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https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/110/2021_2022__E8_80_83_E 7_A0_94_E8_8B_B1_E8_c73_110292.htm directions: in the following article, some sentences have been removed. for questions 1-5, choose the most suitable one from the list ag to fit into each of the numbered blank. there are two extra choices, which do not fit in any of the gaps. it seems to me there are two aspects to women. there is the demure and the dauntless, men have loved to dwell, in fiction at least, on the demure maiden whose inevitable reply is: oh, yes , if you please , kind sir! the demure maiden , the demure spounse, the demure motherthis is still the ideal, a few maidens , mistresses and mothers are demure. a few pretend to be. but the vast majority are not, and they don 't pretend to be, we don 't expect a girl skilfully driving her car to be demure, we expect her to be dauntless. what good would demure and maidenly members of parliament be , inevitably responding : oh , yes , if you please , kind sir! though of course there are masculine members of that kidney and a demure telephone girl? or even a demure stenographer? demureness, to be sure, is outwardly becoming , it is an outward mark of femininity , like bobbed hair. but it goes with inward dauntlessness. 1) with the two kinds of femininity go two kinds of confidence: there are the women who are cocksure , and the women who are hensure. a really up-to-date woman is a cocksure woman. she doesn 't have a doubt nor a qualm. she is the modern type. whereas the old-fashioned demure woman was sure as

a hen is sure, that is, without knowing anything about it. she went quietly and busily cluciking around, laying the eggs and mothering the chickens in a kind of anxious dream that still was full of sureness. but not mental sureness. her sureness was a physical condition, very soothing, but a condition out of which she could easily be startled or frightened. it is quite amusing to see the two kinds of sureness in chickens. the cockerel is , naturally , cocksure. he crows because he is certain it is day., then the hen peeps out from under her wing. he marches to the door of the henhouse and pokes out his lead assertively: ah ha! daylight, of course, just as i said! and he majestically steps down the chicken ladder towards terra firma , knowing that the hens will step cautiously after him, drawn by his confidence. so after him, cautiously, step the hens. he crows again : ha-ha! here we are! it is indisputable, and the hens accept it entirely. he marches towards the house. from the house a person ought to appear, scattering corn. why does the person not appear ? the cock will see to it. he is cocksure. he gives a loud crow in the doorway, and the person appears. the hens are suitably impressed but immediately devote all their henny consciousness to the scattered corn, pecking absorbedly, while the cock runs and fusses , cocksure that he is responsible for it all. so the day goes on. the cock finds a tit-bit, and loudly calls the hens. they scuffle up in henny surety, and gobble the tit-bit. but when they find a juicy morsel for themselves, they devour it in silence, hensure, unless , of course , there are little chicks , when they most anxiously call the brood. but in her own dim surety, the hen is really much surer

than the cock, in a differenty way, she marches off to lay her egg , she secures obstinately the nest she wants , she lays her egg at last , then steps forth again with prancing confidence, and gives that most assured of all sounds, the hensure cackle of a bird who has laid her egg. the cock, who is never so sure about anything as the hen is about the egg she has laid, immediately starts to cackle like the female of his species. he is pining to be hensure, for hensure is so much surer than cocksure. nevertheless, cocksure is boss. when the chickenhawk appears in the sky, loud are the cockerel 's calls of alarm. then the hens scuffle under the verandah, the cock ruffles his feathers on guard. the hens are numb with fear, they say: alas , there is no health in us! how wonderful to be a cock so bold ! and they huddle , numbed. but their very numbness is hensurety. just as the cock can cackle, however, as if he had laid the egg, so can the hen bird crow. she can more or less assume his cocksurensess. 2) it seems to me just the same in the vast human farmyard. only nowadays all the cocks are cackling and pretending to lay eggs, and all the hens are crowing and pretending to call the sun out of bed. 3) so the women step forth with a good loud cock-a-doodle-do! the tragedy about cocksure women is that they are more cocky, in their assurance, than the cock himself. they never realize that when the cock gives his loud crow in he morning , he listens acutely afterwards , to hear if some other wretch of a cock dare crow defiance, challenge, to the cock, there is always defiance, challenge, danger and death on the clear air; or the possibility thereof. 100Test 下载频道开通,各类考试题目直接下

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