover who, having met an *untimely demise*, would finally be forever united with the loved one in a better place. (I really believe that adults read *obituaries* each day in the newspaper for pretty much the same reason—to catch a glimpse of another's life *encapsulated*, with all the details left to the imagination.)

5 All of my childish imagination was given vent in the cemeteries because my own life was painfully devoid of any drama or excitement. By the time I reached my teens, I had grown so bored with my sheltered, quiet life in rural Indiana that my invented scenarios were my only means of escape.

6 My parents, I was sure, could not possibly have been able to understand my growing frustration. I considered them just ignorant immigrants who lived and worked where they did because that was all they could do. It never *occurred to* me to wonder about their lives before they arrived in America. To me, my parents were simple, uncomplicated people. **They had settled in a place where settling was what life was about. They had no dreams, no desires to be anything other than exactly what they were.**

7 But, I wanted more, much more.

8 Throughout my college years—tumultuous years of experimentation and rebellion—I searched for a way to leave my own personal mark on the world. I wanted to be defined, to feel myself important, significant. My parents had only been ordinary but, I, with all the *fervor* of my young heart, longed to really experience life.

9 While I was away at university, my parents grew quietly older. One winter vacation, I went home for a visit.

10 The years had taken their toll on my father and he could

not work as he once could. He missed the feel of dirt in his hands and he said, he missed something else, too. While I had spent my time lost in my fantasies in the cemeteries, my father had done his work—mowing and edging and planting—making the cemeteries lovely. And just before we left each time, my father would take a handful of small pebbles from the back of his pick-up truck. These he would lay carefully on the headstones of some of the graves. It had never occurred to me to ask why he did this. I had just accepted that this was part of his work. But, I knew this act was as important to him as bringing beauty to these resting places.

fantasy ['fæntəsi] n. 幻想

11 On this particular visit home, my father asked a favor of me. He wanted me to take his truck out to one of the cemeteries and lay some of the stones on several of the *markers*. For some reason, this was very important to him and it had to be done that day.

marker ['mɑ:kər] n. 标识物;
这里指的是墓碑

12 I was beginning to outgrow some of my teenage rebelliousness so I agreed to do this for him. And, in fact, I wanted to revisit the scene of some of my happy childhood moments.

13 When I reached the cemetery, I parked on the hill overlooking the ground of graves that my father had directed me to. Immediately, I could see that I was not alone. A woman, bareheaded against the cold November wind, had come to visit one of the graves I was to leave a stone on. As I bent to leave it, I heard her whisper softly “Thank you.”

14 It was then that I noticed that the date of death on the grave was that same November day. The grave was that of a child, only five years old when he died some fifteen years before. I looked at the woman. **She appeared to be around fifty, her face lined appropriately.** I expected to see sadness in her bearing; instead I saw quiet dignity and calm acceptance.

bearing ['beərɪŋ] n. 举止; 神态
dignity ['dignəti] n. 尊严; 高贵

15 “He was my son,” she said: “But, where is your father? He was always the one to leave the stone.”

16 I was so surprised that it took me a minute to find my voice. Then I told her that my father was not well but that he had asked me to come and leave the stones. It had been very important to him, I said. She nodded in a way that implied she

◆ knew my father and appreciated just how important this small act was to him. And so I asked her to explain. “I don’t know your father well. But, I knew his nature anyway. His kindness has meant more to me than anything else in my life. You see, when my child died, I came often to the grave to visit him. It is our custom to leave a stone on the marker. It lets everyone know that the one who is buried here is not forgotten but is thought of and missed. But, then we moved away from here... so many painful memories... all of us moved... family...friends. There was no one left to visit the grave and I was so afraid that he would be all alone. But your father marked the grave every time he came. Each time I have returned here, I have seen that stone and it has always comforted me. Your father is the kind of man who would ease the suffering of a mother’s heart even though we are strangers.”

◆ **17** The wind whipped my hair into my face and for a moment I could not move. But the woman reached out and touched my arm. “Just tell him you saw me today, won’t you?” she said. Then she turned and was gone.

◆ **18** As I sat in the old pick-up truck, waiting for it to warm up, I understood. Leaving the stones may have been something my father learned in his youth in Russia or maybe he just saw people like this woman do it here in Indiana. In any case, it was a gesture that touched and comforted the survivors. That small stone had marked the grave of a child and the heart of his mother.

◆ **19** The heater in the old truck must have worked because I was suddenly comfortably warm. But it was a warmth that *penetrated* all of me. I put the truck in *gear* and went home.

penetrate ['penitreit]

vt. 渗透

gear [giə] n. 齿轮; 传动装置

Difficult Sentences

1. They had settled in a place where settling was what life was about. They had no dreams, no desires to be anything other than exactly what they were.

分析：“settled in” 定居；“where settling was what life was about” 为定语从句修饰 “a place”；“other than” 除了

参考译文：他们在这儿定居下来是因为这儿的生活仅仅意味着安家落户。他们没有梦想，也不奢望要成为别的什么样儿的人。

2. The years had taken their toll on my father and he could not work as he once could.

分析：“taken their toll on” 对…造成伤害 “as he once could” 为方式状语

参考译文：这些年来，父亲确实老了，已经力不从心，不能像以前那样工作了。

3. She appeared to be around fifty, her face lined appropriately.

分析：“lined” 起了皱纹，为过去分词作独立结构；“appropriately” 恰如其分地，相称地

参考译文：她五十上下，脸上已经出现了与她年龄相应的若干皱纹。

Exercises

I. Cloze Test

Read the following passage, and fill in each of the numbered blanks with one suitable word from the word bank given below. You may not use any of the words in the blank more than once.

A. scenario

B. occur

C. fervor

D. perish

E. on

F. rural

G. serene

H. sheltered

I. outgrow

J. bearing

K. devoid

L. dignity

M. with

N. penetrated

O. tend

I used to spend my time in the cemeteries in 1 Indiana in my childhood since my father was a groundkeeper for cemeteries in the country. My father was an ignorant immigrant who was poor in English and felt satisfied with his little business which didn't need extensive

communication skills. He enjoyed making beautiful spaces and appreciated the 2 loveliness in Nature.

With my father in the cemeteries, I did think of the cemetery as a frightening place. Instead, the cemeteries were quiet, calm places full of life stories which I conjured in my own imagination. Because my own life was painfully 3 of excitement, I invented many scenarios of the people. With the passage of time, I got bored with my 4, quiet life in Indiana.

Finally I left my hometown for college. With all the 5 of my young heart, I longed to really experience life.

One winter vacation I returned home to visit my parents. To my big surprise, the years had taken their toll 6 my father and he could no longer tend all the cemeteries in the county. But my father missed his work. One day in November my father asked to take him to the cemeteries. I agreed since I began to 7 some of my teenage rebelliousness.

When I was to leave a stone on one of the graves where a five-year-old boy was buried some fifteen years before, I saw woman quiet 8 and calm acceptance in her 9 leaving a stone on the marker. The lady expressed her deep-hearted gratitude to my father for my father marked the grave every time he came though they were strangers. All of a sudden, I realized the greatness of my father. It was the small stone that had marked the grave of a child and the heart of his mother. I was 10 by the warmth.

II. Reading Comprehension

1. How did the authors' parents get to know each other?

- A. By attending a party.
- B. By a match maker.
- C. By their mutual friends.
- D. On the Internet.

2. What was the authors childish imagination about the dead person when she was in the cemeteries in her childhood?

- A. She imagined how that person lived and what kind of family he or she had had.
- B. She imagined that the person had a five-year-old boy when he was alive.
- C. She imagined that the person lived an ordinary life.
- D. She imagined that the person lived a frustrating life.

3. What could adults get from reading obituaries each day in the newspaper?

- A. They could enrich their imagination.
- B. They could get to know the person who just passed away.
- C. They could get informed of what was going on in the country.
- D. They could catch a glimpse of another's life encapsulated.

4. What does it mean that the woman left a small stone on the marker of a grave in the cold November?

- A. The years were numbered by the small stone.
- B. It was the local people's custom to do so.
- C. The woman wanted to express her sorrow by laying the stone on the marker.
- D. The boy was always remembered by his mother.

5. What made the author feel touched and suddenly comfortably warm?

- A. The heater in the old truck had worked.
- B. The small but important act laying a small stone on the marker of the grave for the mother.
- C. The hot season.
- D. The beautiful and tranquil scenery in the cemeteries.

III. Translation from English to Chinese

- 1. All of my childish imagination was given vent in the cemeteries because my own life was painfully devoid of any drama or excitement.
- 2. Throughout my college years—tumultuous years of experimentation and rebellion—I searched for a way to leave my own personal mark on the world. I wanted to be defined, to feel myself important, significant.
- 3. While I had spent my time lost in my fantasies in the cemeteries, my father had done his work—mowing and edging and planting—making the cemeteries lovely.
- 4. I was beginning to outgrow some of my teenage rebelliousness so I agreed to do this for him.
- 5. I expected to see sadness in her bearing; instead I saw quiet dignity and calm acceptance.

Hard Times, a Helping Hand – A Yuletide Story

by Ted Gup

yuletide ['ju:ltaɪd] n. 圣诞节

bleak [bli:k] adj. 阴冷的

relief [ri'li:f] n. 救济

donor ['dəʊnə] n. 捐赠者

pledge [pledʒ] vt. 保证, 许诺

anonymous [ə'nɒnɪməs] adj.
匿名的, 无名的

intermediary [,ɪntə'mi:diəri]
n. 中间人

benefactor ['benɪfæktə] n. 恩人; 捐助者

consign [kən'saɪn] vt. 交付

1 In the weeks just before Christmas of 1933—79 years ago—a mysterious offer appeared in *The Repository*, the daily newspaper here. It was addressed to all who were suffering in that other winter of discontent known as the Great Depression. The *bleakest* of holiday seasons was upon them, and the offer promised modest *relief* to those willing to write in and speak of their struggles. In return, the *donor*, a “Mr. B. Virdot,” *pledged* to provide a check to the neediest to tide them over the holidays.

2 Not surprisingly, hundreds of letters for Mr. B. Virdot poured into general delivery in Canton—even though there was no person of that name in the city of 105,000. A week later, checks, most for as little as \$5, started to arrive at homes around Canton. They were signed by “B. Virdot.”

3 The gift made *The Repository*’s front page on Dec. 18, 1933. The headline read: “Man Who Felt Depression’s Sting to Help 75 Unfortunate Families: *Anonymous* Giver, Known Only as ‘B. Virdot,’ Posts \$750 to Spread Christmas Cheer.” The story said the faceless donor was “a Canton man who was toppled from a large fortune to practically nothing” but who had returned to prosperity and now wanted to give a Christmas present to “75 deserving fellow townsmen”. The gifts were to go to men and women who might otherwise “hesitate to knock at charity’s door for aid.”

4 Whether the paper spoke to Mr. B. Virdot directly or through an *intermediary* or whether it received something in writing from him is not known.

5 Down through the decades, the identity of the *benefactor* remained a mystery. Three prosperous generations later, the whole affair was *consigned* to a footnote in Canton’s history. But to me, the story had always served as an example of how

selfless Americans reach out to one another in hard times. I can't even remember the first time I heard about Mr. B. Virdot, but I knew the tale well.

6 Then, this past summer, my mother handed me a *battered* old black suitcase that had been gathering dust in her attic. I flipped open the twin latches and found a mass of letters, all dated December 1933. There were also 150 canceled checks signed by “B. Virdot,” and a tiny black bank book with \$760 in deposits.

7 My mother, Virginia, had always known the secret: the donor was her father, Samuel J. Stone. The *fictitious moniker* was a blend of his daughters' names—Barbara, Virginia and Dorothy. But Mother had never told me, and when she handed me the suitcase she had no idea what was in it—“some old papers,” she said. The suitcase had passed into her possession shortly after the death of my grandmother Minna in 2005.

8 I took the suitcase with me to our log cabin in the woods of Maine, and there, one night, began to read letter after letter. They had come from all over Canton, from out-of-work *upholsterers*, painters, bricklayers, day laborers, insurance salesmen and, yes, former executives—some of whom, I later learned, my grandfather had known personally.

9 One, written Dec. 19, 1933, begins, “I hate to write this letter ... it seems too much like begging. Anyway, here goes. I will be honest, my husband doesn't know I'm writing this letter... . He is working but not making enough to hardly feed his family. We are going to do everything in our power to hold on to our house.” Three years behind in taxes and out of credit at the grocery store, the writer closed with, “**Even if you don't think we're worthy of help, I hope you receive a great blessing for your kindness.**”

10 Another letter came from a 38-year-old steel worker, out of a job and *stricken with tuberculosis*, who wrote of his inability to pay the hospital bills for his son, whose skull had been fractured after he was struck by a car.

11 One man wrote: “For one like me who for a lifetime has earned a fine living, charity by force of distressed circumstances is an *abomination* and a headache. However, your offer carries

battered ['bætəd] adj. 破旧的

fictitious [fik'tɪʃəs] adj. 虚构的；编造的

moniker ['mɒnikə] n. 名字

upholsterer [ʌp'həʊlstərə] n. 家具商

be stricken with 罹患
tuberculosis [tjuː,bə:kju'ləʊsis]
n. 肺结核

abomination [ə,bɒmi'neɪʃən]
n. 令人厌恶的事物

prominent ['prɒmɪnənt] adj.

杰出的

worrisome ['wɒrɪsəm] adj. 令

人烦恼的, 令人不安的

pawn [pɔ:n] vt. 当掉

indebt [in'det] vt. 使负债; 使

受恩惠

lay off 解雇

with it a spirit so far removed from those who offer help for their own glorification, you remove so much of the sting and pain of forced charity that I venture to tell you my story.”

12 The writer, once a *prominent* businessman, was now 65 and destitute, his life insurance policy cashed in and gone, his furniture “mortgaged,” his clothes threadbare, his hope of paying the electric and gas bills pinned to the intervention of his children. A mother of four wrote, “My husband hasn’t had steady work in four years The people who are lucky enough to have no worry where the next meal is coming from don’t realize how it is to be like we are and a lot of others... . I only wish I could do what you are doing.”

13 Another letter was from the wife of an out-of-work bricklayer. “Mr. Virdot, we are in desperate circumstances,” she wrote. They had taken in her husband’s mother and father and a 10-year-old boy. Now the landlord had given them three days to pay up. “It is awful,” she wrote. “No one knows, only those who go through it. It does seem so much like begging.”

14 Children, too, wrote in. The youngest was 12-year-old Mary Uebing. “There are six in our family,” she wrote, “and my father is dead ... my baby sister is sick. Last Christmas our dinner was slim and this Christmas it will be slimmer... . Any way you could help us would be appreciated in this fatherless and *worrisome* home.”

15 The wife of an out-of-work insurance salesman added a postscript to her letter, one not intended for her husband’s eyes: She had just *pawned* her engagement ring for \$5.

16 Also in the suitcase were thank-you letters from people who had received Mr. Virdot’s checks. A father wrote: “It was put to good use paying for two pairs of shoes for my girls and other little necessities. I hope some day I have the pleasure of knowing to whom we are *indebted* for this very generous gift.”

17 That was from George W. Monnot, who had once owned a successful Ford dealership but whose reluctance to *lay off* his salesmen hastened his own financial collapse, his granddaughter told me.

18 Of course, the checks could not reverse the fortunes of an entire family, much less a community. A few months after

one man, Roy Teis, wrote to B. Virdot, his family splintered apart. His eight children, including a 4-year-old daughter, were scattered among nearly as many *foster* homes, and there they remained for years to come.

19 So why had my grandfather done this? Because he had known what it was to be *down and out*. In 1902, when he was 15, he and his family had fled Romania, where they had been *persecuted* and *stripped* of the right to work because they were Jews. They settled into an immigrant ghetto in Pittsburgh. His father forced him to roll cigars with his six other *siblings* in the attic, hiding his shoes so he could not go to school.

20 My grandfather later worked on a barge and in a coal mine, swabbed out dirty soda bottles until the acid ate at his fingers and was even duped into being a strike breaker, an episode that left him bloodied by nightsticks. He had been robbed at night and swindled in daylight. Midlife, he had been driven to the *brink* of bankruptcy, almost losing his clothing store and his home.

21 By the time the Depression hit, he had worked his way out of poverty, owning a small chain of clothing stores and living in comfort. But his good fortune carried with it a weight when so many around him had so little.

22 **His yuletide gift was not to be his only such gesture. In the same black suitcase were receipts hinting at other anonymous acts of kindness.** The year before the United States entered World War II, for instance, he sent hundreds of wool overcoats to British soldiers. In the pocket of each was a handwritten note, unsigned, urging them not to *give in to* despair and expressing America's support.

23 Like many in his generation, my grandfather believed in hard work, and *disdained handouts*. In 1981, at age 93, he died driving himself to the office, crashing while trying to beat a rising drawbridge. But he could never ignore the brutal reality of times when work was simply not to be had and self-reliance reached its limits. He sought no credit for acts of conscience. He saw them as the debt we owe one another and ourselves.

24 For many Americans, this Christmas will be grim. Here, in Ohio, food banks and shelters are trying to cope with the fallout

foster ['fɒstə] adj. 收养的

down and out 贫困潦倒的
persecute ['pə:sɪkjʊ:t] vt. 迫害; 困扰
strip [stri:p] vt. 剥夺
sibling ['sɪblɪŋ] n. 兄弟姊妹

brink [brɪŋk] n. 边缘

give in to 屈服于, 向……让步

disdain [dis'deɪn] vt. 鄙弃
handout ['hændaut] n. 施舍物