

Unless one is wealthy there is no use in being a charming fellow. Romance is the privilege of the rich, not the profession of the unemployed. The poor should be practical and prosaic. It is better to have a permanent income than to be fascinating. These are the great truths of modern life which Hughie Erskine never realized.... He had every accomplishment except that of making money....

10 He had tried everything. He had gone on the Stock Exchange for six months; but what was a butterfly to do among bulls and bears? He had been a tea-merchant for a little longer but had soon tired of pekoe and souchong. Then he tried
15 selling dry sherry, but the sherry was a little too dry. Ultimately he became nothing: a delightful, ineffectual young man with a perfect profile and no profession....

The girl he loved was Laura Merton.... They
20 were the handsomest couple in London and had not a penny-piece between them. Her father was very fond of Hughie but would not hear of any engagement. 'Come to me, my boy, when you have got ten thousand pounds of your own, and we will see about it,' her father used to say....

One morning, as Hughie was on his way to the Mertons, he dropped in to see a great friend of his, Alan Trevor. Trevor was a painter....

30 When Hughie came in he found Trevor putting the finishing touches to a wonderful life-size picture of a beggarman. The beggar himself was standing on a raised platform in a corner of the studio. He was a wizened old man, with a
35 face like wrinkled parchment, and a most piteous expression....

'What an amazing model!' whispered Hughie, as he shook hands with his friend.

40 'An amazing model?' shouted Trevor at the top of his voice; 'I should think so! Such beggars as he are not to be met with every day. A trouvaille; a living Velasquez! My stars! what an etching Rembrandt would have made of him!'

'Poor old chap!' said Hughie, 'how
45 miserable he looks! But I suppose to you painters, his face is his fortune?'

'Certainly,' replied Trevor, 'you don't want a beggar to look happy, do you?'

50 'How much does a model get for sitting?' asked Hughie, as he found himself a comfortable seat on a divan.

'A shilling an hour.'

'How much do you get for your picture?'

55 'Oh, for this I get two thousand!'

'Pounds?'

'Guineas. Painters, poets, and physicians always get guineas.'

60 'Well, I think the model should have a percentage,' cried Hughie, laughing; 'they work quite as hard as you do.'

'Nonsense, nonsense! Why, look at the trouble of laying on the paint alone, and standing all day long at one's easel! I assure you that there are moments when Art almost
65 attains the dignity of manual labor. But you mustn't chatter; I'm very busy. Smoke a cigarette and keep quiet.'

70 After some time, the servant came in, and told Trevor that the frame maker wanted to speak to him.

'Don't run away, Hughie,' he said, as he went out, 'I will be back in a moment.'

The old beggarman took advantage of Trevor's absence to rest for a moment on a
75 wooden bench that was behind him. He looked so forlorn and wretched that Hughie could not help pitying him and felt in his pockets to see what money he had. All he could find was a sovereign and some coppers. 'Poor old fellow,'
80 he thought to himself, 'he wants it more than I do....'; he walked across the studio and slipped the sovereign into the beggar's hand.

The old man started, and a faint smile flitted across his withered lips. 'Thank you, sir,'
85 he said, 'thank you.'

Then Trevor arrived, and Hughie took his leave, blushing a little at what he had done....

90 That night he strolled into the Palette Club and found Trevor sitting by himself in the smoking-room drinking hock and seltzer.

'Well, Alan, did you get the picture finished all right?' he said, as he lit his cigarette.

‘Finished and framed, my boy!’ answered Trevor; ‘and, by the bye, you have made a conquest. That old model you saw is quite devoted to you. I had to tell him all about you - who you are, where you live, what your income is, what prospects you have - ’

‘My dear Alan,’ cried Hughie, ‘I shall probably find him waiting for me when I go home. But of course, you are only joking. Poor old wretch! I wish I could do something for him. I think it is dreadful that anyone should be so miserable. I have got heaps of old clothes at home - do you think he would care for any of them? Why, his rags were falling to bits.’

‘But he looks splendid in them,’ said Trevor. ‘I wouldn’t paint him in a frock coat for anything. What you call rags I call romance. What seems poverty to you is picturesque to me. However, I’ll tell him of your offer.’

‘Alan,’ said Hughie seriously, ‘you painters are a heartless lot.’

‘An artist’s heart is his head,’ replied Trevor; ‘and besides, our business is to realize the world as we see it, not to reform it as we know it.... And now tell me how Laura is. The old model was quite interested in her.’

‘You don’t mean to say you talked to him about her?’ said Hughie.

‘Certainly I did. He knows all about her, her relentless father, and the £10,000.’

‘You told that old beggar all my private affairs?’ cried Hughie, looking very red and angry.

‘My dear boy,’ said Trevor, smiling, ‘that old beggar, as you call him, is one of the richest men in Europe. He could buy all London tomorrow without overdrawing his account. He has a house in every capital, dines off gold plate, and can prevent Russia going to war when he chooses.’

‘What on earth do you mean?’

‘What I say,’ said Trevor. ‘The old man you saw today in the studio was Baron Hausberg. He is a great friend of mine, buys all my pictures and that sort of thing, and gave me a commission a month ago to paint him as a beggar....’

‘Baron Hausberg!’ cried Hughie. ‘Good heavens! I gave him a sovereign!’ and he sank into an armchair, the picture of dismay.

‘Gave him a sovereign!’ shouted Trevor, and he burst into a roar of laughter. ‘My dear boy, you’ll never see it again....’

‘I think you might have told me, Alan,’ said Hughie sulkily, ‘and not have let me make such a fool of myself.... What a duffer he must think me!’ said Hughie.

‘Not at all. He was in the highest spirits after you left; kept chuckling to himself and rubbing his old, wrinkled hands together. I couldn’t make out why he was so interested to know all about you; but I see it all now. He’ll invest your sovereign for you, Hughie, pay you the interest every six months, and have a capital story to tell after dinner.’

‘I am an unlucky devil,’ growled Hughie. ‘The best thing I can do is to go to bed; and, my dear Alan, you mustn’t tell anyone. I shouldn’t dare show my face in the Row.’

‘Nonsense! It reflects the highest credit on your philanthropic spirit, Hughie. And don’t run away. Have another cigarette, and you can talk about Laura as much as you like.’

However, Hughie wouldn’t stop but walked home, feeling very unhappy, and leaving Alan Trevor in fits of laughter.

The next morning, as he was at breakfast, the servant brought him up a card on which was written, ‘Monsieur Gustave Naudin, de la part de M. le Baron Hausberg.’

‘I suppose he has come for an apology,’ said Hughie to himself; and he told the servant to show the visitor up.

An old gentleman with gold spectacles and grey hair came into the room, and said, in a slight French accent, ‘Have I the honor of addressing Monsieur Erskine?’

Hughie bowed.

‘I have come from Baron Hausberg,’ he continued. ‘The Baron - ’

‘I beg, sir, that you will offer him my sincerest apologies,’ stammered Hughie.

‘The Baron,’ said the old gentleman with a smile, ‘has commissioned me to bring you this letter’; and he extended a sealed envelope.

On the outside was written, ‘A wedding present to Hugh Erskine and Laura Merton, from an old beggar’....

1. The passage can best be described as which of the following

- A A series of serendipitous events that lead to a surprising circumstance of fortune.
- B An aphorism about false appearances and the consequences of careless assumptions.
- C A philosophy of aesthetics presented through the medium of story and archetype.
- D A moralizing anecdote that teaches the importance of altruism

2. Based on this passage, which statement below would the author most likely agree with

- A Be careful how you treat people because you cannot perfectly know the ramifications of your actions until it is too late.
- B It is important to be financially secure when pursuing marriage and planning a family
- C Artists should paint the world as it is, not how the world could be or ought to be.
- D Artists are the prophets of truth for their work is the mirror of human nature.

3. The purpose of the first three paragraph is to

- A Exposit the context of the narrative.
- B Present the philosophical core of the story.
- C Describe the protagonist, Hughie Erskine
- D Foreshadow the events that are to occur.

4. As used in line 36, the word "piteous" most nearly means

- A commensurable
- B commiserable
- C commentative
- D commendable

5. In lines 83 through 85, why does the beggar man give a 'faint smile'?

- A He thankfully smiles, grateful for Hughie's surprising generosity.
- B He is sardonically smiling, since this amount of money is trivial compared to the commission being made from his portraiture.
- C He humorously smiles, finding the situation he is presently in amusing.
- D He acquiescently smiles, accepting the money but feeling ashamed for taking it.

6. All of the following are things Hughie wants to give to the beggar except

- A money
- B old clothes
- C food
- D a percentage of Alan's commission

7. Lines 39 through 41 are an example of

- A literary irony
- B literary imagery
- C literary conceit
- D literary allusion

8. As used in line 162, the word "philanthropic" most nearly means

- A philosophical
- B beneficent
- C parsimonious
- D philistine

9. Who brought Monsieur Erskine the letter?

- A The beggarman
- B Alan Trevor
- C Baron Hausberg
- D A servant

10. Generally, the tone of this passage can most nearly be described as

- A satirical
- B moralistic
- C urbane
- D jocose