

Stephen Leacock

Laugh with Leacock

edited with notes
by
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SANSYUSYA

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ここに注解をつけたこの本の著者 Stephen Butler Leacock をひと口で述べるとすれば、彼は優れた経済学者であり高名な講演家であると共にカナダを代表する卓越した作家のひとりであると言うことができよう。1869年12月30日英国 Hampshire の Swanmore に生まれた彼は6才の時に両親と共にカナダへ移住、Ontario州 Simcoe 湖南岸の町 Sutton 郊外で少年時代を過ごした。その間、仕事の失敗が原因で父親が失踪するという思いがけない不幸に見舞われたが、母親の強いすすめによって彼はトロントの Upper Canada College に入学、苦学しながらトロント大学の University College に進み、そこで近代語を専攻した。1891年同大学を卒業、しばらくの間、彼は母校の Upper Canada College でフランス語を教えていたが、当時、*Theory of Leisure Class* の著者として有名な経済学者 Thorstein Bunde Veblen のもとで経済学を学ぶべく米国へ行き、シカゴ大学の大学院に入学、そこで博士号を取得したのち、再びカナダへ帰り、1903年 Quebec 州モントリオールにあるマギル大学政経学部の講師に就任した。その後、定年で同大学を退職する1936年まで、教授、学部長などを歴任、退職後、彼は住居をモントリオールから、毎年夏休みに利用していた Ontario 州北部の町 Orillia 郊外にある彼の summer house に移し、1944年死去するまでそこでもっぱら著述と講演に多忙な晩年を送った。

上述の略歴からもわかるように、彼の経済学者としての活動は、概ね彼のマギル大学時代に行なわれたと言ってよい。足掛け33年にわたる教授生活において、彼は毎夏 Orillia の summer house で休暇を過ごすのと、頼まれて講演旅行に出掛ける以外は、大学内の彼の研究室と自宅の書斎に閉じこもり、研究と学術書や論文の執筆に没頭した。この間に彼は当時教科書として広く用いられた *Elements of Political Science* (1906) を始め、政治・経済・歴史に関する著書20冊を出版、また学術論文100点近くを発表している。このことは学者としての彼のひたむきな学問への情熱を物語るなによりの証左と言えよう。

しかし、なんととっても彼の名を世界的にしたのは、ユーモア作家としての彼の活動である。彼がこの分野で創作活動を始めたのは、トロント大学

卒業後 Upper Canada College で教師をしていた頃からだと言われている。初めのうちは地方の雑誌社の求めに応じて仕事のひまひまに小品を書いていたが、1910年、その時まで書いた作品から42篇を1冊の短篇集にまとめ、*Literary Lapses* と題して出版、これが爆発的人気呼び、彼は一躍文壇の寵児となった。その後、彼が死ぬまでの34年間、年平均1冊の割合でユーモア短篇集を上梓、その主なものを挙げると、*Nonsense Novels* (1911), *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* (1912), *Behind the Beyond* (1913), *Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich* (1914), *Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy* (1915), *Frenzied Fiction* (1918), *My Discovery of England* (1922), *Short Circuits* (1924), *Winnowed Wisdom* (1926), *My Remarkable Uncle and Other Sketches* (1942), それに死後に出版された *Last Leaves* (1945) と *The Boy I Left Behind* (1946) などがある。このうち *Sunshine Sketches*, *Arcadian Adventures* および *My Discovery of England* の3作はそれぞれある一定の地域での出来事について書いた短篇を集大成したものであり、*The Boy I Left Behind* は彼の未完の自叙伝である。彼はこのほか *Humour: Its Theory and Techniques* (1935) や *Humour and Humanity: An Introduction to the Study of Humour* (1937) など数冊の評論集を出版、上述の短篇集と合わせると全部で57冊になる。カナダ文学史上、多作家のひとりと言えよう。

さて、この text に収めた5つの短篇について簡単に触れると、最初の3篇は人間の心理をテーマにした作品とすることができよう。第1篇は初めて預金をするために銀行へ出掛けたものの、銀行のいかめしい雰囲気や圧倒され狼狽する小心者の心理を、第2篇では嫌われていることを知りながら、せっせと他人の面倒をみる世話好きな中年男の心理を、第3篇ではつまらない物を買って集めてはひとり悦に入っている骨董マニアの心理を、それぞれ取り上げて、その心理の異常性をユーモラスな筆致で描いている。笑いと共に淡い pathos さえ感じさせる著者 Leacock の psychological humour の代表作である。第4篇は不況時代に一攫千金を夢みる若人の気持を逆説を交えながら軽く風刺したものであり、第5篇は長い間講演家として精力的に活躍した著者の経験をユーモアたっぷりに述べた傑作のひとつである。どの作品を読んでも、この種のユーモア作品にありがちな大袈裟な表現や極端な誇張によるわざとらしさはなく、また使われている風刺も穏健であり辛らつな sarcasm の類のものではない。これも人生を知りつくした著者の温かい創作態度によるものであろう。

いま、カナダには彼が生前に最も愛した2つの建物が大切に保存されている。そのひとつは Orillia 郊外の彼の summer house であり、他のひとつはマギル大学にある彼の研究室である。前者は現在 Stephen Leacock Memorial Home と命名され国家史蹟のひとつに指定され、後者は Leacock Room と名付けられてマギル大学 McLenan Library の一室に昔のままの姿で保管されている。このほか、1947年には毎年最優秀のユーモア小説に贈られるリーコック・ユーモア賞 (Stephen Leacock Medal for Humour) が設定され、また生誕100年に当たる1969年には記念郵便切手が発行された。さらに没後40年に当たる1984年には上述のユーモア賞の受賞作品37篇を1冊の単行本に集めた *The Leacock Medal Treasury* が、また彼を偲ぶ追憶集 *Remembering Leacock* も出版され、いずれも好評を博した。彼に寄せる敬愛の念が、今なおカナダ国民の心の中に力強く生きつづけているのである。

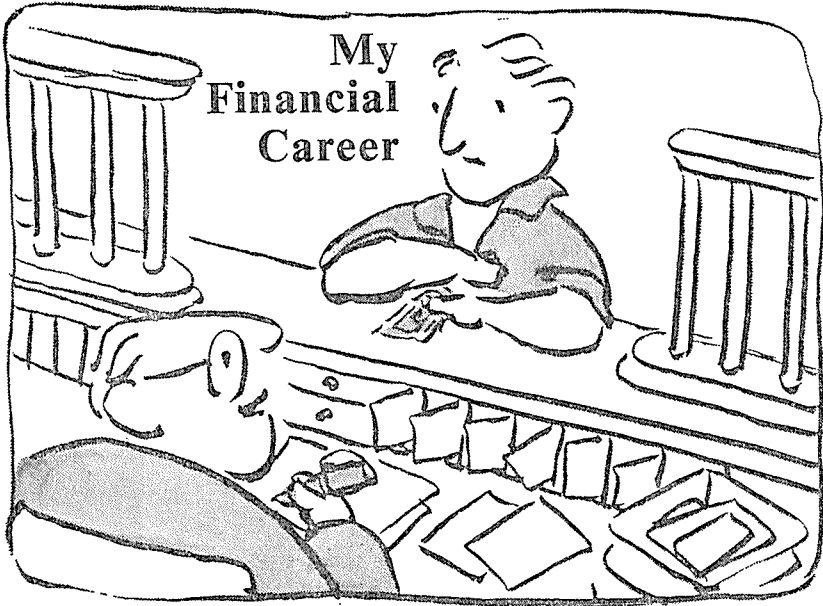
最後にカナダ政府の Faculty Enrichment Programme によって渡加した際、Leacock に関する文献の閲覧に便宜を計ってくださった在日カナダ大使館の関係各位に対し謝意を表すると共に、本書の出版に終始ご尽力くださった三修社編集部星野敦子さんに心からお礼を述べたい。なお底本には McClelland & Stewart 社版のアンソロジー *Laugh with Leacock* (1980) を用いたが、そこに収録された作品の原本となった単行本および Bodley Head 社版の単行本も併用したことを付記しておく。

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編注者

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WHEN I go into a bank I get rattled. The clerks rattle me; the wickets rattle me; the sight of the money rattles me; everything rattles me.

The moment I cross the threshold of a bank and attempt to transact business there, I become an irresponsible idiot. 5

I knew this beforehand, but my salary had been raised to fifty dollars a month and I felt that the bank was the only place for it.

So I shambled in and looked timidly round at the clerks. I had an idea that a person about to open an account must needs consult the manager. 10

I went up to a wicket marked "Accountant." The accountant was a tall, cool devil. The very sight of him rattled me. My voice was sepulchral.

“Can I see the manager?” I said, and added solemnly, “alone.”
I don’t know why I said “alone.”

“Certainly,” said the accountant, and fetched him.

The manager was a grave, calm man. I held my fifty-six dollars
5 clutched in a crumpled ball in my pocket.

“Are you the manager?” I said. God knows I didn’t doubt it.

“Yes,” he said.

“Can I see you,” I asked, “alone?” I didn’t want to say “alone”
again, but without it the thing seemed self-evident.

10 The manager looked at me in some alarm. He felt that I had an
awful secret to reveal.

“Come in here,” he said, and led the way to a private room. He
turned the key in the lock.

“We are safe from interruption here,” he said. “Sit down.”

15 We both sat down and looked at each other. I found no voice
to speak.

“You are one of Pinkerton’s men, I presume,” he said.

He had gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a
detective. I knew what he was thinking, and it made me worse.

20 “No, not from Pinkerton’s,” I said, seeming to imply that I
came from a rival agency.

“To tell the truth,” I went on, as if I had been prompted to lie
about it, “I am not a detective at all. I have come to open an
account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank.”

25 The manager looked relieved but still serious; he concluded
now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild or a young Gould.

“A large account, I suppose,” he said.

“Fairly large,” I whispered. “I propose to deposit fifty-six dollars now and fifty dollars a month regularly.”

The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant.

“Mr. Montgomery,” he said unkindly loud, “this gentleman is opening an account, he will deposit fifty-six dollars. Good morning.”

I rose.

A big iron door stood open at the side of the room.

“Good morning,” I said, and stepped into the safe. 10

“Come out,” said the manager coldly, and showed me the other way.

I went up to the accountant’s wicket and poked the ball of money at him with a quick convulsive movement as if I were doing a conjuring trick. 15

My face was ghastly pale.

“Here,” I said, “deposit it.” The tone of the words seemed to mean, “Let us do this painful thing while the fit is on us.”

He took the money and gave it to another clerk.

He made me write the sum on a slip and sign my name in a book. I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eyes.

“Is it deposited?” I asked in a hollow, vibrating voice.

“It is,” said the accountant.

“Then I want to draw a cheque.” 25

My idea was to draw out six dollars of it for present use. Someone gave me a cheque-book through a wicket and someone else

began telling me how to write it out. The people in the bank had the impression that I was an invalid millionaire. I wrote something on the cheque and thrust it in at the clerk. He looked at it.

“What! are you drawing it all out again?” he asked in surprise.

5 Then I realised that I had written fifty-six instead of six. I was too far gone to reason now. I had a feeling that it was impossible to explain the thing. All the clerks had stopped writing to look at me.

Reckless with misery, I made a plunge.

10 “Yes, the whole thing.”

“You withdraw your money from the bank?”

“Every cent of it.”

“Are you not going to deposit any more?” said the clerk, astonished.

15 “Never.”

An idiot hope struck me that they might think something had insulted me while I was writing the cheque and that I had changed my mind. I made a wretched attempt to look like a man with a fearfully quick temper.

20 The clerk prepared to pay the money.

“How will you have it?” he said.

“What?”

“How will you have it?”

“Oh”—I caught his meaning and answered without even
25 trying to think—“in fifties.”

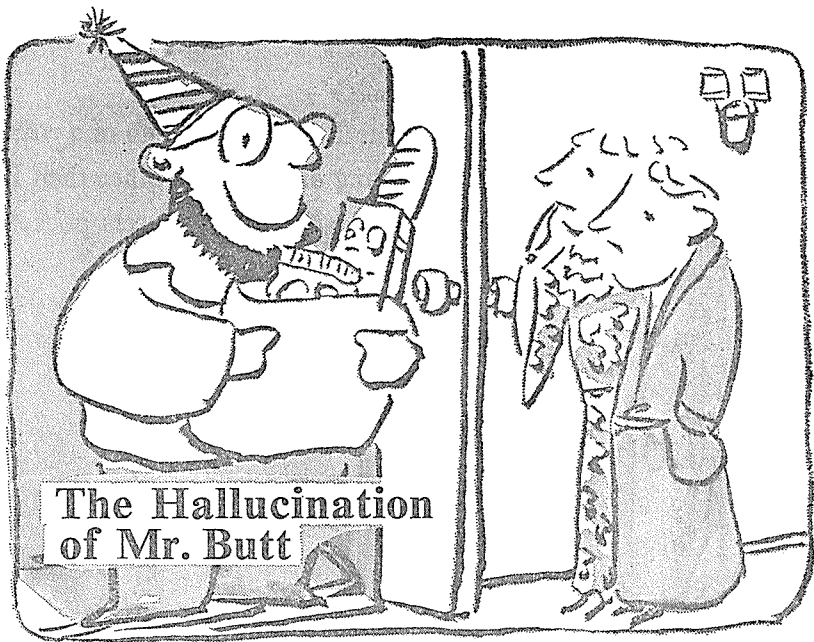
He gave me a fifty-dollar bill.

“And the six?” he asked dryly.

“In sixes,” I said.

He gave it me and I rushed out.

As the big door swung behind me I caught the echo of a roar of laughter that went up to the ceiling of the bank. Since then I bank no more. I keep my money in cash in my trousers pocket and my savings in silver dollars in a sock.



The Hallucination of Mr. Butt

It is the hallucination of Mr. Butt's life that he lives to do good. At whatever cost of time or trouble to himself, he does it. Whether people appear to desire it or not, he insists on helping them along.

His time, his company and his advice are at the service not only
5 of those who seek them but of those who, in the mere appearances
of things, are not asking for them.

You may see the beaming face of Mr. Butt appear at the door of
all those of his friends who are stricken with the minor troubles
of life. Whenever Mr. Butt learns that any of his friends are
10 moving house, buying furniture, selling furniture, looking for a
maid, dismissing a maid, seeking a chauffeur, suing for a plumber
or buying a piano—he is at their side in a moment.

So when I met him one night in the cloak room of the club put-

ting on his raincoat and his galoshes with a peculiar beaming look on his face, I knew that he was up to some sort of benevolence.

“Come upstairs,” I said, “and play billiards.” I saw from his general appearance that it was a perfectly safe offer.

“My dear fellow,” said Mr. Butt, “I only wish I could. I wish ⁵ I had the time. I am sure it would cheer you up immensely if I could. But I’m just going out.”

“Where are you off to?” I asked, for I knew he wanted me to say it.

“I’m going out to see the Everleigh-Joneses,—you know them? ¹⁰ no?—just come to the city, you know, moving into their new house, out on Seldom Avenue.”

“But,” I said, “that’s away out in the suburbs, is it not, a mile or so beyond the car tracks?”

“Something like that,” answered Mr. Butt. ¹⁵

“And it’s going on for ten o’clock and it’s starting to rain—”

“Pooh, pooh,” said Mr. Butt, cheerfully, adjusting his galoshes. “I never mind the rain—does one good. As to their house, I’ve not been there yet but I can easily find it. I’ve a very simple system for finding a house at night by merely knocking at the ²⁰ doors in the neighborhood till I get it.”

“Isn’t it rather late to go there?” I protested.

“My dear fellow,” said Mr. Butt warmly, “I don’t mind that a bit. The way I look at it is, here are these two young people, only married a few weeks, just moving into their new house, every- ²⁵ thing probably upside down, no one there but themselves, no one to cheer them up”—he was wriggling into his raincoat as he

spoke and working himself into a frenzy of benevolence— “good gracious, I only learned at dinner time that they had come to town, or I’d have been out there days ago—days ago—”

And with that Mr. Butt went bursting forth into the rain, his
5 face shining with good will under the street lamps.

The next day I saw him again at the club at lunch time.

“Well,” I asked, “did you find the Joneses?”

“I did,” said Mr. Butt, “and, by George, I was glad that I’d gone—quite a lot of trouble to find the house (though I didn’t
10 mind that; I expected it)—had to knock at twenty houses at least to get it—very dark and wet out there—no street lights yet—however I simply pounded at the doors until someone showed a light—at every house I called out the same things, ‘Do you know where the Everleigh-Joneses live?’ They didn’t. ‘All right,’
15 I said, ‘go back to bed. Don’t bother to come down.’

“But I got to the right spot at last. I found the house all dark. Jones put his head out of an upper window. ‘Hullo,’ I called out; ‘it’s Butt.’ ‘I’m awfully sorry,’ he said, ‘we’ve gone to bed.’ ‘My dear boy,’ I called back, ‘don’t apologize at all. Throw me down
20 the key and I’ll wait while you dress. I don’t mind a bit.’

“Just think of it,” continued Mr. Butt, “those two poor souls going to bed at half past ten, through sheer dullness! By George, I was glad I’d come. ‘Now then,’ I said to myself, ‘let’s cheer them up a little, let’s make things a little brighter here.’

25 “Well, down they came and we sat there on furniture cases and things and had a chat. Mrs. Jones wanted to make me some coffee. ‘My dear girl,’ I said (I knew them both when they were

children), 'I absolutely refuse. Let *me* make it.' They protested. I insisted. I went at it—kitchen all upset—had to open at least twenty tins to get the coffee. However, I made it at last. 'Now,' I said, 'drink it.' They said they had some an hour or so ago. 'Nonsense,' I said, 'drink it.' Well, we sat and chatted away till 5 midnight. They were dull at first and I had to do all the talking. But I set myself to it. I can talk, you know, when I try. Presently about midnight they seemed to brighten up a little. Jones looked at his watch. 'By Jove,' he said, in an animated way, 'it's after midnight.' I think he was pleased at the way the evening was 10 going; after that we chatted away more comfortably. Every little while Jones would say, 'By Jove, it's half past twelve,' or 'it's one o'clock,' and so on.

"I took care, of course, not to stay too late. But when I left them I promised that I'd come back to-day to help straighten things 15 up. They protested, but I insisted."

That same day Mr. Butt went out to the suburbs and put the Joneses' furniture to rights.

"I worked all afternoon," he told me afterwards—"hard at it with my coat off—got the pictures up first—they'd been trying to 20 put them up by themselves in the morning. I had to take down every one of them—not a single one right. 'Down they come,' I said, and went at it with a will."

A few days later Mr. Butt gave me a further report. "Yes," he said, "the furniture is all unpacked and straightened out but 25 I don't like it. There's a lot of it I don't quite like. I half feel like advising Jones to sell it and get some more. But I don't want

to do that till I'm quite certain about it."

After that Mr. Butt seemed much occupied and I didn't see him at the club for some time.

"How about the Everleigh-Joneses?" I asked. "Are they com-
5 fortable in their new house?"

Mr. Butt shook his head. "It won't do," he said. "I was afraid of it from the first. I'm moving Jones in nearer to town. I've been out all morning looking for an apartment; when I get the right one I shall move him. I like an apartment far better than a house."

10 So the Joneses in due course of time were moved. After that Mr. Butt was very busy selecting a piano, and advising them on wall paper and woodwork.

They were hardly settled in their new home when fresh trouble came to them.

15 "Have you heard about Everleigh-Jones?" said Mr. Butt one day with an anxious face.

"No," I answered.

"He's ill—some sort of fever—poor chap—been ill three days, and they never told me or sent for me—just like their grit—meant
20 to fight it out alone. I'm going out there at once."

From day to day I had reports from Mr. Butt of the progress of Jones's illness.

"I sit with him every day," he said. "Poor chap—he was very bad yesterday for a while—mind wandered—quite delirious—
25 I could hear him from the next room—seemed to think some one was hunting him—'Is that damn old fool gone?' I heard him say.

"I went in and soothed him. 'There is no one here, my dear

boy,' I said, 'no one, only Butt.' He turned over and groaned. Mrs. Jones begged me to leave him. 'You look quite used up,' she said. 'Go out into the open air.' 'My dear Mrs. Jones,' I said, 'what *does* it matter about me?' "

Eventually, thanks no doubt to Mr. Butt's assiduous care, 5
Everleigh-Jones got well.

"Yes," said Mr. Butt to me a few weeks later, "Jones is all right again now, but his illness has been a long hard pull. I haven't had an evening to myself since it began. But I'm paid, sir, now, more than paid for anything I've done—the gratitude of those two 10 people—it's unbelievable—you ought to see it. Why, do you know that dear little woman is so worried for fear that my strength has been overtaxed that she wants me to take a complete rest and go on a long trip somewhere—suggested first that I should go south. 'My dear Mrs. Jones,' I said laughing, 'that's the *one* place I will 15 not go. Heat is the one thing I *can't* stand.' She wasn't nonplussed for a moment. 'Then go north,' she said. 'Go up to Canada, or better still go to Labrador'—and in a minute that kind little woman was hunting up railway maps to see how far north I could get by rail. 'After that,' she said, 'you can go on snowshoes.' 20 She's found that there's a steamer to Ungava every spring and she wants me to run up there on one steamer and come back on the next."

"It must be very gratifying," I said.

"Oh, it is, it is," said Mr. Butt warmly. "It's well worth any- 25 thing I do. It more than repays me. I'm alone in the world and my friends are all I have. I can't tell you how it goes to my heart

when I think of all my friends, here in the club and in the town, always glad to see me, always protesting against my little kindnesses and yet never quite satisfied about anything unless they can get my advice and hear what I have to say.

5 "Take Jones, for instance," he continued. "Do you know, really now as a fact,—the hall porter assures me of it,—every time Everleigh-Jones enters the club here the first thing he does is to sing out, 'Is Mr. Butt in the club?' It warms me to think of it." Mr. Butt paused, one would have said there were tears in his
10 eyes. But if so the kindly beam of his spectacles shone through them like the sun through April rain. He left me and passed into the cloak room.

He had just left the hall when a stranger entered, a narrow, meek man with a hunted face. He came in with a furtive step and
15 looked about him apprehensively.

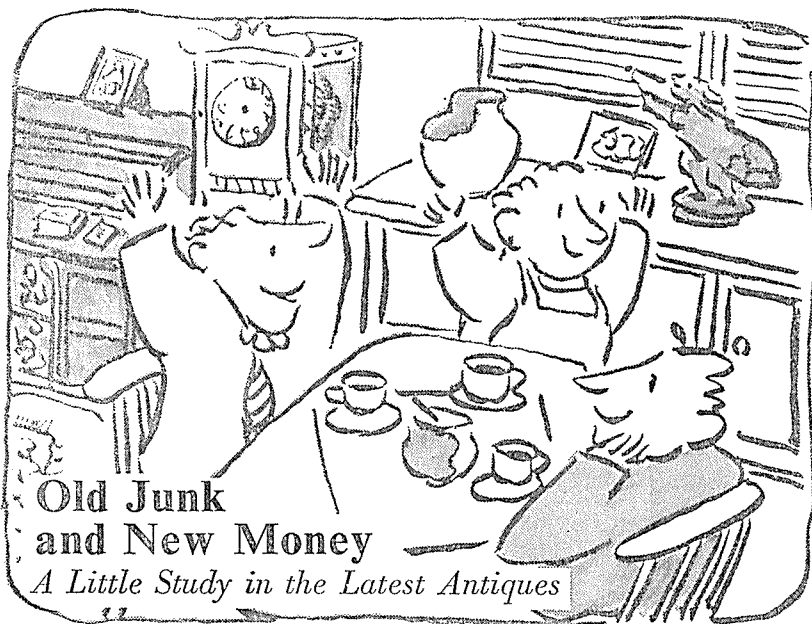
"Is Mr. Butt in the club?" he whispered to the hall porter.

"Yes, sir, he's just gone into the cloak room, sir, shall I—"

But the man had turned and made a dive for the front door and had vanished.

20 "Who is that?" I asked.

"That's a new member, sir, Mr. Everleigh-Jones," said the hall porter.



Old Junk and New Money

A Little Study in the Latest Antiques

I WENT the other day into the beautiful home of my two good friends, the Hespeler-Hyphen-Joneses, and I paused a moment, as my eye fell on the tall clock that stood in the hall.

“Ah,” said Hespeler-Hyphen-Jones, “I see you are looking at the clock—a beautiful thing, isn’t it?—a genuine antique.” 5

“Does it go?” I asked.

“Good gracious, no!” exclaimed my two friends. “But isn’t it a beautiful thing!”

“Did it ever go?”

“I doubt it,” said Hespeler-Hyphen-Jones. “The works, of 10 course, are by Salvolatile—one of the really *great* clockmakers, you know. But I don’t know whether the works ever went. That, I believe, is one way in which you can always tell a Salvolatile.

If it's a genuine Salvolatile, it won't go."

"In any case," I said, "it has no hands."

"Oh, dear, no," said Mrs. Jones. "It never had, as far as we know. We picked it up in such a queer little shop in Amalfi and
5 the man assured us that it never had had any hands. He guaranteed it. That's one of the things, you know, that you can tell by. Charles and I were terribly keen about clocks at that time and really studied them, and the books all agreed that no genuine Salvolatile has any hands."

10 "And was the side broken, too, when you got it?" I asked.

"Ah, no," said my friend. "We had that done by an expert in New York after we got back. Isn't it exquisitely done? You see, he has made the break to look exactly as if someone had rolled the clock over and stamped on it. Every genuine Salvolatile is said to
15 have been stamped upon like that.

"Of course, our break is only imitation, but it's extremely well done, isn't it? We go to Ferrugi's, that little place on Fourth Avenue, you know, for everything that we want broken. They have a splendid man there. He can break anything."

20 "Really!" I said.

"Yes, and the day when we wanted the clock done, Charles and I went down to see him do it. It was really quite wonderful, wasn't it, Charles?"

"Yes, indeed. The man laid the clock on the floor and turned
25 it on its side and then stood looking at it intently, and walking round and round it and murmuring in Italian as if he were swearing at it. Then he jumped in the air and came down on it with

both feet.”

“Did he?” I asked.

“Yes, and with such wonderful accuracy. Our friend Mr. Appin-Hyphen-Smith—the great expert, you know—was looking at our clock last week and he said it was marvelous, 5
hardly to be distinguished from a genuine *fractura*.”

“But he did say, didn’t he, dear,” said Mrs. Jones, “that the better way is to throw a clock out of a fourth-story window? You see, that was the height of the Italian houses in the Thirteenth Century—is it the Thirteenth Century I mean, Charles?” 10

“Yes,” said Charles.

“Do you know, the other day I made the silliest mistake about a spoon. I thought it was a Twelfth Century spoon and said so and in reality it was only Eleven and a half. Wasn’t it, Charles?”

“Yes,” said Charles. 15

“But do come into the drawing-room and have some tea. And, by the way, since you are interested in antiques, do look please at my teapot.”

“It looks an excellent teapot,” I said, feeling it with my hand, “and it must have been very expensive, wasn’t it?” 20

“Oh, not *that* one,” interposed Mr. Hespeler-Hyphen-Jones. “That is nothing. We got that here in New York at Hoffany’s—to make tea in. It *is* made of solid silver, of course, and all that, but even Hoffany’s admitted that it was made in America and was probably not more than a year or so old and had never been used 25
by anybody else. In fact, they couldn’t guarantee it in any way.”

“Oh, I see,” I said.

“But let me pour you out tea from it and then do look at the perfect darling beside it. Oh, don’t touch it, please, it won’t stand up.”

“Won’t stand up?” I said.

5 “No,” said Hespeler-Jones, “that’s one of the tests. We know from that it is genuine Swaatsmaacher. None of them stand up.”

“Where did you buy it,” I asked, “here?”

“Oh, heavens, no, you couldn’t buy a thing like that here! As a matter of fact, we picked it up in a little gin shop in Obehellandam
10 in Holland. Do you know Obehellandam?”

“I don’t,” I said.

“It’s just the dearest little place, nothing but little wee smelly shops filled with most delightful things—all antique, everything broken. They guarantee that there is nothing in the shop that
15 wasn’t smashed at least a hundred years ago.”

“You don’t use the teapot to make tea,” I said.

“Oh, no,” said Mrs. Hespeler-Jones as she handed me a cup of tea from the New York teapot. “I don’t think you could. It leaks.”

20 “That again is a thing,” said her husband, “that the experts always look for in a Swaatsmaacher. If it doesn’t leak, it’s probably just a faked-up thing not twenty years old.”

“Is it silver?” I asked.

“Ah, no. That’s another test,” said Mrs. Jones. “The real
25 Swaatsmaachers were always made of pewter bound with barrel-iron off the gin barrels. They try to imitate it now by using silver, but they can’t get it.”

NOTES

My Financial Career

P. L.

- 1 1 **get rattled** 「落ち着きを失う」 *rattle* ~ = cause ~ to become irritated.
- 4 **the moment** = as soon as.
- 5 **irresponsible** = unanswerable. 「無責任な」
- 8 **shambled in** = walked in unsteadily.
- 9 **a person about to open an account** 「(銀行に)預金口座を設けようとする人」
about to = who is going to.
must needs consult ~ 「~ とぜひ相談しなければならない」 *needs* は副詞で *necessarily* の意。
- 12 **devil** = fellow.
- 13 **sepulchral** [səpʌlkɹəl] = dismal. 「陰気な」
- 2 5 **in a crumpled ball** 「もみくちやに丸めて」
- 6 **God knows** = certainly. (強意語) 「確かに」
- 9 **without it** 「そう言わなければ」
- 10 **in some alarm** 「なにか驚いた様子で」
- 17 **one of Pinkerton's men** 「ピンカートン秘密探偵社の人」
- 18 **gathered** = concluded. *e.g.* They *gathered* from the evidence that you were guilty.
- 21 **a rival agency** 「競争相手の秘密探偵社」 *agency* = detective agency.
- 22 **as if I had been prompted to** ~ 「まるで人にそそのかされて ~ したかのように」
- 26 **that** 前行の *he concluded* に続く。 *now* は副詞。
Baron Rothschild [rɔʊtʃaɪld] 「ロスチャイルド男爵」 英国の銀行家 Lionel Nathan Rothschild (1809-79) を指す。
a young Gould [gú:ld] 「ゲールド2世」 米国の資本家 Jason (or Jay) Gould (1836-92) を指す。
- 27 **a large account** 「大口預金(口座)」
- 3 3 **The manager got up** 大口の預金を期待していたのにあまりにも少額なので、支店長はあきれて席を立ったのである。
- 6 **Good morning** = Goodbye. 「では、これで失礼」 午前中に使う別れの言葉。
- 9 **stood open** 「開いたままになっていた」 *stood* = remained.
- 10 **safe** 「金庫」
- 13 **poked the ball of money at** ~ 「~ に札束を突き出した」 *the ball of money* = the roll of bills.

- 15 a conjuring trick 「手品; 奇術」
 18 while the fit is on us 「お互に気乗りがしている間に」
 25 draw a cheque 「小切手を振出す」 27行目の a cheque(-)book は「小切手帳」
 26 draw out=take out. 「引き出す」
 for present use 「当座の使用に」
- 4 5 fifty-six instead of six 「6ドルと書くべきなのに 56ドル」
 I was too far gone to reason now. 「その時は冷静に考えることができないほど気持が動転していた」 too ~ to ... の構文に注意. far gone=not in full possession of one's senses. reason=to think logically.
- 9 made a plunge 「思い切った手段に出た」
- 16 an idiot hope ... that they might think ~ 「彼らが ~ と思うかも知れないというばかげた期待」 idiot=idiotic. 17行目の that は 16行目の think にかかる.
- 21 How will you have it? 「どんなふうにお支払をしましょうか」 硬貨か紙幣か、またその単位など支払うべき金の種類を相手に問う言葉.
- 25 in fifties 「50ドル紙幣で」
 27 And the six? 「では(残りの)6ドルは」
- 5 1 In sixes 6ドル紙幣などは存在しない. 話者のあわてた気持を表わすユーモア.
 2 He gave it me=He gave it to me. itなどが直接目的語となる場合、itは文尾に置かないのが通例.
 3 swung behind me 「わたしが外へ出たあとさっと閉まった」
 5 bank=to put the money in a bank. 「銀行に預金する」
 6 in silver dollars 「1ドル銀貨で」

The Hallucination of Mr. Butt

- 6 1 It is the hallucination of ~ that ... It は that 以下の clause を指す. hallucination=false notion. 「思い違い; 錯覚」 to do good 「(人に)親切を尽くすために」
- 4 company=companionship; fellowship. 「交際」
 are at the service not only of ~ but of ...=are ready to help not only ~ but also ...
- 5 in the mere appearances of things 「ちょっと見たところ」
 7 beaming=cheerful. 「にこやかな」
 8 are stricken with ~ =are afflicted with ~. 「~で悩んでいる」
- 11 (are) suing for a plumber 「(現在)配管工を求めている」
- 7 1 galoshes [gə'lɔʃɪz] 「ゴム製のオーバーシューズ」

- 2 was up to=was planning to do. e.g. He is up to no good.
- 5 I only wish I could. 「したいのはやまやまだが」 I could の後に *play billiards* が省略されている。only は強意語。
- 6 cheer you up=make you happy.
- 8 Where are you off to?=Where are you going? *be off*=go. e.g. It's getting late. I must *be off* now.
- 10 the Everleigh-Joneses [évəli-dʒóunziz] 「エバリー・ジョーンズ家の人たち」
ここでは「エバリー・ジョーンズ夫妻」のこと。由緒ある家が結婚などで結ばれた際、両家の名前をこのようにハイフンでつなぐ場合がある。
- 14 the car tracks 「線路」
- 15 Something like that 「まあそんなところだ」
- 16 It's going on for=It's getting nearer. e.g. It's going on for eight o'clock, let's go to school.
- 17 Pooh, pooh [pú:, pú:] (間投詞) 「とんでもない」
- 18 does one good=(the rain) improves one's health.
- 21 get it=reach the house.
- 24 The way I look at it is, ...=The way in which I look at it is this: ...
「私の見方によればこうだ。すなわち…」
- 25 everything probably upside down=everything being probably upside down.
upside down=in great disorder.
- 26 no one there but ~=no one being there except ~. 「~だけしかいないし」
no one to cheer them up=no one being there to cheer them up. *cheer them up* 「彼らを元気づける」
- 27 was wriggling into ~ 「身をくねらせて ~ を着ようとしていた」
- 8 1 (was) working himself into=(was) exciting by degrees the emotion of.
good gracious (間投詞) 「まあなんと」
- 3 or=otherwise.
- 4 with that 「そう言って」 *with*=immediately after.
- 7 the Joneses 「ジョーンズ夫妻」7頁10行目の *the Everleigh-Joneses* の略称。
- 8 by George (間投詞) 「いや、まったく」
- 9 quite a lot of trouble to ~ 「~するのに大変手間取った」文頭に I had を補って解す。
- 11 no street lights yet 「街灯がまだもっていなかった」
- 21 Just think of it 「ちょっと(次のことを)想像してごらんなさいよ」it はここでは後の *those two poor souls ... dullness!* を指す。したがってこの文は Just think of those ... dullness! と同義。
- 22 through sheer dullness 「まったく退屈しきって」
- 23 Now then 「さて」

- 25 on furniture cases and things 「(輸送に使われる) 家具用の木箱などの上に」
and things=and the like. e.g. books, notebooks and things
- 9 2 went at=worked hard at. e.g. With only a few hours before the examination, he really *went at* his study.
- 7 I set myself to ~ = I began ~ with determination. 「本気で ~ にとりかかった」
- 9 By Jove (間投詞) 「おやおや」
- 11 Every little while 「少し時間がたつときまって」 *every*=at a regular interval of.
- 17 put ~ to rights 「~ をきちんと整とんした」 *to rights*=into proper order.
- 20 got the pictures up first 「まず最初に(壁に) 絵をかけた」
- 22 not a single one right 「どの絵もひとつとしてまともにかかっていたいなかった(からである)」
Down they come 「絵を下ろさなくちゃ」 *they*=pictures.
- 23 with a will=energetically.
- 25 (is) straightened out 「整とんされた」
- 26 half feel like ~ 「~ したいくらいだ」 *half*=almost.
- 10 6 It won't do 「あの家はだめだ」 *it* は前行の *their new house*. *do*=be satisfactory.
- 10 in due course of time 「そのうちに」
- 13 They were hardly settled ~ when fresh trouble . . . =As soon as they were settled ~, fresh trouble . . .
- 18 chap=fellow.
- 19 (never) sent for me 「私を呼びに来なかった」
just like their grit 「正に彼らの気骨ある性格にふさわしく」 *grit*=firmness of character.
meant to fight it out alone 「(彼らは) 最後まで独力でやり通す気だ」 *fight it out*=fight to a finish. *it* は indefinite の *it*.
- 24 mind wandered 「精神が錯乱した; 気が変になった」
quite delirious 「すっかりうわ言をいうようになった」
- 25 (he) seemed to think=it seemed to me that he thought.
- 26 Is that damn old fool gone? 「あのいまいまいしいおいぼれの馬鹿野郎はもう帰ったか」
- 11 2 look quite used up 「とても疲れ果てた様子だ」 *used up*=exhausted.
- 4 what does it matter about me? 「それが私にどうだというのです」→「構わないでください」 rhetorical question (修辞疑問文) の一種, *matter*=signify.
- 5 assiduous=diligent 「行き届いた; 熱心な」
- 8 pull=effort; exertion.

- 9 **an evening to myself** 「自分の自由になる夜」
I'm paid 「やり甲斐があった; 報われた」 *paid*=rewarded.
- 10 **the gratitude of those two people** 「あのふたりのありがたがる様子ったら」
- 11 **Why, do you know** 「そりゃあもちろん, 君」 *why* は間投詞. *do you know* は相手の注意を引くためにつけ加える無意味な言葉. *you know* と同じ.
- 12 **is so worried . . . that she** ~ 「私の体力に無理がかかったのではないかと心配するあまり, 彼女は ~」 *so . . . that* ~ の構文に注意. *has been overtaxed*=has been demanded to do more than one is physically capable of.
- 16 **stand**=endure.
wasn't nonplussed 「(私の答えに) 戸迷うことなく平然としていた」 *nonplussed*=perplexed.
- 18 **better still** 「さらに良いのは」
Labrador [ləˈbrədɔː] 「ラブラドル地方」 カナダ・ニューファウンDRAND 州にあり, カナダ本土の最東端の地域.
- 19 **was hunting up** ~ 「~を熱心に調べていた」
- 20 **get by rail**=go by railroad.
snowshoes 「かんじき; 雪靴」 通常複数形.
- 21 **Ungava** [ʌŋɡəˈvɑː] 「アンギャバ地方」 カナダ・ケベック州北部 Ungava 湾に臨む Fort Chino を中心とする地域.
- 22 **run up** ~ 「急いで ~ へ行く」
- 23 **the next**=the next steamer.
- 24 **gratifying**=pleasing.
- 25 **It's well worth anything I do** 「(それは) やってみる値打ちが十分ある」
- 27 **goes to my heart** 「私の胸にこたえる; 私の心を痛める」
- 12 2 **always glad to**=who are always glad to. 先行詞は1行目の *my friends*.
- 6 **the hall porter assures me of it** 「玄関のボーイもこの事を私にはっきり言っているのだが」
- 8 **sing out**=shout. 「どなる」
- 10 **But if so the kindly beam** But if so, one would have said the kindly beam と解す.
- 11 **them**=tears.
- 13 **narrow** 「狭量な; 利己的な」
- 14 **man with a hunted face** 「(なにものかに追われているような) おびえた顔付きの男」前行の *a stranger* と同格.
with a furtive step 「忍び足で」
- 18 **made a dive for** ~ =rushed to ~. 「~の方へ突進した」

Old Junk and New Money
A Little Study in the Latest Antiques

- 13 **Junk** 「がらくた」
 Money 「財産」
- 2 **The Hespeler** [hɛspilə] **-Hyphen-Joneses** 「ヘスピラー・ジョーンズ家」単に
 The Hespeler-Joneses とせずわざわざ *The Hespeler-Hyphen-Joneses* と書いたのは、
 由緒ある家であることを強調するため。7頁10行目の注参照。
- 6 **go**=work; operate. 「動く」
 7 **Good gracious** (間投詞) 「とんでもない」
 9 **Did it ever go?** 「動いたことがあるのですか」 *ever*=at any time.
 10 **the works**=the moving parts of a machine. 「機械の動く部分: 仕掛け」
 11 **Salvatable** [sɔlvɔlətail] 「サルボラタイル」 架空名。
 13 **tell**=distinguish; discern. *e.g.* The jeweller can *tell* a real diamond from
 an imitation.
- 14 2 **hands** 「(時計の) 針」
 4 **Amalfi** [əmə:ɫfi] 「アマールフィ」 架空名。
 6 **the things . . . that you can tell by** 「(他の製品と) 区別できる事柄」
 7 **keen about**=much interested in; fond of. *keen on* も同義。
 11 **had that done by** ~ 「~にそれを作ってもらった」
 13 **the break** 「裂け目」
 14 **stamped on it** 「それを踏みつけた」
 17 **Ferrugi's** [ferú:giz] 「フェルーギの店」 架空の店名。
 that little place=that little shop.
 Fourth Avenue 「(ニューヨーク市の) 4番街」
 21 **done**=(to be) broken.
 25 **and walking**=and he walked. 次行の *and murmuring* も *and he murmured*.
 26 **were swearing at it** 「それに呪いをかけている」
- 15 4 **Mr. Appin** [əpin] **-Hyphen-Smith** 「アピン・スミス氏」
 6 **a genuine *fractura*** [fræktjura] 「本物のこわれ方」 *fractura* はラテン語。
 22 **Hoffany's** [hɔfəniz] 「ホファニーの店」 架空の店名。New York の有名な宝
 石商 Tiffany をもじったものか。
 23 **to make tea in** 「それでお茶を入れるために」
 solid silver 「純銀」
 and all that 「ただそれだけのこと」
 26 **they** 「ホファニーの店の人たち」
 in any way 「どの点についても」
- 16 1 **the perfect darling** 「最も大切にしている物」 *darling*=a thing in great