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FRESHMAN ENGLISH

A MANUAL

BY

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PREFACE

THIS book is designed as a practical manual for introductory courses in composition in colleges. The writers have made no attempt to attain theoretical completeness; they have aimed, rather, to present only such ideas and materials as they themselves have found most useful in the course of actual teaching. The book undertakes, then, to approach the student frankly and intimately: (1) to explain to him the practical problems of theme-writing, (2) to show him examples of the writing of his contemporaries, and (3) to suggest to him attainable ideals.

This manual is the result of a substantial revision of a volume compiled several years ago by one of the authors of the present book.¹ The writers gratefully acknowledge their obligations to well-known authorities on the same general subject, especially to Professors Scott, Canby, and Buck, and to the late Professor George R. Carpenter. Thanks are expressed also for numerous useful suggestions contributed by colleagues in the University of Wisconsin. Acknowledgments to publishers are made at appropriate points below.

¹ Frances Campbell Berkeley: *A College Course in Writing from Models*, New York, Henry Holt & Co., 1910.

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PART I

**ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF CORRECT-
NESS AND EFFECTIVENESS**

CHAPTER I

THE PLANNING AND WRITING OF THEMES

IT is now generally agreed that skill in written expression is attained only by practice. In most of our schools and colleges, therefore, students are given a generous amount of this necessary drill through the device of written themes. In order that this drill may be really profitable to the student, he should understand, at the outset, what themes really are, and how he is to go about the writing of them.

Many a Freshman, no doubt, has, at one time or another, been driven to the conclusion that theme-writing is merely a device for exposing the grammatical errors of a bungling student to the ruthless correction of an expert instructor. This conclusion results naturally enough from the circumstance,—almost inevitable,—that the greater proportion of correction marks on themes at the opening of a course in Freshman English have to do with elementary errors of grammar and usage. This rigorous attention to elementary faults, moreover, must continue unabated in any good course in composition, until such faults finally disappear altogether. It is true, then, that the themes of Freshmen must be frankly used as exercises in grammar, until the writing of Freshmen finally becomes grammatical.

Freshman themes, however, are far from being mere exercises in grammar. They are, as a matter of fact, primarily expressions of thought. Every student should begin promptly to regard his writing,—and to have it

regarded,—as the sincere and thoughtful expression of his own observation and opinion. The fundamental value of any theme lies not in its grammatical correctness,—important as that may be,—but in the thought communicated. A frank and living opinion, even though it be distorted by bad grammar, has more real worth than an idle platitude presented in faultless style. In order to be valuable the thought need not be profound, or novel, or even convincing; the one requirement is that it be sincere and accurate. If the student expresses honestly and precisely what he thinks and sees, he may be sure of the reader's real respect, and he may fairly regard himself as a "real author."

In his rôle of "real author," then, the student enjoys the utmost freedom in range of observation and in variety of opinion. At the same time, he binds himself to follow the processes through which all successful prose writing has been produced.

When we survey the work of successful writers, and try to discover the secret of their success, we find that they all agree in this fundamental practice: they all follow a *plan*. Although the charm of the finished masterpiece may withdraw our attention from the fundamental design of the work, we may be sure that such a design exists, and that by seeking we may find it. As we analyse the masterpiece, we see clearly that the writer knew what he was about before he began to write: he had his precise subject clearly in mind, he had summoned forth his observations and reflections upon the subject, and he had arranged his ideas in some sort of logical order. In learning to write effectively, then, every one must submit to three logical processes or stages of thought:

1. Finding the special subject.
2. Analysing the special subject.

3. Arranging the divisions of the special subject logically and effectively.

Let us now consider each of these logical steps.

THE PLANNING OF THEMES

1. *Finding the Special Subject*

Finding something to write about ought not to be a painful process, for the minds of all of us are teeming with opinions, prejudices, preferences, memories, incidents, and designs. Daily life abounds in matters about which anybody might write naturally and enthusiastically. The student's real difficulty, then, is not in finding things to write about, but in making the scope of the proposed subject fit the limits within which the subject must be treated. If, for example, a student is asked to write a theme of 300 words, he obviously should not try to discuss such a subject as *History*, for the number of ideas included in that term is far too large to be treated within the limits of 300 words. *My Reasons for Disliking the Study of History*, however, might be very interestingly developed even within so small a compass. It appears, then, that one must not be content with selecting a general subject for discussion, but must decide what particular part of the subject may be treated on a scale appropriate to the limitations imposed. This logical procedure we have called *Finding the special subject*.

2. *Analysing the Special Subject*

Assuming that I have found a special subject about which I have some definite ideas, I may next proceed to an analysis of what I propose to say. As I ponder upon the subject *My Reasons for Disliking the Study of History*, for example, the following definite observations occur to me:

1. The events of remote ages are uninteresting to me.
2. Our instructor in history is not a genial person.
3. Manual training and similar practical studies should be encouraged in the modern high school.
4. I cannot remember a long series of detailed facts.
5. It is not pleasant to sit still for an hour listening to the glib recitations of one or two "grinds."
6. The courses in history are not properly correlated with the other elements in the curriculum.
7. The disputes of popes and kings have nothing to do with modern life in America.
8. Our text-book in history is wretchedly printed, and is hard to understand.

In scrutinizing this list of reasons we must first ask these questions: Are all of these observations worth making? Is each of them really vital to me, the writer? Have I really something to say on each of the points mentioned? In response to such questions the writer will probably confess that on No. 6 he has, as a matter of fact, nothing to say, and that he inserted this conventional observation merely because he once heard the teacher say something of the sort, or because it sounded impressive. Under these circumstances, then, No. 6 must certainly be dropped.

Another test that the list must withstand is embodied in the following questions: Do all of these observations apply strictly to the precise subject in hand? Do any of them suggest irrelevant digressions? Are any of them "off the track"? Certainly No. 3 cannot withstand this test, for although the proposition is worth discussing for its own sake, it does not present a direct reason for disliking the study of history. It appears, then, that No. 3 also must be rejected.

A further challenge appears in the following questions: Is each of these reasons important enough to stand by itself? May not two or more of the less important reasons be grouped as a single substantial reason? Although

writers might disagree as to the precise relative importance of this point or that, one may fairly suggest that whereas Nos. 1, 4, and 7 may be regarded as essential reasons, Nos. 2, 5, and 8 have to do only with superficial details. It may be, then, that Nos. 2, 5, and 8 should be combined into a single substantial observation, or subordinated to some unobtrusive position, or omitted altogether.

And now arises a final query, as to whether the reason placed first ought really to come first, and whether the remaining reasons follow in a sensible and effective order. This query leads to a consideration of the third logical step in the planning of a theme.

3. Arranging the Divisions of the Special Subject Logically and Effectively

Every one has observed that the order in which a succession of ideas arises casually in the mind is not inevitably the logical order. Ideas commonly occur to us at random, suggested often by mere whimsical associations. It should be remembered, moreover, that an arrangement which is intelligible to the writer, who knows all about his subject, may not be intelligible to the reader, who may possess no information in advance. In arranging his ideas, then, the writer must always take the point of view of the reader, and must follow such an order as will unfold the thought gradually and clearly. What this order shall be in a particular case must, of course, be determined by the nature of the subject in hand, and by the sort of reader to be addressed. A man who had never seen an explosion engine, for example, could not understand the working of such an engine until he had first been enlightened as to its parts and construction.

Quite as important as the order in which ideas are to be

arranged, is the manner in which they are to be subordinated one to another. It has been suggested above that our several ideas upon a given subject are not, usually, of equal importance. Whereas one idea may be fundamental in the discussion, another may concern only a superficial detail. Our ideas, then, must be grouped not only in such a way that the order may be intelligible, but also in a manner that will clearly indicate their just relations to one another.

In order to apply these simple principles, let us consider a student's outline for a theme:

THE GAME OF TENNIS

- I. Playing the game.
 1. Counting.
 2. Special points of skill.
- II. The court.
 1. Shape and dimensions.
 2. Kind of turf.
 3. Boundary lines.
- III. The equipment.
 1. Racquet.
 2. Balls.
- IV. The net.
 1. Material.
 2. Dimensions.

This plan clearly violates both of the general principles discussed above. In the first place, the order of ideas is not such as to be intelligible to the uninformed reader. The writer would launch us into the actual playing of the game before explaining to us the material equipment. In the second place, the outline gives an entirely false impression as to the relative importance of the several ideas. The two chief points seem really to be (1) the equipment, and (2) the playing of the game. Upon the basis of these two points the outline may be revised into the following:

- I. The equipment.
 - 1. The court.
 - a. Kind of turf.
 - b. Dimensions and lines.
 - c. The net.
 - 2. Racquets and balls.
- II. The playing of the game.
 - 1. The process of play.
 - 2. The method of scoring.
 - 3. Special points of skill.

This outline is more logical and satisfactory than the first one because it places like matters under the same heading,—*e. g.*, turf, net, racquets, and balls, under equipment,—and because it explains the equipment *before* it introduces the actual process of play.

Reverting now to our proposed theme of 300 words on the subject *My Reasons for Disliking the Study of History*, we find that the eight observations which we formulated by analysis may be reduced and subordinated into some such outline as the following:

- I. The subject-matter of history is not interesting to me, for
 - 1. I am not interested in the struggles of popes and kings in remote ages.
 - 2. I cannot remember a long series of detailed facts.
- II. The subject is not presented in an attractive manner, for
 - 1. The instructor is not a genial person.
 - 2. The text-book is inadequate.
 - 3. The recitations are monopolized by one or two "grinds."

On the basis of this outline one might readily proceed with the writing of an orderly theme, which would consist, presumably, of two substantial paragraphs.

These, then, are the simple but fundamental processes involved in expressing one's thoughts in writing. The student must first learn to reduce his subject to a scope appropriate to the conditions under which he is writing. He must then discover the definite ideas which should be

taken up under this limitation of the subject. Finally, he must arrange his ideas in an intelligible and logical order. Upon the completion of these processes he is ready to write.

THE WRITING OF THEMES

In a Freshman course in English students are, as a rule, asked to write "short" themes frequently, and "long" themes at stated and less frequent intervals. The value of short themes at the outset of a course is obvious: (1) they are easy to plan; (2) they furnish an admirable basis for practice in grammatical accuracy, correct sentence construction, and appropriate diction,—in short, for all the elementary problems of written expression. We may begin, therefore, by a survey of the technique of the short theme. Let us take a subject for a short theme, analyse and outline it, and then study themes actually written by students on this subject.

Short Themes

We may suppose that a class of Freshmen have been asked to explain the chief differences that they have observed between a student's experience in the high school and his experience in college. The subject may be phrased as *The Chief Differences that I Observe between High School and College*. Upon this subject such ideas as the following come readily to mind:

(1) College life is pleasanter than high school life, because at college one's life is much freer, both for study and for recreation.

(2) College work is harder than high school work, because in college one's work is less closely supervised, and one has fewer mechanical aids in being diligent.

(3) The methods of teaching in the two places are very different, for in the high school the work is based largely on a few

definite text-books, whereas college work is often based upon elaborate lectures, and upon a formidable list of books of reference.

(4) College life is lonelier than high school life, for during the high school years one lives at home, and one knows everybody in town, whereas at college one lives in a dreary boarding-house, and one is bewildered by the enormous number of strangers.

This brief enumeration of ideas is, of course, far from exhaustive. The number of aspects in which the high school and the college may be compared is, as a matter of fact, unlimited, and any alert observer would wish to add to the suggestions made above. To some persons, moreover, certain of these suggestions may seem positively erroneous. The normal writer, then, after analysing the subject, would extend, eliminate, and recombine his ideas, until, upon the basis of a firm outline, he should begin actually to write.

Without narrowing the subject further, let us see what four different students actually wrote upon the proposed subject. Their preliminary outlines are, unfortunately, not available. From their themes, indeed, we may be driven to the conclusion that these students used no outlines at all!

THEME I

In the High School at home all the students were supposed to begin work at nine o'clock; at this hour the attendance for the morning session was taken, and the students were expected to be present even if they had no classes before noon. The
5 afternoon session began at one-thirty o'clock and closed at four.

All the studying was done in one main room, and all the classes were conducted in one building. In the main room, a desk was assigned to each student, in which he kept his books and at which he studied.

10 At college, the individual instructors take the attendance, so that if a student has no classes in the morning he may remain at home. The regular University exercises commence at eight

o'clock and continue until twelve; they begin at one-thirty and stop at five-thirty in the afternoon.

Sometimes the students have first a class, then a free hour. 15 Most of the studying is done at home, during these free study periods. The classes in different branches of work are conducted in different buildings. The students keep their books at home, and are given desks or lockers only in those buildings where such an arrangement is necessary. The Freshman in 20 college is confused by this lack of a study-room, and it takes him two or three months, usually, to become accustomed to the change.

Ignoring, for the present, the vocabulary and the sentence-structure in this theme, let us criticise it merely as to (1) subject-matter and (2) plan.

(1) As a whole the subject-matter is dull. The aspects of student-life chosen for discussion are the mere material surroundings and the external machinery. All matters of real human interest are omitted, and of the broad differences in method between high school and university instruction no mention is made.

(2) Since this writer has divided his theme into four paragraphs, we may assume that he has in mind some four topics. Let us see what they are:

1. Periods of attendance in the high school.
2. Study and recitations in the high school.
3. Periods of attendance at college.
4. Study and recitations at college.

Certainly the four paragraphs cannot be justified. A possible rearrangement is suggested by the following outline:

- I. High School Work.
 1. Periods of attendance.
 2. Study and recitation.
- II. College Work.
 1. Periods of attendance.
 2. Study and recitation.

From such a plan we might expect two clearly differentiated paragraphs: one dealing with the high school, the other, with the college.

A second student writes as follows:

THEME II

(1) At college the student is allowed many more liberties than he is at high school. (2) At college he is not kept in an assembly or study-room when he is not attending classes, but is permitted to go home and study or work when he pleases. (3) In
5 the high school, on the contrary, he is boxed up in a study-hall and is placed under the immediate control of the teacher in charge. (4) If a man possesses a normal amount of ability at high school, he is the man of the hour, the genius whose uplifting influence permeates every corner of its life, and the man
10 who represents it in all contests with other institutions, whether such contests are mental or physical, athletic or oratorical. (5) At college, the same man finds that he is but one little drop in an ocean of his fellow men. (6) In the high school, a student is under the direct control of a teacher, and in a certain sense is
15 dependent upon that teacher; whereas in college a student is taught to become independent and to shift for himself. (7) In other words, the boy becomes a man, gains confidence in himself, and learns his first lesson in fighting the battle of life.

As far as its content is concerned, this theme is, perhaps, a little better than the preceding one. The writer shows a more fundamental interest in his subject, and he has a larger vocabulary than his predecessor. As to structure, however, the theme is hopelessly chaotic. The material here jumbled into one paragraph should be arranged in two paragraphs, on the following topics:

1. The relative freedom of college and of high school.
2. The relative intensity of competition in college and in the high school.

In the rewritten version, sentences 1, 2, 3, 6, 7 would be arranged in paragraph 1, in the order named. Sentences 4 and 5 partly embody the idea of paragraph 2. A transition

sentence and a topic-sentence for paragraph 2 should be formulated, in addition, and a sentence in conclusion would be desirable. The student's revision in this case resulted in the following:

THEME II (REVISED)

1. At college the student is allowed many more liberties than he is in the high school. 2. At college he is not kept in an assembly or study-room when he is not attending classes, but is permitted to go home and study or work when he pleases. 3. In the high school, on the contrary, he is boxed up in a study-hall 5 and is placed under the immediate control of the teacher in charge. 4. In the high school, a student is under the personal direction of a teacher, and is, in a certain sense dependent upon that teacher; whereas in college, a student is taught to become independent and to shift for himself. 5. In other words, the boy 10 becomes a man, gains confidence in himself, and learns his first lesson in fighting the battle of life.

6. But this difference,—the restrictions of high school as compared with the freedom of college,—is not the only difference. 7. The high school student learns to consider himself a 15 much more clever and important person than the college student usually has any opportunity to do. 8. If a man, in high school, possesses a normal amount of ability, he is the man of the hour, the genius whose uplifting influence permeates every corner of its life, and the man who represents it in all contests—mental 20 or physical, athletic or oratorical—with other institutions. 9. At college, the same man finds that he is but one little drop in an ocean of his fellow men. 10. The first lesson to be learned, then, by the high school student newly arrived at college, is the lesson of humility. 25

Although the revised theme still contains faults of awkward expression,—such as the repetition involved in the third and fourth sentences,—the improvement in general structure is obvious.

A third theme approaches the subject in still a different manner:

THEME III

Although high schools and colleges are alike in one way, that is, their object is to teach theory more than practice, their

methods and aims are quite different. The high school compels a young person to study certain subjects in which he is very little interested. This, of course, is only to train the mind to quick thought, and to find out in what a person is interested. College, however, offers any course that one takes a liking to. Here he can prepare for his life-work, or at least broaden his mind until he finds out what he is intended for. A college does not compel a person to study,—it is taken for granted that he comes here to study.

The difference most easily seen is that of the college life. In high school one lives at home and is more dependent on his parents than he thinks, until he leaves. College does more to develop a man by putting him on his own responsibility and bringing him in contact with others, than by the course of study. This does not mean that the studies are of minor importance. They broaden the mind and prepare one for something else later; but they do not cultivate that spirit of independence and self-confidence which is absolutely necessary if one is to succeed.

In this theme, likewise, we find a gain in the interest and solidity of the thought. The writer touches upon more than one significant matter which might be, with profit, further developed. In structure also this theme improves upon the two that precede it, in that it shows two fairly well differentiated paragraphs. The substance of the paragraphs may be indicated as follows:

1. Intellectual differences between high school and college.
2. Social differences between high school and college.

This theme might be greatly improved, however, by an attempt to make the internal structure of each paragraph more striking. The topic-sentence of the second paragraph, for example, could be stated with greater definiteness:

(Original) The difference most easily seen is that of the college life.

(Revised) The most obvious difference, however, between high school and college life appears in the relatively greater freedom allowed to college students in their social relations.

The second version of the sentence shows clearly that more words were needed to express the idea which introduces the second paragraph, and this criticism is applicable to the whole theme,—more words are needed to express the thought adequately.

The fourth theme stands as follows:

THEME IV

The principal points of difference between the high school and the college are in the method of teaching, and in the life and environment of the student. In the high school, the teacher watches the development of his or her pupil much more closely than the instructor at college does. This is much more true⁵ of instructors at large colleges, however, than it is of those at smaller colleges. In preparing a lesson, the high school pupil takes any difficulty encountered to his teacher for explanation. The college student either works at this difficulty until he has mastered it himself, or else omits that part of the preparation.¹⁰ Thus a more intimate relationship is found between the high school teacher and his pupils than between the college instructor and his pupils. The college student is thrown upon his own resources a great deal more than is the high school student.

The life and environment of the college student are vastly different from those of the high school student. In most cases the former is living away from home, whereas the latter is usually living at home. Naturally the temptations of the college student are much greater than those of the high school student.

In thought, this theme is, as far as it goes, clear and solid. The proposed organization of the theme is admirable. The two ideas discussed are wisely chosen, and are clearly announced at the outset:

1. Differences in method of teaching.
2. Differences in social surroundings.

The theme might fairly have been called good, had not the writer grown weary or pressed for time before he finished thinking out his second paragraph. The fault of this theme, then, is at once simple and fundamental: the thought is incomplete.

What, then, are the conclusions to be drawn from our brief survey of these four short themes?

1. In subject-matter, themes must be sincere and must arise from first-hand observation and opinion.

2. The expression of the thought must be thorough. If an idea is announced, it must be developed.

3. Themes must have a definite and well thought out organization. Each idea that the writer intends to advance must be grouped with those to which it is most closely related.

4. As far as possible, themes must *show* this organization. Paragraphs must have clear opening or topic-sentences; and the transition from one paragraph to another must be at once evident and smooth.

Long Themes

Many a student, no doubt, has felt terror upon encountering the term "long theme," and has shrunk from undertaking the task that these forbidding words usually suggest. As a matter of fact, however, this dread rests upon no real foundation. If the student imagines that he knows nothing sufficiently important to write about, he has been misled, for any matter upon which he has a thoughtful opinion, or concerning which he can find out something definite and fairly detailed, or which seriously and practically concerns his own life, is worth communicating to some one else.

As subjects for long themes the following two types will be found particularly useful: (1) matters of one's own subjective life and experience, and (2) matters of opinion based upon fact. The first type of subject will require no study or research, but a great deal of reflection; the second will entail a certain amount of inquiry. Let us, then, take up these divisions in the order named.

There is one subject about which the young writer knows more than any one else in the world: namely, the subject of his own life. It is highly profitable, then, for the beginner to review the thoughts and events of his own previous career, and to discover the resources of this great private storehouse of experience.

In order to write his own biography in the form of a theme, the student must select, after a preliminary survey, from a myriad of happenings, thoughts, emotions, and associations, those particular considerations which are most human, most important, and hence most interesting. In the course of such a survey, he must also decide upon some general plan for presenting the material that he has selected. The most obvious plan would be that of a simple story in which the events of one's life would be recounted one after another in chronological order, the result being a sort of magnified diary. Such an enumeration of events might be grouped under topics like these:

1. Childhood.
2. Years in the primary school.
3. Years in the grammar school.
4. First two years in the high school.
5. Last two years in the high school.

A more interesting account of one's life, however, would result from an attempt not merely to chronicle separate events, but rather to explain the significant aspects of the life as a whole, in the manner of an interpretation. In such an interpretation one might use the following topics:

1. Parentage.
2. Home life.
3. Playmates.
4. Education.
5. Religious life.
6. Sports.

7. Business experience.
8. Travel.
9. Ambitions.

An autobiography based upon such topics as these will be sure to escape the monotony of mere chronology, and will probably reveal a grateful amount of the writer's personality. And it is this revelation of personality that gives to any such piece of writing its value and its interest. The order in which the several topics are to be treated will depend, of course, upon the experience and purposes of the individual writer. Chronology will no doubt play some part in the arrangement, but the autobiography will rest fundamentally not upon the mere succession of events in time, but upon a series of points of view.

From these preliminary considerations let us pass to the actual text of a student's theme concerning his own life:

THEME I

ASPECTS OF MY PAST LIFE

Although, so far, I have had few extraordinary experiences or extreme joys and sorrows, it is with a kind of mysterious hesitation that I begin to write the history of my life. I was born in the town of Linton, in the state of Nebraska, on the seventh day of July, 1895. My father, who is a hard working and self-forgetting man, is of Swedish blood. My mother was the third daughter of an influential farmer. Both father and mother are of large physical frame, ambitious, and capable of enduring constant toil. Father has some executive ability and a strong desire to improve social conditions about him. Both are profoundly religious, and are interested in temperance and in legislation for better protection of women and children. So far as I am aware, very few of my ancestors figured in the newspapers or had any considerable share of wealth. They were a sturdy stock, who, in quiet homes, prided themselves on duty and intelligence; who thought about each day's work and carefully accomplished it; who aided their neighbors, yet were willing to be overlooked in the public interest. Since I am only one of a family of eight, the hopes and desires of the family are not cen-

tered on me alone, but are distributed equally upon us all. This I consider a beneficial circumstance for us children. My parents are of moderate means, yet have always kept our home comfortable. Since I have needed no other playmates than my brothers and sisters, it has always been, also, a very cheerful home. My early childhood was not spent in a bandbox or an alley, but out in the fresh air, which is one privilege of the child brought up on a farm. Although I enjoy city life immensely, I have always been glad that my home was on a farm, and I expect never to tire of country life. Almost as soon as I was able to talk, to think, and to act independently, my desires came centered on school, and they have been so ever since. In the little district school not far from my home my scholastic career began. There were about fifty pupils enrolled here. I began school at the age of seven, and spent the next six years of my life in this one little school-house. I can never forget these days and years, although they now seem so long ago, or my comrades and the good times we had there. Our teacher succeeded in making the school life seem very interesting to me. It must be confessed that I was somewhat pushed or rushed through the school; nevertheless I liked it. During my last year I took an active part in the Literary Society, and the inspiring teacher at the head of this organization gave me my enthusiasm for further learning. In the spring of 1908, after much hard work, I passed the district school examinations given by our county superintendent, and received my diploma. In the fall, then, nothing would satisfy me but to follow in the footsteps of my elders and enter the Linton High School. Since it was customary for the students about us to drive back and forth daily to school when the weather permitted, my sister and I did likewise. What a delightful first year at High School that was! In fact, it must be an abnormal girl or boy who does not count all those high school years happy. In spite of all the ridicule that I received as a freshman, everything went splendidly. Among the other studies of the Freshman year, I began Algebra. Oh, how those x 's, y 's, and z 's did puzzle me at first! Nevertheless, I pushed my way through the jungle, and finally grew to be very fond of Algebra. I also took great interest in physical geography, and I admired the excellent teacher who taught it. During my summer vacation that year I first took up music on the violin. This I have continued to do every summer since, and I have the greatest pleasure in it even though the demands of my regular school work make it impossible for me to accomplish much on the violin. When I entered my sophomore year, the next fall, I found that although my studies were

65 even more difficult, they ran more smoothly. This seemed to be due to a change of professors. In this year I first began History, now my favorite study. My Junior year combined work and play: good hard work in Geometry and many social affairs such as the different Class Parties, the Junior Play, and the
 70 Junior Prom. My last year at High School was naturally the most interesting; as a senior, I assumed that fearless, dauntless, and dignified attitude which teachers try to repress. In my anxiety to do enough outside reading in American History, my physics experiments never seemed to go on fast enough. Al-
 75 though deeply interested in all my work that year, I did think my teachers inhuman and extremely fussy. Not until the very end of the year could I see my way clearly through all that I was expected to do. Yet when the end of school came, it came suddenly, and filled me with regret. After much family discus-
 80 sion it was agreed that I might realize my strongest desire and go to college the next year. If my parents hesitated, it was only because of the expense, the apparent partiality shown to me, as compared to what they had done for their other children, and my uncertainty as to the precise course that I ought to take.
 85 I can say little more, except that I am here at Luther College to-day. I am glad that I came, for college offers a great chance to make a wide circle of acquaintances and a few intimate friends, to fashion and compare ideals, to gain wise guides, and to learn almost anything that one desires. I also think I did well in
 90 choosing a co-educational institution. After more experience, however, I shall be better fitted to relate the advantages and disadvantages of college life.

Certainly this theme contains a fair amount of real human interest. It treats such important topics as the following:

1. Parentage.
2. Home life.
3. Education.

On each of these topics the writer records not a series of commonplaces, but a succession of sincere and personal observations upon important aspects of human life. Obviously, then, this account has real value.

From a careful reading of the theme one derives the following outline:

1. Birth and parentage.
2. Home life.
3. School life.
 - a. The district school.
 - b. The high school.
4. Going to college.

Unhappily, however, this outline becomes apparent only upon an analysis of the theme,—it is not disclosed by the external form of the theme itself. The whole theme is presented as one solid paragraph, as if only one idea were under discussion. The student using this book would do well, after studying the theme, to mark the points at which the several paragraphs should begin.

A more graceful and readable autobiographical account may be seen in the next theme:

THEME II

WHO I AM

I first saw the light of day on July thirty-first, 1893. I was born at the home of my parents, at that time a little one-story house situated in a small town in Missouri. My mother was an Easterner by birth, and my father a native of Missouri. At this time I had one sister, five years older than myself. The birth of my second sister, four years later, was the first thing in my life of sufficient importance to impress itself upon my memory. My father had been born into a large family in a small log cabin in the country; and he thus early learned to shift for himself. At the age of twenty, after having worked in a country store, he went to Chicago where he secured a position as travelling salesman for a wholesale hardware firm. A few years later he married, and settled in Jonesville, Missouri. Here he bought an interest in a small hardware business which, before long, became all his own. Because my father was obliged to be absent from home so much of the time, we hardly became well acquainted with him, and he enters into few of the recollections of my early childhood. My mother, however, gave all her thought to the welfare of her children, and had a great deal to do with the shaping of my early career. My older sister was a girl of good judgment, and often helped me out of difficulties

by her excellent advice. Since my younger sister had always been delicate, and hence a trifle irritable, we were all obliged to be gentle and forbearing with her, and this, I think, helped
25 to develop my character. The atmosphere of our whole family was one of love and goodwill, and my home life, as a whole, was full of peace and quietude. When I was five years old, we moved into a large comfortable house in a better part of town. That fall I went to school for the first time. I well remember the first
30 day. I went alone, and had hardly stepped upon the school grounds when a big fellow yelled at me in a rough voice, "What are *you* doing here? Go home where you belong!" I fled home to my mother's arms, and was shy and frightened at school for some time afterwards.

35 My first teacher was a woman of exceptional ability as a primary instructor. She was kind, gentle, and sympathetic. Each pupil received as much care and attention as if he had been her own child. I was fortunate in having such a woman for my first teacher, and in receiving the right kind of influence
40 at the outset of my school career. As a boy I was naturally studious and got along well in my studies in the grades. During my second year in the high school, however, I had a less easy and successful time. My Latin teacher and I disliked each other, my grades suffered in consequence, and I completely
45 stopped preparing my Latin lessons. I went to class regularly, but only to draw pictures and annoy the other students. Of course I am ashamed of this now; but the teacher was, I think, at least partly responsible for my naughtiness. Needless to say, I failed in Latin this year; but I passed it the next year under
50 a different teacher. For about a year after this time it must be confessed that I paid less attention to my work. I studied when I felt like it and only when I felt like it. Later, of course, I realized my mistake; but along with this realization came the penalty of finding that I could not master my work with the
55 same ease that I had previously enjoyed.

Up to the time that I was ten years old, I had done very little manual work. About this time I first began helping round the house, carrying wood and ashes, and taking care of the lawn. Our lawn was large, and the care of it seemed at first a hard
60 task; but as I grew stronger, the difficulty dwindled in magnitude. Soon I began helping my father in the store on Saturdays, and working a day or two at a time for my uncle in his grocery department. About this time we bought a horse, the care of which added to my duties, but not to my burdens, for I am fond
65 of animals. Within another year or two we bought an automobile, and this required much less attention. As I grew older,

I spent more time in the store, especially during summer vacations. During one whole summer I worked in the bottling factory at home, a strenuous and practical experience.

Like many other American boys I showed great fondness, at 70 an early age, for guns and hunting. Nearly all my spare time I spent in tramping through the fields or the woods along the river, fishing, trapping, and hunting. There was for me no greater pleasure than walking the fields on a frosty October morning, in quest of the prairie chicken; or lying in a duck blind 75 on a stormy evening, and watching the old green-head mallards sail to the water with their wings curved and their orange feet hanging at full length. I felt the spirit of the out-of-doors so strongly that if, upon looking up, I saw a great V-shaped formation of Canadian geese wavering overhead, I would stand en-80 tranced until their last faint cry had died away. At moments like these some unknown feeling welled up within me and I felt the joy of being alive. I have often wondered how people who do not care for nature can get any pleasure out of life. Naturally, my best friends were the boys who felt as I did, and who were 85 my associates on hunting trips. Through such experiences as these, some of my strongest friendships have been formed.

When I was ten years old, I went with my parents from Chicago to Buffalo, on a large passenger steamer by way of the Great Lakes. At Buffalo we visited Niagara Falls and other places of 90 interest. Later I made several trips to Milwaukee and Minneapolis with my father; and in the summer of 1910 my parents and I went West, spending our time mainly at Denver, and in the Yellowstone Park. Although I was still too young to appreciate everything, I was filled with wonder at the remarkable sights 95 of the Yellowstone Park. I might almost say that the falls and the cañon of the Yellowstone River caused, so to speak, a moral awakening within me. When I stood upon the brink of that yawning chasm, looked at its variously-colored walls, gazed far down to the green river below, and saw beneath me an eagle, 100 a mere speck in the distance, circling over its nest on an isolated rock, I began to realize my own insignificance in the great world.

In the spring of 1911, I graduated from the Jonesville High School and, after some hesitation, chose as a place to finish my education the University of Missouri. My ambitions have 105 varied. As a small boy I wanted to become a great hunter or soldier; but as I grew older such ambitions wavered and I finally decided that I wanted to fit myself for a place in some new branch of the world's work. I thought of being an engineer, but gave this up. At times I wished to become an artist or cartoonist, 110 but found no chance for suitable preparation. Finally I decided

at least to begin my college career with a course in liberal arts.

As I look back over my life, I can see that it has been full of 115 opportunities. A quiet home, a good school, plenty of work and wholesome recreation, and many good friends have given me all that any boy could ask for as a start in life.

As to its subject-matter, Theme II is simple, complete, and full of human interest.

In form, this theme is clear and orderly. It falls into obvious divisions which may be described as follows:

1. Parentage and boyhood.
2. Experiences at school.
3. Work and play.
4. Outdoor life.
5. Travels.
6. Ambitions.

In the adequacy and prominence of its logical divisions, as well as in the fluency of its style, it is greatly superior to the preceding autobiography. Finally, Theme II contains one or two passages of genuine literary value.

Let us now consider some ways of treating a different sort of subject for a long theme,—a subject involving the expression of opinion based upon facts. We may select, as furnishing suitable material, a subject which should interest a student in any institution: the establishment of a new course in his college. Architecture was the new course which the two writers quoted below chose to advocate. We may approach the subject first by means of a general outline which might arise from the following questions:

1. Why is such a course needed? Is the need great enough to warrant establishing such a course? Has there been, in the past, any agitation for such a course?
2. What financial and administrative difficulties would have to be overcome?

3. What would be the principal aims of the course?

These are the questions that first present themselves as the analysis begins to take shape in our minds. We may, by further thought, put our observations into a definite outline, as follows:

- A. A course in architecture is needed at my college, for
 - 1. A number of students who are already here feel the need of it and desire to take it.
 - 2. There has been long continued agitation for its establishment.
 - 3. If it were established, a large number of new students would come here to take it.
- B. The financial and administrative problems would not be serious, for
 - 1. The trustees are ready to appropriate a considerable amount of money.
 - 2. The college has recently received an addition to its financial resources.
 - 3. The services of a well-trained director could easily be secured.
- C. The aims of the course would be as follows:
 - 1. To train specialists.
 - 2. To encourage amateurs.
 - 3. To increase the general culture and welfare of the public.

This outline does not, of course, represent everything that might be said on the subject. Its main heads, however, do touch the principal points to be dealt with in such a theme. The outline is serviceable, if not final. Let us now turn to two themes by students on this subject.

THEME I

WHY A COURSE IN ARCHITECTURE SHOULD BE ESTABLISHED AT DUDLEY UNIVERSITY

Since Dudley University has already several courses which train the student in some particular branch of learning, I believe that a course in architecture should be established which would give to the students a thorough education in designing

5 and constructing buildings. There is, and always will be, a demand for architects who can design buildings of beautiful and practical construction.

In the first place, there are many young residents of this state who are interested in architecture and are hence obliged to attend some other university which has a course in this study. These fellows would certainly attend Dudley to take such a course if it were established. Since students desiring an education in engineering, agriculture, or some other branch of learning can obtain it here, why should those desiring architecture be forced to attend some other school in order to obtain this knowledge? Certainly, during this period of rapid growth of cities throughout the country, architecture should be regarded as an important profession.

In the second place, everybody knows that many of the buildings at Dudley University are very ugly and inharmonious, and to have a school of architecture right in our midst would help to remedy this. The students studying architecture would see these buildings, and would learn lessons from them about what not to do. Take, for example, the four buildings on the west side of the campus: Jones Hall, Barton Hall, the Engineering Building, and the Chapel. Jones Hall is in the Romanesque style of architecture, Barton Hall is just a plain old-fashioned yellow brick building, Engineering Hall is of modern red brick, and the Chapel is built of New Hampshire granite, in an imitation of Gothic. Everybody admits that the buildings of a university ought to match one another at least partly; and nobody thinks that these four buildings that I have just described, either do go together, or ought to go together. But this is not my only reason for thinking that architecture ought to be taught in this university. What would give a student a better training for a trip to Europe than the course I am describing? Everybody knows what a joke it is to the Europeans that Americans who travel do not know a single thing about architecture. I knew a fellow who came back from Rome and could not tell his teacher, the next year, what sort of architecture the Roman Forum was, and she asked him on purpose, because she thought he had been to Rome and would be sure to know. Another reason why I think that there ought to be a course in architecture established here is that men need a training of this sort as much as girls need a music school. Everything is done for the girls here to give them a good training in music, and much money is spent in renting pianos for them to practice on, and in paying the salaries of their teachers. And yet very few girls keep up their music long after they leave college, and everybody knows that

they all drop it after they get married, whereas a fellow who was 50 well trained to be an architect would have to keep it up all his life, because he would be making his living by it. I don't mean to say that some girls would not want to study architecture. Nowadays girls are trying to get into every kind of study that they formerly were not allowed in. But what I do mean is that 55 very few girls would spend their lives being architects, because, as is well known, girls would rather get married if they can.

In the third place, the buildings of the cities of this state would probably be improved, after a while, if the university was constantly turning out lively young chaps who were well versed 60 in architecture. Nobody thinks that any of the towns in this state have very good public buildings, even in places where the towns have spent a great amount of money to have them built. On the other hand, there is a small town in Minnesota which has such a beautiful bank building that people come from all 65 over to see it. This building was built by some famous American architect whose name I can't remember, but I saw a picture of it in one of the magazines. The president of this bank said that the bank had received a great deal of business which it would not have got otherwise, just because its building impressed peo- 70 ple so favorably. Thus we see that it would be a good thing for any town to have some of its young men study architecture, because they would not have to send off, then, for some famous and expensive architect from another place to come and build their public buildings for them. 75

Lastly, the method of operating such a course is to be considered. Two ways of doing this are to make this course a branch of the engineering college, or to make it a separate school. To me the first plan seems better, because many courses in engineering are of great value to an architect. The work of the first two 80 years in this new course could be almost identical with the work of these years in the engineering college. During the last two years of the course, the students studying architecture would have to take studies dealing with the designing of buildings and with other work which would have little value to the engineer. 85 I sincerely hope and believe that in a short time a college of architecture will be established at our university.

As far as content is concerned, this chatty theme offers many concrete suggestions. These suggestions, however, are not well organized. Paragraph 3, for example, comprises three different ideas: (1) the lack of harmony among the buildings at Dudley, (2) the cultural training that

would be afforded by such a course, and (3) the special need of the men for a cultural and professional course that would be analogous to the course in music for girls.

. A second theme on the same subject shows better logical division, and a more complete treatment.

THEME II

THE NEED OF A SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE IN OUR UNIVERSITY

In my opinion, a course in architecture should be established as soon as possible in our university. It is unnecessary for me to try to prove the general value of architecture, either as a practical or a theoretical study. The truth of this is admitted
5 by everybody. My opinion is based upon definite reasons which apply especially to this university: (1) many students in this state need and desire such a course; (2) the University already has a fund for this purpose, and the state could well afford to supply more money if it were needed; (3) such a course would
10 have both a direct and an indirect effect in raising the standards for architecture all over the state. These are the reasons why I think the course ought to be established; and I shall try to show, also, what I think would be the best way to plan and arrange such a course.

15 It is true that a number of students in this state want to be architects, and need the chance for proper preparation near home. I happened to notice in a catalogue of the Columbia School of Architecture that there were seventeen fellows from this state alone who were studying there. Now it is fair to say
20 that if we had a good school right here in our own university these men would come here instead. And in my own home town, just last year, there were two friends of mine who had to go to the Art Institute in Chicago in order to take a course in architecture. Moreover, in both these cases, the parents had
25 to make financial sacrifices in order to send their sons. Think how glad these men would have been to have a course right here at their own state university where the tuition is free. As a matter of fact, there has been a good deal of agitation among students and alumni for the foundation of just such a course,
30 as any one can find out for himself by reading the *Alumni Magazine* for the past year, and the President's last report to the legislature.

The second reason why I believe that such a course should be

established, and the reason, indeed, why everybody is just now discussing the matter, is the fact that the late ex-Senator Barton 35 left a bequest to the University for this very purpose. This sum of money is large enough to build a small building, containing lecture-rooms, drawing and designing rooms, and a hall for models and casts, and to pay the salaries of at least two instructors for several years. These are the suggestions of 40 Senator Barton's will which I am quoting, and he adds that after the course is well started in this way, the University ought to assume its support. If necessary, I think the University could add enough to the salary fund now to get at least one well trained professor to organize the school and start it going in the right 45 way.

In the third place, there is no doubt that the architecture in most towns of this state needs improvement, and there is every reason to believe that a school of architecture at the state university would help to raise architectural standards in the state. 50 Even when the citizens of a town are getting ready to put up new private houses or public buildings, they do not get designs that are really classic and suitable. They are obliged to send either to Chicago or New York for the most high-priced architects, or to hire some local man who may never have been to 55 an architectural school at all. The result is the queer buildings that you see in nearly every country town when you go on a trip through this state. But think how different it would be if the University were turning out a good class of young architects every year, who would return to their native towns and help to 60 raise the taste of the community by the buildings they planned.

So much for the reasons why I think that this course is needed. It would be easy to plan and arrange this new work, since Senator Barton's bequest has already provided the money for a building. The course in architecture might be partly combined 65 with some of the engineering work, because there are some engineering subjects that architects have to study. On the other hand, the more advanced courses could be taught by the special professor of architecture, and the University could give a special degree for architects. Of course it would be a long time 70 before this University could establish such a plant as they have at some of the old architectural schools of long standing. The architect who built my uncle's country home was a fellow who had studied at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris, and he told me about the wonderful casts and models they have there, and 75 the splendid collection of drawings and engravings of the famous buildings of classic times. He said that the students learned a great deal just by looking at these things all the time. But

every school has to make a beginning, and if this school here
80 bought a few good things every year, we could soon accumulate
a valuable equipment.

Such a course as this would benefit every one, by raising stand-
ards in the state, by increasing the usefulness of the university,
and by giving a chance for special courses to many students who
85 do not intend to become professional architects.

As to subject-matter, it will be noticed that this theme
touches upon almost the same ideas that we met in the
preceding one. The second theme shows, however, a
much clearer procedure. The student should notice espe-
cially the value of announcing, in the introductory para-
graph, the divisions of the theme. The reader is thus pre-
pared for what is to follow and is able to hold the successive
points in mind. The paragraph divisions are likewise
clear, and each paragraph begins with a comprehensive
topic-sentence. In short, although this theme is much
less lively in style than its predecessor, it is, for practical
purposes, much more logical and satisfactory.

Before closing this chapter, we may touch upon a ques-
tion which is sure to arise in connection with theme-
writing. Are "introductions" and "conclusions" essen-
tial, or are they not? The following theme by a student
puts the question with forcible *naïveté*.

HIGH SCHOOL AND UNIVERSITY ENGLISH THEMES

Throughout my four years in the high school, I was always
taught to have an introductory paragraph, and a conclusion in
all my themes. The instructors of English made it an especial
point to drill us in writing good introductions and conclusions
5 for all themes. Several times my papers have been corrected
because one or the other of these paragraphs was not complete.
When I wrote my first English theme after coming to the Uni-
versity, I spent considerable time and thought on these two
paragraphs. The next day my English instructor told us not to
10 write introductions or conclusions when writing themes. Nat-
urally I was surprised at these instructions, and since then

I have often wondered why the teachers in the two schools differ so widely in their views on this subject. Personally I have always favored substituting a topic-sentence for an introductory paragraph, and omitting the conclusion. It seems to me that ¹⁵ one rule or the other ought to be regarded as the standard for all schools, so that a student coming from the high school to the University should not have to change the construction of his themes so much.

Now this student may well have been puzzled. The answer to his complaint is that both sets of teachers were right. The longer and more complicated the subject of a theme, the more it needs a formal introduction and conclusion. For short themes, an introductory opening sentence, and a summary sentence to conclude are usually all-sufficient. The office of an introduction is to announce and outline the discussion that is to follow. It is simply a device for clearness; just as is the conclusion, whose function is to summarize what has been said, in order to remind the reader once more of the main import of the discussion. But it is obvious that whereas a large book on Electro-Hydraulics might need a whole introductory chapter, and a 1000-word theme on *The Honor System in Examinations*, a whole introductory paragraph, a 300-word theme on *Green Caps for Freshmen* could hardly require more than one sentence of introduction.

CHAPTER II

PARAGRAPHS

IN the preceding chapter we have seen that every subject, however limited, falls into different parts or phases; and that, if we are to make ourselves clear to other people, we must carefully analyse and arrange these parts or phases. Such consecutive divisions of the thought are shown by paragraphing,—that is, by the indention of the first line when we begin a new part or division of our subject. Indention, which means leaving an obvious blank space at the left end of a line, is merely a mechanical device of the writer and the printer to show these steps in the logical progress of the thought. If the student has understood the necessity for analysis and orderly arrangement of a subject, he will see at once what a help it is to the reader to have the divisions between groups of related ideas indicated to the eye by this mechanical device.

The paragraph, then, in writing, indicates that here, in this group or succession of sentences, the writer has arranged all that he has to say, for the moment, about a particular division of his subject. And the object of paragraphing is, thus, simply to make the subject clear by showing to the reader, separately and successively, each step in the development of the subject; for, to see the thought unfold in this way, step by step, is a process essential to the human understanding.

Every student who reads attentively will realize at once that paragraphs, in all thought and writing, fall into two classes: (1) paragraphs that treat a subject completely, and are capable of standing by themselves; and (2) para-

graphs that are so dependent upon other paragraphs as not to be intelligible when taken by themselves. The first class, technically called *isolated paragraphs*, appear most often in the ordinary writing of daily life, in letters, and—notably—in newspapers. The second class, called *related paragraphs*, may be seen in books, and in essays or articles of some length. The principles that govern these two sorts of paragraphs, however, are the same, and they concern (1) the general content of paragraphs and (2) the internal organization of paragraphs.

ISOLATED PARAGRAPHS

THE GENERAL CONTENT OF THE PARAGRAPH

A paragraph, as a whole, may be faulty because it contains either too much or too little. The first rule of paragraphing is, by definition, that the paragraph must contain only those thoughts or ideas whose relationship to one another is close and obvious. On the other hand, a paragraph may be incomplete, with its component parts strung along under the guise of separate paragraphs, instead of being welded together in a compact group.

1. Too Much in One Paragraph

The fault of including too much in one paragraph is seen in the following theme:

COLLEGE SPIRIT

Nothing is more essential in a college than a good sportsman-like spirit. I do not mean that a person should root and cheer for his team merely because the rest do, or merely because the team is winning. True spirit is shown when one cheers as if he were part of the machine that is working on the field. The team always needs this kind of support, and many a game has been won, after the team seemed hopelessly beaten, by the gen-

uine spirit of the crowd. It has been demonstrated that a team cannot do its best when the supporters use a languid series of
10 mechanical songs and cheers. Therefore every college that desires to be successful in athletics must first build up a strong college spirit. *But there is an entirely different side of college spirit which many people overlook. This is the side shown in fair and courteous conduct toward the opposing team and toward the*
15 *referee. When the enemy make a good play they should be cheered, and when they show poor sportsmanship they should not be hissed. The referee's decision should be taken as final, because if it is found to be wrong, there are other officials who will take care of the matter. Nothing is more degrading than profanity yelled from the bleachers.*
20 *This is the worst kind of spirit that can be shown. True spirit is shown when all poor plays and poor decisions are accompanied by enthusiastic cheers.*

Even the most inexperienced writer will feel at once the confusion, in this paragraph, of two different sets of ideas. The sentences in plain type clearly treat one aspect of the general subject; those in italics, another, which, though related to the preceding group of ideas, should be dealt with in a separate paragraph.

In our second example, the paragraph immediately ensuing, the sentences in plain type explain the outward organization known as student self-government; the last sentence, in italics, introduces an important new idea. The last sentence should have been developed in an independent paragraph.

STUDENT SELF-GOVERNMENT

Student self-government is an institution based upon the fundamental principle of democracy, and organized for the purpose of securing greater efficiency in the administration and government of student affairs at the university. This institu-
5 tion is patterned closely after our state and federal governments, in that the students are organized into a political body with a representative legislature and a judiciary. The legislative body, the members of which are chosen from the different classes according to colleges, is called the Student Conference. Every
10 male student of the university is a qualified voter, and is en-

dowed with the right of suffrage entitling him to vote directly for the members of the legislative body. This body corresponds to the legislature of our state government; at the same time it controls all elections and voices student sentiment. The judicial body, called the Student Court, consists of three Juniors 15 and six Seniors, chosen by the Student Conference. The Court derives its powers from a charter delegated to it by the faculty. This charter grants to the Court jurisdiction over all breaches of faculty and student rules, and the power of recommending to the faculty the suspension or expulsion of a student. The 20 Court has no jurisdiction, however, in cases of dishonesty in university work, and, by a new amendment to the court charter, in cases of flagrant violation of university rules or morals. *Student self-government, like any other similar political institution, depends greatly, if not wholly, on the individual interest and en-25 thusiasm manifested by the student electorate.*

In the following paragraph, taken from one of the long themes printed above, the three kinds of type indicate three distinct ideas, each of which should be treated in a paragraph by itself.

In the second place, everybody knows that many of the buildings at Dudley University are very ugly and inharmonious, and to have a school of architecture right in our midst would help to remedy this. The students studying architecture would see these buildings, and would learn lessons from them about what 5 not to do. Take, for example, the four buildings on the west side of the campus: Jones Hall, Barton Hall, the Engineering Building, and the Chapel. Jones Hall is in the Romanesque style of architecture, Barton Hall is just an old-fashioned yellow brick building, Engineering Hall is of modern red brick, and the 10 Chapel is built of New Hampshire granite, in an imitation of Gothic. Everybody admits that the buildings of a university ought to match one another at least partly; and nobody thinks these four buildings that I have just described, either do go together, or ought to go together. *But this is not my only 15 reason for thinking that architecture ought to be taught in this university. What would give a student a better training for a trip to Europe than the course that I am describing? Everybody knows what a joke it is to Europeans that Americans who travel do not know a single thing about architecture. I knew a fellow who came 20 back from Rome and could not tell his teacher, the next year, what sort of architecture the Roman Forum was, and she asked him on*

purpose, because she thought he had been to Rome and would be sure to know. Another reason why I think that there ought
25 to be a course in architecture established here is that men need a training of this sort as much as girls need a music school. Everything is done for the girls here to give them a good training in music, and much money is spent in renting pianos for them to practice on, and in paying the salaries of
30 their teachers. And yet very few girls keep up their music long after they leave college, and everybody knows that they all drop it after they get married, whereas a fellow who was well trained to be an architect would have to keep it up all his life, because he would be making his living by it. I
35 do not mean to say that some girls would not want to study architecture. Nowadays girls are trying to get into every kind of study that they formerly were not allowed in. But what I do mean is that very few girls would spend their lives being architects, because, as is well known, girls would
40 rather get married if they can.

2. *Too Little in the Paragraph*

The fault of putting too little in one paragraph is one of which beginners are often guilty. When a student has been corrected for crowding thoughts that are irrelevant into a given group of ideas that are supposed to be closely related, and when he does not yet understand the intellectual principle upon which the rules for paragraphing are based, he frequently tends to make too many paragraph divisions. This fault is illustrated by the following theme:

COLLEGE SPIRIT

Surely the right kind of college spirit is not only proper, but even necessary in a large community of students. By the right kind of college spirit I mean that in manifesting it, we should at
5 all times try to act the parts of ladies and gentlemen.

Since, at times, the students go beyond their liberties as citizens, college spirit has been severely denounced by the general public. Nevertheless college spirit is a good thing.

Many instances can be cited to show that foot-ball games have
10 been won by the great enthusiasm of the rooters. A manifestation of college spirit by the rooters at any intercollegiate game

leads the team to do its best, because the players know that they are not fighting alone and unsupported, but that all the students are back of them, fighting with them in spirit if not in body. The continued failure of some colleges in sport is due to the fact 15 that the students are scattered over so large a territory that they cannot get together to build up college spirit.

Since college spirit is necessary, let us have it by all means; but at the same time, let us be sure that it is of the right sort.

A still more flagrant example of disjointedness is seen in the following editorial:

SPRING

It looks as if spring were here. The smell of earth is in the out-of-doors. It's health-building time, and among the helps to health is exercise.

But this does not necessarily mean buying golf sticks and fancy clothes and paying fat fees to a country club or an athletic 5 association. Golf, tennis, and squash are fine games if you can afford them. Anything is good that gets you into the open air, working your muscles. Running a lawn mower or making a garden is excellent for its own sake, to say nothing of its money-saving value.

A gymnasium is fine, also, and a membership card in any good "gym" is a tiptop investment. 10

But there's a way to exercise which costs nothing, requires no special toggery, can be tried any time anywhere, is first class sport, keeps a fellow's muscles in superb trim, and saves a pot 15 of money in the course of the year.

This way is to walk,—walk to work in the morning, walk home at night, walk every time you get a chance during the day. Every man and every woman can travel at will in this way. The only cost is shoe-wear, and you save this ten times over in re- 20 duced bills from the druggist and the doctor.

Riding is mostly a habit. For each time that you ride because you have to, you ride a dozen times just because you've got out of the way of walking.

Our sturdy forefathers walked miles,—to school as children, 25 further than our youngsters go by trolley,—to work and home again, thinking nothing of it. And they stood privations we read about and cannot understand. There wasn't much fancy doctoring in those days, and not a tenth of the present-day fussing over bugs and microbes.

Now the simple fact is that they ate good food, breathed 30

fresh air, rested as nature intended—and walked. The moral for you then is, walk to work, walk home at night, fill your lungs, stretch your legs, and get back to nature.

These two rules, then,—that a paragraph must contain neither too much nor too little,—point out the first steps to be taken in separating our treatment of a subject into its logical divisions. Let us suppose, accordingly, that we have already arranged in related groups all that we have to say on each particular part or division of a subject. We must still make sure that the sentence-statements composing each paragraph are placed in their logical order of development, and that the transition from one idea to another within the paragraph is clear and marked. As a means of accomplishing these ends, we may consider what are called the methods of paragraph development. This leads us, then, to the second general division under which the paragraph is to be studied.

THE INTERNAL ORGANIZATION OF THE PARAGRAPH

1. Order

That each sentence in a paragraph should be arranged in its logical order of development seems a sufficiently obvious rule. It is not always easy, however, so to formulate the whole series of thoughts in a paragraph as to unfold successive ideas most intelligibly to the reader's mind. In the following paragraph, for example, the sentences do not follow one another in the most logical manner possible:

1. We educate convicts to be shoemakers and to know other trades in prison; why, then, might we not set apart certain warships to be manned by United States prisoners? 2. A man who is in the Wisconsin penitentiary for life has appealed to the Secretary of the Navy suggesting that, since it is difficult to recruit men for the navy, the department might find a large num-

ber of men in the penitentiaries who would be willing to serve in the navy rather than in prison. 3. Of course it might at first seem to degrade the naval service to adopt such a policy, but why should we hesitate at what is only an apparent objection? 4. They would be quite as safe in a war-ship at sea, and their confinement would be as close, their work as hard, and their punishment as severe, as if they were confined in any stone building that is protected with iron bars and doors. 5. This particular prisoner, then, seems to have had good reasons for writing his letter. 6. By service in the navy is meant the performance of the regular duties of the professional seaman, under adequate control. 7. During the Civil War, prisoners were taken from penitentiaries and enlisted in both armies, North and South, and many of them made good soldiers.

Even the casual reader of this paragraph must feel an irritating jerkiness in the development of the thought. Although each sentence seems to be relevant to the general idea of the paragraph, and to contribute something to the development of that idea, still the flow of thought is not smooth or natural, or even logical. The desired smoothness and logic, may perhaps, be supplied by a mere rearrangement of the sentences. Certain suggestions for such rearrangement occur to one rather promptly. Sentence 2, for example, which seems to account for the very existence of the paragraph, might, perhaps, come first. Sentence 6, with its definition of terms, might well follow Sentence 2. Sentence 5, reverting in thought to what is now our opening sentence, might serve as a graceful close and summary. In this manner we find our sentences rearranging themselves in the order 2, 6, 1, 4, 3, 7, 5, and the result of the revision reads as follows:

2. A man who is in the Wisconsin penitentiary for life has appealed to the Secretary of the Navy suggesting that, since it is difficult to recruit men for the navy, the department might find a large number of men in the penitentiaries who would be willing to serve in the navy rather than in prison. 6. By service in the navy is meant the performance of the regular duties of the professional seaman, under adequate control. 1. We educate

convicts to be shoemakers and to know other trades in prison; why, then, might we not set apart certain war-ships to be manned by United States prisoners? 4. They would be quite as safe in a war-ship at sea, and their confinement would be as close, their work as hard, and their punishment as severe, as if they were confined in any stone building that is protected with iron bars and doors. 3. Of course it might at first seem to degrade the naval service to adopt such a policy, but why should we hesitate at what is only an apparent objection? 7. During the Civil War, prisoners were taken from penitentiaries and enlisted in both armies, North and South, and many of them made good soldiers. 5. This particular prisoner, then, seems to have had good reasons for writing his letter.

In the light of the revision just made, the student will be in a better position to appreciate the careful sequence of sentences in the paragraph next following:

1. I have before alluded to the strange and vain supposition that the original conception of Gothic architecture had been derived from vegetation,—from the symmetry of avenues and the interlacing of branches. 2. It is a supposition which could never have existed for a moment in the mind of any person acquainted with early Gothic; but, however idle as a theory, it is most valuable as a testimony to the character of the perfected style. 3. It is precisely because the reverse of this theory is the fact, because the Gothic did not arise out of, but developed itself into, a resemblance to vegetation, that this resemblance is so instructive as an indication of the temper of the builders. 4. It was no chance suggestion of the form of an arch from the bending of a bough, but a gradual and continual discovery of a beauty in natural forms which could be more and more perfectly transferred into those of stone, that influenced at once the heart of the people and the form of the edifice. 5. The Gothic architecture arose in massy and mountainous strength, axe-hewn and iron-bound, block heaved upon block by the monk's enthusiasm and the soldier's force; and cramped and stanchioned into such weight of grisly wall as might bury the anchorite in darkness, and beat back the utmost storm of battle, suffering but by the same narrow crosslet the passing of the sunbeam or of the arrow. 6. Gradually, as that monkish enthusiasm became more thoughtful, and as the sound of war became more and more intermittent beyond the gates of the convent or the keep, the stony pillar grew slender and the vaulted roof grew light, till they had wreathed themselves into the sem-

blance of the summer woods at their fairest; and, of the dead field-flowers, long trodden down in blood, sweet monumental statues were set to bloom forever, beneath the porch of the temple, or the canopy of the tomb.

Ruskin: *The Stones of Venice*.

The main thought of this paragraph is stated with the utmost clearness, and the connected and subsidiary thoughts are unfolded with careful regard to their logical succession. The student should note especially how the repetition of the words *supposition*, *theory*, and *resemblance*, from one sentence to the next, aids the reader in holding the developing thought in his mind.

The foregoing examples, then, indicate the necessity of order, the first sign of effective organization within the paragraph. We may now go on to formulate a general scheme of structure within the paragraph, and to consider different types of paragraphs, and the chief modes of transition within the paragraph.

2. *The General Scheme of Paragraph Structure*

Whether a paragraph stands by itself, as in a short newspaper editorial, or whether it is preceded and followed by other paragraphs, as in a connected essay, it usually follows a simple and obvious plan of structure. This plan of structure consists of an opening sentence, called the *topic-sentence*, followed by particulars and details, or illustrations, or proofs,—that is to say, by additional statements which enlarge upon, and make clearer, the general idea advanced in the topic-sentence. Many careful writers add a summary-sentence, as well, to sum up the gist of a paragraph at its close. The summary-sentence, though often desirable, is not invariably necessary. The topic-sentence, however, is all-important; for, as we can easily see, if it is impossible to state the gist

of a paragraph in one sentence, there is a strong probability that the paragraph contains something irrelevant to its main point. Moreover, not to give the reader, at the outset, a straightforward notion of the general idea in the paragraph, might seem inconsiderate. One of the best rules that a beginner can follow, then, is to require himself always to begin a paragraph with a topic-sentence.

By way of rendering this scheme more vivid, we may make a definite tabulation of it, as follows:

OUTLINE OF A TYPICAL PARAGRAPH

1. The subject announced: [essential]
 - (a) Topic-sentence.
 - (b) Further definition, limitation, or qualification of the topic-sentence.
2. The subject developed: [essential]
 - (c) Particulars and details, or
 - (d) Illustrations and examples, or
 - (e) Comparisons and contrasts, or
 - (f) Incidents, or
 - (g) Proofs, or
 - (h) Applications.
3. The subject summarized: [optional] (i) Summary-sentence.

If such a tabulation appear unduly mechanical, we may justify it on the principle that formal exercises are required of the beginner in any art. In the actual composition of paragraphs no writer defers, of course, to any cut-and-dried scheme. This, moreover, is not the only possible form that a paragraph may assume: the topic-sentence may sometimes come last; and many other combinations and re-combinations may be possible. But, in general, the beginner will find some such obvious plan an excellent guide for practice. When a writer has acquired such proficiency that he tends automatically

to write paragraphs which open with a frank topic-sentence, followed by some sort of example, proof, or sequence of ideas or events, he has taken a long step toward the mastery of writing.

3. *Types of Paragraphs*

When the student turns to the study of the forms of writing, he will probably feel somewhat puzzled, momentarily, to decide whether the paragraph follows, or can follow, the same rules in exposition, that it should follow in description or in narration. If he will turn back to the tabulated scheme above, however, he will see that this provides for the different necessities in each kind of writing. An expository paragraph, for example, is usually developed by means of particulars, details, illustrations, or examples. In an argumentative paragraph, these are made even more strong and formal in statement, and become, definitely, proofs. A narrative paragraph may be shown to be a group of related incidents; and a descriptive paragraph, to be worked out by details and illustrations. Thus, whether one is explaining, arguing, describing, or narrating, the same simple principles of paragraph structure hold good.

The examples that follow will illustrate the development of a paragraph in each kind of writing.

EXPOSITORY PARAGRAPHS

[Topic-sentence.] All the world knows that the Americans are a humorous people. [Comparisons and applications.] They are as conspicuously the purveyors of humor to the nineteenth century as the French were the purveyors of wit to the eighteenth. Nor is this sense of the ludicrous side of things confined to a few brilliant writers. It is diffused among the whole people; it colors their ordinary life, and gives to their talk that distinctly new flavor which a European palate enjoys. [Direct illustra-

tions.] Their capacity for enjoying a joke against themselves
10 was oddly illustrated at the outset of the Civil War, a time of
stern excitement, by the merriment which arose over the hasty
retreat of the Federal troops at the battle of Bull Run. When
William M. Tweed was ruling and robbing New York, and had
set on the bench men who were openly prostituting justice, the
15 citizens found the situation so amusing that they almost forgot
to be angry. Much of President Lincoln's popularity, and much
also of the gift he showed for restoring confidence to the North
at the darkest moments of the war, was due to the humorous
way he used to turn things, conveying the impression of not
20 being himself uneasy, even when he was most so.

ARGUMENTATIVE PARAGRAPH

[Topic-sentence.] A second argument [advanced in extenuation
of child labor] is that the labor of these little hands is neces-
sary to relieve the poverty of their families, and that it is cruel to
deprive the poor of that increase of their weekly earnings—even
5 if it be only two or three dollars—which little children are able
to supply. [Transition.] In answer to this plea it must be said
that the actual state of the case is sometimes quite different from
what is supposed. [Proofs.] For instance, I have in mind the
case of a boy who, though fifteen years of age, was sadly over-
10 worked, his hours being from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M. The father
of this boy earns from six to seven dollars a day. Surely this
is not a case in which the necessity of the parent excuses the
overtaxing of the strength of a young boy. In other cases the
parents are found to lead a parasitic life, reversing the order of
15 nature, the adults living at the expense of the children. Econom-
ically it is brought home to us that the wage earned by children
is not really an increase of the family earnings; that where there
is competition between children and men, the wages of the men
are thereby reduced; so that a family in which man, woman,
20 and child are breadwinners may not earn more—sometimes
earn less—than the income gained by the man when the man
alone was the breadwinner. And again, in those cases of genuine
hardship which undoubtedly occur, especially where women
have been left widowed with the care of a family upon their
25 hands, and where the small earnings of children ten and eleven
years of age do make an appreciable difference, I say in such
cases it is wiser for society to send these little ones to school,
and to follow the example of Ohio, which has placed a law upon
its statute books looking to the public relief of destitute families
30 of this kind. It is better for the State to furnish outright relief

than to see the standard of living of whole sections of the population lowered by child competition.

DESCRIPTIVE PARAGRAPH

[Topic-sentence.] Then a high white shape like a cloud appears before us, on the purplish-dark edge of the sea. [Developing details.] The cloud-shape enlarges, heightens without changing contour. It is not a cloud, but an island! Its outlines begin to sharpen, with faintest pencillings of color. Shadowy valleys appear, spectral hollows, phantom slopes of pallid blue or green. The apparition is so like a mirage that it is difficult to persuade one's self one is looking at real land,—that it is not a dream. It seems to have shaped itself all suddenly out of the glowing haze. We pass many miles beyond it; and it vanishes into mist again. 10

NARRATIVE PARAGRAPH

[Topic-sentence.] The archbishop had told the knights that they would find him where they had left him. [Successive details.] He did not choose to show fear; or he was afraid, as some thought, of losing his martyrdom. He would not move. The bell had ceased. They reminded him that vespers had begun, 5 and that he ought to be in the cathedral. Half yielding, half resisting, his friends swept him down the passage into the cloister. His cross had been forgotten in the haste. He refused to stir till it was fetched and carried before him as usual. Then only, himself incapable of fear, and rebuking the terror of the 10 rest, he advanced deliberately to the door into the south transept. As he entered the church cries were heard from which it became plain that the knights had broken into the archbishop's room, had found the passage, and were following him. Almost immediately Fitzurse, Tracy, DeMorville, and Le Breton could 15 be discerned in the twilight, coming through the cloister in their armor, with drawn swords. A company of men-at-arms was behind them. In front they were driving before them a frightened flock of monks.

4. *Transition Within the Paragraph*

It is, of course, most necessary that a writer should show the exact relations among the sentences in a paragraph, and that he should be able to make a smooth connection

from sentence to sentence. For securing this smoothness the three most useful devices are the following: (a) the intelligent and systematic use of reference words; (b) the use of words and phrases indicating the relationship of ideas; and (c) the repetition of important words or phrases from sentence to sentence.

a. Transition by means of reference words.

Reference words are useful to keep the main thought prominent, to point back to something already said, or forward to something that is to follow. The last two types are sometimes called, respectively, words of retrospective, and of prospective, reference.

Examples: *this, that, these, those, the former, the latter, he, she, it, here, hence, whence, hither, whither, thence, now, then, first, secondly, again, further, finally.*

b. Transition by the use of words and phrases indicating the relationship of ideas.

Words and phrases of this type are useful to show the coördination, subordination, comparison, and contrast of ideas.

Examples: *it is true, to be sure, indeed, and, for, still, but, yet, however, nevertheless, moreover, therefore, in fact, consequently, also, accordingly, notwithstanding, in spite of, obviously, undoubtedly, certainly, probably, at any rate, at least, for example, for instance.*

The relative values of such expressions are familiar to every one who speaks English at all.

In the paragraph which follows, these connective words and phrases, and the reference words, are italicised in order to show the frequency with which they may be needed.

In fact, no belief which we entertain has so complete a logical basis as our belief that the order of Nature is constant, and that

the chain of natural causation is never broken. *It* tacitly underlies every process of reasoning; *it* is the foundation of every act of the will. *It* is based upon the broadest induction, and *it* is verified by the most constant, regular, and universal of deductive processes. *But* we must recollect that any human belief, however broad its basis, however defensible it may seem, is, *after all*, only a probable belief, and that our widest and safest generalizations are simply statements of the highest degree of probability. *Though* we are quite clear about the constancy of the order of Nature, at the present time, and in the present state of things, it by no means necessarily follows that we are justified in expanding this generalization into the infinite past, and in denying, absolutely, that there may have been a time when Nature did not follow a fixed order, when the relations of cause and effect were not definite, and when extra-natural agencies interfered with the general course of Nature. Cautious men, *indeed*, will allow that a universe so different from that which we know may have existed; just as a very candid thinker may admit that a world in which two and two do not make four, and in which two straight lines do inclose a space, may exist. *But* the same caution which forces the admission of such possibilities demands a great deal of evidence before it recognizes them to be anything more substantial. *And* when it is asserted that, so many thousand years ago, events occurred in a manner utterly foreign to and inconsistent with the existing laws of Nature, men who, without being particularly cautious, are simply honest thinkers, unwilling to deceive themselves or delude others, ask for trustworthy evidence of the fact.

30

T. H. Huxley: *On Evolution*.

c. Transition by repetition of important words or phrases.

A third mode of strengthening and making apparent the interrelation of ideas within a paragraph is to repeat the main idea in various ways at important points. Such a repetition may consist in the actual words of the topic-sentence, or in equivalent expressions, or in pronouns and demonstrative expressions emphasized. In the ensuing paragraphs, the devices of repetition are italicised.

(a) So far as I know, there are only *three hypotheses* which have ever been entertained, or which well can be entertained, respecting the past history of Nature. I will, in the first place, state these *hypotheses*, and then I will consider what *evidence*

5 bearing upon them is in our possession, and by what light of criticism *that evidence* is to be interpreted.

Upon the *first hypothesis*, the assumption is that phenomena of Nature similar to those exhibited by the present world have always existed; in other words that the universe has existed from
 10 all eternity in what may be broadly termed its present *condition*. The *second hypothesis* is that the present state of things has had only a *limited duration*; and that, at some period in the past, a *condition* of the world essentially similar to that which we now know, came into existence, without any precedent *condition* from
 15 which it could have naturally proceeded. . . .

The *third hypothesis* also assumes that the present state of things has had but a *limited duration*; but it supposes that this state has been evolved by a natural process from an antecedent state, and that from another, and so on; and, on *this hypothesis*
 20 the attempt to assign any limit to the series of past changes is usually given up.

T. H. Huxley: *On Evolution*.

(b) A certain Greek prophetess of Mantinea, in Arcadia, Diotima by name, once explained to the philosopher Socrates that love, and impulse, and bent of all kinds, is, in fact, nothing else but the *desire* in men that *good* should be *ever present* to
 5 them. *This desire for good*, Diotima assured Socrates, is our fundamental *desire*, of which *fundamental desire* every *impulse* in us is only some one particular form. And therefore *this fundamental desire* it is, I suppose,—*this desire in men that good should be forever present to them*,—which acts in us when we feel the
 10 *impulse* for relating our knowledge to our *sense* for conduct and to our *sense* for beauty. At any rate, with men in general the *instinct* exists. Such is *human nature*. And the *instinct*, it will be admitted, is *innocent*, and *human nature* is preserved by our following the lead of its *innocent instincts*. Therefore, in seeking
 15 to gratify this *instinct* in question, we are following the *instinct* of self-preservation in humanity.

Matthew Arnold: *Literature and Science*.

RELATED PARAGRAPHS

So far, we have been concerned chiefly with the rules for isolated paragraphs, *i. e.*, paragraphs regarded separately, as if each one were, in itself, a complete piece of writing. In an essay or theme which is composed of a number of

related paragraphs, there are several other matters of paragraph structure to be remembered by the careful writer. In a theme or essay of any length, the reader usually expects an *introductory paragraph*. Such a paragraph usually states the subject, and enumerates the sub-heads under which the subject is to be treated. The following examples will illustrate this point:¹

(a) I purpose to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the House of Stuart. I shall trace the course of that revolution 5 which terminated the long struggle between our sovereigns and their parliaments, and bound up together the rights of the people and the title of the reigning dynasty. I shall relate how the new settlement was, during many troubled years, successfully defended against foreign and domestic enemies; how, under 10 that settlement, the authority of law and the security of property were found to be compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known; how, from the auspicious union of order and freedom, sprang a prosperity of which the annals of human affairs had furnished no example; 15 how our country, from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of empire among European powers; how her opulence and her martial glory grew together; how, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit fruitful of marvels which to the statesmen of any former age 20 would have seemed incredible; how a gigantic commerce gave birth to a maritime power, compared with which every other maritime power, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance; how Scotland, after ages of enmity, was at length united to England, not merely by legal bonds, but by indissoluble ties of in- 25 terest and affection; how, in America, the British colonies rapidly became far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortez and Pizarro had added to the dominions of Charles the Fifth; how, in Asia, British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander. 30

Macaulay: *History of England*.

(b) The National government touches the States as corporate commonwealths in three points. One is their function

¹ See also the discussion of "introductions" in the preceding chapter, (pp. 31, 32).

in helping to form the National government; another is the control exercised over them by the Federal Constitution through the Federal courts; the third is the control exercised over them by the Federal Legislature and Executive in the discharge of the governing functions which these latter authorities possess.

Bryce: *American Commonwealth*.

Transition paragraphs will also be needed, at the proper points, to recall the reader's attention to the main thought, and to show him the progress of the explanation or of the argument. The following are some examples:

(a) But there was another matter still more important to be settled by the Vizier and the Governor. The fate of a brave people was to be decided. It was decided in a manner which has left a lasting stain on the fame of Hastings and of England.

Macaulay: *Warren Hastings*.

(b) We have seen that the American Constitution has changed, is changing, and by the law of its existence must continue to change, in its substance and practical working even when its words remain the same. "Time and habit," said Washington, "are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions;" and while habit fixes some things, time remoulds others.

It remains to ask what has been the general result of the changes from which the Constitution has suffered, and what light an examination of its history, in this respect, throws upon the probable future of the instrument and on the worth of Rigid or Supreme constitutions in general.

Bryce: *American Commonwealth*.

Summary paragraphs, finally, are, as their name indicates, merely devices for summing up what has gone before. The longer a theme is, the more likely it will be to require a summary paragraph, since a long and complicated series of thoughts requires frequent and careful summing up, if the reader is to hold the points closely in his mind.

(a) Thus every American citizen lives in a duality of which Europeans, always excepting the Swiss, and to some extent the Germans, have no experience. He lives under two governments and two sets of laws; he is animated by two patriotisms and

owes two allegiances. That these should both be strong and rarely be in conflict is most fortunate. It is the result of skilful adjustment and long habit, of the fact that those whose votes control the two sets of governments are the same persons, but above all of that harmony of each set of institutions with the other set, a harmony due to the identity of the principles whereon both are founded, which makes each appear necessary to the stability of the other, the States to the nation as its basis, the National Government to the States as their protector.

James Bryce: *The American Commonwealth*.

(b) We thus find that the Darwinian theory, even when carried out to its extreme logical conclusion, not only does not oppose, but lends a decided support to, a belief in the spiritual nature of man. It shows us how man's body may have been developed from that of a lower animal form under the law of natural selection; but it also teaches us that we possess intellectual and moral faculties which could not have been so developed, but must have had another origin; and for this origin we can find an adequate cause only in the unseen universe of Spirit.

Alfred R. Wallace: *Darwinism*.

EXAMPLES OF PARAGRAPHS FOR REVISION¹

(1) Criticise the following paragraphs, pointing out all violations of the principles set forth in this chapter.

(a) The pursuit of wealth now furnishes the outlet for the overmastering ambition of many persons. In the new state, the desire to rise in the world would have only one main outlet, namely, politics. The work of governing the country, and that of managing its industries, would be merged in one great official body. The contrast between rulers and ruled would be enormously heightened by this concentration of power in the hands of the rulers, and by the further fact that the ruled would never be able, by means of wealth, to acquire an offset for the advantages of officeholding. The desire for public position must therefore be intensified. There would be some prizes to be gained in a worthy way by other kinds of service, such as authorship, invention, and discovery; but the prizes which would appeal to most men would be those of officialdom. Is it in reason to suppose that the method of securing the offices would be better

¹ Additional paragraphs for revision will be found in the themes quoted in Chapter I.

then than it is now? Would a man, under the new regime work quietly at his task in the shoe shop, the bakery, or the mine, waiting for the office to which he aspired to seek him out, or would he try to make terms with other men for mutual assistance
20 in the quest of office? Would rings be less general than they are now? Could there fail to be bosses and political machines? Would the Tammanys of the new order, then, be an improvement on the Tammanys of the old order? To the sober second thought which mental training ought to favor, it appears that
25 the claim of the socialistic state to a peculiar moral excellence brought about by its equality of possessions needs a very thorough sifting. Without making any dogmatic assertions, we may say that there would certainly have to be machines of some sort for pushing men into public offices, and that these would
30 have very sinister possibilities. They would be opposed by counter machines, made up of men out of office and anxious to get in. "I am able to see," said Marshal MacMahon, when nearing the end of his brief presidency of the French Republic, "that there are two classes of men—those who command and
35 those who must obey." If the demarcation were as sharp as that in actual society, and if the great prizes of life were political, brief indeed might be the tenure of place by any one party, and revolutions of more than South American frequency might be the normal state of society. One may look at the ideal which
40 collectivism¹ presents, with no thought of such dangers; but it is the part of intelligence at least to take account of them

(b) It is an acknowledged and generally admitted fact that the sparrow is both insectivorous and graminivorous. That I might have full opportunity to watch them and see for myself, I had several houses raised on poles, these poles having wires
5 strung on them, on which I trained my vines. I may mention that on two such rows of poles I grow on an average, over half a ton of grapes every year, of Concord, Eumelan, Rebecca, Delaware, Creveling, and many others. The houses were made of boxes about 14 inches long, 7 high, and 8 in breadth, divided
10 in the middle and with a door on each end. This box was fastened on a broad board for a floor, formed a full nest house on each side, and could serve for two couples. I have shot many at the other end of the village, but never near my own residence. I carefully protect them. I accede to the statement that they
15 eat both wheat and oats, as also many varieties of grain and seed. In the winter they can get little else than refuse wheat and other

¹ The economic idea underlying socialism: community ownership of all the means of production.

grains, and what bits of cooked potatoes and bread crumbs, their quick eyes can pick up. This food is varied, as the snow disappears, with early flies and other insects. I have seen sparrows, bluebirds, and robins chase and catch an early water-fly 20 often on the snows in April, termed by trout fishers in England "March browns." I have seen them chase them on the wing and on the ground, and then fly directly to their nests to feed the young.

(c) According to my observation, students read no good literature. Several of my friends enjoy the works of the greatest English novelists—Thackeray and Dickens particularly—and I know several students who occasionally read some of Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare was born in 1564. Personally, I 5 think that a student who graduates from college without having read *King Lear* and *As You Like It* has missed a great deal of genuine pleasure and profit. Students who read Shakespeare and Thackeray and Dickens, though they are not many in number, are certainly to be found in our universities. Thus it is 10 clear that students do read some good literature.

(d) According to the statement of the public analyst, the water supply in Montreal, as a rule, is wholesome. The beer and ale made there are unimpeachable and of fair quality. He never found strychnine in any sample. The milk was usually good, but ten years ago was badly diluted with water and adulterated 5 by the removal of cream. Plentiful prosecutions had prevented this. He had examined specimens of bread, and found alum in extremely few cases—say less than one per cent. He did not consider potatoes necessary to the making of bread. They gave a brighter color to the bread. He thought potatoes im- 10 proved the bread, supplying the want of fresh vegetables. Alum would be injurious to the health of the consumer if used in large quantities. He had examined many specimens of pepper and spice and found the majority impure. Mustard was usually adulterated. Coffee and tea, as usually sold here, were de- 15 ficient in the strengthening portions. Tea often had exhausted tea-leaves and stalks in it. Some samples were adulterated with sandy, worthless matter in the form of tea-dust. Coffee was usually largely adulterated. People could not be sure of getting pure ground coffee. The adulterations were usually chicory, 20 peas, corn, and wheat (damaged). The sugar sold here was within a reasonable degree of purity. Sugar refined here was as pure as that imported. He had not found any muriate of tin in any sugars of late years,

(e) Most of my friends read only two kinds of writing: first, what they find in their text-books, and second, the short stories in the magazines. They buy or borrow copies of the current magazines, in which they find a large number of stories that
5 have at least this merit (if it is a merit): that they are written by authors still living. Often these stories are extremely silly or extremely dull, and most of them are really less interesting than the short stories and the novels of many standard writers. One reason why students read fiction in the magazines rather
10 than in good books is, I think, that they foolishly prefer to pay fifteen cents for a magazine to paying thirty or fifty cents for a good book. Some of them, however, read the works of standard authors.

(2) Supply topic-sentences for the two following paragraphs:

(a) It is not merely that they respect religion and its ministers, for that one might say of Russians and Sicilians, not merely that they are assiduous churchgoers and Sunday-school teachers, but that they have an intelligent interest in
5 the form of faith they profess, are pious without superstition and zealous without bigotry. The importance which they still, though less than formerly, attach to dogmatic propositions, does not prevent them from feeling the moral side of their theology. Christianity influences conduct, not indeed in theory
10 half so much as it ought, but probably more than it does in any other modern country, and far more than it did in the so-called ages of faith.

Bryce: *The American Commonwealth*.

(b) Setting aside the *colluvies gentium*¹ which one finds in Western mining camps, and which popular literature has presented to Europeans as far larger than it really is, setting
5 aside, also, the rabble of a few great cities and the negroes of the South, the average of temperance, chastity, truthfulness, and general probity is somewhat higher than in any of the great nations of Europe. The instincts of the native farmer or artisan are almost invariably kindly and charitable. He respects the law; he is deferential to women and indulgent to children; he
10 attaches an almost excessive value to the possession of a genial manner and the observance of domestic duties.

Bryce: *The American Commonwealth*.

¹ "Offscouring of nations."

(3) In the following paragraph, the reference words and the coördinating and subordinating connectives have been omitted. Study the paragraph and supply such words at the dotted lines and wherever else you think they are needed.

Social intercourse between youths and maidens [in America] is everywhere more easy and unrestrained than in England or Germany, not to speak of France . . . there are considerable differences between the Eastern cities, whose usages have begun to approximate to those of Europe, and other parts of the coun-5 try. In the rural districts, and generally all over the West, young men and girls are permitted to walk together, drive together, go out to parties, and . . . to public entertainments together, without the presence of any third person who could be supposed to be looking after or taking charge of the girl . . . 10 a girl may . . . keep up a correspondence with a young man, nor will her parents think of interfering. She will have her own friends, who, when they call at her house, ask for her and are received by her, it may be alone; because they are not deemed to be necessarily the friends of her parents . . . , nor . . . of 15 her sisters. In the cities of the Atlantic States, it is beginning to be thought scarcely correct for a young man to take a young lady out for a solitary drive; . . . in few sets would he be now permitted to escort her alone to the theatre . . . girls still go without chaperons to dances, the hostess being deemed to act 20 as chaperon for all her guests; . . . as regards both correspondence and the right to have one's own circle of acquaintances, the usage . . . of New York or Boston allows more liberty than does that of London or Edinburgh.

Bryce: *The American Commonwealth*.

(4) Supply, in the following paragraph, the omitted sentence. (The omission is indicated by dotted lines). The sentence in question directs the reader's thought from the main general thought with which the paragraph opens to one of the subordinate thoughts which supports it.

The emancipation of childhood from economic servitude is a social reform of the first magnitude. It is also one upon which we can all unite. There are so many proposed reforms upon which it is impossible to secure agreement, different minds, though alike honest, inevitably differing with regard to them. 5

But here is a reform upon which we can agree, which must appeal to every right-thinking person, and which is urgent. . . . Because if it once comes to be an understood thing that a certain sacredness "doth hedge around" a child, that a child is industrially taboo, that to violate its rights is to touch profanely a holy thing, that it has a soul which must not be blighted for the prospect of mere gain; if this be once generally conceded with regard to the child, the same essential reasoning will be found to apply also to the adult workers; they too will not be looked upon as mere commodities, as mere instruments for the accumulation of riches; to them also a certain sacredness will be seen to attach, and certain human rights to belong, which may not be infringed. I have great hopes for the adjustment of our labor difficulties on a higher plane, if once we can gain the initial victory of inculcating regard for the higher human nature that is present potentially in the child.

PARAGRAPHS FOR ANALYSIS

Analyse the following paragraphs.

(1) We have always thought it strange that, while the history of the Spanish empire in America is familiarly known to all the nations of Europe, the great actions of our countrymen in the East should, even among ourselves, excite little interest. Every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atahualpa. But we doubt whether one in ten, even among English gentlemen of highly cultivated minds, can tell who won the battle of Buxar, who perpetrated the massacre of Panta, whether sujah Dowlah ruled in Oude or in Travancore, or whether Holkar was a Hindoo or a Mussulman. Yet the victories of Cortez were gained over savages who had no letters, who were ignorant of the use of metals, who had not broken in a single animal to labor, who wielded no better weapons than those which could be made out of sticks, flints, and fishbones, who regarded a horse-soldier as a monster, half man and half beast, who took a harquebusier for a sorcerer, able to scatter the thunder and lightning of the skies. The people of India, when we subdued them, were ten times as numerous as the Americans whom the Spaniards vanquished, and were at the same time quite as highly civilized as the victorious Spaniards. They had reared cities larger and fairer than Saragossa or Toledo, and buildings more beautiful and costly than the cathedral of Seville. They could show bankers richer than the richest firms of Barcelona or Cadiz, viceroys whose splendor far surpassed that

of Ferdinand the Catholic, myriads of cavalry and long trains²⁵ of artillery which would have astonished the Great Captain. It might have been expected that every Englishman who takes any interest in any part of history would be curious to know how a handful of his countrymen, separated from their home by an immense ocean, subjugated, in the course of a few years, one³⁰ of the greatest empires in the world. Yet, unless we greatly err, this subject is to most readers not only insipid, but positively distasteful.

Macaulay: *Lord Clive*.

(2) There is a supreme type of self-complacency which is born of sheer ignorance, an ignorance so absolute as to be unaware of the existence of anything to learn. And this self-complacency, I have already said, it is not confined to school-children: it is shared by old and young. It may be called the dominating⁵ spirit of our time. One of its marks is a contempt for thorough knowledge and a profound distrust of any one who is really well-informed. An expert opinion on any subject becomes valueless the moment we learn that it emanates from a "college professor." When a conspicuously competent person is suggested for¹⁰ public office, the most damning accusation that can be hurled at him is the epithet "academic." Few, indeed, can bear up under the suspicion of actually knowing something.

C. E. Grandgent: *The Dark Ages*.

(3) A few weeks after Johnson had entered on these obscure labors, he published a work which at once placed him high among the writers of his age. It is probable that what he had suffered during his first week in London had often reminded him of some parts of that noble poem in which Juvenal had described the⁵ misery and degradation of a needy man of letters, lodged among the pigeons' nests in the tottering garrets which overhung the streets of Rome. Pope's admirable imitations of Horace's satires and epistles had recently appeared, were in every hand, and were by many readers thought superior to the originals.¹⁰ What Pope had done for Horace, Johnson aspired to do for Juvenal. The enterprise was bold and yet judicious. For between Johnson and Juvenal there was much in common, much more, certainly, than between Pope and Horace.

Macaulay: *Samuel Johnson*.

(4) I am often filled with wonder that so many marriages are passably successful, and so few come to open failure, the more so as I fail to understand the principle on which people regulate

their choice. I see women marrying indiscriminately with staring burgesses and ferret-faced, white-eyed boys, and men dwelling in contentment with noisy scullions, or taking into their lives acidulous vestals. It is a common answer to say the good people marry because they fall in love; and of course you may use and misuse a word as much as you please, if you have the world along with you. But love is at least a somewhat hyperbolic expression for such lukewarm preference. It is not here, any way, that Love employs his golden shafts; he cannot be said, with any fitness of language, to reign here and revel. Indeed, if this be love at all, it is plain the poets have been fooling with mankind since the foundation of the world. And you have only to look these happy couples in the face to see that they have never been in love, or in hate, or in any other high passion, all their days. When you see a dish of fruit at dessert, you sometimes set your affections upon one particular peach or nectarine, watch it with some anxiety as it comes around the table, and feel a quite sensible disappointment when it is taken by some one else. I have used the phrase "high passion." Well, I should say this was about as high a passion as generally leads to marriage.

R. L. Stevenson: *Virginibus Puerisque*.

(5) The two great dangers of American bathing are the undertow and the "sea-puss." The undertow varies at different stages of the tide, and with the different strengths of the surf; it is simply the return of the volume of water that has been thrown up on the beach, and the stronger the surf, the greater the undertow. It may have curious deviations; instead of running straight out to sea it may extend up or down the beach, so that the surprised bather sometimes finds himself continually working a hundred yards or so beyond his point of entry. The other and greater danger of bathing is the largely unknown "sea-puss," or, as it is more properly termed, the "sea-purse." This condition of affairs results from the great influence which the winds have on ocean currents. Its formation is easily explained. For example, if the wind has been blowing steadily from one quarter, the surf will break on the beach from that direction, when, suddenly, the wind will shift to another quarter; as a result, a second current of water is started, which, meeting the first current nearer the shore, causes the ocean to "purse up," forming a small whirlpool which ends in an undertow running strongly out to sea. It was the writer's unfortunate experience to have been caught in one of these "sea-purses" several years ago; as to its force, the fact that two bathers were drowned,

and four brought back to life only with the greatest difficulty, is sufficient evidence.

(6) Coeducation answers perfectly in institutions like Antioch and Oberlin in Ohio, where manners are plain and simple, where the students all come from a class where the intercourse of young men and young women is easy and natural, and where there is a strong religious influence pervading the life of the place. No moral difficulties are found to arise. Each sex is said to improve the other: the men become more refined, the women more manly. Now and then students fall in love with one another and marry when they have graduated. But why not? Such marriages are based upon a better reciprocal knowledge of character than is usually attainable in the great world, and are reported to be almost invariably happy. So also, in the Western State universities, coeducation is well reported of. In these establishments the students mostly lodge where they will in the city, and are therefore brought into social relations only in the hours of public instruction; but the tendency of late years has been, while leaving men to find their own quarters, to provide places of residence for the women. The authorities have little to do in the way of discipline or supervision. They say they do not find it needed, and that they are not aware of any objections to the system. I did find, however, that the youths in some cases expressed aversion to it, saying they would rather be in classes by themselves; the reason apparently being that it was disagreeable to see a man whom men thought meanly of standing high in the favor of lady students. In these Western States there is so much freedom allowed in the intercourse of youths and girls, and girls are so well able to take care of themselves, that the objections which occur to a European arouse no disquietude. Whether a system which has borne good fruits in the primitive society of the West is fit to be adopted in the Eastern States, where the conditions of life approach nearer to those of Europe, is a question warmly debated in America. The need for it is at any rate not urgent, because the liberality of founders and benefactors has provided in at least four women's colleges places where an excellent education, surpassing that of most of the Western universities, stands open to women. These colleges are at present so efficient and so popular, and the life of their students is in some respects so much freer than it could well be, considering the etiquette of Eastern society, in universities frequented by both sexes, that they will probably continue to satisfy the practical needs of the community and the wishes of all but the advocates of complete theoretical equality.

James Bryce: *The American Commonwealth*.

(7) At present most of the American universities are referable to one of two types, which may be described as the older and the newer, or the Private and the Public type. By the Old or Private type I denote a college on the model of a college in Oxford or Cambridge, with a head called the President, and a number of teachers, now generally called professors; a body of governors or trustees in whom the property and general control of the institution is vested; a prescribed course of instruction which all students are expected to follow; buildings, usually called dormitories, provided for the lodging of the students, and a more or less strict, but always pretty effective discipline enforced by the teaching staff. Such a college is usually of private foundation, and is almost always connected with some religious denomination. Under the term New or Public type I include universities established, endowed, and governed by a State, usually through a body of persons called Regents. In such a university there usually exists considerable freedom of choice among various courses of study. The students, or at least the majority of them, reside where they please in the city, and are subject to very little discipline. There are seldom or never denominational affiliations, and the instruction is often gratuitous.

Idem.

(8) The origin of language is an unsolved problem. It was once supposed that man was created a talking animal; that is to say, that he could speak immediately on his creation, through a special faculty inherent in his very nature. Some scholars maintained that our first parents were instructed in the rudiments of speech by God himself, or that language *in esse* was a gift bestowed by the deity immediately after Adam was created. Along with these opinions went, in former times, the opinion that Hebrew, the language of the Jewish scriptures, was the primitive tongue of mankind. None of these views are now in favor, either with theologians or with philologists. However we conceive the first man to have come into existence, we are forced to believe that language as we know it was a human invention. Not language itself, but the inherent power to frame and develop a language was the birthright of man. This result, it will be seen, is purely negative. It defines what the origin of language was *not*, but it throws no light on the question what it *was*, and no satisfactory answer to the question has ever been proposed. Some scholars believe that human speech originated in man's attempt to imitate the sounds of nature, as if a child should call a dog "bow-wow" or a cow "moo." No doubt such imitation accounts for a certain number of words in our vocabu-

lary, but there are great difficulties in carrying out the theory to its ultimate results. All that can be said is that the "bow-wow theory," as it is jocosely called, has never been driven from 25 the field. Another view, which may be traced without any great difficulty to Herder's attempt to explain the speech of animals, has found a warm defender in Max Müller. According to this view, which has a specious appearance of philosophical profundity, the utterances of primitive man were the spontaneous 30 result, by reflex action, of impressions produced upon him by various external phenomena. Though the "ding-dong theory," as it is derisively called, is now discredited, and, in its entirety, is hardly susceptible of intelligible statement, it may, after all, contain a grain of truth. 35

Greenough & Kittredge: *Words and their Ways in English Speech.*

(9) When the sermon is good we need not much concern ourselves about the form of the pulpit. But sermons cannot always be good; and I believe that the temper in which the congregation set themselves to listen may be in some degree modified by their perception of fitness or unfitness, impressiveness or 5 vulgarity, in the disposition of the place appointed for the speaker—not to the same degree, but somewhat in the same way that they may be influenced by his own gestures or expression, irrespective of the sense of what he says. I believe, therefore, in the first place, that pulpits ought never to be highly decorated; 10 the speaker is apt to look mean or diminutive if the pulpit is either on a very large scale or covered with splendid ornament, and if the interest of the sermon should *flag*, the mind is instantly tempted to wander. I have observed that in almost all cathedrals, when the pulpits are peculiarly magnificent, sermons are 15 not often preached from them; but rather, and especially if for any important purpose, from some temporary erection in other parts of the building; and though this may often be done because the architect has consulted the effect upon the eye more than the convenience of the ear in the placing of his larger pulpit, 20 I think it also proceeds in some measure from a natural dislike in the preacher to match himself with the magnificence of the rostrum, lest the sermon should not be thought worthy of the place.

John Ruskin: *The Stones of Venice.*

(10) The physical effects of precocious childhood are arrest of growth, puny, stunted stature, anæmia, thin, emaciated limbs, sunken cheeks and hollow eyes; and diseases of all kinds—

of the lungs, of the joints, of the spine—for arrest of development
5 does not mean mere arrest, but means malformation. The
mental effects of precocious labor are likewise arrest of mental
development; and this too means not only a stopping short but
a development in the wrong direction. The brilliant but short-
lived intelligence of many newsboys, their high-strung excita-
10 bility, their sinister anticipation of world knowledge, followed
often by torpor and mental exhaustion later on, are an instance
in point. We laugh at and applaud their sallies of wit; their
quick repartee, their seeming ability to play the game of life
on a par with adults; we do not look beyond the moment, nor
15 count the cost they pay.

Felix Adler: *Child Labor in the United States.*

(11) Science and art are commonly distinguished by the nature
of their actions: the one as knowing, the other as changing,
producing, or creating. But there is a still more important
distinction in the nature of the things they deal with. Science
5 deals exclusively with things as they are in themselves; and art
exclusively with things as they affect the human senses and the
human soul. Her work is to portray the appearances of things,
and to deepen the natural impressions which they produce upon
living creatures. The work of science is to substitute facts for
10 appearances, and demonstrations for impressions. Both, observe,
are equally concerned with truth; the one with truth of aspect,
the other with truth of essence. Art does not represent things
falsely, but truly as they appear to mankind. Science studies
the relations of things to each other; but art studies only
15 their relations to man; and it requires of everything which is
submitted to it imperatively this, and only this,—what that
thing is to the human eyes and the human heart, what it has to
say to men, and what it can become to them: a field of question
just as much vaster than that of science, as the soul is larger
20 than the material creation.

John Ruskin: *The Stones of Venice.*

(12) To produce the cultivated man, or at least the man
capable of becoming cultivated in after life, has long been sup-
posed to be one of the fundamental objects of systematic and
thorough education. The ideal of general cultivation has been
5 one of the standards of education. It is often asked: Will the
education which a given institution is supplying produce the
cultivated man? Or, can cultivation be the result of a given
course of study? In such questions there is an implication that
the education which does not produce the cultivated man is a

failure, or has been misconceived or misdirected. Now if cultivation were an unchanging ideal, the steady use of the conception as a permanent test of educational processes might be justified; but if the cultivated man of to-day is, or ought to be, a distinctly different creature from the cultivated man of a century ago, the ideal of cultivation cannot be appealed to as a standard without preliminary explanations and interpretations. It is the object of this paper to show that the idea of cultivation in the highly trained human being has undergone substantial changes during the nineteenth century.

C. W. Eliot: *A New Definition of the Cultivated Man.*

(13) Of all the evidence bearing upon national character, presented by the various art of the fifteenth century, none is so interesting or so conclusive as that deduced from its tombs. For, exactly in proportion as the pride of life became more insolent, the fear of death became more servile; and the difference in the manner in which the men of early and later days adorned the sepulchre confesses a still greater difference in their manner of regarding death. To those he came as the comforter and the friend, rest in his right hand, hope in his left; to these as the humiliator, the spoiler, and avenger. And, therefore, we find the early tombs at once simple and lovely in adornment, severe and solemn in their expression; confessing the power and accepting the peace of death openly and joyfully; and in all their symbols marking that the hope of resurrection lay only in Christ's righteousness; signed always with this simple utterance of the dead, "I will lay me down in peace and take my rest; for it is Thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell in safety." But the tombs of the later ages are a ghastly struggle of mean pride and miserable terror: the one mustering the statues of the Virtues about the tomb, disguising the sarcophagus with delicate sculpture, polishing the false periods of the elaborate epitaph, and filling with strained animation the features of the portrait statue; and the other summoning underneath, out of the niche or from behind the curtain, the frowning skull, or scythed skeleton, or some other more terrible image of the enemy in whose defiance the whiteness of the sepulchre had been set to shine above the whiteness of the ashes.

John Ruskin: *The Stones of Venice.*

(14) There are two methods by which, given men and arms, an army may be created: one is by the tedious process of daily drill, continued until the soldier becomes a machine and obedience a habit; the other is by the leadership of one in whom every

5 soldier has an unflinching confidence. The one requires time—the other, a MAN.

(15) Perhaps there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome under evening light. Let the reader imagine himself for a moment withdrawn from the sounds and motion of the living world, and sent forth
5 alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles beneath his foot, tread he ever so lightly, for its substance is white, hollow, and curious, like the dusty wreck of the bones of men. The long knotted grass waves and tosses feebly in the evening wind, and the shadows of its motion shake fever-
10 ishly along the banks of ruin that lift as if the dead beneath were struggling in their sleep; scattered blocks of black stone, four-square, remnants of mighty edifices, not one left upon another, lie upon them to keep them down. A dull, purple, poisonous haze stretches level along the desert, veiling its spectral wrecks
15 of massy ruins, on whose rents the red light rests like dying fire on defiled altars. The blue ridge of the Alban mount lifts itself against a solemn space of green, clear, quiet sky. Watch-towers of dark clouds stand steadfastly along the promontories of the Apennines. From the plain to the mountains, the shattered
20 aqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into the darkness, like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners, passing from a nation's grave.

John Ruskin: *Modern Painters*.

(16) Charles, however, had one advantage, which, if he had used it well, would have more than compensated for the want of stores and money, and which, notwithstanding his mismanagement, gave him, during some months, a superiority in the war.
5 His troops at first fought much better than those of the Parliament. Both armies, it is true, were almost entirely composed of men who had never seen a field of battle. Nevertheless, the difference was great. The parliamentary ranks were filled with hirelings whom want and idleness had induced to enlist. Hamp-
10 den's regiment was regarded as one of the best; and even Hampden's regiment was described by Cromwell as a mere rabble of tapsters and serving-men out of place. The royal army, on the other hand, consisted in great part of gentlemen, high spirited, ardent, accustomed to consider dishonor as more terrible than
15 death, accustomed to fencing, to the use of firearms, to bold riding, and to manly and perilous sport, which has been well called the image of war. Such gentlemen, mounted on their favorite horses, and commanding little bands composed of their

younger brothers, grooms, gamekeepers, and huntsmen, were, from the very first day on which they took the field, qualified to play their part with credit in a skirmish. The steadiness, the prompt obedience, the mechanical precision of movement, which are characteristic of the regular soldier, these gallant volunteers never attained. But they were at first opposed to enemies as undisciplined as themselves, and far less active, athletic, and daring. For a time, therefore, the Cavaliers were successful in almost every encounter.

Macaulay: *History of England*.

(17) The changes wrought by death are in themselves so sharp and final, and so terrible and melancholy in their consequences, that the thing stands alone in man's experience, and has no parallel upon earth. It outdoes all other accidents because it is the last of them. Sometimes it leaps suddenly upon its victims like a Thug; sometimes it lays a regular siege and creeps upon their citadel during a score of years. And when the business is done, there is sore havoc made in other people's lives, and a pin knocked out by which many subsidiary friendships hung together. There are empty chairs, solitary walks, and single beds at night. Again, in taking away our friends, death does not take them away utterly, but leaves behind a mocking, tragical, and soon intolerable residue, which must be hurriedly concealed. Hence, a whole chapter of sights and customs striking to the mind, from the pyramids of Egypt to the gibbets and dule trees of mediæval Europe. The poorest persons have a bit of pageant going towards the tomb; memorial stones are set up over the least memorable; and in order to preserve some show of respect for what remains of our old loves and friendships, we must accompany it with much grimly ludicrous ceremonial, and the hired undertaker parades before the door. All this, and much more of the same sort, accompanied by the eloquence of poets, has gone a great way to put humanity in error; nay, in many philosophies the error has been embodied and laid down with every circumstance of logic; although in real life the bustle and swiftness, in leaving people little time to think, have not left them time enough to go dangerously wrong in practice.

R. L. Stevenson: *Æs Triplex*.

(18) Nothing is perhaps more notable in the average workman than his surprising idleness, and the candor with which he confesses to the failing. It has to me been always something of a relief to find the poor, as a general rule, so little oppressed with work. I can in consequence enjoy my own more fortunate be-

ginning with a better grace. The other day I was living with a farmer in America, an old frontiersman, who had worked and fought, hunted and farmed, from his childhood up. He excused himself for his defective education on the ground that he had
 10 been overworked from first to last. Even now, he said, anxious as he was, he had never the time to take up a book. In consequence of this, I observed him closely; he was occupied for four or, at the extreme outside, for five hours out of the twenty-four, and then principally in walking; and the remainder of the day
 15 he passed in born idleness, either eating fruit or standing with his back against a door. I have known men do hard literary work all morning, and then undergo quite as much physical fatigue by way of relief as satisfied this powerful frontiersman for the day. He, at least, like all the educated class, did so much
 20 homage to industry as to persuade himself he was industrious. But the average mechanic recognizes his idleness with effrontery; he has even, as I am told, organized it.

R. L. Stevenson: *The Amateur Emigrant*.

(19) I give the story as it was told me, and it was told me for a fact. A man fell from a house-top in the city of Aberdeen, and was brought into hospital with broken bones. He was asked what was his trade, and replied that he was a *tapper*. No one
 5 had ever heard of such a thing before; the officials were filled with curiosity; they besought an explanation. It appeared that when a party of slaters were engaged upon a roof, they would now and then be taken with a fancy for the public-house. Now a seamstress, for example, might slip away from her work and
 10 no one be the wiser; but if these fellows adjourned, the tapping of the mallets would cease, and thus the neighborhood be advertised of their defection. Hence the career of the tapper. He has to do the tapping and keep up an industrious bustle on the housetop during the absence of the slaters. When he taps for
 15 only one or two the thing is child's-play, but when he has to represent a whole troop, it is then that he earns his money in the sweat of his brow. Then must he bound from spot to spot, reduplicate, triplicate, sexduplicate his single personality, and swell and hasten his blows until he produce a perfect illusion for
 20 the ear, and you would swear that a crowd of emulous masons were continuing merrily to roof the house. It must be a strange sight from an upper window.

R. L. Stevenson: *The Amateur Emigrant*.

(20) One secret is that they [Burke and Tacitus], and all such men as they were, had that of which Macaulay can hardly have

had the rudimentary germ, the faculty of deep abstract meditation and surrender to the fruitful "leisures of the spirit." We can picture Macaulay talking, or making a speech in the House of Commons, or buried in a book, or scouring his library for references, or covering his blue foolscap with dashing periods, or accentuating his sentences and barbing his phrases; but can anybody think of him as meditating, as modestly pondering and wondering, as possessed for so much as ten minutes by that spirit of inwardness which has never been wholly wanting in any of those kings and princes of literature with whom it is good for men to sit in counsel? He seeks Truth, not as she should be sought, devoutly, tentatively, and with the air of one touching the hem of a sacred garment, but clutching her by the hair of the head and dragging her after him in a kind of boisterous triumph, a prisoner of war and not a goddess.

John Morley: *Macaulay*.

CHAPTER III

SENTENCES

THE SENTENCE DEFINED

A SENTENCE is a word or a group of words expressing a thought completely.¹ The single word *Help!* shouted by a drowning man expresses as complete a thought as does the group of words *I want help*, or *Give me help*. In general, however, a sentence consists of a series of words in which two fundamental elements are explicitly present: (1) a subject,—the thing concerning which an assertion is made, and (2) a predicate,—the assertion made. Objects and modifiers may or may not be present. Let us glance at an illustration:

The Freshman is sometimes forced to wait on the upperclassmen. This, however, being no part of his legitimate duties as a student.

The Freshman is sometimes forced to wait on the upperclassmen is a complete sentence, since it contains a subject and a predicate. On the other hand, *This, however, being no part of his legitimate duties as a student* is, by definition, not a sentence, since the participle *being* does not perform the office of a regular predicate. Nor can we say that the second series of words expresses a thought completely.

As we begin to examine the forms and varieties of sentences, we soon observe that every sentence may be studied from two points of view: (1) its obedience to the rules of grammar, and (2) its observance of the devices of rhetoric.

¹ G. P. Krapp: *The Elements of English Grammar*, p. 8.

Grammar may be defined as the study of the inflections and constructions of words in a sentence. Rhetoric, on the other hand, is understood to mean the art of expressing, in a graceful and effective manner, precisely what we mean. Grammar, then, has to do with the *scientific* aspect of spoken or written language; rhetoric, with what we may call the *artistic* aspect.

Now it is evident that, although correct grammar is essential to all intelligible writing, mere grammatical correctness alone does not insure precise and effective expression. A sentence may be grammatically correct, yet rhetorically ineffective. Such a sentence is seen in the following:

I became weary and I went home.

This sentence is grammatically unimpeachable. Whether it expresses effectively the precise meaning of the writer, however, is by no means certain. The two statements *I became weary* and *I went home* are presented here, combined by the conjunction *and*, as if they were precisely parallel in thought, and as if there were no distinction between them in time or in logical relation. As a matter of fact, however, the writer must have intended to express some such distinction, and he might have found a more precise statement of his thought in selecting from such a group as the following:

When I became weary, I went home.

I went home because I was weary.

After I had become weary, I went home.

These three sentences, like the original sentence itself, are all correct *grammatically*. The one that will be *rhetorically* correct, in a given case, must be the one that expresses "in a graceful and effective manner, *precisely what we mean*."

The student must bear constantly in mind, then, these two aspects of his sentences: the grammatical aspect and the rhetorical. All successful writing must observe the canons of rhetoric as well as the rules of grammar. Since, however, grammatical drill is abundantly provided in the grammar school and the high school, we need consider in this chapter only the most general matters of grammatical form, and may devote ourselves more especially to the principles of rhetoric.

THE GRAMMATICAL STRUCTURE OF SENTENCES

A. THE ELEMENTS OF THE SENTENCE: THE CLAUSE AND THE PHRASE

Sentences are made up of (1) clauses and (2) phrases.

(1) A clause may be defined as a group of words containing a subject and a predicate; *e. g.*, *As he walked on; if he comes; he is lost; I shall run.* Clauses are of two kinds: (a) independent or principal, and (b) dependent or subordinate.

(a) An independent or principal clause is one that makes by itself a complete statement; *e. g.*, *He is lost; I shall run.*

(b) A dependent or subordinate clause is one that is incomplete in meaning unless associated with a principal clause; *e. g.*, *As he walked on; if he comes.*

A sentence must contain at least one principal clause.

(2) Phrases are groups of words that do not contain a subject and a predicate; *e. g.*, *at least, in the way, to conclude the matter.*

Groups of words, whether clauses or phrases, may be construed as equivalent to nouns, verbs, adjectives, or adverbs. For example, in the sentence "I remember distinctly *the spot where I stood,*" the italicised words form a noun-group, the object of the verb *remember*; in "He

could have gone," a verb-group, of which *he* is the subject; in "The watch *that I bought* is broken," an adjective-group modifying watch; in "I struck him *by accident*," an adverb-group, modifying *struck*.

B. THE GRAMMATICAL FORMS OF THE SENTENCE: SIMPLE, COMPLEX, AND COMPOUND

According to the form of sentences they are classified as (1) simple, (2) complex, and (3) compound.

(1) A simple sentence contains only one subject, predicate, and object; *e. g.*, *The rain is falling; Time works wonders; He strolled over the grassy lawn.*

(2) A complex sentence contains one simple or principal sentence, and one or more subordinate or dependent clauses; *e. g.*, *The officers who remained unhurt thanked the soldiers for the bravery they had shown. If I find it, I shall send it to you.*

(3) A compound sentence contains two or more independent or principal clauses, usually united by conjunctions; *e. g.*, *The pursuers were recalled, the broken ranks were formed afresh, and the English troops withdrew. He came, he saw, he conquered.*

In a compound sentence, however, each principal clause may be modified by subordinate clauses. Such sentences are called complex-compound sentences; *e. g.*, *While the event of war was still doubtful, the Houses had put the Primate to death, had interdicted, within the sphere of their authority, the use of the Liturgy, and had required all men to subscribe that renowned instrument known by the name of Solemn League and Covenant.*

C. THE ANALYSIS OF SENTENCES

To analyse a simple sentence it is necessary to find (1) the subject, (2) the predicate, (3) the object or predicate-

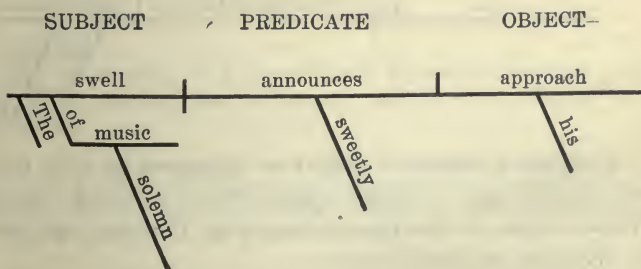
complement, (4) the modifiers of the subject, (5) the modifiers of the predicate, and (6) the modifiers of the object or predicate-complement. Modifiers of the subject, of the object, or of the predicate-complement must be adjectival, answering the question "what kind of," and may be adjectives, adjective-phrases, or adjective-clauses. Modifiers of the predicate must be adverbial, answering the questions "how," "when," "where," "to what degree," or "what for," and may be adverbs, adverb-phrases, or adverb-clauses.

Take for example, this sentence,

The swell of solemn music sweetly announces his approach.

Here (1) the subject is *swell*, (2) the predicate, *announces*, (3) the object, *approach*. The subject is modified (4) by the article *the*, and the adjective-phrase of *solemn music*. The predicate is modified (5) by the adverb *sweetly*. The object is modified (6) by the possessive adjective *his*.

Students often find it helpful to use a graphical aid to the grammatical analysis of sentences. The following is a graphical analysis of the simple sentence analysed above:



A complex sentence differs from a simple sentence in having a clause or clauses to modify the subject, predicate,

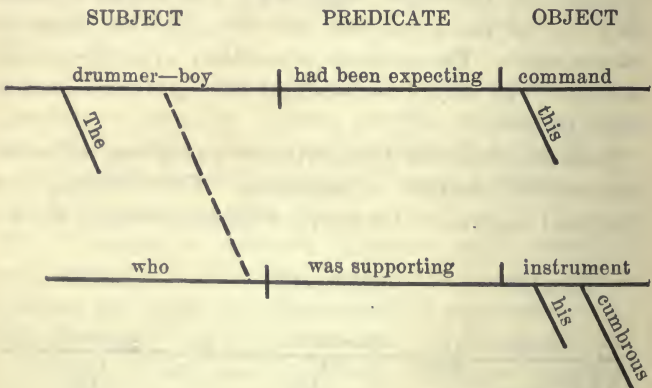
or object. This characteristic of the complex sentence is shown in the following:

The drummer-boy, who was supporting his cumbrous instrument, had been expecting this command.

Here *drummer-boy* is the subject, modified by *the*, and by the adjective-clause *who was supporting his cumbrous instrument*. *Had been expecting* is the predicate, not modified; *command* is the object, modified by *this*.

The adjective-clause may in turn be analysed into (1) subject *who*, unmodified; (2) predicate *was supporting*; and (3) object *instrument*, modified by the possessive pronoun *his* and the adjective *cumbrous*.

The analysis may be shown graphically thus:



Compound sentences should be separated at once into the simple and complex clauses that compose them. These simple or complex clauses may then be analysed in the ways described above.

This meagre review of sentence analysis is, of course, far from complete, for only the most general principles

have been mentioned. It will serve, however, to refresh the memory of the student who has made a previous study of grammar, and will provide him with a basis for correcting the errors of sentence structure to which we must now turn our attention.

D. FUNDAMENTAL ERRORS IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF SENTENCES

If the student has understood the foregoing analyses, he can begin to appreciate the nature of certain very common errors in sentence-construction, and to see how they should be corrected. These errors are of five conspicuous kinds: (1) errors in the construction of principal clauses; (2) errors in the construction of subordinate clauses; (3) errors in the relation of participial phrases to the words or phrases they modify; (4) errors in the relation of principal clauses to each other in compound sentences; and (5) errors in the reference of pronouns.

1. Errors in the Construction of Principal Clauses

One of the most common errors in the writing of those who are untrained is the omission of (a) the principal verb, or of (b) the whole principal clause.

Examples:

(a) The inquiry will be resumed to-morrow morning, and hereafter morning and afternoon sittings every Friday and Saturday.

(b) If a student could realize that the principal benefit which he derives from his college education is general broadening of the mind, and is not, as is too often thought, the training obtained from the pursuit of one course of study.

In (a) the omission of the principal verb is sufficiently obvious. In (b), the group of words as it stands constitutes only a dependent clause, and the mind seeks in vain the

principal statement upon which this subordinate statement must depend.

The only exception to the principles illustrated above occurs in a case such as this:

A shout, a wild rush, a struggle, and the fort was taken.

In such an example the group of words is construed by some grammarians as an exclamatory phrase rather than as a principal clause. As a matter of fact, however, it might equally well be construed as a complete sentence with the introductory formula *There was* understood:

[There was] a shout, a wild rush, a struggle, and the fort was taken.

2. *Errors in the Construction of Subordinate Clauses*

A second fault of the beginner consists in confusing or destroying the sense of subordinate clauses (a) by omitting words essential to the construction, (b) by confusing one construction with another, or (c) by failing to show the true relation of the subordinate clause to the principal clause.

Examples:

(a) Silas Marner was brought back to church interests because he felt to do the right thing by Eppie he must have her christened.

Here the sense and the grammatical structure both demand a *that* before *to do*. Another instance of the same sort of error occurs in this sentence:

It is the kind of house that you have to go through a bedroom to reach the parlor.

Here the writer has confused *that* with *in which*.

(b) The part that made the greatest impression on me was how cleverly the author showed the influence of a little child.

This sentence should read:

The part that made the greatest impression on me was that [part] in which the author cleverly showed the influence of a little child.

(c) While sitting at night beside the camp fire, a roaring thundering noise became more and more distinct.

Here the true relation of the subordinate clause to the principal clause is not clear. The sentence violates the rule that an elliptical clause (a clause from which the subject and predicate are omitted: *while going* for *while I was going*, *when a child* for *when I was a child*) should not be used unless the omitted subject is the subject of the principal or governing clause.

3. *Errors in the Relation of Participial Phrases to the Words or Phrases they Modify*

Participial phrases are sometimes made, grammatically, the modifiers of nouns or other words to which they are not logically related. In this situation, participles are often called "dangling participles."

Examples:

(a) Entering the room, the door slammed at his back.

[Corrected form] As he entered the room, the door slammed at his back.

(b) The machine must be light, making it easy to lift.

[Corrected form] The machine must be light, in order that it may be easily lifted.

(c) Viewed at a distance, one is struck by its huge dimensions.

[Corrected form] When one views the building at a distance, one is struck by its huge dimensions.

4. *Errors in the Relation of Principal Clauses to each other, or to one another, in Compound Sentences*

When two or more principal clauses occur in the same

sentence, they must, as a rule, be connected by conjunctions, or separated by semicolons or colons. When the conjunction is omitted, the comma is not a sufficiently strong mark of division to show the logical gap between two principal clauses.

Examples:

(a) Jack was good-looking, his money also helped to make him popular.

(b) The car had two large doors near each end and no windows in it, this was the mail and baggage car.

(c) The characters are drawn from the middle and lower classes of society, perhaps the author is most successful with the lower classes.

In place of the comma in (a), a semicolon should be used. In (b) either a semicolon or a period would suffice. In (c) the two principal clauses are so distinct, logically, as to demand arrangement in separate sentences.

The type of fault exemplified in the sentences given above is usually called the "comma fault";¹ and there is no surer sign of one's illiteracy than the recurrence of this fault in one's writing.

5. Errors in the Reference of Pronouns

Incorrect reference of pronouns may be seen in the following sentences:

(a) If the money was in my locker all was well, but if I had left it on the bench—it made me sick to think of it. [Make perfectly clear the reference of each *it*.]

(b) I offered to assist her with her baggage, which seemed to please her. [What is the antecedent of *which*?]

(c) The average American cannot spell, for a very plain reason: where can he learn it? [To what does *it* refer?]

(d) Hawthorne gives a good picture of early New England life, their belief in witchcraft and their narrow ideas. [To what plural noun can *their* refer?]

¹ See below, p. 106.

The only way in which a beginner can overcome a tendency to carelessness in the use of pronouns is by being continually on the alert. If he holds constantly in his mind the word to which the pronoun ought to refer, he is sure to rid himself at last of the slovenly habit of incorrect reference.

SENTENCES FOR REVISION

On the basis of the principles explained in the foregoing section, correct all errors in the following sentences.

1. The laying of the foundation should receive the most careful attention of the entire building.

2. His manners and use of words were better than the average man.

3. When the real truth is known, it will cause more tumult than it already has.

4. He likes the girls better than most boys.

5. The artist seems to want to set forth the reality and labor of every day life rather than beauty.

6. We elected a secretary the same way we have the president.

7. My interest took the more active form of trying for the girls' basketball team, but didn't make it.

8. While dressing for the performance, the teacher arrived, and kindly but firmly made us wear our usual clothes.

9. The period of my life during the beginning of my education was uneventful, merely pursuing the course that any other child had followed.

10. To the left of you, standing in the same position, is a low wall.

11. While here, the self-will and independence of Louisa Musgrove led her into a very severe accident.

12. After telephoning four times to make sure that the hackman has not forgotten her, he arrives, and she is off for the station.

13. Lying on my desk in the evening I found your last letter.

14. But on going closer to buy of her wares, her wrinkled black face beamed out from her wraps.

15. The scarecrow had on one of my dresses, but although a very hideous thing to look at, I could not help laughing at it.

16. Clifford knows where some papers are hidden which will make Judge Pyncheon wealthy if found.

17. These exterior things are, after all, only lesser matters considering the qualities of a real fisherman.

THE RHETORICAL STRUCTURE OF SENTENCES

A. QUESTIONS OF LOGIC

We have seen that a sentence which violates no grammatical rules may still contain a confusion of two or more ideas which are logically distinct. We have seen, also, that this logical test of a sentence is the really difficult one. Let us now look at some sentences in which the thought is confused or misrepresented. Sentences of this sort seem to arise, in the main, from two causes: (1) the inclusion of too much in one sentence, and (2) a failure to indicate clearly the interrelations of the parts of the sentence.

1. *Too Much in One Sentence*

Sentences which contain too many different thoughts may take any one of three forms: (a) stringiness, (b) logical irrelevancy, and (c) excessive coördination.

(a) Stringiness.

The fault of stringing clauses one after another in a sentence, without regard to the confusion of the thought which is thus being created, is well illustrated in the following example:

The rumor that theses have been abolished is always hailed with joy by the prospective seniors, for it seems that at last the happy time has come when they are to be freed from many weary hours of research work, and thesis-writing is relegated to the past where it will remain until, in years to come, it will be known as a tradition to amuse the future generations, whom we need not worry about at present.

In this sentence there are obviously several distinct ideas: (1) that the rumor of the abolition of theses is hailed

with joy by the prospective seniors; (2) that such an abolition would free the seniors from many weary hours of research; (3) that the writing of theses will be some day only an amusing tradition. A much clearer and more striking way of stating the case, then, would be to put each idea in a sentence by itself, or to rearrange the several ideas in at least two separate sentences.

(b) Logical irrelevancy.

In a sentence containing only two statements, whose grammatical coördination is correct, the irrelevancy in thought between the two statements is sometimes too great to admit of their being logically combined in one sentence. Extreme examples of this fault are illustrated in the two ensuing sentences:

The Three-Forks church was built for the glory of God and to hold the graduation exercises in.

He was the "Father of Chemistry" and brother to the Earl of Cork.

These are, of course, grotesque instances. The same confusion, however, in a less obvious and more insidious form, often creeps into the serious work of students.

Examples:

In each of these classes there are always found students of different temperaments and characters, each of these differences being found more in some students than in others.

With more care than he has given to any of the other characters in his book, he has studied the mind of his heroine, an Albany girl of a very independent nature.

In such cases as these it is often necessary not only to recast the sentence itself, but frequently to change also the sentences which precede and follow it, in order to ensure the proper relation between the statements.

(c) Excessive coördination.

The following sentence illustrates the fault of excessive coördination:

I went down town and bought a hat, and then went home and had supper.

By way of improving this sentence, which is now neither clear-cut nor pleasing, the careful writer will try, as a first expedient, the subordination of one part to the other. The sentence may then read,

After I had gone down town to buy a hat, I went home and had supper.

Other possible devices for improving such sentences are the reduction of a dependent clause to a phrase, or a phrase to a word.

Examples:

(1) The fire-place is of red brick and is of unusual size for a farm-house.

(Improved form) The red brick fire-place is unusually large for a farm-house.

(2) The entrance is in the center of the façade, and is formed by three arches.

(Improved form) The entrance in the center of the façade is formed by three arches.

(3) He built the *Grossbeak* after his own plan and carrying out his own ideas, and he turned out a very speedy but peculiar-looking boat.

(Improved form) The *Grossbeak*, which he built after his own plan and according to his own ideas, turned out to be a fast but peculiar-looking boat.

(4) The plan of having elective courses is a good one, and it would be almost impossible to have a college without such a plan.

(Improved form) Without the good plan of having elective courses, it would be almost impossible to have a college.

or

It would be almost impossible to have a college without the good plan of having elective courses.

This mode of remedying excessive coördination is called by many rhetoricians "reduction of predication," since such changes all tend to reduce the number of verbs employed.

SENTENCES FOR REVISION

1. Mr. Bennet's property consisted almost entirely in an estate of two thousand pounds which, unfortunately for his daughters, was entailed on a distant relative, Mr. Collins, who, desiring to make amends for inheriting their fortune, offered himself with great profuseness to one of them in marriage, but was refused, and it was lucky for her.

2. These piers are built up in the air to a considerable height, the material being imported from France.

3. I did not get far, however, for I was overtaken by some kind friends, who returned me to my parents, much to my dismay, for I went to bed that night very hungry.

4. Lawrence Foxcroft, the well known polo player, who has just joined the Stock Exchange, occupied a box with his wife, who was a popular concert singer before her marriage with Mr. Foxcroft.

5. More stress should be put on the study of English in all American colleges, especially in those of the Middle West, because here most of the people naturally speak more imperfect English, from the fact that they are of Norwegian and German descent, many of whom have been here only a short time.

6. They were very indignant at him for coming home without notifying them, but, after several stormy discussions, it was decided that he could have his wish and go to Siwash, which was looked upon by his parents as a very evil place, where all manner of ungodly ideas are imbibed by the students.

7. Many people can write a pretty, frivolous story, but small is the number of those who can put into that story lessons that, if a reader learns them, he can follow all through life.

8. There are many ways by which a pine tree can be distinguished from a maple, such as general appearance and habitat.

9. However, I felt sad, also, to think that I was about to finish my high school career for ever, for I had had many a pleasant hour during that time, and when the School Clerk handed me my diploma I was even more sorry than glad to receive it.

10. Some pupils let their daily lessons go by half learned, and

then the week before examinations they begin to cram, and in some cases these pupils get higher marks.

11. It isn't a good normal sign to see a young fellow love such deep studies as John Stuart Mill did, and when any one forces study upon a young chap, he is working against a natural dislike, and what could be more harmful than a thing of that sort?

12. My aunt was my teacher, and never again will I have a relative for a teacher if I can escape it, for they always think you can do more than you can or want to do, and also that you are brighter than any one else, and I know I was not.

13. It would be quite useless for me to name any other public buildings, as there are only a few, but no matter about the number, they are all right, just the same.

14. His hands are not small, and yet they are not large, but sometimes he seems to wish that he had none.

2. *Confused Relationships among the Parts of a Sentence*

We have studied three ways in which the over-crowded sentence may be ineffective. A second source of logical weakness is the writer's failure to make clear the relationships among the parts of the sentence itself. This weakness may be due to (a) misplaced words, phrases, and clauses, (b) obscure or confused reference of pronouns, or (c) confused or obscure connection of participles, conjunctive adverbs, and conjunctions.

(a) Misplaced words, phrases, and clauses.

The student must bear constantly in mind that English is, comparatively speaking, an uninflected language, and that in an English sentence the mere position of words, phrases, and clauses is frequently our only guide to the precise meaning of the sentence. For instance,

Here they watched for robins and blue-birds with sharp eyes.
has not the same meaning as

Here they watched, with sharp eyes, for robins and blue-birds.

(1) Examples of misplaced words:

The adverbs *only, nearly, hardly, almost, ever, scarcely*, must invariably be placed next to the words they modify.

I only struck him once.

(Corrected) I struck him only once.

He only succeeded in reaching the telephone after the burglar had escaped.

(Corrected) He succeeded in reaching the telephone only after the burglar had escaped.

I never want to see him again.

(Corrected) I want never to see him again.

He is the handsomest man I almost ever saw.

(Corrected) He is almost the handsomest man I ever saw.

(2) Examples of misplaced phrases:

One night another fellow and I were returning from a carnival in a country town to our home in the back of an empty fruit wagon.

(Corrected) One night another fellow and I were returning, in the back of an empty fruit wagon, from a carnival in a country town to our own home.

The bony fishes usually lay minute eggs called spawn in great numbers.

(Corrected) The bony fishes usually lay, in great numbers, minute eggs called spawn.

Pinchot states that our forests will be exhausted without conservation about 1935.

(Corrected) Pinchot states that without conservation, our forests will be exhausted about 1935.

(3) Examples of misplaced clauses:

I can see him now drawing those little circles on the black board with which the molecular theory was illustrated.

(Corrected) I can see him now drawing, on the black board, those little circles with which the molecular theory was illustrated.

The services were conducted by the Reverend Mr. Jones, pastor of the deceased, who just a few months ago officiated at his wedding.

(Corrected) The services were conducted by the pastor, the Reverend Mr. Jones, who just a few months ago had officiated at the wedding of the young man now deceased.

One can find many boys with fine brains in the smaller colleges who have never thought of the great questions of life.

(Corrected) One can find, in the smaller colleges, many brilliant boys who have never thought of the great questions of life.

(b) Obscure or confused reference of pronouns.

Incorrect reference of pronouns has already been discussed as a matter of grammar.¹ Pronouns are often obscurely or ambiguously used, however, even though no grammatical rule is thus definitely violated.

Examples:

One day I was in the bank and he called me up into his office and introduced me to an old farmer, telling me that he was the man he had spoken of. [To whom does *he* refer?]

Soon we see a black object under the smoke, which gradually grows larger as it approaches. [The *object* or the *smoke*?]

He has suggested changes in the government of the colony in which I am a good deal interested. [To what does *which* refer?]

(c) Confused or obscure connection of participles, conjunctive adverbs, and conjunctions.

(1) Participles.

The nominative absolute with a participle is sometimes used in English in place of a causal clause; *e. g.*, "The moon having risen in the east, we set out on our journey." This construction should be avoided, however, as foreign to English idiom.

Examples:

After his marriage to my aunt he gradually dwindled away, it seeming that my aunt's mind had been too much for him.

¹ See above, p. 78.

(Better) After his marriage to my aunt he gradually dwindled away; for my aunt's mind had, apparently, been too much for him.

My teachers in this new school are first-class instructors, two having had a call within the last year to teach in colleges.

(Better) My teachers in this new school are first-class instructors; two of them, indeed, have had calls within the last year to teach in colleges.

(2) Conjunctive adverbs and conjunctions.

The clumsy or indefinite use of connectives is likewise a fault against which the beginner almost invariably has to struggle. The relative adverb *so* is the word, perhaps, most frequently abused. The proper use of *so* is to introduce a clause of result; *e. g.*, "She loved him *so* much *that* she gave him up." "During the first year I was *so* homesick" is, then, clearly not a complete construction, for the result of the homesickness is not indicated. *So* is also often improperly used for *so that*; *e. g.*, "I started early *so* [*so that*] I could get there in time." *So* is also often misused in the sense of *consequently* or *therefore*; *e. g.*, "I was unable to walk, *so* I sat down." The best writers avoid this construction, preferring to subordinate the dependent idea; *e. g.*, "Since I was unable to walk, I sat down."

The conjunction *while* is another source of difficulty to students. The true meaning of *while* is "during the time that," and the proper use of *while* may be seen in the sentence "*While* he was sleeping, an enemy sowed tares." To say, then, "On one side was a grove, *while* on the other was a river" is clearly to use the word out of its true sense. To employ *while* in the sense of *although*, *e. g.*, "*While* I hate him, I try to forgive him," or to give it the significance of *but*, or *on the other hand*, *e. g.*, "Dicky was naughty *while* Johnny was good," is also to blur the exact significance of the word. It is good practice in precision, then, to avoid any but the strictly defined meaning of *while*.

Here also we should consider the misuse of the correlative conjunctions *Not only . . . but also, either . . . or, neither . . . nor, both . . . and*. The rule for correcting misplaced correlative conjunctions may be stated as follows:

A sentence containing correlative conjunctions should be so arranged that each correlative is followed by a similar sentence-element; if a predicate follows the first, a predicate should follow the second; if a modifier the first, a modifier the second; and so on.

Examples:

I *neither* offended him *nor* his brother.

(Corrected form) I offended *neither* him *nor* his brother.

Charlemagne patronized *not only* learned men, *but also* established educational institutions.

(Corrected form) Charlemagne *not only* patronized learned men, *but also* established educational institutions.

I *both* love him *and* his brother.

(Corrected form) I love *both* him *and* his brother.

SENTENCES FOR REVISION

1. She stopped to read the poster calling attention to the referendum over somebody's shoulder.

2. The train finally becomes a small object in the distance which then rapidly disappears.

3. None but a mongrel could have short hair, or some places on its body where it is thin, and others where it is abnormally shaggy.

4. Every member writes the name of the candidate for whom he wishes to vote on a piece of paper.

5. Vacation being over, it meant school again.

6. Every rule has a reason, so please carry same out and help the committee give a first-class show.

7. When very young, she decided that she would devote herself to the study of human nature, so she refused two proposals of marriage.

8. The term "one mile limit" is applied to the circumference of a circle one mile in radius, whose center is the main building of the University inside which no liquor may be sold.

9. The rule had never been mentioned by the professor, so we were not really responsible.

10. Shakespeare's father, who was a dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that though he was his oldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment.

11. He held a pair of gloves between his fingers, which were stained with blood.

12. Going up to his office I met another student who had the same adviser, and who told me that he had just been up to see him.

13. One needs but a glance to detect the sad expression in his handsome face, common to the members of his family.

14. Mary was very kind to her parents, which was entirely lacking in Bertha.

15. The spirit of "do or die" is diffused among the whole student body, which necessarily creeps forth at athletic contests and all university functions.

16. The picture of "Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon" is by the artist W. O. Richardson, who lived in the nineteenth century, and may be found in the Tate Gallery, London.

17. Occasionally you might hear the deep sigh of one of these sages as he shifted his position to turn over the pages of an old folio, doubtless arising from that hollowness and flatulency incident to learned research.

18. Labrador is a land of unsuspected grandeur and beauty, for whose people Dr. Grenfell has undergone privation and isolation in a hard bleak climate from sheer humanity.

B. QUESTIONS OF EFFECTIVENESS

To attain rhetorical effectiveness in sentences one must give especial attention to the following five considerations: (1) long and short sentences; (2) periodic and loose sentences; (3) parallel construction; (4) emphasis; and (5) euphony.

1. Long and Short Sentences

The great advantage of the short sentence is its simplicity and rapidity. Its chief disadvantage is its jerkiness, and its inability to express a complicated idea. The fol-

lowing passages will illustrate the merits and defects of the short sentence:

(a) Poetry which relates to the beings of another world ought to be at once mysterious and picturesque. That of Milton is so. That of Dante is picturesque indeed beyond any that was ever written. Its effect approaches to that produced by the pencil or the chisel. But it is picturesque to the exclusion of all mystery. This is a fault on the right side, a fault inseparable from the plan of Dante's poem, which, as we have already observed, rendered the utmost accuracy of description necessary. Still is it a fault. The supernatural agents excite an interest; but it is not the interest which is proper to supernatural agents. 10 We feel that we could talk to the ghosts and dæmons without any emotion of unearthly awe. We could, like Don Juan, ask them to supper, and eat heartily in their company. Dante's angels are good men with wings. His devils are spiteful ugly executioners. His dead men are merely living men in strange 15 situations.

Macaulay: *Essay on Milton*.

The constantly recurring short sentences in this quotation undoubtedly contribute much to the force, clearness, and rapidity of the passage. Note, however, the opposite effect in the next extract, from a translation of Victor Hugo's *Ninety-Three*.

(b) They lay down side by side on the sea-weed bed. The beggar fell asleep immediately. The marquis, although very tired, remained thinking deeply for a few moments. To lie on that bed was to lie on the ground. He could hear a strange buzzing underground. We know that sound stretches down into the 5 depths. He could hear the noise of bells. The tocsin was still sounding. The marquis fell asleep.

One feels that here is the baldest sort of prose style, divested of all fluency and smoothness. And this effect proves, upon analysis, to be almost entirely the result of the series of short jerky sentences.

The advantage of the long sentence is its greater scope and fluency; its disadvantage lies in the danger that it may grow too long and intricate. The following sentence

from Pater's essay on Botticelli shows the long sentence at its best:

I have said that the peculiar character of Botticelli is the result of a blending in him of a sympathy for humanity in its uncertain condition, its attractiveness, its investiture at rarer moments in a character of loveliness and energy, with his consciousness of the shadow upon it of the great things from which it shrinks, and that this conveys into his work somewhat more than painting usually attains of the true complexion of humanity.

What may happen, on the other hand, when a sentence gets beyond the control of its author is well illustrated by the ensuing paragraph from the pen of Dr. Samuel Johnson:

It has been observed in all ages that the advantages of nature or of fortune have contributed very little to the promotion of happiness; and that those whom the splendor of their rank or the extent of their capacity have placed upon the summits of human life, have not often given any just occasion to envy in those who look up to them from a lower station; whether it be that apparent superiority incites great designs, and great designs are naturally liable to fatal miscarriages, or that the general lot of mankind is misery, and the misfortunes of those whose eminence drew upon them an universal attention, have been more carefully recorded because they were more generally observed, and have in reality been only more conspicuous than those of others, not more frequent or more severe.

The Life of Savage.

No claims may be made, however, for the abstract superiority of the short sentence over the long sentence, or *vice versa*. The whole question is one of relative effectiveness and must be decided by the student according to the occasion and the subject.

2. Periodic and Loose Sentences

The term *periodic sentence* means a sentence so constructed that its sense is incomplete until one reaches the

very last word of the sentence. The term *loose sentence* means the converse: that there is, within the sentence, at least one point where one may stop and still have a complete statement.

Examples:

(Periodic)

(a) The eloquent voice, on which the souls of the listening audience had been borne aloft as on the swelling waves of the sea, at last came to a pause.

(Loose)

(b) For a few minutes the French regulars stood their ground, returning a sharp and not ineffectual fire.

The difference in effect may easily be perceived if we try to make sentence (a) loose, and sentence (b) periodic:

(a) The souls of the listening audience had been borne aloft as on the swelling waves of the sea, by the eloquent voice which at last came to a pause.

(b) Returning a sharp and not ineffectual fire, the French regulars for a few minutes stood their ground.

The effect of sentence (b) under the change is better than that of sentence (a), which is completely spoiled (artistically speaking) by being made loose. In neither case is the change desirable.

The obvious advantages of the periodic sentence are, then, the following: (1) suspense, (2) emphasis, and (3) a close-knit structure that makes clear the logical relations of the sentence. The disadvantages of periodic structure are, on the other hand, (1) pomposity, and (2) obscurity. These faults are well shown in the sentence that follows:

Through great, low-lying fields of golden grain, over which the evening breezes swept with impetuous light feet, blending the radiant yellow of the corn and the bright blood-red of the poppies in a glorious arabesque of gold and green and scarlet,

5 past dark-green woods and gently rising knolls of grassy green, away round moss-lichened boulders topped by dark-green firs, through which gleamed the red berry of the rowan, the river stole.

The advantages of the loose sentence are (1) fluency, (2) informality, and (3) naturalness. All these qualities are evident in the sentence following:

If we are studying physiology, it is interesting to know that the pulmonary artery carries dark blood, and the pulmonary vein carries bright blood, departing in this respect from the common rule for the division of labor between the veins and the arteries.

It is clear, on the other hand, that there are certain dangers about too careless use of the loose sentence. In the first place, it may "ramble," and, in the second place, loose structure has an undeniable tendency to fatigue the reader's attention. The following example shows both these faults:

There were but four in our party,—the others I will call Miss Smith, Miss Jones, and Mr. Brown,—and after an hour's row we reached the light-house, where the first difficulty presented itself: we had forgotten to bring a chair in which to haul the party up one by one, and our dory was rather small to move about in.

Whoever reads good literature attentively cannot fail to observe that no "real author" writes sentences that are exclusively loose or exclusively periodic. The best literary style usually shows a judicious combining of the two. Many writers, however, who are both fluent and effective, practice habitually a form of loose sentence within which a single clause may be periodic.

Examples:

It was not until the French were within forty yards that the fatal word was given, and the British muskets blazed forth at once in one crashing explosion.

Like a ship at full career, arrested with sudden ruin on a

sunken rock, the forces of Montcalm staggered, shivered, and broke before that wasting storm of lead.

But now, echoing cheer on cheer, redoubling volley on volley, trampling the dying and the dead and driving the fugitives in crowds, the British troops advanced and swept the field before them.

The graceful and finished form of these sentences from Francis Parkman needs no comment.

There is frequently a great advantage in making a loose sentence periodic. The change is usually a simple matter of transposing the parts of a sentence, or of subordinating one part to another.

LOOSE

It is absolutely necessary for the pupils to have some exercise after sitting still all day, in order to preserve their health.

When Sunday morning comes people usually think of going to church, if the weather is good and they feel like it.

He kept himself alive with the fish he caught, or with the goats he shot.

The world is not eternal, and it is not accidental.

His actions were frequently censured, but his character was above suspicion.

His word may be as good as his bond, but we have still to ask how good his bond is.

PERIODIC

In order to preserve their health it is absolutely necessary that the pupils, after sitting still all day, should have some exercise.

When Sunday morning comes, if the weather is good and people feel well, they usually think of going to church.

He kept himself alive *either* with the fish he caught, *or* with the goats he shot.

The world is *neither* eternal *nor* accidental.

Though his actions were frequently censured, his character was above suspicion.

Granting that his word is as good as his bond, we have still to ask how good his bond is.¹

¹The last four sentences are quoted from Professor A. S. Hill's *Principles of Rhetoric*.

Most young writers use periodic sentences infrequently, and frame them with difficulty. On the whole, then, students are encouraged to increase the number of periodic sentences in their writing, for, although loose sentences are grammatically correct, and although they have some positive advantages, periodic sentences are often more effective, and are essential to a varied and forceful style.

SENTENCES FOR REVISION

In this exercise, some sentences should be made wholly periodic; in others, the best effect may be obtained by combining a group of short sentences into one or two careful, fluent long ones. Complex-compound sentences may have the complex member in the periodic form.

1. The lumber industry has occupied a very important place in the Northwest for the last thirty or forty years.

2. His face is entirely void of expression, and one would hardly know whether he was awake or simply walking in his sleep, from the way in which he ambles around the gymnasium floor, pushing an empty truck before him.

3. It was in High School that our trials began, for we found it harder than we had expected, but I never took a book home except Arithmetic now and then.

4. He could not find his own shoes and consequently he had to borrow a pair from his room-mate.

5. They do not seem to see that they are hurting the feelings of some of the listeners when they "rake a girl over the coals" as the expression goes.

6. In time of peace, the old soldier has this devotion to the United States, and he has it still, though this war has been over for many years.

7. Pelagia would not become a Christian and live in seclusion to repent for her sins, because she loved the great Gothic leader, Amal.

8. This custom, it seems to me, is admirable, although it is condemned by some, I believe.

9. As soon as I got outside, I ordered the biggest glass of beer I could get, and I sat down and ate some cheese and rye-bread, and read the *Berliner Tageblatt* with the greatest comfort in a very cool place.

10. The first thing that you will probably notice is that it is modelled after the Greek style of architecture, because of the general form and the large number of columns.

11. My friend and I decided to climb the Jungfrau. We obtained the necessary implements. We engaged two guides. These men were familiar with the bridle paths.

12. Some colleges, such as Siwash, try to abolish intercollegiate football for a certain time, and in this way they hope to do away with it altogether.

13. He stopped and threw it over his shoulder and went on again.

14. The boys, however, noticed that he hated to be teased. They teased him more and more every evening.

15. He approved the action of his subordinates. He said that what they had done was no crime.

16. He had succeeded in altering his rural appearance. He had not, however, succeeded in becoming acquainted with any "co-eds."

'3. *Parallel Construction in Sentences*

When we are learning to make our sentences more effective, the third principle to be kept constantly in mind is that of parallel construction. This principle demands that clauses and phrases which are similar in thought shall be similar in form. It is, for example, more pleasing to the mind to say "Ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," or "dark ways and vain tricks," than "Ways that are dark and vain tricks," or *vice versa*. No principle of effectiveness is more strictly observed by careful writers than this. An excellent example occurs in the following passage from the Declaration of Independence:

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with inherent and inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its

10 powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their happiness.

In this beautiful sentence it should be noticed that the five object-clauses are almost precisely parallel in form, and that within nearly every clause the phrasing is noticeably parallel. This is especially true in the last clause, where the parallelism is peculiarly finished and dignified in its effect.

Sentences which contain parallel construction and in which the similar clauses are, so to speak, contrasted or compared with one another are usually called "balanced" sentences. Balanced sentences give to one's prose style marked dignity and impressiveness, although it is easy for such a construction to become stiff and pompous. The following passage from Macaulay's essay on Milton illustrates the effect of balanced sentence structure:

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every
5 event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. * * * If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the
10 oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns
15 of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of
20 a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked

with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events 25 which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the 30 grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God. 35

SENTENCES FOR REVISION

Improve the following sentences by increasing the parallelism of their construction, and by correcting obvious grammatical errors.

1. Her whole appearance was slovenly and that of a poor peasant.

2. The other officials see that the game is played strictly according to rules, by whom fouls are made, and time the game.

3. He tells a story or incident in his painting rather than giving a mere picture.

4. There is no doubt that this novel is of great value morally, historically, and is good literature.

5. As one enters the gymnasium, he finds himself in a large hallway about twenty feet wide and which is a few steps lower than the surrounding floors.

6. Peggotty, who was David's nurse, was a large, fleshy person with a sunny disposition and always had a good word for every one.

7. The guardian of a young person should be careful that his ward learns to control his temper and the restraint of self.

8. Nothing was so abstruse or unimportant that I did not have an opinion on it, such as bonding a city for the public good, or whether this street or that should be improved.

9. Environment is a greater influence on a man than his antecedents.

10. A critic should be able to help the reader get the best material and how to understand and enjoy it.

11. The catalogue says that English is required only one year,

with two exceptions, namely, those who wish to take up literary work, and the teaching profession.

12. Jones believed it better to allow the railroad companies control of certain districts and in letting them build it up with their own resources.

13. This contact with men led me to read and study their opinions, in their field of activity, whether business, publicly, or otherwise.

14. Dickens has given us pictures of the method of living, education, and hardships of both the upper and lower classes.

15. Hamlet decides to play the madman's part before Ophelia, so that she can no longer consider him a suitor, and make her lose her love for him.

16. The value of the fireless cooker is that the house is not scented up with kitchen odors, and it lessens the expense of fuel.

17. A bull dog has a broad back with legs set far apart, and which bow in to a different extent in the different breeds.

18. The value of a tree tomato lies in the fact that it is large, it has much meaty substance, and in the quantity that can be raised.

19. Two qualities of the ideal teacher are that he gain the good will of his students, and he must know thoroughly the subject he teaches.

4. *Emphasis*

It is obvious that a well-written sentence will be arranged in such a way as to throw the important part of the sentence into the most emphatic position. The most emphatic positions, either in a sentence, or in a clause, are the beginning and the end. Note, for example, the following illustrations:

(Ineffective) I believe that football is a harmless sport in spite of prevailing opinion.

(More effective) In spite of prevailing opinion, I believe that football is a harmless sport.

(Ineffective) At last he was found in a travelling theatrical company by his father.

(More effective) At last his father found him in a travelling theatrical company.

(*Ineffective*) Far more important is this local election, which will show whether we are to retain the power that we have gained by so much toil, than the national election.

(*More effective*) This local election, which will show whether we are to retain the power that we have gained by so much toil, is far more important than the national election.

(*More effective*) Whether we are to retain the power that we have gained by so much toil is the question to be decided by this local election, a contest to us, far more important than the national election.

(*Ineffective*) To preserve her throne, to keep England out of war, to restore civil and religious order,—these were her aims which were simple and obvious.

(*More effective*) Her aims were simple and obvious,—to preserve her throne, to keep England out of war, to restore civil and religious order.

For increasing the emphasis of a sentence, there are several small yet important matters of diction and arrangement which the student will find it helpful to remember.

(a) It is usually better to place such words as *however*, *therefore*, *accordingly*, *nevertheless*, and *moreover*, within a sentence, rather than at the beginning.

Examples:

(1) A minister should be thoroughly trained as a public speaker. *Moreover*, there are certain great advantages which the minister has over other speakers.

A minister should be thoroughly trained as public speaker. The minister, *moreover*, has certain great advantages over other speakers.

(2) In Germany, few children, except dunces and foreigners attend the private schools. *However*, these classes of children are not numerous.

In Germany, few children except dunces and foreigners attend the private schools. These classes of children, *however*, are not numerous.

Also is not commonly used at the beginning of sentences. "*Also* I gave him a dollar," is not so desirable a sentence as "I *also* gave him a dollar."

(b) The principle that an emphatic word or phrase should always be placed at the end of a sentence, need not mean that a sentence should not end with a preposition. One may, with equal correctness, write

(1) These were the authorities whom he referred to.

or

(2) These were the authorities to whom he referred.

In very formal style some writers would perhaps prefer (2); there are, on the other hand, certainly many cases in which, because of its ease and informality, every writer would prefer (1). If, indeed, the writer wishes to emphasize the preposition, it is most properly placed at the end of the sentence. But, in general, this question is one of smoothness and ease, not of correctness.

EXERCISE

Discuss the emphasis of the following sentences.

1. In the early fall Willoughby left for London on a slight pretense.

2. Let me first express my pride over the manner in which our boys conducted themselves in Japan, before I touch upon any thing else.

3. There is a College of Agriculture fitting men to be farmers, a College of Commerce, fitting men to fill governmental positions, and there are many other such colleges.

4. She saved the ship that was bringing supplies from the village from being wrecked one night.

5. The view became more and more beautiful as we surmounted one ridge after another.

6. Moderation in athletics as in everything else is the best rule to follow.

7. Out of the thirty or forty candidates there were certainly men who could have developed into "star" men for the Varsity if they had received the proper training.

8. The last question is of great importance, for we can depend upon water as an unfailing source of power when other resources have become exhausted.

9. Every step [in the trial of Warren Hastings] carried the

mind either backward through many troubled centuries to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left.

5. *Euphony*

The great majority of people read to themselves much more often than they read aloud. Yet nearly every one is more susceptible than he at first imagines, to harsh combinations of sound, even though they are apprehended only through the eye. Smooth and pleasing constructions, therefore, must be studied by the young writer, and the collocation of harsh sounds avoided. There is no better test than to read one's own writing aloud,—to one's self, if not to some one else. The principal faults to avoid are these: (a) juxtaposition of harsh sounds, or of words that are difficult to pronounce; (b) a succession of similar vowels or consonants; (c) a word ending with a certain sound followed by a word beginning or ending with the same sound; (d) an accidental rime; (e) the so-called split infinitive.

(a) Juxtaposition of harsh sounds:

One should not busy one's self too much with one's nearest neighbor's business.

“Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?”

(b) A succession of similar vowels or consonants:

The citizens were sick of civic scandal.

His expenses exceeded his expectations.

(c) A word ending with a certain sound followed by a word beginning or ending with the same sound:

A liquid element obtained in this way is practically chemically pure.

(d) An accidental rime.

She usually braids her hair, which is fair.

The student should avoid any appearance of incoherence.

(e) The split infinitive.¹

(Undesirable) He spoke to me in order to personally reprove me.

(Preferable) He spoke to me in order to reprove me personally.

(Undesirable) The glare of the fire seemed to completely light the city.

(Preferable) The glare of the fire seemed to light the city completely.

¹ Whatever may be the final conclusions of grammatical specialists concerning this usage, it is certainly preferable, for reasons of euphony, to follow the time-honored rule, "Do not put an adverb or a phrase between an infinitive and its sign *to*."

CHAPTER IV

PUNCTUATION

IN the preceding chapter we have reviewed the principles of correct structure and effective arrangement in the sentence. We have found it of the utmost importance to make clear the relation of one sentence-element to another. As a mechanical device for accomplishing this end, the experience of writers has evolved a convenient set of symbols which we call marks of punctuation.

Punctuation may be defined, then, as a system for indicating, by various printed marks called points, or punctuation marks, the grammatical construction of the sentence. The sole object of punctuation is to aid the reader in comprehending as quickly and easily as possible what a sentence means. Although the marks of punctuation are the result of arbitrary selection, they and their respective meanings have become as firmly established as any of the other standard conventions of life. To disregard or misuse them would lead inevitably to confusion or misunderstanding.

It sometimes happens, however, that even though students understand the general necessity for a system of punctuation marks, they are prone to discount a teacher's insistence upon the niceties of punctuation. The student should realize that his teacher is offering him not a new set of rules to be learned, but an important aid in making his precise meaning clear to others. The following simple examples will show the important differences in meaning that may arise from different punctuations of the same sentence:

- (1) Ladies do not go out without gloves.
Ladies, do not go out without gloves.

The insertion of the comma makes the sentence one of direct address; the omission of the comma makes it an ordinary assertion.

- (2) The man says my informant lies.
The man, says my informant, lies.

The insertion of the commas in the second example makes the second version of the sentence quite different in meaning from the first.

- (3) This, my friends, is the whole truth. However my opponent may storm, he cannot add one adverse fact. If he brings up the traction dispute, remember what he said when he was not a candidate.

This, my friends, is the whole truth, however my opponent may storm. He cannot add one adverse fact if he brings up the traction dispute. Remember what he said when he was not a candidate.

Clearly the different punctuations of this passage alter its precise meaning.

- (4) The committee has done something of which it is ashamed or it has done nothing of which it is ashamed.

The committee has done something of which it is ashamed or it has done nothing, of which it is ashamed.

The committee has done something, of which it is ashamed, or it has done nothing, of which it is ashamed.

In each of these versions the shade of meaning differs according to the punctuation.

- (5) While we were mounting the horse, an unruly animal balked.

While we were mounting, the horse, an unruly animal, balked.

It is unnecessary to point out the complete change in meaning here.

The tendency of the present time is, as far as possible, to simplify and standardize punctuation. The present chapter aims to set forth the principles regulating those marks of punctuation which are accepted as essential at the present time.

The marks of punctuation are as follows: the *period*; the *semicolon*; the *comma*; the *colon*; the *question mark*; the *exclamation point*; *parentheses* and *brackets*; the *dash*; the *apostrophe*; *quotation marks*; *italics*; and the *hyphen*. The proper use of capital letters is also usually treated in connection with punctuation.

THE PERIOD

The period has two functions: (1) to mark the end of a declarative sentence; (2) to show that a letter or a series of letters is not a word but an abbreviation.

Examples: (1) the foregoing sentence; (2) M. D. (Latin, *Medicinae Doctor*), Doctor of Medicine; C. O. D., collect on delivery; *e. g.* (Latin, *exempli gratia*), for example.

There is no surer sign of illiteracy than the failure to mark, by a period, the end of a declarative sentence.

THE SEMICOLON

The semicolon indicates a pause which is weaker than that of a period, but stronger than that of a comma. Semicolons may be used in two ways: (1) to separate the principal clauses in a compound sentence, when no conjunction is used; or when, in a long sentence containing many commas (such as this one), there is a decided break between the parts of the sentence; (2) to separate clauses or phrases from each other in a series of similar phrases or subordinate clauses, when commas would not be strong

enough to indicate clearly where each clause or phrase begins and ends.

Examples:

(1) Chaucer's poetry transcends and effaces all the romance-poetry of Catholic Christendom; it transcends and effaces all the English poetry contemporary with it; it transcends and effaces all the English poetry subsequent to it down to the age of Elizabeth.

The substance of Chaucer's poetry, his view of things and his criticism of life, has largeness, freedom, shrewdness, benignity; but it has not the high seriousness of Dante's poetry.

(2) We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inherent and inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, etc. [See example on p. 96.]

THE COMMA

The comma indicates the smaller pauses or thought-divisions of a sentence. The comma is used:

(1) In a compound sentence, to separate the different clauses when there is not a sufficient break in the thought to make a semicolon necessary. [See above, p. 106.]

Chaucer is the father of our splendid English poetry, he is our "well of English undefiled," because by the lovely charm of his diction, the lovely charm of his movement, he makes an epoch and founds a tradition.

(2) To separate the different parts of a compound predicate, unless the connection between them is very close.

Washington departed on his mission, crossed the mountains, descended to the bleak and leafless valley of the Ohio, and thence continued his journey up the banks of the Allegheny.

In the next example, the close connection of parts renders even the comma unnecessary:

We know and love him.

(3) In a complex sentence in which the dependent clause precedes, to separate the dependent clause from the principal clause. When the dependent clause follows, the comma, as a rule, is not needed.

Until he called out, I had not heard him.

Note that in the next sentence the comma is not necessary:

The comma is not needed when the dependent clause follows.

(4) To mark off a phrase or clause that does not actually restrict the meaning of its antecedent. Observe the distinction between (a) "The union, which a few months before had seemed all-powerful, was now dissolved," and (b) "The only bond of union which remained was now dissolved." In (a) the relative clause is non-restrictive, and might be omitted without destroying the meaning of the sentence; in (b) it is equivalent to an adjective limiting *union* and could not be omitted without completely altering the sentence.

Examples:

(Restrictive) The man sitting in the corner is the one you know.

(Restrictive) Any man who carries a pistol should be suspected.

(Non-restrictive) Windsor Castle, situated on the Thames River, is a residence of the King of England.

(Non-restrictive) Admiral Dewey, who was dressed in full uniform, commanded the fleet.

(5) To mark off adverb-phrases:

(a) When they open a sentence;

By an article of the treaty of Utrecht, Acadia had been ceded to England.

- (b) When they are not closely connected with the context;

Within the fort and its precinct the English exercised, by permission of the native government, an extensive authority.

- (c) When they have a connective force;

He saw, to be sure, that he had lost his advantage.

Short adverb-phrases closely connected with the context are not, however, usually marked off by commas.

Elizabeth listened with delight to Spenser's *Færie Queene*.

Even as a child she loved books.

- (6) To mark off words or phrases (a) in apposition or (b) in direct address:

(a) The Princess had grown up a bold horsewoman, a good shot, a graceful dancer, a skilled musician, and an accomplished scholar.

(b) Fellow citizens, I greet you.

(7) To separate a series of words or phrases used in the same construction and not joined by conjunctions. If the members of the series are joined by conjunctions, commas are not needed.

Examples:

She is a neat, quiet, punctual girl.

She is neat and quiet.

She smiled and frowned, laughed and cried, almost in the same breath.

He would like some bread and butter and marmalade.

If, however, the last two members of the series are joined by a conjunction, the comma should be used.

They visited London, Paris, and Berlin.

It should be explained here, in passing, that usage differs on this point. Some writers and publishers omit the comma in such cases, preferring "a, b and c" to "a, b, and c." The latter form, however, is followed by the best modern usage in America.

(8) To mark off any word or phrase which is parenthetical in its nature, but for which parentheses, brackets, or double dashes are not appropriate.

He was offended, I hear, by the treatment which he received. If, however, the parenthetical expression is a complete sentence, parentheses or double dashes are preferable.

Examples:

That (it might seem) was a resource against rulers whose interests were habitually opposed to those of the people.

It is a good sign of the times when such articles as these (I mean the articles in *The Times* and the *Saturday Review*) appear in our public prints about our public men.

(9) To indicate the omission of words logically necessary to the construction.

Examples:

Mary was pretty; Jane, the opposite.

He loved one thing; I, another.

(10) Before a direct quotation. (See also, the uses of the COLON and the EXCLAMATION POINT, pp. 112, 113.)

Examples:

He cried, "Lay on, Macduff!"

As she passed, she heard some one say, "What a pretty girl!"

(11) In writing dates and addresses, as in the following instances:

Feb. 1, 1913.

Dr. J. R. Jones, Syracuse, Oneida Co., N. Y.

In addressing an envelope, however, it is now customary to omit all punctuation at the ends of lines, except periods after abbreviations. In England, one usually sees a street address written thus:

5, Drayton Terrace, South Kensington.

But the prevailing usage in America is to omit the comma after a number:

25 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

(12) In general, to mark off a word, or a group of words, whether a phrase or a clause, which is so long or important that the mind must regard it separately, or the connection of which might be mistaken, were there no comma.

Examples:

The natives, who composed a considerable part of these little garrisons, had not yet been trained in the discipline of Europe, and were armed, some with swords and shields, some with bows and arrows.

Wages must be raised, for girls who make only four dollars a week cannot have even all the necessaries of life.

In the latter sentence, note the possibility of confusion if the comma is omitted:

Wages must be raised for girls who make only four dollars a week cannot have even all the necessaries of life.

Rule (12) sometimes takes precedence of the usually invariable prohibition that a comma must never be used between the subject and the predicate.

Whatever is, is.

The tattered soldiers who were finally rescued from a danger so pressing and so extraordinary, numbered scarcely a hundred.

THE COLON

The function of the colon is to show that what follows it is an explanation of what has preceded it. The colon should be used:

(1) To introduce a list, a quotation, or a proposition which is to be explained. If the list, quotation, or proposition begins a new paragraph, a dash may be placed after the colon. The usage of this book, however, is usually to omit the dash in this position.

He purchased the following outfit: a hat, a coat, an umbrella, and a pair of shoes.

(2) In a compound sentence in which the principal clauses are not connected by a conjunction, to show that the following clause explains or illustrates the preceding clause.

Examples:

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; etc. See p. 96 above.

To our praise of Chaucer as a poet there must be this limitation: he lacks the high seriousness of the great classics.

Some novels are as instructive as history: those of Walter Scott, in particular, are based on historical fact.

(3) After such phrases of address as *Dear Sir, Ladies and Gentlemen, etc.* At the beginning of a letter, however, *Dear Sir* may be followed by (a) a comma, (b) a comma and a dash, or (c) a colon. It should never be followed by a semicolon. A colon is more formal than a comma, or than a comma and dash.

THE QUESTION MARK

The question mark should follow a direct quotation. It should not be used after indirect quotations.

Examples:

What is your name?

He asked me, "What is your name?"

He asks me what my name is.

THE EXCLAMATION POINT

The exclamation point is used after exclamatory words, phrases, and sentences. Unless an exclamatory word is very emphatic, however, it is usually enough to place a comma after the interjection and to put the exclamation point at the end of the sentence. In reproductions of colloquial speech, such as the remark "Oh, I didn't hear you," it is frequently proper to omit the exclamation point entirely.

Examples:

Up, friend! Up, and act! Your life hangs trembling in the scales.

Ah, there you are again!

"Here's Mas'r Davy!" screamed Peggotty, "growed out of knowledge!"

Look out! The stone is falling!

Oh, I didn't see that.

As a rule, *O* is now used only in a poetical connection, *e. g.*, "O bliss! O happiness complete!"

PARENTHESES AND BRACKETS

The proper use of parentheses is to include an explanatory statement which the writer does not wish to have considered part of the grammatical construction of the sentence. (See Section 8, under THE COMMA.) Brackets should be used only to include corrections, or explanations,

which are not the work of the author of the text, but which are introduced there by some one else. One clear mark of the careful and observant student is an intelligent discrimination between parentheses and brackets.

Examples:

My aunt's bequest (which I do not in the least value) I have kept with religious care.

John Milton (1608-1688) was a great poet.

The rules of the game, she would argue (and I think in this case justly), were both arbitrary and senseless.

I speak *à cœur ouvert* [with an open heart], and pray the kindly reader to bear with me.

The mock trial began at the usual hour [9 p. m.], and the sheriff [Dick Sawyer] entered with the prisoner [Ben Allen].

THE DASH

The dash indicates a sudden change in thought or construction. A dash before and after a word, phrase, or clause may have the general effect of parentheses. A dash is also often used after a comma, to enhance slightly the separating effect of the comma; and sometimes after a colon, when the list following the colon begins a new paragraph.

Examples:

Chance, she would argue—and here again you must admire the subtlety of her conclusion—chance is nothing.

With a toothache or a sprained ankle,—when you are subdued and humble,—you are grateful for any attention.

These two motives—love of God and love of man—constantly actuated him.

She had not perceived—how could she until she had lived longer?—the inmost truth of the old monk's outpourings.

“I wish—I wish—” he murmured,—“Oh, Julia!—I must say goodbye!”

THE APOSTROPHE

The apostrophe has three uses:

1. To show the omission of a letter or letters;

Can't; haven't; o'er.

2. To indicate the possessive case;

Mary's book; Keats's poetry (or Keats' poetry); the horses' backs.

3. To form the plurals of letters and figures;

Mind your p's and q's.

QUOTATION MARKS

A quotation—anything that the writer wishes to mark as the utterance or written expression of some one else—should be preceded and followed by double inverted commas. A quotation within a quotation is indicated by a single inverted comma before and after it.

Examples:

“The quality of mercy is not strained.”

A “miners' meeting,” called on the spot, decided to discharge Buck.

“What did your father say?” inquired George.

“He simply said ‘Not on your life!’” replied Harry.

Double quotation marks are also used sometimes to indicate a title,— as of a book, a magazine, a newspaper,— or the name of a ship.

Examples:

“The Life of the Bee,” by Maurice Maeterlinck.

"The Chicago Tribune."

The wreck of the "Nancy."

NOTE: Such titles are perhaps more often indicated by italics. The usage of italics is preferred in this book.

ITALICS

The word "italics" means a special kind of type used in printing, e. g., *italics*. Italics are used for

(1) Words which are meant to be especially emphatic or even startling;

How under Heaven did she know his name if she were not *what she was?*

(2) Words taken from a foreign language;

"*Cristo amore!*" he blubbered, "you will spill the milk."

(3) Names of books, newspapers, magazines, and ships.
(See QUOTATION MARKS above.)

The Life of the Bee, by Maeterlinck.

In ordinary manuscript, a line drawn horizontally beneath a word indicates that italics are to be used.

It is not the best usage to make a practice of italicising words and phrases in order to give emphasis to one's writing. True emphasis is a matter of the structure of a sentence. In moments of extreme excitement, however, especially in narrative, italics are both permissible and effective.

THE HYPHEN

The hyphen has the following uses:

(1) To connect some compound words, e. g., *vice-president*, *father-in-law*, *choir-boy*. Usage varies so widely

on this point, however, that the student—if in doubt—should always consult a modern dictionary. The present tendency is to omit the hyphen and combine the words whenever the idea described by the compound may be regarded as having a new and special meaning, apart from that of either of the words regarded separately. Examples: *football*, *codfish*, *backbone*, *daylight*, *deadlock*. Compound numerals and fractions, however, are still written with the hyphen, *e. g.*, *twenty-five*, *two hundred and forty-first*, *three-quarters*.

(2) To mark the division of a word at the end of a line. Here also, however, usage varies very greatly. Three good rules to remember are these: (a) not to divide words of only one syllable; (b) to decide by the pronunciation of the word; (c) always, when possible, to begin a syllable with a consonant, *e. g.*, *acquain-tance*, *modi-fy*, *reac-tion*.

(3) To show the separation of two vowels which are pronounced separately, *e. g.*, *co-operate*, *zo-ological*. For such words the diæresis is now more frequently used: *zoölogical*.

CAPITAL LETTERS

The following should be capitalized:

- (1) The pronoun I and the interjection O.
- (2) The first word of a sentence, the first word of a line of poetry, and the first word of a direct quotation.

Examples:

Punctuation is hard to understand.

“Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair.”

He remarked, with a curious look, “You must be a stranger.”

(3) Proper nouns and adjectives, such as names of streets, the months, the days, races, sects, parties, nations,

and parts of the country; *e. g.*, *Henry Jones, Wabash Avenue, Boston, July, Tuesday, Easter, Methodist, Progressive, English, Sophomore, the West*. Curiously enough, although *Russian* and *Indian* begin with capital letters, *negro* and *gypsy* do not.

(4) Names and titles of the Deity, and personal pronouns referring to a Supreme Being: *e. g.*, *God, Jehovah, the Lord, the Holy Spirit*, "*For He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.*"

(5) Personal titles, whenever they have the value of proper nouns.

Examples:

The President and the Dean summoned me before them.

The Vice-Regent held a conference with the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

(6) Personified nouns, and names of great events or bodies of men. The names of the seasons, however, do not begin with capitals unless they are personified.

Examples:

"Hence, loathed Melancholy!"

"When Winter lingers in the lap of Spring."

It is time for our spring cleaning.

The Hundred-Years' War ended with the Council of Trent.

(7) The important words in a title.

Examples:

As You Like It.

When We Dead Awake.

Bread Upon the Waters.

The Charming of Estercel.

EXERCISES IN PUNCTUATION

(a) Punctuate the following sentences correctly.

1. The ship was very c'd and the skipper although the most honest of men and Irish too was one of the least capable.

2. We were awaked by the dreadful thunder of the tempest and the stamping of the mariners on deck so that I supposed our last hour was certainly come and the terror of my mind was increased out of all measure by Ballantrae who mocked at my devotions.

3. The burning questions are these two first whether you ought to concede and second what your concession ought to be.

4. Barrels boxes and crates floated down stream.

5. It was Daniel Webster who said I am a constitutional whig.

6. Heavens can this be true.

7. Great and small rich and poor cultured and uncultured rubbed elbows in that crowd.

8. The old lady in the back of the room who had been growing more and more incensed now rose to speak.

9. Go down to your cabin cries Ballantrae and come on deck again when you are sober.

10. The cat who wore red top boots waved a majestic paw.

11. The captain had not a guess of whither we were blown he was stark ignorant of his trade and could do naught but bless the holy virgin a very good thing too but scarce the whole of seamanship.

(b) Copy the following passage, punctuating it correctly. (Each speech and answer, in a conversation, should be paragraphed separately.)

The burning sun of syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon when a knight of the red cross who had left his distant northern home and joined the host of the crusaders in palestine was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts near the

red sea where the waves of the jordan pour themselves into an inland sea from which there is no discharge of waters the warlike pilgrim had toiled among cliffs and precipices during the earlier part of the morning more lately issuing from those rocky and dangerous defiles he had entered upon that great plain where the accursed cities provoked in ancient days the direct and dreadful vengeance of the omnipotent the toil the thirst the danger of the way were forgotten as the traveler recalled the fearful catastrophe which had converted into a wilderness the fertile valley of palestine once well watered even as the garden of the lord now a parched and blighted waste condemned to eternal sterility.

As the knight of the couchant leopard continued to fix his eyes on the distant cluster of palm trees he saw advancing a mounted horseman whom his turban long spear and green scarf floating in the wind on his nearer approach showed to be a saracen cavalier in the desert says an eastern proverb no man meets a friend the crusader was indifferent whether the infidel who now approached as if borne on the wings of an eagle came as friend or foe perhaps as a vowed champion of the cross he might have preferred the latter he disengaged his lance from his saddle seized it with the right hand gathered up the reins in the left and prepared with calm self confidence to encounter the stranger.

The saracen had now lost his sword and his quiver of arrows and these disadvantages seemed to incline him to a truce he approached the christian with his right hand extended there is no truce betwixt our nations he said in the lingua franca commonly used for communication with the crusaders wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me let there be peace betwixt us i am well contented answered the knight of the couchant leopard but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce the word of a follower of the prophet was never broken answered the saracen it is thou brave nazarene from whom i should demand security did i not know that treason seldom dwells with courage by the cross of my sword answered the crusader i will be a true companion to thee saracen while fortune wills that we remain in company together by mahomed prophet of god and by allah god of the prophet replied the saracen there is no treachery in my heart toward thee and the late foes without an angry look rode side by side to the little cluster of palm trees.

CHAPTER V

WORDS

THE development of our English vocabulary provides a fascinating subject for study, and every accomplished writer desires to know something about the history of the words that he uses. Such knowledge, indeed, is a definite aid toward precision in writing, for the delicate shades of meaning in certain words are understood only by one who is acquainted with their remote ancestry. Students are encouraged, therefore, as their skill in writing increases, to review the history of the English vocabulary, and to reflect upon the origins of the words that are heard in ordinary life.

At the outset, however, the young writer may profitably dispense with the formal study of linguistic history, in order to devote himself to the more immediate, practical matters connected with ordinary composition. These matters may be grouped under the two following divisions: (1) The Correct Use of Words, and (2) the Effective Use of Words.

THE CORRECT USE OF WORDS

Words and expressions are said to be "in good use," or "correct," when they are widely used in literature and conversation by educated and intelligent writers. Certain other words and expressions which are not in general use among educated writers and speakers we call "incorrect," especially when we associate them with ignorant or ill-bred persons. Clearly, however,

the standard of usage is not always easy to determine. Every one is conscious of speaking what are practically two languages: one for dignified occasions, and one for moments of relaxation. People in different parts of the country, also, have different words and modes of expression, even though the speech of each locality is thoroughly intelligible to the others. Finally, the language of books varies somewhat from the spoken English even of the educated. Thus we can understand how in any English-speaking country, the following classifications have arisen:—“(1) literary English, or the words and constructions used in reputable literature; (2) colloquial English, or the forms which educated people use in conversation; and (3) what we may call common or vulgar English, *i. e.*, English used, whether in speech or in writing, by the great mass of the uneducated, on whom the words and constructions used in literature have no great influence.”¹

Now there is no way of deciding whether a word or an expression is in good use except by finding out whether at least a fair number of reputable writers use it. In finding this out, the dictionary is our chief aid; students, however, should not infer that the dictionary *establishes* good use. On the contrary, its authority is based entirely on the usage of reputable writers.

The tests generally accepted now for words and expressions are those of *reputable*, *national*, and *present* use. If a word is not in reputable use, that is, if it is not employed by the great body of good writers and speakers, then it encounters the objection either of not being generally understood, or of having some sort of unpleasant association, in either of which cases the word should be rejected. This rule applies to expressions

¹ G. R. Carpenter: *Elements of Rhetoric*.

such as *ain't* and *hard up*; to newly-coined words such as *a combine*, *to hike*, *a write-up*, *to commute*, *to flunk*, *to circularize*, *to enthuse*, *a muck-raker*, *a bass-drummist*, *an electric* (for an electric car), *a meet*, (for a meeting), *a Marconigram*; and to those misuses of words which are commonly called "improprieties." Improprieties (English words employed with meanings which wide usage has not given them) may be of three sorts: (1) careless or ignorant mistakes such as the confusion of *affect*, and *effect*, *observance* and *observation*; (2) errors in English idiom, *e. g.*, "I don't know *as*" for "I don't know *that*," "different *than*" for "different *from*"; and (3) the use of words that have not been received into literary, or even into colloquial English,—*e. g.*, *party*, for person, "*Gents' furnishings*," "a bargain in *pants*."

To find, however, that a few reputable authors have used a word, does not alone establish its claim to good use. The word must also be *national*, that is, it must be used by a sufficient number of people to ensure its being intelligible everywhere. The Yankee "I guess," for example, and the Southern "I reckon," are fairly reputable, but could hardly be called national. The same tests must be applied to differences in usage between the English of England and the English of the United States. *Lift* and *elevator* are both reputable terms for the same object, but *lift* is scarcely intelligible to the whole of the United States, nor would *elevator* be intelligible to the whole of England. The same is true, of course, of the terms *luggage* (*baggage*), *guard* (*conductor*), *to shunt* (*to switch*), *engine-driver* (*engineer*), and *stoker* (*fireman*).

Finally, archaic words are not in good use. As much as we may admire Shakspeare, for instance, we should not be likely to borrow and use many words from his vocabulary for the simple reason that if we did, we

should not be understood. Even words used by our grandmothers, such as *genteel*, *fetch*, and to *court* (in the sense of "to pay attention to," or "to propose marriage to"), although they may have a pretty, antique flavor, would hardly be chosen by ordinary present-day writers and speakers.

Another much-discussed question of usage is the formation and admission of new words. It is clear that every growing language, in order to meet new conditions, is obliged—in one way or another—to develop new words. On the other hand, it is easy to see that the process of making new words might be carried so far that we should find ourselves overburdened with unnecessary, absurd, or unpleasant words, which would be far from universally intelligible. What new words, then, shall we accept, and what shall we reject? By what rules shall we be guided?

New words (technically called *barbarisms*: foreign, or barbarian words) may arise in any of three ways: (1) as humorous or jesting expressions; (2) as hasty attempts to name new inventions or describe new circumstances; (3) as short-cuts for long or roundabout expressions.

In the first class we encounter one of the most perplexing questions of usage: the question of slang. Slang has been wittily defined as "a peculiar kind of vagabond language always hanging on the outskirts of legitimate speech." It may consist of newly made words and expressions, or of distorted uses of reputable expressions. "Skidoo" and "nifty," for example, are clearly invented; on the other hand, "to cough up," in the sense of giving rather unwillingly, "a grind," "a rough-house," and "to give the glad hand," are all distorted or violently figurative uses of familiar and respectable words.

Although no one denies the vividness and humor of the more reputable kinds of slang, there are serious objections to its habitual use. Slang is undesirable (1) because of its evanescence, and (2) because of its vagueness. Every one knows the difference between "the latest" slang and outworn slang; and every one knows how quickly slang becomes unintelligible even to those who habitually employ it. This, in itself, is a fundamental objection. In addition to this, the terms of slang have at no time a very definite meaning.

The use of slang tends to level all those nice distinctions of meaning, all those differentiations between word and word, which the consensus of the language has been at so much pains to build up. Everything is "fine!" or "immense!" or "stunning!" or "just gay!" from an appetizing breakfast to an epic poem, from Alpine scenery to the cut of a friend's coat. Slang has been called the "lazy man's dialect," and if the sign of cultivation is an enriched vocabulary, the constant use of vague and unselected terms for every shade of meaning must gradually reduce one's thought to the same ignorant level from which most slang proceeds.¹

For the second class of new words,—those made necessary by new circumstances or new inventions,—the scholars long ago laid down special rules of derivation from prescribed Greek and Latin words. Such words, however, must gain admission to literary English through acceptance by the public rather than by the prescriptions of scholars. *Phonograph* and *automobile* started life in a perfectly respectable way, for they were correctly formed by the inventors at the same time that these inventions were perfected, and were promptly and widely accepted. We are still seeking, however, a word to describe correctly a message received by wireless telegraphy. The amusing term "Marconigram," formed

¹ Greenough and Kittredge, *Words and Their Ways in English Speech*, p. 73.

from the name of the inventor combined with the last syllable of *telegram* (itself an unauthorized formation) seems already to be giving place to the shorter term "a wireless." Many careful speakers still refuse to recognize the word *cablegam*; yet the word *electrocute*, (which is absurdly formed on the basis of *execute*, as if *cute* meant to kill), seems, for lack of a rival, to have forced its way certainly into colloquial, and almost into literary, English. The word *suffragette* would be more truly classed, perhaps, as slang. Invented as a sort of jestingly contemptuous epithet, it has been perpetuated largely by the fact that many of the persons so designated have deliberately accepted the word as a convenient way of describing themselves. It is quite possible that the word may pass into history as literary English.

New words and expressions such as these we have been describing may often be taken bodily into English from other languages. Many persons, for instance, frequently use certain well known French, German, or even Latin words for which English supplies either an uncertain equivalent, or no equivalent at all. It was a favorite prohibition of the older rhetoricians to forbid such borrowings, on the score that English is quite rich enough in words and synonyms to express any idea. Such a prohibition, however, is, to some extent, at any rate, a provincial one. In the French language, for example, there are many words which might be permanently embodied in English with great profit to that language. It would indeed be a carping critic who would object to using *valet*, *portiere*, *amateur*, *cafeteria*, *chauffeur*, and *garage* on the score of their being foreign. On the other hand, to interlard one's writing with foreign phrases, used merely for the purpose of

showing off, would be an undoubted exhibition of linguistic bad taste. Sometimes the employment of foreign words and phrases has a euphemistic origin (see below, p. 138), as may be seen in the use of such a word as *abat-toir* for slaughterhouse. A good working rule, then, is to avoid the more hackneyed foreign phrases,—such, for instance, as these from the French: *faux pas*, *entre nous*, *distingué*, *mélange*, *chic*, *chef d'œuvre*, *nuance*. No writer, however, need hesitate a moment to use a word for which there is no exact equivalent in English. The following passages will illustrate good and bad uses of foreign words:

(Proper) It is an exclamation [of disappointment] that breaks from us as we come to an end of this history of "the occurrences of Shelley's private life." I used the French word *bête* for a letter of Shelley's; for the word in which we find him I can only use another French word, *sale*.¹

(Affected) The notes, I may say, *en passant*, are full of *recherché* learning, and the whole would be a beautiful piece of *multum in parvo* editing, were it not that its *raison d'être* is hard to discover.

The third class of barbarisms results also from what is, in itself a perfectly defensible impulse: the tendency to shorten or simplify a roundabout expression. Thus we get the notorious *enthuse*, for "grow enthusiastic over," *to vacationize* for "to take a vacation," and *fictionary* for "having the characteristics of fiction." Finally there is the whole class of words freshly coined to end in *ist*: *walkist*, *faddist*, *cigarist*, *singist*, and so on. It is hard to explain, on the other hand, why we feel no objection to *pianist*, *suffragist*, and *economist*.

In deciding whether we will or will not use the words and expressions here described, we may let ourselves

¹ Matthew Arnold: *Essays in Criticism*. Second Series, p. 237.

be actuated by the same principles that govern the conduct of any courteous and considerate person. If words are over-startling, or unintelligible to the majority of people, or harsh in sound and unpleasant in association, the well bred person will avoid them, just as he would avoid any startling or puzzling dress or action in life.

EXERCISE

I. In the following list of slang expressions indicate those that seem to you distinctly vulgar:

On the job; to hustle; a fake; up to you; buck up; to take stock in; bunch; nerve (I like his nerve); dope; to fuss; to be all in; the limit.

Translate each of these expressions into reputable English.

II. Point out the improprieties and barbarisms in the following examples, and substitute words and expressions which have an unimpeachable literary standing.

1. He was condemned to expatiate his crimes on the scaffold.
2. The burglar escaped with horrid implications.
3. You can just bet he was a hustler in business all right.
4. That exam. was a perfect cinch, although the prof. thought he sure was soaking us.
5. After the drill had transpired there was a dance in the hall.
6. Jim went to the aviation meet and got stung, because he bet that the monoplane would beat the biplane.
7. The rate commission ordered the observation of certain rules; but the street-car company depreciated any attempt to enforce them.
8. I guess he's pretty well posted on the details of the wheat combine.

9. A lot of these progressives are out to bust the trusts; but none of them is well enough up on the subject to put the thing so you can see through it.

THE EFFECTIVE USE OF WORDS

These rules for the *correct* use of words form, of course, the basis for any systematic attempt to improve and develop one's vocabulary. The next problem to be faced by the student is the problem of the *effective* use of words. The most important matters to be considered here are (1) General and Specific Words, (2) Denotation and Connotation, and (3) Precision in the Use of Synonyms. There are also certain definite faults to be avoided, such as (4) Triteness, (5) Fine Writing, and (6) Euphemism. Each of these matters demands at least a brief consideration.

1. *General and Specific Words*

Generic, or general, words are those that denote a large class of objects, *e. g.*, *bird, horse, ship, man*. Words that denote a single object or a comparatively small class of objects, *e. g.*, *sparrow, crow, colt, mare, schooner, steamer, mulatto, Chinaman*, are called specific. It is obvious that although general words can suggest a wider range of ideas, they are necessarily more vague. Narrative and descriptive writing especially needs specific words, for specific words furnish a more definite picture to the mind, and thus give to narration and description an essential concreteness and vividness. Even in exposition concrete and specific terms will be of great aid in explaining generic and abstract ideas. Herbert Spencer calls attention to the difference in effect between the following sentences:

(a) In proportion as the manners, customs, and amusements of a nation are cruel and barbarous, the regulations of their penal code will be severe.

(b) In proportion as men delight in battles, bull-fights, and combats of gladiators, will they punish by hanging, burning, and the rack.

It is plain, however, that in this matter no hard and fast rule may be laid down. The writer of an essay on the theory of evolution must necessarily use a greater number of general words than the writer of a short story about monkeys in the jungle.

The value of specific words may be illustrated from almost any writer of effective prose or poetry. In Browning's little poem, for instance, "Home Thoughts from Abroad,"—the poet describes a picture the memory of which he treasures in his mind, the picture of an English bird singing on the branch of a tree. The words used by the poet are highly specific:

Hark! how my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters o'er the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops. At the bent spray's edge,
That 's the wise thrush! He sings each song twice over
Lest you might think he never could re-capture
The first fine careless rapture.

It should be unnecessary to comment upon the value of phrases so specific as "blossomed pear-tree in the hedge," "the wise thrush," "at the bent spray's edge," and so on.

The following advice, from a well known writer on rhetoric, is very sound:

Do not write "quite a distance" when you can just as well write "twelve miles," nor "rude habitations" when you mean "adobe huts," nor "intoxicating liquors" when you mean "Ken-

tucky bourbon." Let your trees be maples or sycamores or live-oaks, and your birds towhees or blue jays or vireos. Give your characters a name, your incidents a date, and even your sunsets a geographical location. Macaulay understood well the value of this device. The Spectator is "served up every morning with the bohea and rolls." When young men of rank went into the navy, "Mulgrave, Dorset, Rochester, and many others, left the play-houses and the Mall for hammocks and salt pork." Another man might have written: "Whenever the Mahrattas threatened an incursion, the inhabitants fled for their lives." But Macaulay writes, "Wherever their kettle-drums were heard, the peasant threw his bag of rice on his shoulder, hid his small savings in his girdle, and fled with his wife and children to the mountains or the jungles—to the milder neighborhood of the hyena and the tiger."

Kipling, also, shows a mastery of specific words. The following are some brief examples of this extremely definite quality of his vocabulary:

The band struck up as the squadrons filed off, and the men slipped their feet out of the stirrups and chaffed each other. The sun was just setting in a big hot bed of red cloud, and the road to the Civil Lines seemed to run straight into the sun's eye.

5 There was a little dot on the road. It grew and grew till it showed as a horse with a sort of gridiron-thing on his back. The red cloud glared through the bars of the gridiron. . . . In another minute the troopers heard a neigh that every soul in the regiment knew, and saw, heading straight towards the Band, the

10 dead Drum Horse of the White Hussars. On his withers banged and bumped the kettle-drums draped in crape; and on his back, very stiff and soldierly, sat a bare-headed skeleton.

The Rout of the White Hussars.

From time to time clouds of tawny dust rose from the ground without wind or warning, flung themselves tablecloth-wise among the tops of the parched trees, and came down again. Then a whirling dust-devil would scutter across the plain for a couple of

5 miles, break, and fall outward, though there was nothing to check its flight save a long low line of piled railway-sleepers, white with the dust, and a cluster of huts made of mud, condemned rails, and canvas.

At the End of the Passage.

The hot wind whistled without, and the dry trees sobbed. Presently the daily train, winking brass, burnished steel, and spouting steam, pulled up panting in the intense glare.

At the End of the Passage.

We laid out our bedding in the bows . . . to catch any breeze that the pace of the ship might give us. The sea was like smoky oil, except where it turned to fire under the ship's forefoot, and whirled back into the dark in smears of dull flame. . . . The trampling tune of the engines was very distinct, and the 5 jarring by the ash-lift, as it was tipped into the sea.

Bertran and Bimi.

In the centre of the room, on the bare earth floor, stood a deep, brass basin, with a pale blue-green light floating in the centre like a night-light. Round that basin the man on the floor wriggled himself three times. How he did it I do not know. I could see the muscles ripple along his spine and fall smooth again; 5 but I could not see any other motion. The head seemed the only thing alive about him, except that slow curl and uncurl of the laboring back-muscles. Janoo, from the bed was breathing seventy to the minute; Azizun held her hands before her eyes; and old Suddhoo, fingering at the dirt that had got into his white 10 beard, was crying to himself. The horror of it was that the creeping, crawly thing made no sound—only crawled.

In the House of Suddhoo.

2. Denotation and Connotation

When we say that a word *connotes* such and such ideas, we mean that it not only *denotes*, or points out, the given idea, but that it also *connotes*, or carries with it, certain subsidiary or added associations, like the overtones in music. Thus two words may denote, in general, the same object or idea; yet one of these words may have accumulated associations which the other has not. "The man returned to his *house*," for instance, means something quite different from "The man returned to his *home*." Or words may deteriorate in standing: *e. g.*, *hussy* (from *housewife*), once a perfectly reputable term. Or, we find other words which have lost the strength of

meaning that they once had. A good example of this is the word *naughty*, which now has largely a jocose connotation, but which, in Portia's famous speech,¹ meant a much more serious degree of wickedness.

Most words, from their use, acquire special connotations or associations, which almost seem to give them a character of their own. Thus the word *fist* means simply "the hand with the fingers doubled up against the palm." In the idiomatic comparison "as big as your fist," it is purely descriptive, and has no particular character, good or bad. The use of the fist in fighting, however, has given a peculiar connotation to the term. We may say "He hit his opponent with his clenched fist," for here again fist is purely descriptive and occurs in an appropriate environment. Similarly, we may say "The boy cried dismally, wiping his eyes with his dingy fist," for here there is a certain grotesqueness in the scene which justifies the use of undignified language. But we can no longer say, as was formerly possible, "The lady held a lily in her delicate fist." In other words, the associations of *fist* are either pugnacious, vulgar, or jocose.²

The careful student, then, will make sure that the words he uses are not only as specific as the occasion demands, but that they also have no undesirable connotations. He must take care that his words are not stale, nor antiquated, nor ambiguous, nor pompous, nor coarse. Everybody knows a certain number of words and expressions for which he feels an aversion, even though they are neither slang nor absolutely vulgar. Who, for instance, would not hesitate, at least momentarily, in ordinary writing or speaking, to employ any one of the following terms: *sweat*, *blab*, *slobber*, *squelch*, *guts*, *belly*, *stench*, and *spit*? Yet observe that almost none of these words may be classed as slang. They are good English words fallen into literary disfavor because

¹ "How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a *naughty* world."

Merchant of Venice, Act II, Sc. 1.

² Greenough and Kittredge, *Words and their Ways*, p. 224.

they have contracted a more or less unpleasant connotation.

On the other hand, it should not be thought that a strong virile vocabulary is to be condemned when the occasion justifies it. Nothing, for example, could be more forcible than the Biblical "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." And the phrasing of the following descriptive sentence has a similar justification:

Up from the hollow came a deadly stench of bodies, sickening the coolies, and making even the pariah dogs slink away on their bellies.

3. *Precision in the Use of Synonyms*

English, as a language, is particularly rich in synonyms, or words which express different shades of the same idea. The student has no more important duty than that of scrutinising words, noting their distinctions, and using them with intelligence and precision.

Synonyms so obviously different as those for the idea of oldness illustrate well the distinctions that one must constantly make. *Old, aged, elderly, antique, ancient, antiquated, archaic, obsolete*,—no two of these mean quite the same thing. To say "the *antique* man," "the *obsolete* woman," "the *elderly* furniture," makes us smile, so different is such usage from that to which we are accustomed. Frequently, however, the distinction is not so easy. Let us decide, for instance, which words, in the following sentence, should be chosen:

To (reside, dwell, exist, live, sojourn) happily together, married people must be (familiar with, versed in, proficient in, accomplished in) the niceties of the heart; and born with a faculty for willing (agreement, compromise, concession, adjustment).

Why, in the first group, must we at once reject *reside*, *exist*, and *sojourn*? Why is *proficient in* preferable to *familiar with*? And what are the distinctions of meaning among *agreement*, *compromise*, *concession*, and *adjustment*?

The moral of all this is that one must learn to do two things habitually: to be relentlessly critical of one's self, and to consult the dictionary constantly. One should make a habit of going over the rough draft of a theme one extra time, for the special purpose of seeing that no words are used out of their proper senses, or are unduly repeated. Any good dictionary will teach one what the present meaning of a word is, and what some of its synonyms are. It is essential, moreover, that students should make a constant conscious effort to learn new words; and in this effort familiarity with the dictionary is one of the greatest helps.

EXERCISES IN THE USE OF SYNONYMS

From within the parentheses choose the words that seem to you most apt in the context.

1. There is a (great, manifest, conspicuous, marked) (tendency, propensity, inclination) among the (student-body, students) to (criticise, cavil at, find fault with, censure, disparage, derogate, decry) the actions of the faculty.

2. His sudden (fame, popularity, celebrity, reputation, renown) was really an (impediment, obstruction, obstacle, hindrance) to him, for his (conduct, behavior, demeanor, bearing) became so over-bearing as to bring on an immediate (calamity, misfortune, disaster).

3. Their (low, mean, abject, base) conduct compelled me to (declare, disclose, reveal, divulge) the (compulsion, constraint, coercion, force) which they had used to make me (chasten, chastise, punish) the prisoners.

4. It is hardly (just, fair, right, reasonable) to (assert, declare, aver, allege, affirm) that modern education tends to be merely (practical, materialistic, utilitarian, useful).

5. A good deal of (mischief, harm, injury, malice, malignity) may (lurk, lie hidden, be concealed) in the (assertion, declaration, statement, platitude, common-place, saying) that one man is as good as another.

6. There was not a breath of air (stirring, moving, blowing, circulating, undulating), nor a sound but that of the surf booming half a mile away along the beaches and against the rocks outside. A peculiar stagnant (odor, smell, stench, savor, stink) hung over the anchorage—a smell of (damp, sodden, moist, dank, 5 soaked, drenched, muggy) leaves and (decaying, rotting, putrefying, mouldering) tree trunks. I observed the doctor sniffing and sniffing, like some one tasting a bad egg.

“I don’t know about treasure,” he said, “but I’ll (bet, stake, 10 wager, hazard) my wig there’s fever here.”

R. L. Stevenson: *Treasure Island*, chap 13.

7. Alan drew a dirk, which he held in his left hand in case they should run in under his sword. I, on my part, (climbed, scrambled, clambered, mounted, sprang up) into the berth with an armful of pistols and something of a heavy heart, and set open the window where I was to watch. It was a small part of 15 the deck that I could (watch, overlook, control, see to, look after), but enough for our purpose. The sea had gone down and the wind was steady and kept the sails quiet; so that there was a great stillness in the ship, in which I made sure I heard the sound of (murmuring, muttering, whispering, mumbling, stifled, 20 muffled, hoarse) voices. A little after, and there came a (noise, clang, clash, din, crash, clatter) of steel upon the deck, by which I knew they were dealing out the cutlasses, and one had been let fall; and after that, silence again.

R. L. Stevenson: *Kidnapped*, chap 10.

4. *Triteness*

When a word or an expression has been repeated so often as to become blurred and stale, we call it trite or hackneyed. Triteness in writing is sometimes the result of having little to say; sometimes it is the result of pure indolence. The writer’s imagination is often too sluggish and his vocabulary too scanty to suggest the vivid and appropriate word. Every one will recognize

in the following list the shortcomings of others and possibly of himself:

Feature, galore, handicap, objects of interest, sea of faces, silvery waters, along these lines, replete with interest, the irony of fate, the uplift movement, the near future, this broad land of ours, in our midst, each and every, some one has said, last but not least.

5. *Fine Writing*

Very closely allied with triteness is the vice of fine writing, or the habit of writing about simple matters in a high-sounding manner. No better examples of fine writing may be found than those collected by Lowell in the Introduction to his *Biglow Papers*:

Was hanged.	Was launched into eternity.
When the halter was put round his neck.	When the fatal noose was adjusted about the neck of the unfortunate victim of his own unbridled passions.
A great crowd came to see.	A vast concourse was assembled to witness.
Great fire.	Disastrous conflagration.
The fire spread.	The conflagration extended its devastating career.
House burned.	Edifice consumed.
The fire was got under.	The progress of the devouring element was arrested.
Man fell.	Individual was precipitated.
The frightened horse.	The infuriated animal.
Sent for the doctor.	Called into requisition the services of the family physician.

The mayor of the city in a short speech welcomed.

The chief magistrate of the metropolis, in well-chosen and eloquent language, frequently interrupted by the plaudits of the surging multitude, officially tendered the hospitalities.

I shall say a few words.

I shall, with your permission, beg leave to offer some brief observations.

A bystander advised.

One of those omnipresent characters who, as if in pursuance of some previous arrangement, are certain to be encountered in the vicinity when an accident occurs, ventured the suggestion.

He died.

He deceased, he passed out of existence, his spirit quitted its earthly habitation, winged its way to eternity, shook off its burden, fell asleep, went to a better world, joined the silent majority, and so on.

6. *Euphemism*

Euphemism is the employing of a softened or veiled expression to avoid the use of words that seem objectionable or coarse. Euphemism is sometimes commendable or even necessary; more often it is merely the result of false shame, or a mistaken idea of what is or is not truly refined. The following is an amusing and incisive comment on euphemisms:

Worst of all forms of schoolmaster English are those that come from unwillingness to call a spade a spade.

"I have been trying for years," said a schoolgirl the other day, "to say 'I rose at seven,' instead of *got up*—*got* is such a horrid word!"

"Do you say *retire* instead of *go to bed*?"

"Oh, yes; I have been taught to avoid common expressions."

That is to say, this innocent young girl had been taught to despise the words of daily life, and to affect the vulgar finery and sham delicacy characteristic of those who talk about *culinary department*, *hymeneal altar*, *caskets for the remains of the departed*, *author of my being*, *maternal relative*, *patrons of husbandry*, *potables*, and *nether extremities* or *lower limbs*.¹

It is well not to be afraid to use a plain and even a homely word when occasion demands. Against a simple word used in its true meaning there is no possible objection, unless the word is convicted of unmistakably vulgar associations.

EXERCISE

Discuss the vocabulary of the following sentences:

1. As I was wending my way home from church last Sunday, my attention was attracted by a sea of humanity which was pouring out of the Y. M. C. A. building.

2. When the soft yet dazzling snow drifts to its last resting place on the soft bosom of Mother Earth, every aspect of Nature is decked in fair white robes, soft as velvet, and pure as a bride of eighteen summers.

3. At seven o'clock, in order to relieve his aching limbs, he donned a *neglige* and retired.

4. Once again Father Time hobbles up to the finishing post at the end of another short year, turns the sand glass in his weary and wrinkled hand, and points reflectively to the days that he has mown off the field of eternity since this time one year ago.

5. The *retroussé* tendencies of her Grecian nose became more pronounced, and her curved black eye-lashes half hid the long gray eyes.

6. Our lamented fellow citizen has passed away to that bourne from whence no traveller returns.

¹ A. S. Hill: *Our English*.

7. He was broad and Anglo-Saxon, with short, crisp yellow hair, and the *negligé* of his sparkling raiment bespoke a carefulness of detail which in that section would be regarded as an insult to democracy.

8. All youths should be taught habits of cleanliness, and the necessity for regular and frequent ablutions should be impressed upon them.

9. Our friends gathered around the casket in which rested the only earthly remnant of the author of my being.

PART II

THE FORMS OF PROSE WRITING: PRIN-
CIPLES AND EXAMPLES

THE

LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
AND
GEOGRAPHY

INTRODUCTION

FROM the consideration of fundamental matters of correctness in writing, we pass, naturally enough, to a study of the recognized forms of prose discourse: Exposition, Argumentation, Description, and Narration. In connection with each of these forms, it will be profitable to study first a few general principles, and secondly a certain number of literary examples or "models," of varying style and excellence.

In approaching these "models," the student will do well to discern, at the outset, what attitude he is expected to take toward them. To what extent shall he analyse them? How sedulously shall he ape them? How docilely shall he accept the ideas expressed in them? Questions such as these must arise, and must be frankly answered.

There is a well known dictum that one may best learn to write by reading good literature. It is often remarked, very truly, that the masters of English prose style acquired their art not through a college course in composition, but through reading good books and reflecting upon their reading. One may confidently go further and assert that by voluminous reading and continued reflection any intelligent person may acquire a pure and effective style of writing. It is unlikely, indeed, that any one can ever acquire an excellent style without the aid of wide and thoughtful reading.

Unfortunately, however, the conditions of modern college life are such that few students have time either for voluminous reading or for uninterrupted reflection.

The student usually finds that he must confine himself to a few books or pieces, from which he derives only a faint notion of the wealth of thought and of beauty in the great body of literature. It behooves the college student, therefore, to study intently the small number of books or chapters with which he comes in contact, and by intelligent analysis to discover the principles through which the authors of these books or chapters attained success.

In the first place, then, the object of the literary examples in this volume is to give the student some preliminary close acquaintance with the forms and general nature of good writing. The pieces are necessarily short, and the number of them is necessarily small; but the careful study of even so modest a collection will give the student an introduction to literary principles. Although the reading of so few pieces will give no one a mature or unerring literary sense, the study of such pieces will provide firm guidance for later and wider reading, and a firm basis for literary enjoyment.

Secondly, as a practical exercise, the student may apply to the literary examples the principles of grammar, sentence structure, and vocabulary which he has already acquired. He may observe the strictness or the freedom with which recognized writers follow the conventional rules of correctness.

In the third place, he may discover innumerable rhetorical devices,—words, phrases, arrangements,—which may be transferred advantageously to the ordinary writing of any of us. Especially is this transference possible in the matter of vocabulary.

Finally, one will encounter a generous number of fresh and stimulating ideas, which one may adopt and apply to one's own experience, or which one may combat

or modify in accordance with individual conviction. These fresh ideas, then, will provide a large number of subjects for themes and for oral discussion.

As we have seen, the forms of prose writing are usually classified as Exposition, Argumentation, Description, and Narration. Other divisions, based on varying principles, have been suggested by different rhetoricians; but these four are the simplest, and are generally conceded to be logically inclusive. Expository writing aims to make another person understand facts or ideas as the writer understands them; Argumentation not only makes the reader or hearer understand a series of facts or ideas, but, in addition, seeks to convince him that certain conclusions are true, or to win him over to a certain way of thinking. Description aims to reproduce objects, sensations, perceptions, or feelings; and Narration recounts the events, real or imaginary, of past time.

To assume, however, that any form of writing may be found in isolation is merely a fiction of teachers, for the purposes of the class-room. Although every one can see the wide difference in kind between a text-book which expounds the science of geometry, and a novel by George Eliot which narrates the fortunes of Adam Bede, it is not always so easy to distinguish between description and narration in a book of travels, for example; or between description and exposition in a book on the science of botany; or between exposition and argument in an essay which explains the prevalence of child labor in the United States, in order to convince the reader that such a prevalence is pernicious. To the student, however, it is very useful to regard these four forms of prose writing as artificially separate, in order that each one may be more conveniently studied.

CHAPTER VI

EXPOSITION

EXPOSITION is the name applied to that form of writing which seeks to explain or make clear to others a series of facts or ideas, and the inter-relation of those facts or ideas. The principles of theme-writing that have been laid down in the earlier pages of this book (pp. 3-32), are, in a simple form, the principles of expository writing. Finding the special subject, analysing the special subject, and arranging in a logical order the divisions thus derived, are the fundamental problems of exposition. In the more extended forms of expository writing, however, it is frequently necessary not only to limit but also to define the subject before one can proceed to the analysis or, as it is often called, the division of material. Suppose, for example, that a student is required to write an exposition of the steam engine. In this case, the subject is already limited. He could find, then no simpler or clearer way of beginning than with a definition: "A steam engine is an apparatus for doing work by means of heat applied to water." Immediately after this definition would follow an indication of division, or plan, such as the following:

A complete knowledge of the steam engine involves an acquaintance with the sciences of physics, of chemistry, and of pure and applied mathematics, as well as with the theory of mechanism and the strength of materials. My plan, however, is to begin by showing in a very simple case how steam can do work, and then to explain an actual engine of the most modern construction but at the same time remarkably free from complexity.¹

¹ G. C. V. Holmes: *The Steam Engine*.

This sort of opening makes perfectly clear the course that the explanation will follow.

One has only to look through the various types of expository writing to see how universal and how essential is the practice of defining and dividing one's subject at the very outset of any exposition—however concrete or however abstract. The following examples have been chosen to illustrate widely different subjects of exposition.

(1) Water is the most important of the non-organic resources. Although not ordinarily thought of as a mineral, it is included under the broadest definition of that term. Every student of biology knows the large amount of water required by organisms; 5 and in arid regions water is the limiting factor of life. . . .

Water is different from all the other minerals in that its supply is ever renewed; that is, as fast as it goes down to the ocean, it is restored to the land through evaporation and precipitation. . . . As a matter of practical expediency, we may con- 10 sider the supply of water available as permanent and unchanging. . . . The problem of conservation with regard to water, then, is its fullest utilization.

[Here follows a short computation of the amount of the annual rainfall in the United States. The exposition then con- 15 tinues.]

This great quantity of water is received each year. The question arises as to what becomes of it. Of the water which falls upon the land, substantially one-half soon evaporates, and this, by McGee, has been called the fly-off, because it is almost di- 20 rectly returned to the atmosphere. About one-sixth of the water is consumed by the plants, or goes far enough below the surface to join the underground water; this McGee calls the cut-off. The remaining one-third of the water passes into the rivers and thence into the sea; this is the run-off.

25 I shall consider each of these divisions.¹

(2) We are disposed to believe that no very sharp definition can be given—at least in the present state of the critical art—of the boundary line between poetry and other sorts of imaginative delineation. Between the undoubted dominions of the

¹ C. R. Van Hise: *The Conservation of Natural Resources in the United States*, pp. 100-108, *passim*.

two kinds there is a debatable land; everybody is agreed that the "Oedipus at Colonus" is poetry: every one is agreed that the wonderful appearance of Mrs. Veal¹ is not poetry. But that exact line which separates grave novels in verse like *Aylmer's Field* or *Enoch Arden*, from grave novels not in verse like *Silas Marner* or *Adam Bede*, we own we cannot draw with any confidence. Nor, perhaps, is it very important; whether a narrative is thrown into verse or not certainly depends in part on the taste of the age, and in part on its mechanical helps. Verse is the only mechanical help to the memory in rude times, and there is little 10 writing until a cheap something is found to write upon, and a cheap something to write with. Poetry—verse at least—is the literature of *all work* in early ages; it is only later ages which write in what *they* think a simple and natural prose. Poetry, then, because it has a more marked rhythm than prose, must be 15 more intense in meaning and more concise in style than prose. People expect a "marked rhythm" to imply something worth marking; if it fails to do so they are disappointed. They are displeased at the visible waste of a powerful instrument; they call it "doggerel", and rightly call it, for the metrical expression of full 20 thought and eager feeling—the burst of metre—incident to high imagination, should not be wasted on petty matters which prose does as well,—which it does better—which it suits by its very limpness and weakness, whose small changes it follows more easily, and to whose lowest details it can fully and without effort 25 degrade itself. Verse, too, should be *more concise*, for long continued rhythm tends to jade the mind just as brief rhythm tends to attract the attention. Poetry should be memorable and emphatic, intense, and *soon over*.

The great divisions of poetry, and of all other literary art, arise 30 from the different modes in which these *types*—these characteristic men, these characteristic feelings—may be variously described. There are three principal modes which I shall attempt to describe—the *pure*, which is sometimes, but not very wisely, called the classical; the *ornate*, which is also unwisely 35 called romantic; and the *grotesque*, which might be called the mediæval. We will describe the nature of these a little.²

(3) The subject of this essay is not the so-called Liberty of the Will so unfortunately opposed to the misnamed doctrine of Philosophical Necessity; but Civil or Social Liberty: The nature 40

¹ *The Apparition of Mrs. Veal* (1706), a narrative by Daniel Defoe.

² From *Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning; or Pure, Ornate, and Grotesque Art in English Poetry*, by Walter Bagebot.

and limits of the power which can be legitimately exercised by society over the individual. . . .¹

It will be convenient for the argument, if, instead of entering at once upon the general thesis, we confine ourselves in the first instance to a single branch of it. This one branch is the Liberty of Thought; from which it is impossible to separate the cognate liberty of speaking and of writing.²

These three examples are admirable instances of the method of a careful expositor. In each case we find the subject delimited, defined, and clearly separated into parts or divisions, each of which is to be treated successively by the writer, from a point of view or upon a basis plainly designated by him.

Every student will ultimately work out his own way of analysing a subject into its logical divisions. No better mechanical device, however, has been suggested than that of Professor Barrett Wendell in his *English Composition*. This consists of putting each main heading of one's subject on a separate sheet of paper or card. Then the sub-headings may be arranged, each on its proper card, until the whole plan is thus laid down. Suppose, for example, that one were explaining such a subject as "Types of Student Societies at Dolliver College." One might start with the following divisions:

- A. Secret Societies.
- B. Non-secret Societies.

Let us suppose, then, that we put each of these main headings at the top of a card or of a separate sheet of paper. We may then proceed to develop each one as follows:

¹ The beautiful and perfect use of the colon in this sentence should be noted. As Mill employs it here, it saves a whole explanatory clause to introduce the definition.

² From the treatise *On Liberty*, by John Stuart Mill.

A. Secret Societies:

1. Fraternities;
2. Honorary societies
with secret rites.

B. Non-secret Societies:

1. Literary societies;
2. Debating societies;
3. Athletic societies;
4. Dramatic societies;
5. Local and political societies.

Space should be left, also, for the possible sub-division of each of these sub-heads. For an exposition of any length, or one embodying any sort of research, either in libraries, or from practical sources, a small card-catalogue will be useful, with one's outline arranged in its proper order on "guide-cards."

The order of divisions is a matter not always easy to decide. Sometimes, as in the "fly-off," the "cut-off," and the "run-off" of water, the logic of this particular order seems inherent in the phenomena and their relation to the problems to be considered. Bagehot, however, must have given due thought to the divisions of his subject before he decided to discuss "pure" poetry first, "ornate," next, and "grotesque," last. One has only to read the essay, however, to appreciate the force of this particular succession.

The student must also remember constantly the necessity for making the different parts of his exposition "hang together." This means that every transition from one division to another must have the reader's attention directed to it, that he may know, at each turn, just where he is in the progress of the exposition. A transition may be pointed out usually by one sentence; if the subject is complicated, a short paragraph may be desirable. It is valuable, also, to begin each new division with a definite statement of the point that is about to come up. These "topic-sentences," or re-statements of the point, (even though they may already

have been outlined in the introduction) are absolutely essential to keep the reader perfectly aware of the progressing thought. They are "refulgent guide-posts" for the traveller in a new field of thought.

It seems almost a commonplace to remind the writer that, in a theme, he should emphasize and treat at length what is important, and pass rapidly over or omit entirely what is relatively unimportant. Yet many a theme has failed because the writer treated his first divisions so elaborately that he had neither time nor space left for the remaining ones.

Many a theme, for instance, which purports to give an account of a day's fishing is spoiled because the writer spends four-fifths of his time and space in relating how he got up and off in the morning, and leaves only a remnant of them for the more important part of his narrative. Many a theme on the life of Napoleon, or some other historical character, has proved worthless because the writer has wasted his strength on the insignificant details of his subject's childhood instead of economizing rigorously on time and space in order to state adequately the important facts of his manhood and great career.¹

In order to appreciate more fully what is involved in these principles of emphasis and proportion, the student will find it useful to examine carefully, under the direction of his instructor, (1) some well-proportioned article in one of the more serious magazines,—say *The Atlantic Monthly* or *The Forum*,—and (2) the table of contents and general plan of some large book,—say *The American Commonwealth*, by Mr. James Bryce, or *The Government of England*, by President A. Lawrence Lowell.

In deciding upon modes of introduction and conclusion, the writer should be guided by the principles laid down in the chapter on the planning and writing of themes (pp. 31-32). He should also refer once more to the

¹ G. R. Carpenter: *Exercises in Rhetoric*, p. 197.

examples of typical introductory and concluding paragraphs (pp. 50-52).

Summary:

The essentials of clear exposition, then, are:

1. Accurate limiting and defining of one's subject.
2. Clear-cut analysis of the subject into its logical divisions.
3. Arrangement of divisions in a logical order.
4. Careful attention to devices for transition from one division of the exposition to another.
5. Careful attention to emphasis and proportion in the arrangement of the subject-matter.

EXAMPLES OF EXPOSITION

THE RHINES VOTE-RECORDING MACHINE

THE practical machine is an oblong brass box, about 10 x 14 inches, six inches deep, with a hinged cover. This box is placed on a small stand in the rear of the polling-room, and in plain sight of the judges and clerks of election. The voter is identified by the judges and passes into the stall where the machine is. On raising the lid of the box, a screen is drawn up before the stall, shutting both voter and machine from view. The lid when raised discloses a number of keys not unlike organ stops. There are as many rows of keys as there are tickets in the field, and as many keys in a row as there are offices to be filled. The printed name of each candidate and the office to which he aspires are placed in the top of these keys.

The elector in voting presses down the key bearing the name of the candidate he wishes to support. The key remains down. In being pressed it has locked all the keys of other candidates to the same office, thus making it im-

possible for an elector to vote for more than one candidate to the same office; at the same time this key has imprinted indelibly, on a slip of paper beneath, a number—which is the total vote cast for that candidate at that time. The
5 elector votes for each of the other offices in turn, in the same way, shuts down the lid of the box, thus ringing an alarm bell and dropping the screen in front, exposing machine and voter to the view of the judges. The box lid on being closed liberates all the keys, and the machine is ready
10 for the next voter.—*The Nation*, April 18, 1889.

THE FIRELESS COOKER

THE fireless cooker is the most modern device for saving fuel and trouble in cooking. The principle upon which it is based is the non-conductivity of heat of some substances, such as dry hay, mineral wool, and ex-
15 celsior. When a heated liquid or solid is enveloped in one of these substances the time required for the heat to escape is greatly lengthened, and the process of cooking continues for a long time, even though the source of heat is withdrawn. There is, moreover, no danger from burning or
20 boiling over.

The fireless cooker is such a simple device that it can be made by the prospective user with little trouble and a great saving. The cooker, as made in the home, consists of an outer wooden box which contains a good-sized metal
25 pail, the box being made large enough to allow for at least five inches of packing with one of the above-named substances on all sides of the pail except the top. Into the metal pail a dish containing the substance to be cooked is placed, and the pail is provided with a tight-fitting cover.
30 To insure against the escape of heat from the top of the pail, a cushion of the same substance as that used for the

packing is provided. This cushion is about four inches thick and is of the same size as the interior of the box, so that it fits snugly on all sides. The cover of the box is hinged on one side, and when the cover is raised the cushion can be removed and food can be put into or taken out of the pail at will. The outer pail is usually partly filled with boiling water when food is to be cooked in it; this water retains its high temperature until fresh air is allowed to reach it when the cover of the box and pail is removed. The food is cooked in the usual way for a short time before being put into the pail. The heating of the boiling water and that imparted to the food before putting it into the cooker are sufficient to prepare the dish, and the food is now left in the cooker until it is thoroughly done.—A STUDENT'S THEME.

15

HOW A GONDOLA IS ROWED

A GONDOLA is in general rowed only by one man, standing at the stern; those of the upper classes having two or more boatmen, for greater speed and magnificence. In order to raise the oar sufficiently, it rests, not on the side of the boat, but on a piece of crooked timber like the branch of a tree, rising about a foot from the boat's side, and called a "*forcola*." The *forcola* is of different forms, according to the size and uses of the boat, and it is always somewhat complicated in its parts and curvature, allowing the oar various kinds of rests and catches on both its sides, but perfectly free play in all cases; as the management of the boat depends on the gondolier's being able in an instant to place his oar in any position. The *forcola* is set on the right-hand side of the boat, some six feet from the stern; the gondolier stands on a flat platform or deck behind it, and throws nearly the entire weight of his body

upon the forward stroke. The effect of the stroke would be naturally to turn the boat's head round to the left, as well as to send it forward; but this tendency is corrected by keeping the blade of the oar under the water on the return stroke, and raising it gradually, as a full spoon is raised out of any liquid, so that the blade emerges from the water only an instant before it again plunges. A downward and lateral pressure upon the *forcola* is thus obtained, which entirely counteracts the tendency given by the forward stroke; and the effort, after a little practice, becomes hardly conscious, though, as it adds some labor to the back stroke, rowing a gondola at speed is hard and breathless work, though it appears easy and graceful to the looker-on.

If, then, the gondola is to be turned to the left, the forward impulse is given without the return stroke; if it is to be turned to the right, the plunged oar is brought forcibly up to the surface; in either case a single stroke being enough to turn the light and flat-bottomed boat. But as it has no keel, when the turn is made sharply, as out of one canal into another very narrow one, the impetus of the boat in its former direction gives it an enormous leeway, and it drifts laterally up against the wall of the canal, and that so forcibly, that if it has turned at speed, no gondolier can arrest the motion merely by strength or rapidity of stroke of oar; but it is checked by a strong thrust of the foot against the wall itself, the head of the boat being of course turned for the moment almost completely round to the opposite wall, and greater exertion made to give it, as quickly as possible, impulse in the new direction.—

30 RUSKIN: *Stones of Venice*.

HOW TO THROW A CURVE WITH A BASEBALL

THE average American boy who becomes interested in baseball has always the ultimate intention of becoming a pitcher. Knowing that in order to be a real pitcher, he must be able to curve the ball in every way known to baseball, he sets out to master the curves which are easiest to throw. I will try to tell the reader how the most simple curve, known as the out-curve, is thrown by a right-handed pitcher. This curve is called the out-curve because it curves out from a right-handed batter.

The ball is grasped in the right hand and is held mainly by the thumb and two first fingers, the third finger resting lightly against the sphere and helping to support it, while the fourth or little finger does not come into contact with the ball at all. When the ball is to be delivered, the arm is brought around with a sweeping over-handed or under-handed motion, and the ball is allowed to leave the hand just before the swing is completed. When the ball leaves the hand, it is allowed to roll over the inner surface of the first finger, the thumb being used to start the ball in this direction. By rolling the ball over the index finger in this manner and by giving the hand an outward turn when the ball leaves it, the player makes the ball spin on a vertical axis, and this spinning causes the ball to curve in the desired direction.

The curve may be thrown as a sweeping curve or as a quick-breaking one. A sweeping curve is one that curves slowly from the time it leaves the pitcher's hand until it strikes some resistance, while a quick-breaking curve goes straight until it comes to within two or three feet of the plate and then suddenly shoots out and away from the batter. The latter curve is the more deceptive of the two, and is caused to break so quickly by snapping the wrist

back just before the ball is allowed to leave the hand. Speed is not required to throw the sweeping out-curve, so that any boy can learn to deliver it, but a medium amount of speed is required to throw the quick-breaking one. Hence the latter curve is rarely seen among the younger set of baseball enthusiasts, who have not acquired the speed necessary to throw this ball.—A STUDENT'S THEME.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Machines and apparatus:

A fountain pen.	A milking machine.
An electric door-bell.	A cash register.
A telephone transmitter.	The weather flags.
A type-writer.	A piece of laboratory apparatus.
The turbine wheel.	A racing shell.
A camera.	A street sprinkler.
A coffee-percolator.	A "penny-in-the-slot" machine.
A silage cutter.	A cream separator.
	The Burroughs Adding Machine.

Processes:

How to paddle a canoe.	How a boat goes through a lock.
The lariat and its uses.	Two modes of high jumping.
How to manage an automobile.	Sailing a boat.
Harnessing a horse.	Throwing the hammer.
Calling up a telephone number.	Making a stroke in golf.
	How to tell time.
	The Lawford stroke, in tennis.
Learning to sew on a sewing machine.	
The Leschetizky method of piano practice.	
The crawl and the trudgen strokes in swimming.	
The jack-knife dive.	

HOW LETTERS GO THROUGH THE NEW YORK
POST OFFICE

C. H. HUGHES

SIX hundred thousand letters dropped into the boxes and chutes at the post office on Park Row, between 5 p. m. and 8 p. m. in three hours, one of the days before Christmas, gives an idea of what the holidays meant to Superintendent Roome and his assistants. The 5 letters had to be assorted and out of the building before the early morning mail arrived. But with pneumatic tubes, cancelling machines, and experienced clerks, tables that were piled high in the evening were emptied and waiting for the incoming mail. 10

December, 1908, was a busy month for the postal department. Official figures from Postmaster Morgan give the receipts from the sale of stamps as \$2,018,949, the largest in the history of the New York Post Office, exceeding that of December, 1907, by \$141,411.95. Several of 15 the sub-stations during the past year had a most remarkable growth, particularly the one at the Hudson Terminal building, opened last July, where the sale of stamps for the first month was \$18,000; in December six months later it was over \$50,000, an increase of nearly 200 per cent. 20

From the chutes marked "Outgoing Domestic Mail" along Park Row and Broadway the mail is taken to tables where the primary assortment is made, *i. e.*, separation by States and Territories. The mail for the South and West is sent through pneumatic tubes to the Hudson Terminal 25 Station and from there to the trains at Jersey City. En route, it is in charge of the railroad mail clerks, who handled, in 1908, nearly 20,000,000,000 pieces of first class matter and 35,000,000 of second class, and whose errors

averaged one in about 12,000 pieces correctly distributed. The mail for the North and East is sent through tubes to Station H, and from there to the New York Central, and New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroads.

5 Letters dropped into the chutes for "New York City Only" are at once dispatched to the nearest station, where they are given to the carriers for distribution.

It is the aim of the clerks to get rid of the mail as soon as it arrives, and never allow it to accumulate. With the
10 enormous quantities received at the post office, the breaking down of a compressor or an accident at a sub-station would mean, perhaps, several hours extra work.

New mechanical labor-saving devices are often tried, and the three that have proved the most successful, and
15 have done much toward making the present rapid handling of the mail possible, are pneumatic tubes, cancelling machines, and belt conveyors.

Pneumatic tubes for transmitting packages, are of comparatively recent origin; yet the principle was exploited as
20 long ago as 1667 by Denis Papin in England. Nearly two hundred years later, the International Telegraph Company, London, England, succeeded in sending carriers by compressed air through a tube an inch and a half in diameter and about 660 feet long. Its success was so marked
25 that others were installed larger in diameter, and instead of a single tube, there were two, one for sending and one for receiving.

The system developed in England has the tubes radiate from a central station to sub-stations in different parts of
30 the city, with two to the largest and one to the smallest. The outgoing carriers are dispatched by air pressure of about ten pounds to the square inch, which, with a corresponding vacuum, makes the speed of the carriers the same in both directions. The English Post Department

operates sixty miles of tubes, forty of which are in the London district.

Germany and other European countries have the Siemens system, differing in many respects from the English. In the Siemens the tubes are laid in circuits serving several 5 stations, and the air is stored in large tanks and turned into the tubes whenever a carrier is dispatched. Berlin has thirty miles in operation, while Paris and Vienna have nearly the same number.

The Batcheller system is used in New York and exten-10 sively in the United States. In this system a continuous current of air flows through the tubes, and the carriers containing the letters are inserted and removed without 5 interfering with the flow of air; in fact, they travel with it.

From the post office on Park Row, there are five branches 15 with terminals at the Custom House, Brooklyn Post Office, Station H (Grand Central), Hudson Terminal building, and Station L, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and Lexington Avenue (West Side branch), the last 5 two having been completed a short time ago. Before the 20 branch to Station L was in operation, the mail was carried in bags by the elevated trains, but this service has been done away with.

The Custom House or Produce Exchange branch has a single carrier station, at No. 60 Wall Street. The branches 25 to Brooklyn and Hudson Terminal building have no stations. The Grand Central has stations at No. 103 East Twelfth Street; Madison Square, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Streets, on Fourth Avenue; F, between Lexington and Third Avenues, on Thirty-fourth Street, 30 and H, corner of Forty-third Street and Madison Avenue. The West Side branch is the longest, with stations at A, between Prince and Houston Streets, on Green Street; V, corner of West Broadway and Canal Street; O, No. 122

Fifth Avenue; E, West Thirty-second Street, near Sixth Avenue; Times Square, No. 231 West Thirty-ninth Street; G, West Fifty-first Street, near Broadway; N, Broadway, corner of Sixty-ninth Street; W, corner of Columbus
5 Avenue and Eighty-fourth Street; J, One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue, and L, corner of Lexington Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street.

It is proposed to connect H, of the Grand Central branch
10 with L, of the West Side, by tubes through Stations Y, Sixty-eighth Street, near Third Avenue, K, Eighty-eighth Street, near Third Avenue, and U, One Hundred and Third Street, corner of Third Avenue, thus making a circuit of two independent branches, and greatly improving the East
15 Side service, as mail can then be sent to the post office either by the West Side branch or by the proposed branch and the present one from the Grand Central. A cross-town branch is also contemplated from Times Square to H, that would add to the efficiency of the circuit. Still another is
20 from O, No. 122 Fifth Avenue, to C, West Thirteenth Street and Ninth Avenue. This branch (called the Foreign Exchange) would be of great advantage to the shipping interests on West Street.

Every station served by the pneumatic system in New
25 York has an apparatus for transmitting and receiving carriers. At the post office there are two types of transmitters, the horizontal and the inclined. The former is the older, and has a frame that swings out from the main line to receive the carriers, and then back again to dispatch
30 it, the air forcing the carrier forward. An automatic time lock prevents the carriers from being dispatched with less than twelve seconds' headway, thus insuring a fixed distance between them.

The inclined transmitters are used on the New Hudson

Terminal and West Side branches. The carrier, instead of being inserted horizontally, is at an angle of about thirty degrees, and the large swinging frame is done away with. A considerable saving in floor space is made, and, owing to the cramped conditions, such a saving is valuable.

The striking force of a carrier traveling thirty miles an hour is no mean amount, and to design a receiver to stop it without injury called for ingenuity on the part of the designer. As the system is operated by compressed air, advantage was taken of it—in preference to springs or other devices. The carriers enter a chamber, the air forming a cushion in front of them, and are brought almost to a state of rest when they are discharged upon a table striking a buffer at one end. They are then taken from the table and opened.

During the rush hours a carrier is dispatched from the post office over each of the five branches every fifteen seconds; that is, one to the Hudson Terminal every fifteen seconds, one to Brooklyn every fifteen seconds, and so on, with a return service at the same rate. Twenty carriers are dispatched, and a like number received every minute. The men at the tubes are constantly on the jump, and none has any idle moments, for the slightest loafing or holding back would start the carriers collecting, and in two or three minutes there would be endless confusion.

A carrier takes three and one-half minutes to go to Brooklyn, two minutes to the Custom House, five minutes to Station L, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and Lexington Avenue, and nearly nine minutes to H (Grand Central), the latter requiring the extra time because of the rehandling at the Madison Square station.

The carriers are cylindrical in form, thirty inches long, weight sixteen pounds, and hold 500 to 600 letters, tied

together in small bundles marked with the station at which they are to be delivered. They are about seven inches in diameter, or one inch less than the tubes, but they are made to fit snugly by two cotton rings, one at 5 each end, held in place by wrought iron bands.

Carriers have been designed with doors on the side and on the end. It is very important that no amount of jolting or shaking of the carrier in transit should open the door, and at the same time it must be easily and quickly 10 opened by the men at the stations. The end door has been adopted in New York, and has proved satisfactory.

When the five branches are in operation the carriers from all the stations can bring, it is estimated, 10,000 letters to the post office and take a similar number away 15 every minute.

The tubes consist of two eight-inch wrought iron pipes from the post office to each station, laid five to ten feet below the surface of the street. One is for the outgoing and the other for the incoming mail, and both are joined 20 at the station and the post office, making a complete circuit for the air to travel in. To the circuit is connected a compressor supplying air at a pressure sufficiently high to drive the carriers twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. For short distances, as to the Custom House, about five 25 pounds per square inch is required, and for longer, as to H, seven or more pounds.

Should a carrier accidentally get stuck in a tube it can sometimes be dislodged by increasing the pressure. If this is of no use, then a vacuum is made in the tube be- 30 hind it, and the air turned on in front, pushing the carrier back to the station it started from. Another way is to disconnect the transmitter at the station nearest the carrier and fire a revolver into the tube. The time is noted that elapses from the discharge to the echo of the

report reflected back by the obstructing carrier. Then, knowing the velocity of sound, it is easy to calculate the distance the carrier is from the station. In one instance it was found to be within a foot of the calculated distance.

5

In the basement of the post office are the compressors for the different branches. Three are driven by steam, but two recently installed are driven by electric motors geared to high pressure blowers.

The cancelling of first-class mail is now done by machines. Imagine the force of clerks that would be required to cancel by hand the 1,000,000 or so letters daily received at the post office. Of course, second and third-class mail and irregular shaped packages cannot be run through machines, but then their number is small compared to the first class.

The machines do three things—first, cancel the stamp with a series of wavy lines; second, postmark the envelope with the city, state, date, and hour; and, third, count the letter. Then there will be noticed in the line a number and also a letter, either C or D. The number designates the machine that did the cancelling, and the letter, C if collected by a carrier, or D if dropped into one of the chutes at the station.

The machines at the post office, Wall Street, and Hudson terminal stations are called the “fliers,” and they rightly live up to the name, for each will cancel, postmark, and count 65,000 to 75,000 letters an hour, or seventeen to twenty per second. The letters leave in a perfect stream, and batches of a thousand are run through in a minute. So rapid is the “flier” in stamping and cancelling that it is impossible to count the letters, except by a mechanical counter.

The flier consists of several sets of rollers and dies on a

table and two racks for holding letters. The table is supported at a convenient height above the floor by a hollow cast-iron column. The rollers and dies are driven by an electric motor in the column. The letters are arranged with the stamps all in the same position, and then placed in the feeding rack. The operator starts the motor, and by lightly pressing on the letters they are drawn along one at a time by rubber-covered rollers to the steel dies that cancel the stamps and postmark the envelopes. After passing the dies they are drawn by other rollers to the delivery rack, whence they are taken for distribution. The interesting feature is the arrangement of the dies to accommodate envelopes of different lengths, so that one nine inches long following one only three inches will be marked once, and not several times as might be expected.

There is now being tested at the Hudson Terminal Station a system of belt conveyors. Before it was installed the mail was dragged in large baskets or placed on small trucks and pushed from one part of the station to another. Belt conveyors have been widely used for carrying sand, stone, coal, and other materials, yet this is the first time they have been used for mail in New York.

Extending around the station and hanging about four feet from the ceiling by small rods are two lines of belt conveyors, one for the incoming and the other for the outgoing mail. The belts are of canvas eighteen inches wide, with boards along the sides preventing anything put on them from falling off.

The belt for the incoming mail is designed for taking metal trays to nine distribution boards. Each board has hundreds of pigeon-holes, marked with the names of cities and towns all over the United States. The trays hold about 500 letters apiece, and across one of the ends

has numbers from 1 to 9, representing the different boards. Suppose it is required to send letters from board 2 to board 6. A pointer on the tray is moved to number 6, the tray placed on the belt, runs past boards 3, 4, and 5, but at 6 hits a lug that causes it to leave the belt and stop at the shelf for board 6.

The conveyor for the outgoing mail has chutes to the tables. The mail either in bags or packages is thrown upon the belt, carried along by it, and falls off at the chute.

Both conveyors run at a speed of about 200 feet a minute, and the one for the trays is driven by a five-horse-power-electric motor and the other by a three-horse-power. They were first used New Year's Eve (December 31, 1908), and it is doubtful if they will ever receive a more severe test than they did that night. The amount of 15 mail handled was a record-breaker, exceeding 1,000,000 pieces, and the conveyors worked without a hitch. It is estimated that they do away with the services of fifteen men.—New York *Evening Post*, February 20, 1909.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

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|-------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| How paper is made. | A brewery. |
| The printing of a newspaper. | Raising tobacco. |
| Taking and developing a photograph. | A flour mill. |
| The coining of money. | An automobile factory. |
| A model dairy. | A steel plant. |
| | The Dead-Letter Office. |
| | A model barn. |

THE CHARACTERISTIC DIVERGENCES OF PIGEONS¹

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY²

AMONG the enormous variety,—I believe there are somewhere about a hundred and fifty kinds of pigeons,—there are four kinds which may be selected as representing the extremest divergences of one kind from another. Their names are the Carrier, the Pouter, the Fantail, and the Tumbler. In these large diagrams that I have here they are each represented in their relative sizes to each other. This first one is the Carrier; you will notice this large excrescence on its beak; it has a comparatively small head; there is a bare space round the eyes; it has a long neck, a very long beak, very strong legs, large feet, long wings, and so on. The second one is the Pouter, a very large bird, with very long legs and beak. It is called the Pouter because it is in the habit of causing its gullet to swell up by inflating it with air. I should tell you that all pigeons have a tendency to do this at times, but in the Pouter it is carried to an enormous extent. The birds appear to be quite proud of their power of swelling and puffing themselves out in this way; and I think it is about as droll a sight as you can see to look at a cage full of these pigeons puffing and blowing themselves out in this ridiculous manner.

This diagram is a representation of the third kind I mentioned—the Fantail. It is, you see, a small bird, with exceedingly small legs and a very small beak. It is most curiously distinguished by the size and extent of its tail,

¹The Perpetuation of Living Beings. (*Man's Place in Nature; and other Essays.* J. M. Dent & Co.)

²Thomas Henry Huxley (1825–1895), the celebrated English biologist. He was the author of many books, both technical and philosophical, on biology. He was also a very successful popular lecturer.

which, instead of containing twelve feathers, may have many more,—say thirty, or even more,—I believe there are some with as many as forty-two. This bird has a curious habit of spreading out the feathers of its tail in such a way that they reach forward, and touch its head; 5 and if this can be accomplished, I believe it is looked upon as a point of great beauty.

But here is the last great variety,—the Tumbler; and of that great variety, one of the principal kinds, and one most prized, is the specimen represented here—the short-10 faced Tumbler. Its beak, you see, is reduced to a mere nothing. Just compare the beak of this one and that of the first one, the Carrier—I believe the orthodox comparison of the head and beak of a thoroughly well-bred Tumbler is to stick an oat into a cherry, and that will 15 give you the proper relative proportions of the beak and head. The feet and legs are exceedingly small, and the bird appears to be quite a dwarf when placed side by side with this great Carrier. 20

These are differences enough in regard to their external appearance; but these differences are by no means the whole or even the most important of the differences which obtain between these birds. There is hardly a single point of their structure which has not become more or 25 less altered; and to give you an idea of how extensive these alterations are, I have here some very good skeletons, for which I am indebted to my friend Mr. Tegetmeier, a great authority in these matters; by means of which, if you examine them by-and-by, you will be able 30 to see the enormous difference in their bony structures.

I had the privilege, some time ago, of access to some important MSS. of Mr. Darwin, who,¹ I may tell you,

¹ Charles Darwin (1809-1882), the celebrated English naturalist who formulated the Darwinian theory of evolution.

has taken very great pains and spent much valuable time and attention on the investigation of these variations, and getting together all the facts that bear upon them. I obtained from these MSS. the following summary
5 of the differences between the domestic breeds of pigeons; that is to say, a notification of the various points in which their organization differs. In the first place, the back of the skull may differ a good deal, and the development of the bones of the face may vary a great deal; the back
10 varies a good deal; the shape of the lower jaw varies; the tongue varies very greatly, not only in correlation to the length and size of the beak, but it seems also to have a kind of independent variation of its own. Then the amount of naked skin round the eyes, and
15 at the base of the beak, may vary enormously; so may the length of the eyelids, the shape of the nostrils, and the length of the neck. I have already noticed the habit of blowing out the gullet, so remarkable in the Pouter, and comparatively so in the others. There are great
20 differences, too, in the size of the female and the male, the shape of the body, the number and width of the processes of the ribs, the development of the ribs, and the size, shape, and development of the breastbone. We may notice, too—and I mention the fact because
25 it has been disputed by what is assumed to be high authority,—the variation in the number of the sacral vertebræ. The number of these varies from eleven to fourteen, and that without any diminution in the number of the vertebræ of the back or of the tail. Then
30 the number and position of the tailfeathers may vary enormously, and so may the number of the primary and secondary feathers of the wings. Again the length of the feet and of the beak,—although they have no relation to each other, yet appear to go together,—that

is, you have a long beak wherever you have long feet. There are differences also in the periods of the acquirement of the perfect plumage,—the size and shape of the eggs,—the nature of flight and the powers of flight,—so-called “*homing*” birds having enormous flying pow-⁵ers; while, on the other hand, the little Tumbler is so called because of its extraordinary faculty of turning head over heels in the air, instead of pursuing a distinct course. And, lastly, the dispositions and voices of the birds may vary. Thus the case of the pigeons shows¹⁰ you that there is hardly a single particular,—whether of instinct, or habit, or bony structure, or of plumage,—of either the internal economy or the external shape, in which some variation or change may not take place, which by selective breeding, may become perpetuated, and form¹⁵ the foundation of, and give rise to, a new race.

If you carry in your mind’s eye these four varieties of pigeons, you will bear with you as good a notion as you can have, perhaps, of the enormous extent to which a deviation from a primitive type may be carried by means²⁰ of this process of selective breeding.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

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| External divergences of the Pug, the Spaniel, and the Mastiff. | How to know a pine tree from a maple tree. |
| The difference between an Angora cat and an ordinary cat. | How to know an orchid when you see one. |
| The difference between a “Plymouth Rock” and a “Buff Orpington.” | The differences between a Leyden jar and a voltaic cell. |
| The difference between a Southdown and a Shropshire sheep. | External differences between two kinds of typewriters. |
| | External differences between two kinds of automobiles. |

THE METHOD OF SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION ¹

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

THE method of scientific investigation is nothing but the expression of the necessary mode of working of the human mind. It is simply the mode at which all phenomena are reasoned about, rendered precise and exact. 5 There is no more difference, but there is just the same kind of difference, between the mental operations of a man of science and those of an ordinary person, as there is between the operations and methods of a baker or of a butcher weighing out his goods in common scales, 10 and the operations of a chemist in performing a difficult and complex analysis by means of balance and finely-graduated weights. It is not that the action of the scales in the one case, and of the balance in the other, differ in the principles of their construction or manner of working; 15 but the beam of one is set on an infinitely finer axis than the other, and of course turns by the addition of a much smaller weight.

You will understand this better, perhaps, if I give you some familiar example. You have all heard it repeated, 20 I dare say, that men of science work by means of Induction and Deduction, and that by help of these operations, they, in a sort of sense, wring from Nature certain other things, which are called Natural Laws, and Causes, and that out of these, by some cunning skill of their 25 own, they build up Hypotheses and Theories. And it is imagined by many, that the operations of the common mind can be by no means compared with these processes, and that they have to be acquired by a sort of special apprenticeship to the craft. To hear all these large words,

¹ From *Man's Place in Nature: and other Essays*. J. M. Dent & Co.

you would think that the mind of a man of science must be constituted differently from that of his fellow-men; but if you will not be frightened by terms, you will discover that you are quite wrong, and that all these terrible apparatus are being used by yourselves every day and every hour of your lives.

There is a well-known incident in one of Molière's plays,¹ where the author makes the hero express unbounded delight on being told that he had been talking prose during the whole of his life. In the same way, I trust that you will take comfort, and be delighted with yourselves, on the discovery that you have been acting on the principles of inductive and deductive philosophy during the same period. Probably there is not one here who has not in the course of the day had occasion to set in motion a complex train of reasoning, of the very same kind, though differing of course in degree, as that which a scientific man goes through in tracing the causes of natural phenomena.

A very trivial circumstance will serve to exemplify this. Suppose you go into a fruiterer's shop, wanting an apple,—you take up one, and on biting it, you find it sour; you look at it, and see that it is hard and green. You take up another one, and that too is hard, green, and sour. The shopman offers you a third; but, before biting it you examine it, and find that it is hard and green, and you immediately say that you will not have it, as it must be sour, like those that you have already tried.

Nothing can be more simple than that, you think; but if you will take the trouble to analyse and trace out into its logical elements what has been done by the mind,

¹ *Molière*, the stage name of Jean Baptiste Poquelin (1622-1673), the famous French dramatist. The comedy here referred to is *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, which describes the adventures of a "self-made" man.

you will be greatly surprised. In the first place, you have performed the operation of Induction. You found that, in two experiences, hardness and greenness in apples went together with sourness. It was so in the first case, 5 and it was confirmed by the second. True, it is a very small basis, but still it is enough to make an induction from; you generalize the facts, and you expect to find sourness in apples where you get hardness and greenness. You found upon that a general law, that all hard and 10 green apples are sour; and that, so far as it goes, is a perfect induction. Well, having got your natural law in this way, when you are offered another apple which you find is hard and green, you say, "All hard and green apples are sour; this apple is hard and green, therefore 15 this apple is sour." That train of reasoning is what logicians call a syllogism, and has all its various parts and terms,—its major premise, its minor premise, and its conclusion. And, by the help of further reasoning, which, if drawn out, would have to be exhibited in two or three 20 other syllogisms, you arrive at your final determination, "I will not have that apple." So that, you see, you have, in the first place, established a law by Induction, and upon that you have founded a Deduction, and reasoned out the special conclusion of the particular case. Well 25 now, suppose, having got your law, that at some time afterward, you are discussing the qualities of apples with a friend: you will say to him, "It is a very curious thing,—but I find that all hard and green apples are sour!" Your friend says to you, "But how do you know that?" 30 You at once reply, "Oh, because I have tried them over and over again, and have always found them to be so." Well, if we were talking science instead of common sense, we should call that an Experimental Verification. And, if still opposed, you go further, and say, "I have heard

from the people in Somersetshire and Devonshire, where a large number of apples are grown, that they have observed the same thing. It is also found to be the case in Normandy, and in North America. In short, I find it to be the universal experience of mankind wherever 5 attention has been directed to the subject." Whereupon, your friend, unless he is a very unreasonable man, agrees with you, and is convinced that you are quite right in the conclusion you have drawn. He believes, although perhaps he does not know he believes it, that the more ex- 10 tensive verifications are,—that the more frequently experiments have been made and results of the same kind arrived at,—that the more varied the conditions under which the same results are attained, the more certain is the ultimate conclusion, and he disputes the question 15 no further. He sees that the experiment has been tried under all sorts of conditions, as to time, place, and people, with the same result; and he says with you, therefore, that the law you have laid down must be a good one, and he must believe it. 20

In science we do the same thing,—the philosopher exercises precisely the same faculties, though in a much more delicate manner. In scientific inquiry it becomes a matter of duty to expose a supposed law to every possible kind of verification, and to take care, moreover, that 25 this is done intentionally, and not left to a mere accident, as in the case of the apples. And in science, as in common life, our confidence in a law is in exact proportion to the absence of variation in the result of our experimental verifications. For instance, if you let go your grasp 30 of an article you may have in your hand, it will immediately fall to the ground. That is a very common verification of one of the best established laws of nature—that of gravitation. The method by which men of science es-

establish the existence of that law is exactly the same as that by which we have established the trivial proposition about the sourness of hard and green apples. But we believe it in such an extensive, thorough, and unhesitating
5 manner because the universal experience of mankind verifies it, and we can verify it ourselves at any time; and that is the strongest possible foundation on which any natural law can rest.

So much, then, by way of proof that the method of es-
10 tablishing laws in science is exactly the same as that pursued in common life. Let us now turn to another matter (though really it is but another phase of the same question), and that is, the method by which, from the relations of certain phenomena, we prove that some stand in the
15 position of causes toward the others.

I want to put the case clearly before you, and I will therefore show you what I mean by another familiar example. I will suppose that one of you, on coming down in the morning to the parlor of your house, finds that a tea-
20 pot and some spoons which had been left in the room on the previous evening are gone,—the window is open, and you observe the mark of a dirty hand on the window-frame, and perhaps, in addition to that, you notice the impress of a hob-nailed shoe on the gravel outside. All
25 these phenomena have struck your attention instantly, and before two seconds have passed you say, "Oh, somebody has broken open the window, entered the room, and run off with the spoons and the tea-pot!" That speech is out of your mouth in a moment. And you will probably
30 add, "I know there has; I am quite sure of it!" You mean to say exactly what you know; but in reality you are giving expression to what is, in all essential particulars, an Hypothesis. You do not *know* it at all; it is nothing but an hypothesis rapidly framed in your own mind! And, it is

an hypothesis founded on a long train of inductions and deductions.

What are those inductions and deductions, and how have you got at this hypothesis? You have observed, in the first place, that the window is open; but by a train of rea-⁵soning involving many Inductions and Deductions, you have probably arrived long before at the General Law—and a very good one it is—that windows do not open of themselves; and you therefore conclude that something has opened the window. A second general law that you have ¹⁰arrived at in the same way is, that tea-pots and spoons do not go out of a window spontaneously, and you are satisfied that, as they are not now where you left them, they have been removed. In the third place, you look at the marks on the window-sill, and the shoe-marks outside, and ¹⁵you say that in all previous experience the former kind of mark has never been produced by anything else but the hand of a human being; and the same experience shows that no other animal but man at present wears shoes with hob-nails in them such as would produce the marks in the ²⁰gravel. I do not know, even if we could discover any of those “missing links” that are talked about, that they would help us to any other conclusion! At any rate the law which states our present experience is strong enough for my present purpose. You next reach the conclusion, ²⁵that as these kinds of marks have not been left by any other animals than men, or are liable to be formed in any other way than by a man’s hand and shoe, the marks in question have been formed by a man in that way. You have, further, a general law, founded on observation and ³⁰experience, and that too, is, I am sorry to say, a very universal and unimpeachable one,—that some men are thieves; and you assume at once from all these premises—and that is what constitutes your hypothesis—that the

man who made the marks outside and on the window-sill, opened the window, got into the room, and stole your teapot and spoons. You have now arrived at a *Vera Causa*:¹ you have assumed a Cause which it is plain is competent to produce all the phenomena you have observed. You can explain all these phenomena only by the hypothesis of a thief. But that is a hypothetical conclusion, of the justice of which you have no absolute proof at all; it is only rendered highly probable by a series of inductive and deductive reasonings.

I suppose your first action, assuming that you are a man of ordinary common sense, and that you have established this hypothesis to your own satisfaction, will very likely be to go off for the police, and set them on the track of the burglar, with the view to the recovery of your property. But just as you are starting with this object, some person comes in, and on learning what you are about, says, "My good friend, you are going on a great deal too fast. How do you know that the man who really made the marks took the spoons—it might have been a monkey that took them, and the man may have merely looked in afterwards" You would probably reply, "Well, that is all very well, but you see it is contrary to all experience of the way tea-pots and spoons are abstracted; so that, at any rate, your hypothesis is less probable than mine." While you are talking the thing over in this way, another friend arrives, one of that good kind of people that I was talking of a little while ago. And he might say, "Oh, my dear sir, you are certainly going on a great deal too fast. You are most presumptuous. You admit that all these occurrences took place when you were fast asleep, at a time when you could not possibly have known anything about what was taking place. How do you know that the laws of Nature are not suspended

¹ Latin for *true cause*.

during the night? It may be that there has been some kind of supernatural interference in this case." In point of fact, he declares that your hypothesis is one of which you cannot at all demonstrate the truth, and that you are by no means sure that the laws of Nature are the same when you are asleep as when you are awake.

Well, now, you cannot at the moment answer that kind of reasoning. You feel that your worthy friend has you somewhat at a disadvantage. You feel perfectly convinced in your own mind, however, that you are quite right, and you say to him, "My good friend, I can only be guided by the natural probabilities of the case, and if you will be kind enough to stand aside and permit me to pass, I will go and fetch the police." Well, we will suppose that your journey is successful, and that by good luck you meet with a policeman; that eventually the burglar is found with your property on his person, and the marks correspond to his hand and to his shoes. Probably any jury would consider those facts a very good experimental verification of your hypothesis, touching the cause of the abnormal phenomena observed in your parlor, and would act accordingly.

Now, in this supposititious case, I have taken phenomena of a very common kind, in order that you might see what are the different steps in an ordinary process of reasoning, if you will only take the trouble to analyse it carefully. All the operations I have described, you will see, are involved in the mind of any man of sense in leading him to a conclusion as to the course he should take in order to make good a robbery and punish the offender. I say that you are led, in that case, to your conclusion by exactly the same train of reasoning as that which a man of science pursues when he is endeavoring to discover the origin and laws of the most occult phenomena. The process is, and always must be,

the same; and precisely the same mode of reasoning was employed by Newton and Laplace¹ in their endeavors to discover and define the causes of the movements of the heavenly bodies, as you, with your own common sense, would employ to detect a burglar. The only difference is, that the nature of the inquiry being more abstruse, every step has to be most carefully watched, so that there may not be a single crack or flaw in your hypothesis. A flaw or crack in many of the hypotheses of daily life may be of little or no moment as affecting the general correctness of the conclusions at which we may arrive; but in a scientific inquiry a fallacy, great or small, is always of importance, and is sure to be in the long run constantly productive of mischievous, if not fatal results.

Do not allow yourselves to be misled by the common notion that an hypothesis is untrustworthy simply because it is an hypothesis. It is often urged, in respect to some scientific conclusion that, after all, it is only an hypothesis. But what more have we to guide us in nine-tenths of the most important affairs of daily life than hypotheses, and often very ill-based ones? So that in science, where the evidence of an hypothesis is subjected to the most rigid examination, we may rightly pursue the same course. You may have hypotheses and hypotheses. A man may say, if he likes, that the moon is made of green cheese: that is an hypothesis. But another man, who has devoted a great deal of time and attention to the subject, and availed himself of the most powerful telescopes and the results of the observations of others, declares that in his opinion it is probably composed of materials very similar to those of which our own earth is made up: and that is also an

¹ Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727), English mathematician and natural philosopher. Pierre Simon de Laplace (1749-1827), French astronomer and mathematician.

hypothesis. But I need not tell you that there is an enormous difference in the value of the two hypotheses. That one which is based on sound scientific knowledge is sure to have a corresponding value; and that which is a mere hasty, random guess, is likely to have but little value. 5 Every great step in our progress in discovering causes has been made in exactly the same way as that which I have detailed to you. A person observing the occurrence of certain facts and phenomena asks naturally enough, what process, what kind of operation known to occur in nature 10 applied to the particular case, will unravel and explain the mystery? Hence you have the scientific hypothesis; and its value will be proportionate to the care and completeness with which its basis has been tested and verified. It is in these matters as in the commonest affairs of practical life: 15 the guess of the fool will be folly, while the guess of the wise man will contain wisdom. In all cases, you see that the value of the result depends on the patience and faithfulness with which the investigator applies to his hypothesis every possible kind of verification. 20

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

1. Herbert Spencer once defined the word "Tragedy," as "An induction killed by a fact." Explain this, as nearly as you can, in the manner of Huxley.
2. Explain your process of thought in deciding whether you do or do not believe in Phrenology, in the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare's Plays, in the Human Inhabitants of the Planet Mars, or in Mental Healing.
3. Two necessary hypotheses in daily life.

THE BREAK-DOWN OF COMPETITION¹

CHARLES R. VAN HISE

COMPETITION for the control of prices and quality of goods has been a faith which has been believed in by the great majority of people in America; it has been the fundamental principle of the common and statute law upon which our court decisions controlling trade have been built up. Every proposal to legalize coöperation in trade has been stoutly resisted as interfering with competition, the bulwark of our industrial liberty.

The producer may do as he pleases with reference to quality; he may ask the price he can get; but he cannot combine with another producer in the regulation of price or do anything which may be interpreted to interfere with complete independence in trade. The theory is that the quality will be kept up and the price kept down by competition, and that the purchaser needs no further protection.

This faith in the power of competition has gone so far in the past that any manufacturer might call an article by any name he pleased, provided the name did not have a trade mark, regardless of whether or not it had any relation to the product so labelled. An article could be called pure fruit jelly and have no fruit in it; it could be called corn whisky and not a grain of corn be used in its manufacture; it could be named strained honey and a bee never have had anything to do with its making; it could be called maple sirup and never a drop of maple sap have entered it; it could be called butter and have no

¹ Reprinted, through the generous permission of the author and of the publisher, from *Concentration and Control*, by Charles R. Van Hise (New York, The Macmillan Company, 1912).

relation with milk or cream; it could be called boneless chicken and consist of immature veal. A hundred other illustrations could be given. As already indicated, if the producer could to his own advantage use names that had no relation to the product, he did so. The purchaser was not obliged to buy. If he wished an article which had a relation to the name, he was to ascertain this for himself.

These practices have obtained both for intrastate and interstate commerce until within a few years; but now a large number of states have pure food laws. Most of these laws are comprehensive in their character and they apply to all foods, drugs, and drinks. To illustrate, it is no longer possible to sell oleomargarine as butter; indeed it is not possible in some of these states to color oleomargarine in such a manner as to make it appear like butter to the user. Finally, after many years of struggle against tremendous opposition, a comprehensive pure food law was passed in 1906 by Congress, under which the same principles which had been applied in some of the states for intrastate commerce were applied to interstate commerce.

In addition to the pure food laws, some states have enacted laws prohibiting the importation of weed-infested seed, regulating the importation of nursery stock, especially to prevent the spread of insect pests, and requiring that fertilizers shall meet definite standards.

Thus for food and drugs it may now be said to have become an accepted principle that competition in the control of quality has broken down, and similarly that competition has not furnished sufficient protection in certain other classes of commodities. For protection to the customer in these matters of fundamental importance we now understand that we must depend upon

regulation. This regulation has for its basis law; but the success of the laws has been dependent upon the creation of special machinery other than the courts for their enforcement, viz., administrative commissions, etc.

5 While there is a wide range of articles in which competition as a regulator has been abandoned, there are many articles in which competition is left as the guard. Thus a dealer may sell cloth as pure silk which is largely composed of cotton; he may sell cotton as linen; he may sell
10 shoddy as woolen. While these things may be contrary to law, the public, as a matter of fact, is wholly unprotected; for the law is not enforced. Quality, so far as it is satisfactorily controlled, is securable only through law as administered by commissions or other special officers
15 under a broad exercise of the police power.

During the same time that competition has ceased to control quality there has been a break-down of competition in the control of prices. This is now admitted for the so-called public utilities. It was the theory in the
20 early days of railroad building that we must get as many lines as possible and have them compete in charges. The frightful wastes of that method, bankruptcy, receiverships, financial depression, alternately excessively high and low rates, show that for this line of business competition in
25 price is a hopeless failure; and it is now a tacitly accepted doctrine that so far as railroads are concerned, prices for the same manner of service, whether freight or passenger, between two points is to be the same over the different lines. This is done through mutual understanding of
30 the supposed competing lines. That a half-dozen railroads between New York and Chicago could have the same complicated freight schedules for all classes of articles without coöperation is incredible. Everybody knows that the rates are agreed upon by the various traffic

associations. Yet such coöperation and agreements are just as illegal as they have ever been in the past. The parties to them under the law are subject to criminal and civil prosecution; yet nobody prosecutes; nobody complains. Why is this so? Because the public through its commissions is able to secure fair rates. So far as interstate commerce is concerned, the price is fixed by the railroad and controlled by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Within many of the states, the prices are fixed by the corporations, but may be modified by the commissions.

In cities the street car lines, gas companies, and electric companies, each have monopoly in a given city, or the two or more agree upon identical rates. Competition has ceased to control prices. Where prices are controlled it is through a public utilities commission.

Just as there has been a complete collapse in competition in prices for railroad transportation and city utilities, so there has been complete collapse in charges for communication. The post office is a public monopoly; the rates are fixed. The telegraph business of the country has become consolidated into two great corporations the prices of which are identical. The telephone business is now mainly under the control of a single corporation. The foregoing facts show that the only present effect of the theory that competition gives adequate control of prices, so far as the railroads and other public utilities are concerned, is to bring the law into contempt.

Closely allied to the natural monopolies are the great companies which for each industry are controlled by a single organization or by a number of organizations working together under open or secret agreements or understandings, and not competing in price. Here are included anthracite, steel, oil, beef, whisky, sugar, and other great

industries. When prices are maintained at the same level for steel rails for a decade during times of panic and great expansion alike, it is certain that competition has ceased to control adequately prices for iron products. 5 The same applies to anthracite, oil, and many other commodities.

For some articles, the producers, instead of uniting their concerns and informally agreeing on prices, have united in a selling agency and in this way succeed in holding up the prices and maintaining a like price for each 10 producer. Thus the Michigan Salt Association, as first organized, was a selling agency. One of the largest of the selling agencies is the United Metals Selling Company. It markets upward of 500,000,000 pounds of copper 15 annually. It is the sales agent for the Amalgamated Copper Company and affiliated corporations. The commission charged the Amalgamated was $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent before 1906, but now is 1 per cent. The company has been highly successful, having paid dividends upon its 20 capital stock of \$5,000,000 of from 20 to 30 per cent in 1904, with one extra 50 per cent dividend in 1909.

At one time there was a producer's association for oil, the association selling only through its regularly appointed agencies, and only to the refiner's association and its 25 members.¹ In a like manner the manufacturers of wall paper organized a selling company to handle their entire output, selling only to such persons as entered into a prescribed agreement; but this organization got into court, was declared to be illegal, and was therefore dis- 30 solved.²

Selling agencies in the industries have existed in a

¹ Tarbell's *History of the Standard Oil Company*, Vol. I, p. 341. [Author's note.]

² *Continental Wall Paper Company vs. Louis Voigt & Sons*, 212 U. S. 227. [Author's note.]

number of lines, but there is a tendency at the present time for them to disappear so far as manufacturers are concerned, since it is recognized that they are violations of the laws, national and state:

While the selling agency is disappearing among the 5 manufacturers, coöperative selling agencies are arising among the farmers. These are illustrated by the fruit growers' exchanges of the West in Washington, Oregon, and California, by the nut growers' associations of the South; indeed at the present time all over the country 10 there is a strong movement for coöperation of the farmers not only to buy through coöperative associations, but to form selling associations for marketing their products.

The selling agencies of the manufacturers which have held up prices have been denounced. The proposals to 15 create selling agencies for the farmers' products have been generally commended. It is difficult to see wherein the principle differs in one case from that in the other. If it is not legal for the copper producers or wall paper managers to have general selling agencies, it is difficult 20 to see how the fruit producers can legitimately have such an agency.

To a large extent competition has ceased adequately to control the prices for many articles not in great combinations, and this is true both in the wholesale and the 25 retail businesses. The various associations of business men have, as one of their chief purposes, the maintenance of prices. Many articles which are protected by patents or trade marks are sold to the dealers only on condition that the prices fixed by the manufacturer shall be main- 30 tained. The manufacturer of a definite automobile apportions the country into districts and requires of the dealers in each of the districts that the prices fixed by the manufacturer shall be charged. The same thing is

true of hundreds of articles, from sewing machines to talking machines, and so on down to an atomizer. In this class of trade there is competition to a certain extent between the different manufacturers; there is no competition between the tradesmen selling the same articles. Frequently the prices for a definite line of goods are held up by agreement or understanding among the different manufacturers producing the same line of goods, they agreeing among themselves regarding the prices which shall be charged by the retailer; and in many cases the different manufacturers are in a definite combination.

While the courts could not enforce any penalties for a violation of these agreements, the manufacturer or jobber usually has sufficient power through refusal to sell the article to prevent the agreement from being broken. Thus the saloon keeper who would sell a glass of beer for less than five cents, or who would use a glass holding more than the agreed maximum amount, could no longer purchase beer from the brewers. Through this method of control competition in price has broken down completely among retail dealers for many articles.

But this does not indicate anything like the extent to which competition in price has disappeared. The retailers in a given city or community have an association, either formal or informal, and there is among the members a definite understanding that prices shall be maintained. It makes no difference from what dealer one buys anthracite, or sugar, or bacon, or flour, or any other standard article, in the majority of the small towns and cities of the country; the price asked by each is the same, with possible slight variations in some cases. It may be that for a time a retailer will cut the price on some standard articles in order to increase his trade, in which case there is likely to be a cut by some other retailer on another

standard line in order to equalize this advantage. But soon they get together, and the prices are again the same.

For some concerns which have a large part of the business of a town, either through a single retail shop or a number of them, an additional shop may be there established by this firm under another name, apparently in complete independence, in order that there may be an appearance of competition. From time to time, if there be danger of outside parties entering the field, the stool pigeon establishment may reduce prices under the direction of the controlling organization.

The extent to which there is combination among the retailers has led Professor Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, to testify that competition among retailers has completely broken down. Says he: "We do not have competition; it does not exist. To-day there is really no competition between the retail men who sell meat or groceries to different classes of people."¹

Although the statement is substantially true for most communities, it does not fully express the facts for all of them. There still exists competition in prices between the small shops and the great mail order houses. Indeed, this competition is so severe that it is feared by the ordinary retailers, who oppose vigorously a parcels post because they believe that this would make the mail order houses even more formidable competitors. Also there is competition between the small retailers and the great department stores; and since the latter have begun to introduce branch houses in this country as has been done extensively in England, the competition is likely to become more serious. Further, there is competition be-

¹ Hearings, Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, Part XIV, p. 1005.

tween the regular retailers and the coöperative stores; but in this country the latter are relatively few in number, although numerous in England.

A statement nearer the truth about the retail trade would be that competition in price for standard articles has ceased to exist between shops of the same class in the same community. The regular retailer's prices for a town are the same; the prices for the department stores are the same; the prices of the mail order houses are the same.

In short the retail trade is the one in which concentration has not gained dominance; and we are in a transition stage between the old and the new order of things. One who has watched the rise of the great department store in this country and England and who now sees their expanding branches, one who has seen the rise of the great mail order house within the last score of years, need have little prophetic sense to realize that concentration is to rule in the retail trade, just as it has in manufacture. The retail trade, as pointed out by Macrosty, is the "last stronghold of competition."¹

But even in that business, competition has largely broken down, and presently there, as elsewhere, coöperation will become general. The small retailer can hold his place only to the extent that he best performs a service to the community.

As to the extent of combinations and agreements in the industries, Mr. Samuel Untermyer, who certainly ought to know the facts, said before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee: "I have known of hundreds of combinations being dissolved where they were under written agreements. There are safes in New York stuffed with the written evidence of these conspiracies with big

¹ *The Trust Movement in British Industry*, H. W. Macrosty, p. 244.

men's signatures to them. Those are gone; but in their places you have associations for the betterment of trade, etc.; there are any number of dinner and luncheon clubs and reunions and general understandings, winks, and telephone messages, that are much more difficult to get at." ¹ 5

If any one doubts the above statement of the extent to which there is coöperation in prices in all parts of the United States and in all lines of business, it is suggested that such a doubter talk with the business men of the country, from the retailer to the great manufacturer. ¹⁰ This the author has done with many, and in no instance has he found a man who does not say that in his business coöperation exists everywhere and that competition does not control in prices; that they are matters of agreement, formal and informal; that prices are fixed at what ¹⁵ seems to the organization as a fair amount, or at such a level as can be maintained without encouraging additional competition.

In making the statement that prices of many articles, from the great natural monopolies to matches, are con- ²⁰ trolled by some form of combination or agreement, it is not meant to imply that any price can be charged for an article. There is a limit beyond which, if the price be raised, competitors will enter a business. This so-called potential competition makes the combinations ²⁵ careful not to place the prices at so high a level as to lead to additional competition. Although this is the situation, if the combination be a powerful one, it may go far; for the man thinking of entering the field knows that if he attempts this, the price of the product ³⁰ may be depressed by the great organization, and he fears to enter the enterprise. In the earlier stages of combination in this country the danger mark was fre-

¹ Hearings, Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, Part V, p. 214.

quently overshot; and competitors appeared, sometimes to the detriment of the organizations, but more often with disaster to themselves. By practice the great combinations have become skillful in exacting as much as possible
5 without danger to themselves.

Beyond the amount which is a fair profit there is a limit to the excess which can be taken year after year without bringing in competitors; but the total excess may be vast in amount. Sufficient evidence of this is
10 furnished by the great corporations which are especially considered. The United States Steel Corporation, in addition to paying interest on its bonds and ample dividends on all of the real valuation of the stock, has been able to put back into the business in a decade more
15 than five hundred million dollars. This was accomplished in ten years by this corporation coöperating with the other corporations in the iron business, through holding the prices as high as the domestic trade would bear, but always sufficiently low so that a protective tariff
20 prevented competing iron from coming into this country from abroad. At the prices fixed, as large sales were made as possible in the United States, and the excess was sold abroad at a lower rate. Precisely the same situation has obtained for the Standard Oil Company.
25 The enormous profits of the past decade, far beyond reasonable amounts, have been accomplished by an excess margin of somewhat more than two cents a gallon. This seems small; it may be so,—perhaps not more than twenty-five cents each for every man, woman, and child,
30 in the United States,—but even on this basis the excess would be more than twenty million dollars per annum.

The same principles apply all along the line down to the local grocers. The advantages of a prompt and convenient delivery enable the retail dealers of a town

or city to coöperate in maintaining their prices above a normal profit by a definite margin. The limit to this margin is that it cannot be made so large as to make it advantageous for the consumer to purchase in a large city or a neighboring town; although it may approach 5 so close to this that some of the most careful and astute do make outside purchases.

The margin of profits which may be gained beyond a fair price is known as monopoly price. The law of monopoly price has been carefully analysed by Ely. 10 He says: "The greater the intensity of customary use, the higher the general average of economic well-being, and the more readily wealth is generally expended, the higher the monopoly charge which will yield the largest net returns."¹ If the price be raised too high, sales will 15 diminish and therefore returns be lowered. It is the aim to hold the prices sufficiently high to give the largest possible return with the least expansion of business. In this connection it should be understood that the principle of monopoly price applies where monopoly does not 20 fully exist; that it applies in greater or less degree as long as there is any coöperation of a group engaged in a given trade.

An illustration of the principle that if a local combination goes beyond the monopoly price, outside com- 25 petitors will come in, is the case of ice at Madison, Wisconsin. Madison is situated between two lakes upon which ice forms each winter; ice houses are located along the lakes; and thus the ice dealers should be able to furnish this product at a low rate. For a moderate sized house until 30 two or three years ago the price of ice furnished for family use was at the rate of \$1.50 for five hundred pounds, or \$18 per annum. The price was raised to a

¹ *Monopolies and Trusts*, R. T. Ely, p. 103.

flat rate of \$2 a month in 1909, which price was so high that the Knickerbocker Ice Company entered the field in 1910. This company fixed the price at \$1 for five hundred pounds, and the local companies met the cut. 5 But later, when the business of the new company was established, they and the local companies got together and raised the rate to \$1.50 per five hundred pounds.

Just as with public utilities, manufacture, and trade, competition has broken down as an adequate regulator 10 of price, so in great measure competition has broken down in the price of labor and service. Thus the physicians of a given town usually charge exactly the same rate for the same kind of service. Not to do so is regarded by the physicians as contrary to good medical ethics. The 15 same practice obtains in other professions. And yet so far as the principle is concerned, an understanding by which a common price is charged for a like service is just as unlawful in proportion to the importance of the matter as any other combination in which there 20 are price agreements.

Not only do professional men agree about prices, but also those who perform services of an entirely different character. The most fundamental purpose of the trades-union and of all combinations of labor is to do combined 25 bargaining, the chief point being the price. A union scale of prices is fixed by which all members of the union must abide. Not only do the regulations of the unions prescribe the price which is to be charged by the laborer, but the methods under which he is to work. In many 30 instances in which the price is fixed regarding the day's wage, the laborer must not do more than a prescribed amount of work. The idea of individual bargaining by the laborers in the industries, and their competition among themselves as proper regulators of prices, has

broken down absolutely; and necessarily so, because the laborer as an individual was simply helpless against the great concentrations of capital. The only way that the laborers can be put on anything like an equal footing with capital in industry is to unite and so give themselves the strength of concentration, and thus do joint bargaining. From time to time the representatives of labor unions for coal, for railways, for the building industries, meet with the employers of labor and agree with them upon a scale of prices which are to be charged for a given period of time. In this way competition in the price of labor between individuals is destroyed; not only so, but the fluctuation in price is wholly eliminated for a definite period.

The foregoing description of the situation cannot but convince any man who will look the facts in the face that the blind faith that prices are adequately controlled by competition in the United States is no longer justified, if indeed it ever was justified. Unrestrained competition does not, as a matter of fact, exist for many articles, except to a very limited degree at the present time. Everywhere there is restraint of trade by agreement or combination, either lawful or unlawful. So inevitable is this situation that we have seen how the law forbidding restraint of trade has accelerated concentration of industry from the loose agreement to the pool, from the pool to the trust, from the trust to the holding company, and from the holding company to the giant completely consolidated industry.

In making the foregoing statements it is not meant to imply that competition has not been a useful economic force in the past, nor that it will not continue to be a useful force. Competition has been powerful in stimulating men to effort; it, under some conditions for some

industries, has been potent in improving quality; it has limited margins within monopoly prices, and has often been helpful in a wider sphere; it has been dominant in improving service. From the smallest firm to the
5 greatest corporation there has been an increase rather than a decrease in the power of competition in improvement of service. Even if competition were wholly destroyed as to quality and as to price, competition in service would still remain of the keenest.

10 While therefore agreeing that competition has been a great and highly useful economic force, it has been the purpose of the foregoing pages to show its severe limitations; to show that it is not adequate alone to control quality or price, and that where relied upon for these
15 purposes, it has been a lamentable failure. For these, competition must be supplemented by regulation in order to give satisfactory results.

ADAPTED SUBJECT

The monopoly of ice (beef, lumber, printing, *et cetera*) in my home town.

THE NATION AND THE STATES ¹

JAMES BRYCE

A FEW years ago the American Protestant Episcopal
20 Church was occupied at its annual Convention in revising its liturgy. It was thought desirable to introduce among the short sentence prayers a prayer for the whole people; and an eminent New England divine proposed the words "O Lord, bless our nation." Accepted one afternoon on the spur of the moment, the sentence was brought

¹ *The American Commonwealth.*

up the next day for reconsideration, when so many objections were raised by the laity to the word "nation," as importing too definite recognition of national unity, that it was dropped, and instead there were adopted the words "O Lord, bless these United States." 5

To Europeans who are struck by the patriotism and demonstrative national pride of their transatlantic visitors, this fear of admitting that the American people constitute a nation seems extraordinary. But it is only the expression on its sentimental side of the most striking and 10 pervading characteristic of the political system of the country, the existence of a double government, a double allegiance, a double patriotism. America—I call it America (leaving out of sight South America, Canada, and Mexico), in order to avoid using at this stage the term 15 United States—America is a Commonwealth of commonwealths, a Republic of republics, a State which, while one, is nevertheless composed of other States even more essential to its existence than it is to theirs.

This is a point of so much consequence, and so apt to 20 be misapprehended by Europeans, that a few sentences may be given to it.

When within a large political community smaller communities are found existing, the relation of the smaller to the larger usually appears in one or other of the two fol- 25 lowing forms. One form is that of a league, in which a number of political bodies, be they monarchies or republics, are bound together so as to constitute for certain purposes, and especially for the purpose of common defence, a single body. The members of such a composite 30 body or league are not individual men but communities. It exists only as an aggregate of communities, and will therefore vanish so soon as the communities which compose it separate themselves from one another. Moreover

it deals with and acts upon these communities only. With the individual citizen it has nothing to do, no right of taxing him, or judging him, or making laws for him, for in all these matters it is to his own community that the allegiance of the citizen is due. A familiar instance of this form is to be found in the Germanic Confederation as it existed from 1815 until 1866. The Hanseatic League in medieval Germany, the Swiss Confederation down till the present century, are other examples.

10 In the second form, the smaller communities are mere subdivisions of that greater one which we call the Nation. They have been created, or at any rate they exist, for administrative purposes only. Such powers as they possess are powers delegated by the nation, and can be over-
15 ridden by its will. The nation acts directly by its own officers, not merely on the communities, but upon every single citizen; and the nation, because it is independent of these communities, would continue to exist were they all to disappear. Examples of such minor communities
20 may be found in the departments of modern France and the counties of modern England. Some of the English counties were at one time, like Kent or Dorset, independent kingdoms or tribal districts; some, like Bedfordshire, were artificial divisions from the first. All are now
25 merely local administrative areas, the powers of whose local authorities have been delegated from the national government of England. The national government does not stand by virtue of them, does not need them. They might all be abolished or turned into wholly different
30 communities without seriously affecting its structure.

The American Federal Republic corresponds to neither of these two forms, but may be said to stand between them. Its central or national government is not a mere league, for it does not wholly depend on the component com-

munities which we call the States. It is itself a commonwealth as well as a union of commonwealths, because it claims directly the obedience of every citizen, and acts immediately upon him through its courts and executive officers. Still less are the minor communities, the States, 5 mere subdivisions of the Union, mere creatures of the national government, like the counties of England or the departments of France. They have over their citizens an authority which is their own, and not delegated by the central government. They have not been called into being 10 by that government. They existed before it. They could exist without it.

The central or national government and the state governments may be compared to a large building and a set of smaller buildings standing on the same ground, yet 15 distinct from each other. It is a combination sometimes seen where a great church has been erected over more ancient homes of worship. First the soil is covered by a number of small shrines and chapels, built at different times and in different styles of architecture, each com- 20 plete in itself. Then over them and including them all in its spacious fabric there is reared a new pile with its own loftier roof, its own walls, which may perhaps rest on and incorporate the walls of the older shrines, its own internal plan.¹ The identity of the earlier buildings 25 has, however, not been obliterated; and if the later and larger structure were to disappear, a little repair would enable them to keep out the wind and weather, and be again what they once were, distinct and separate edifices. So the American States are now all inside the Union, and 30 have all become subordinate to it. Yet the Union is

¹ I do not profess to indicate any one building which exactly corresponds to what I have attempted to describe, but there are several both in Italy and Egypt that seem to justify the simile. [Author's note.]

more than an aggregate of States, and the States are more than parts of the Union. It might be destroyed, and they, adding a few further attributes of power to those they now possess, might survive as independent, self-governing
5 communities.

This is the cause of that immense complexity which startles and at first bewilders the student of American institutions, a complexity which makes American history and current American politics so difficult to the European,
10 who finds in them phenomena to which his own experience supplies no parallel. There are two loyalties, two patriotisms; and the lesser patriotism, as the incident in the Episcopal Convention shows, is jealous of the greater. There are two governments, covering the same ground,
15 commanding, with equally direct authority, the obedience of the same citizen.

The casual reader of American political intelligence in European newspapers is not struck by this phenomenon, because State politics and State affairs generally are
20 seldom noticed in Europe. Even the traveler who visits America does not realize its importance, because the things that meet his eye are superficially similar all over the continent, and that which Europeans call the machinery of government is in America conspicuous chiefly by
25 its absence. But a due comprehension of this double organization is the first and indispensable step to the comprehension of American institutions: as the elaborate devices whereby the two systems of government are kept from clashing are the most curious subject of study which
30 those institutions present.

How did so complex a system arise, and what influences have molded it into its present form? This is a question which cannot be answered without a few words of historical retrospect. I am sensible of the danger of straying

into history, and the more anxious to avoid this danger, because the task of describing American institutions as they now exist is more than sufficiently heavy for one writer and one book. But an outline, a brief and plain outline, of the events which gave birth to the Federal system in 5 America, and which have nurtured national feeling without extinguishing State feeling, seems the most natural introduction to an account of the present Constitution, and may dispense with the need of subsequent explanations and digressions. It is the only excursion into the historical 10 domain which I shall have to ask the reader to make.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

The relation of the colleges to the university.

The departments and the college.

The organization of the Presbyterian (Episcopal, Catholic) church.

A bank.

A social settlement.

My preparatory school.

The management of a summer hotel.

The organization of an insurance company.

My father's business.

The mail order department of a manufacturing company.

The Salvation Army.

The crew of a ship.

The British Colonies.

The Post Office Department.

PARTY ORGANIZATIONS ¹

JAMES BRYCE

THE Americans are, to use their favorite expression, a highly executive people, with a greater ingenuity in inventing means, and a greater promptitude in adapting means to an end, than any European race. Nowhere 15

¹ *The American Commonwealth.*

are large undertakings organized so skilfully; nowhere is there so much order with so much complexity: nowhere such quickness in correcting a suddenly discovered defect, in supplying a suddenly arisen demand.

5 Government by popular vote, both local and national, is older in America than in continental Europe. It is far more complete than even in England. It deals with larger masses of men. Its methods have engaged a greater share of attention, enlisted more ingenuity and skill in
10 their service, than anywhere else in the world. They have therefore become more elaborate and, so far as mere mechanism goes, more perfect than elsewhere.

The greatest discovery ever made in the art of war was when men began to perceive that organization and discipline count for more than numbers. This discovery
15 gave the Spartan infantry a long career of victory in Greece, and the Swiss infantry a not less brilliant renown in the later Middle Ages. The Americans made a similar discovery in politics some fifty or sixty years ago. By
20 degrees, for even in America great truths do not burst full-grown upon the world, it was perceived that the victories of the ballot-box, no less than the sword, must be won by the cohesion and disciplined docility of the troops, and that these merits can only be secured by skilful
25 organization and long-continued training. Both parties flung themselves into the task, and the result has been an extremely complicated system of party machinery, firm yet flexible, delicate yet quickly set up and capable of working well in the roughest communities. Strong ne-
30 cessity, long practice, and the fierce competition of the two great parties, have enabled this executive people to surpass itself in the sphere of electioneering politics. Yet the principles are so simple that it will be the narrator's fault if they are not understood.

One preliminary word upon the object of a party organization. To a European politician, by which I mean one who knows politics but does not know America, the aims of a party organization, be it local or general, seem to be four in number—

5

Union—to keep the party together and to prevent it from wasting its strength by dissensions and schisms.

Recruiting—to bring in new voters, *e. g.*, immigrants when they obtain citizenship, young men as they reach the age of suffrage, new-comers, or residents hitherto indifferent 10 or hostile.

Enthusiasm—to excite the voters by the sympathy of numbers, and the sense of a common purpose, rousing them by speeches or literature.

Instruction—to give the voters some knowledge of the 15 political issues they have to decide, to inform them of the virtues of their leaders, and the crimes of their opponents.

These aims, or at least the first three of them, are pursued by the party organizations of America with eminent 20 success. But they are less important than a fifth object which has been little regarded in Europe, though in America it is the mainspring of the whole mechanism. This is the selection of party candidates; and it is important, not only because the elective places are so numerous, far 25 more numerous than in any European country, but because they are tenable for short terms, so that elections frequently recur. Since the parties, having of late had no really distinctive principles, and therefore no well-defined aims in the direction of legislation or adminis- 30 tration, exist practically for the sake of filling certain offices, and carrying on the machinery of government, the choice of those members of the party whom the party is to reward, and who are to strengthen it by the winning of the offices, becomes a main end of its being.

35

There are three ways by which in self-governing coun-

tries candidates may be brought before electors. One is by the candidate's offering himself, appealing to his fellow citizens on the strength of his personal merits, or family connections, or wealth, or local influence. This was a
5 common practice in most English constituencies till our own time; and seems to be the practice over parliamentary Europe still. Another is for a group or junto of men influential in the constituency to put a candidate forward, intriguing secretly for him or openly recommending him
10 to the electors. This also largely prevailed in England where, in counties, four or five of the chief landowners, used to agree as to the one of themselves who should stand for the county; or to choose the eldest son of a duke or marquis as the person whom his rank designated.¹ So,
15 in Scotch boroughs, a little knot of active bailies and other citizens combined to bring out a candidate, but generally kept their action secret, for "the clique" was always a term of reproach. The practice is common in France now, where the committee of each party recommend a candi-
20 date.

The third system is that in which the candidate is chosen neither by himself nor by the self-elected group, but by the people themselves, *i. e.*, by the members of a party, whether assembled in mass or acting through rep-
25 resentatives chosen for the purpose. This plan offers several advantages. It promises to secure a good candidate, because presumably the people will choose a suitable man. It encourages the candidate, by giving him the weight of party support, and therefore tends to induce
30 good men to come forward. It secures the union of the party, because a previous vote has determined that the

¹ Thus, in Mr. Disraeli's novel of *Tancred*, the county member, a man of good birth and large estates, offers to retire in order to make room for the eldest son of the Duke when he comes of age. [Author's note.]

candidate is the man whom the majority prefer, and the minority are therefore likely, having had their say and been fairly outvoted, to fall into line and support him. This is the system which now prevails from Maine to California, and is indeed the keystone of transatlantic politics. But there is a further reason for it than those I have mentioned.

That no American dreams of offering himself for a post unless he has been chosen by the party¹ is due not to the fact that few persons have the local preëminence which the social conditions of Europe bestow on the leading landowners of a neighborhood, or on some great merchants or employers in a town, nor again to the modesty which makes an English candidate delay presenting himself as a candidate for Parliament until he has got up a requisition to himself to stand, but to the notion that the popular mind and will are and must be all in all, that the people must not only create the office-bearer by their votes, but even designate the persons for whom the votes may be given. For a man to put himself before the voters is deemed presumptuous, because an encroachment on their right to say whom they will even so much as consider. The theory of popular sovereignty requires that the ruling majority must name its own standard-bearers and servants, the candidates, must define its own platform, must in every way express its own mind and will. Were it to leave these matters to the initiative of candidates offering themselves, or candidates put forward by an unauthorized clique, it would subject itself to them, would be passive instead of active, would cease to be worshipped as the source of power. A system for selecting candidates is therefore not a mere contrivance for preventing party

¹ It may sometimes, though rarely, be a schismatic or recalcitrant section of the party, as will be seen hereafter. [Author's note.]

dissensions, but an essential feature of matured democracy.

It was not, however, till democracy came to maturity that the system was perfected. As far back as the middle of last century ¹ it was the custom in Massachusetts, and probably in other colonies, for a coterie of leading citizens to put forward candidates for the offices of the town or colony, and their nominations, although clothed with no authority but that of the individuals making them, were generally accepted. This lasted on after the Revolution, for the structure of society still retained a certain aristocratic quality. Clubs sprang up which, especially in New York State, became the organs of groups and parties, brought out candidates, and conducted election campaigns; while in New England the clergy and men of substance continued to act as leaders. Presently, as the democratic spirit grew and people would no longer acquiesce in self-appointed chiefs, the legislatures began to be recognized as the bodies to make nominations for the higher Federal and State offices. Each party in Congress nominated the candidate to be run for the presidency, each party in a State legislature, the candidate for governor, and often for other places also. This lasted during the first two or three decades of the present century, till the electoral suffrage began to be generally lowered, and a generation which had imbibed Jeffersonian principles had come to manhood, a generation so filled with the spirit of democratic equality that it would recognize neither the natural leaders whom social position and superior intelligence indicated, nor the official leadership of legislative bodies. As party struggles grew more bitter, a party organization became necessary, which better satisfied

¹The eighteenth century is here meant. The first edition of *The American Commonwealth* was completed in 1888. [Eds.]

the claims of petty local leaders, which knit the voters in each district together and concentrated their efforts, while it expressed the absolute equality of all voters, and the right of each to share in determining his candidate and his party platform. The building up of this new organization was completed, for the Democratic party, about 1835; for the Whig party not until some years later. When the Republican party arose about 1854, it reproduced so closely, or developed on lines so similar, the methods which experience had approved, that the differences between the systems of the two great parties are now unimportant, and may be disregarded in the sketch I have to give.¹

The essential feature of the system is that it is from bottom to top strictly representative. This is because it has power, and power can flow only from the people. An organization which exists, like the political associations of England, solely or mainly for the sake of canvassing, conducting registration, diffusing literature, getting up courses of lectures, holding meetings and passing resolutions, has little or no power. Its object is to excite, or to persuade, or to manage such business as the defective registration system of the country leaves to be fulfilled by voluntary agencies. So too in America the committees or leagues which undertake to create or stimulate opinion have no power, and need not be strictly representative. But when an organization which the party is in the habit of obeying, chooses a party candidate, it exerts power, power often of the highest import, because it practically narrows the choice of a party, that is, of about half the people, to one particular person out of the many for whom

¹ What makes it hard to present a perfectly accurate and yet concise description is that there are variations between the arrangements in cities and those in rural districts, as well as between the arrangements in different States. [Author's note.]

they might be inclined to vote.¹ Such power would not be yielded to any but a representative body, and it is yielded to the bodies I shall describe because they are, at least in theory, representative.

THE NOMINATING CONVENTION AT WORK²

JAMES BRYCE

5 **A** SPIRANTS hoping to obtain the party nomination from a national convention may be divided into three classes, the last two of which, as will appear presently are not mutually exclusive, *viz.*—

Favorites. Dark Horses. Favorite Sons.

10 A Favorite is always a politician well known over the Union, and drawing support from all or most of its sections. He is a man who has distinguished himself in Congress, or in the war, or in politics of some State so large that its politics are matter of knowledge and interest to the whole
15 nation. He is usually a person of conspicuous gifts, whether as a speaker, or a party manager, or an administrator. The drawback to him is that in making friends he has also made enemies.

A Dark Horse is a person not very widely known in
20 the country at large, but known rather for good than for

¹ The rapid change in the practice of England in this point is a curious symptom of the progress of democratic ideas and usages there. As late as the general elections of 1868 and 1874, nearly all candidates offered themselves to the electors, though some professed to do so in pursuance of requisitions emanating from the electors. In 1880 many—I think most—Liberal candidates in boroughs, and some in counties, were chosen by the local party associations, and appealed to the Liberal electors on the ground of having been so chosen. In 1885 nearly all new candidates were so chosen, and a man offering himself against the nominee of the association was denounced as an interloper and traitor to the party. The same process has been going on in the Tory party, though more slowly. [Author's note.]

² *The American Commonwealth.*

evil. He has probably sat in Congress, been useful on committees, and gained some credit among those who dealt with him in Washington. Or he has approved himself a safe and assiduous party man in the political campaigns of his own and neighboring States, yet without reaching national prominence. Sometimes he is a really able man, but without the special talents that win popularity. Still, speaking generally, the note of the Dark Horse is respectability, verging on colorlessness; and he is therefore a good sort of person to fall back upon when able but dangerous Favorites have proved impossible. That native mediocrity rather than adverse fortune has prevented him from winning fame is proved by the fact that the Dark Horses who have reached the White House, if they have seldom turned out bad presidents, have even more seldom turned out distinguished ones.

A Favorite Son is a politician respected or admired in his own State, but little regarded beyond it. He may not be, like the Dark Horse, little known to the nation at large, but he has not fixed its eye or filled its ear. He is usually a man who has sat in the State legislature; filled with credit the post of State governor; perhaps gone as senator or representative to Washington, and there approved himself an active promoter of local interests. Probably he possesses the qualities which gain local popularity—geniality, activity, sympathy with the dominant sentiment and habits of his State; or while endowed with gifts excellent in their way, he has lacked the audacity and tenacity which push a man to the front through a jostling crowd. More rarely he is a demagogue who has raised himself by flattering the masses of his State on some local questions, or a skilful handler of party organizations who has made local bosses and spoilsmen believe that their interests are safe in his hands. Anyhow, his person-

ality is such as to be more effective with neighbors than with the nation, as a lamp whose glow fills the side chapel of a cathedral sinks to a spark of light when carried into the nave.

5 A Favorite Son may be also a Dark Horse; that is to say, he may be well known in his own State, but so little known out of it as to be an unlikely candidate. But he need not be. The types are different, for as there are Favorite Sons whom the nation knows but does not care
10 for, so there are Dark Horses whose reputation, such as it is, has not been made in State affairs, and who rely very little on State favor.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Class organizations at — College.

Class elections at — College.

Societies in our high school.

The New England town meeting.

The "machine" in my home town.

The kind of man who is usually elected class-president.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS AS MOLDING PUBLIC OPINION ¹

JAMES BRYCE

AS the public opinion of a people is even more directly
15 than its political institutions the reflection and ex-
pression of its character, it is convenient to begin the
analysis of opinion in America by noting some of those
general features of national character which give tone and
color to the people's thoughts and feelings on politics.
There are, of course, varieties proper to different classes,
20 and to different parts of the vast territory of the Union;
but it is well to consider first such characteristics as belong

¹ *The American Commonwealth.*

to the nation as a whole, and afterward to examine the various classes and districts of the country. And when I speak of the nation I mean the native Americans. What follows is not applicable to the recent immigrants from Europe, and, of course, even less applicable to the Southern negroes; though both these elements are potent by their votes.

The Americans are a good-natured people, kindly, helpful to one another, disposed to take a charitable view even of wrongdoers. Their anger sometimes flames up, but the fire is soon extinct. Nowhere is cruelty more abhorred. Even a mob lynching a horse thief in the West has consideration for the criminal, and will give him a good drink of whisky before he is strung up. Cruelty to slaves was rare while slavery lasted, the best proof of which is the quietness of the slaves during the war when all the men and many of the boys of the South were serving in the Confederate armies. As everybody knows, juries are more lenient to offences of all kinds but one, offences against women, than they are anywhere in Europe. The Southern "rebels" were soon forgiven; and though civil wars are proverbially bitter, there have been few struggles in which the combatants did so many little friendly acts for one another, few in which even the vanquished have so quickly buried their resentments. It is true that newspapers and public speakers say hard things of their opponents; but this is a part of the game, and is besides a way of relieving their feelings: the bark is sometimes the louder in order that a bite may not follow. Vindictiveness shown by a public man excites general disapproval, and the maxim of letting bygones be bygones is pushed so far that an offender's misdeeds are often forgotten when they ought to be remembered against him.

All the world knows that they are a humorous people.

They are as conspicuously the purveyors of humor to the nineteenth century as the French were the purveyors of wit to the eighteenth. Nor is this sense of the ludicrous side of things confined to a few brilliant writers. It is
5 diffused among the whole people; it colors their ordinary life, and gives to their talk that distinctly new flavor which a European palate enjoys. Their capacity for enjoying a joke against themselves was oddly illustrated at the outset of the Civil War, a time of stern excitement, by the
10 merriment which arose over the hasty retreat of the Federal troops at the battle of Bull Run. When William M. Tweed was ruling and robbing New York, and had set on the bench men who were openly prostituting justice, the citizens found the situation so amusing that they almost
15 forgot to be angry. Much of President Lincoln's popularity, and much also of the gift he showed for restoring confidence to the North at the darkest moments of the war, was due to the humorous way he used to turn things, conveying the impression of not being himself uneasy, even
20 when he was most so.

That indulgent view of mankind which I have already mentioned, a view odd in a people whose ancestors were penetrated with the belief in original sin, is strengthened by this wish to get amusement out of everything. The
25 want of seriousness which it produces may be more apparent than real. Yet it has its significance; for people become affected by the language they use, as we see men grow into cynics when they have acquired the habit of talking cynicism for the sake of effect.

30 They are a hopeful people. Whether or no they are right in calling themselves a new people, they certainly seem to feel in their veins the bounding pulse of youth. They see a long vista of years stretching out before them, in which they will have time enough to cure all their

faults, to overcome all the obstacles that block their path. They look at their enormous territory with its still only half-explored sources of wealth, they reckon up the growth of their population and their products, they contrast the comfort and intelligence of their laboring classes with the 5 condition of the masses of the Old World. They remember the dangers that so long threatened the Union from the slave power, and the rebellion it raised, and see peace and harmony now restored, the South more prosperous and contented than at any previous epoch, perfect good feeling 10 between all sections of the country. It is natural for them to believe in their star. And this sanguine temper makes them tolerant of evils which they regard as transitory, removable as soon as time can be found to root them up. 15

They have unbounded faith in what they call the People and in a democratic system of government. The great States of the European continent are distracted by the contests of Republicans and Monarchists, and of rich and poor,—contests which go down to the foundations of 20 government, and in France are further embittered by religious passions. Even in England the ancient Constitution is always under repair, and while many think it is being ruined by changes, others hold that still greater changes are needed to make it tolerable. No such ques- 25 tions trouble American minds, for nearly everybody believes, and everybody declares, that the frame of government is in its main lines so excellent that such reforms as seem called for need not touch those lines, but are required only to protect the Constitution from being perverted by 30 the parties. Hence a further confidence that the people are sure to decide right in the long run, a confidence inevitable and essential in a government which refers every question to the arbitrament of numbers. There have, of

course, been instances where the once insignificant minority proved to have been wiser than the majority of the moment. Such was eminently the case in the great slavery struggle. But here the minority prevailed by growing into a majority
5 as events developed the real issues, so that this also has been deemed a ground for holding that all minorities which have right on their side will bring round their antagonists, and in the long run win by voting power. If you ask an intelligent citizen why he so holds, he will answer that
10 truth and justice are sure to make their way into the minds and consciences of the majority. This is deemed an axiom, and the more readily so deemed, because truth is identified with common sense, the quality which the average citizen is most confidently proud of possessing.
15 This feeling shades off into another, externally like it, but at bottom distinct—the feeling not only that the majority, be it right or wrong, will and must prevail, but that its being the majority proves it to be right. This feeling appears in the guise sometimes of piety and some-
20 times of fatalism. Religious minds hold—you find the idea underlying many books and hear it in many pulpits—that Divine Providence has especially chosen and led the American people to work out a higher type of freedom and civilization than any other state has yet attained, and that
25 this great work will surely be brought to a happy issue by the protecting hand which has so long guided it. Before others who are less sensitive to such impressions, the will of the people looms up like one of the irresistible forces of nature, which you must obey, and which you can
30 turn and use only by obeying. In the famous words of Bacon, *non nisi parendo vincitur*.¹

The Americans are an educated people, compared with the whole mass of the population in any European country

¹ Freely translated, "We conquer only by obedience."

except Switzerland, parts of Germany, Norway, Iceland and Scotland; that is to say, the average of knowledge is higher, the habit of reading and thinking more diffused, than in any other country. (I speak, of course, of the native Americans, excluding negroes and recent immigrants.) They know the constitution of their own country, they follow public affairs, they join in local government and learn from it how government must be carried on, and in particular how discussion must be conducted in meetings, and its results tested at elections. The town meeting has been the most perfect school of self-government in any modern country. They exercise their minds on theological questions, debating points of Christian doctrine with no small acuteness.¹ Women in particular, though their chief reading is fiction and theology, pick up at the public schools and from the popular magazines far more miscellaneous information than the women of any European country possess, and this naturally tells on the intelligence of the men.

That the education of the masses is nevertheless a superficial education goes without saying. It is sufficient to enable them to think they know something about the great problems of politics: insufficient to show them how little they know. The public elementary school gives everybody the key to knowledge in making reading and writing familiar, but it has not time to teach him how to use the key, whose use is, in fact, by the pressure of daily work, almost confined to the newspaper and the magazine. So we may say that if the political education of the average American voter be compared with that of the average voter in Europe, it stands high; but if it be compared with

¹ See, for a curious, though it must be admitted, somewhat dismal account of these theological discussions among the ordinary citizens of a small Western community, the striking novel of Mr. E. W. Howe, *The Story of a Country Town*. [Author's note.]

the functions which the theory of the American government lays on him, which its spirit implies, which the methods of its party organization assume, its inadequacy is manifest. This observation, however, is not so much a
5 reproach to the schools, which at least do what the English schools omit—instruct the child in the principles of the Constitution—as a tribute to the height of the ideal which the American conception of popular rule sets up.

For the functions of the citizen are not, as has hitherto
10 been the case in Europe, confined to the choosing of legislatures, who are then left to settle issues of policy and select executive rulers. The American citizen is virtually one of the governors of the republic. Issues are decided and rulers selected by the direct popular vote.
15 Elections are so frequent that to do his duty at them a citizen ought to be constantly watching public affairs with a full comprehension of the principles involved in them, and a judgment of the candidates derived from a criticism of their arguments as well as a recollection of
20 their past careers. As has been said, the instruction received in the common schools and from the newspapers, and supposed to be developed by the practice of primaries and conventions, while it makes the voter deem himself capable of governing, does not completely fit him
25 to weigh the real merits of statesmen, to discern the true grounds on which questions ought to be decided, to note the drift of events and discover the direction in which parties are being carried. He is like a sailor who knows the spars and ropes of the ship and is expert in working
30 her, but is ignorant of geography and navigation; who can perceive that some of the officers are smart and others dull, but cannot judge which of them is qualified to use the sextant or will best keep his head during a hurricane.

They are a moral and well-conducted people. Setting

aside the *colluvies gentium*¹ which one finds in Western mining camps, and which popular literature has presented to Europeans as far larger than it really is, setting aside also the rabble of a few great cities and the negroes of the South, the average of temperance, chastity, truthfulness,⁵ and general probity is somewhat higher than in any of the great nations of Europe. The instincts of the native farmer or artisan are almost invariably kindly and charitable. He respects the law; he is deferential to women and indulgent to children; he attaches an almost excessive¹⁰ value to the possession of a genial manner and the observance of domestic duties.

They are also a religious people. It is not merely that they respect religion and its ministers, for that one might say of Russians or Sicilians, not merely that they are¹⁵ assiduous churchgoers and Sunday-school teachers, but that they have an intelligent interest in the form of faith they profess, are pious without superstition, and zealous without bigotry. The importance which they still, though less than formerly, attach to dogmatic propositions, does²⁰ not prevent them from feeling the moral side of their theology. Christianity influences conduct, not indeed half as much as in theory it ought, but probably more than it does in any other modern country, and far more than it did in the so-called ages of faith. 25

Nor do their moral and religious impulses remain in the soft haze of self-complacent sentiment. The desire to expunge or cure the visible evils of the world is strong. Nowhere are so many philanthropic and reformatory agencies at work. Zeal outruns discretion, outruns the³⁰ possibilities of the case, in not a few of the efforts made, as well by legislation as by voluntary action, to suppress vice, to prevent intemperance, to purify popular literature.

¹ Offscouring of nations.

Religion apart, they are an unreverential people. I do not mean irreverent,—far from it; nor do I mean that they have not a great capacity for hero-worship, as they have many a time shown. I mean that they are little disposed, especially in public questions—political, economical, or social—to defer to the opinions of those who are wiser or better instructed than themselves. Everything tends to make the individual independent and self-reliant. He goes early into the world; he is left to make his way alone; he tries one occupation after another, if the first or second venture does not prosper; he gets to think that each man is his own best helper and advisor. Thus he is led, I will not say to form his own opinions, for even in America few are those who do that, but to fancy that he has formed them, and to feel little need of aid from others toward correcting them. There is, therefore, less disposition than in Europe to expect light and leading on public affairs from speakers or writers. Oratory is not directed toward instruction, but toward stimulation. Special knowledge, which commands deference in applied science or in finance, does not command it in politics, because that is not deemed a special subject, but one within the comprehension of every practical man. Politics is, to be sure, a profession, and so far might seem to need professional aptitudes. But the professional politician is not the man who has studied statesmanship, but the man who has practiced the art of running conventions and winning elections. Even that strong point of America, the completeness and highly popular character of local government, contributes to lower the standard of attainment expected in a public man, because the citizens judge all politics by the politics they see first and know best—those of their township or city, and fancy that he who is fit to be selectman, or county commissioner, or alderman, is fit to sit in

the great council of the nation. Like the shepherd¹ in Virgil, they think the only difference between their town and Rome is in its size, and believe that what does for Lafayetteville will do well enough for Washington. Hence when a man of statesmanlike gifts appears, he has little⁵ encouragement to take a high and statesmanlike tone, for his words do not necessarily receive weight from his position. He fears to be instructive and hortatory, lest such an attitude should expose him to ridicule; and in America ridicule is a terrible power. Nothing escapes it.¹⁰ Few have the courage to face it. In the indulgence of it even this humane race can be unfeeling.

They are a busy people. I have already observed that the leisured class is relatively small, is in fact confined to a few Eastern cities. The citizen has little time to think¹⁵ about political problems. Engrossing all the working hours, his avocation leaves him only stray moments for this fundamental duty. It is true that he admits his responsibilities, considers himself a member of a party, takes some interest in current events. But although he²⁰ would reject the idea that his thinking should be done for him, he has not leisure to do it for himself, and must practically lean upon and follow his party. It astonishes an English visitor to find how small a part politics play in conversation among the wealthier classes and generally²⁵ in the cities. During a tour of four months in America in the autumn of 1881, in which I had occasion to mingle with all sorts and conditions of men in all parts of the country, and particularly in the Eastern cities, I never once heard American politics discussed except when I or some³⁰ other European brought the subject on the carpet. In a presidential year, and especially during the months of a presidential campaign, there is, of course, abundance of

¹ Tityrus, in Virgil's 1st Eclogue.

private talk, as well as of public speaking, but even then the issues raised are largely personal rather than political in the European sense. But at other times the visitor is apt to feel—more, I think, than he feels anywhere in
5 Britain—that his host has been heavily pressed by his own business concerns during the day, and that when the hour of relaxation arrives he gladly turns to lighter and more agreeable topics than the state of the nation. This remark is less applicable to the dwellers in villages. There
10 is plenty of political chat round the store at the crossroads, and though it is rather in the nature of gossip than of debate, it seems, along with the practice of local government, to sustain the interest of ordinary folk in public affairs.¹

The want of serious and sustained thinking is not
15 confined to politics. One feels it even more as regards economical and social questions. To it must be ascribed the vitality of certain prejudices and fallacies which could scarcely survive the continuous application of such vigorous minds as one finds among the Americans. Their quick
20 perceptions serve them so well in business and in the ordinary affairs of life that they do not feel the need for minute investigation and patient reflection on the underlying principles of things. They are apt to ignore difficulties, and when they can no longer ignore them, they will
25 evade them rather than lay siege to them according to the rules of art. The sense that there is no time to spare haunts an American even when he might find the time, and would do best for himself by finding it.

Some one will say that an aversion to steady thinking

¹ The European country where the common people talk most about politics is, I think, Greece. I remember, for instance, in crossing the channel which divides Cephalonia from Ithaca, to have heard the boatmen discuss a recent ministerial crisis at Athens during the whole voyage with the liveliest interest and apparently considerable knowledge. [Author's note.]

belongs to the average man everywhere. Admitting this, I must repeat once more that we are now comparing the Americans not with average men in other countries, but with the ideal citizens of a democracy. We are trying them by the standard which the theory of their govern-⁵ment assumes. In other countries statesmen or philosophers do, and are expected to do, the solid thinking for the bulk of the people. Here the people are expected to do it for themselves. To say they do it imperfectly is not to deny them the credit of doing it better than a European¹⁰ philosopher might have predicted.

They are a commercial people, whose point of view is primarily that of persons accustomed to reckon profit and loss. Their impulse is to apply a direct practical test to men and measures, to assume that men who have¹⁵ got on fastest are the smartest men, and that a scheme which seems to pay well deserves to be supported. Abstract reasonings they dislike, subtle reasonings they suspect; they accept nothing as practical which is not plain, downright, apprehensible by an ordinary under-²⁰standing. Although open-minded, so far as willingness to listen goes, they are hard to convince, because they have really made up their minds on most subjects, having adopted the prevailing notions of their locality or party as truths due to their own reflections.

It may seem a contradiction to remark that with this shrewdness and the sort of hardness it produces, they are nevertheless an impressionable people. Yet this is true. It is not their intellect, however, that is impressionable, but their imagination and emotions, which respond in³⁰ unexpected ways to appeals made on behalf of a cause which seems to have about it something noble or pathetic. They are capable of an ideality surpassing that of Englishmen or Frenchmen.

They are an unsettled people. In no state of the Union is the bulk of the population so fixed in its residence as everywhere in Europe; in many it is almost nomadic. Nobody feels rooted to the soil. Here to-day and gone to-morrow, he cannot readily contract habits of trustful dependence on his neighbors.¹ Community of interest, or of belief in such a cause as temperance, or protection for native industry, unites him for a time with others similarly minded, but congenial spirits seldom live long enough together to form a school or type of local opinion which develops strength and becomes a proselytizing force. Perhaps this tends to prevent the growth of variety in opinion. When a man arises with some power of original thought in politics, he is feeble if isolated, and is depressed by his insignificance, whereas if he grows up in favorable soil with sympathetic minds around him, whom he can in prolonged intercourse permeate with his ideas, he learns to speak with confidence and soars on the wings of his disciples. Whether or no there be truth in this suggestion, one who considers the variety of conditions under which men live in America may find ground for surprise that there should be so few independent schools of opinion.

But even while an unsettled, they are nevertheless an associative, because a sympathetic people. Although the atoms are in constant motion, they have a strong attraction for one another. Each man catches his neighbor's sentiment more quickly and more easily than happens with the English. That sort of reserve and isolation, that tendency rather to repel than to invite confidence, which foreigners attribute to the Englishman, though it belongs

¹ Forty years ago this was much less true of New England than it is to-day. There are districts in the South where the population is stagnant, but these are backward districts, not affecting the opinion of the country. [Author's note.]

rather to the upper and middle class than to the nation generally, is, though not absent, yet less marked in America.¹ It seems to be one of the notes of difference between the two branches of the race. In the United States, since each man likes to feel that his ideas raise in other minds the same emotions as in his own, a sentiment or impulse is rapidly propagated and quickly conscious of its strength. Add to this the aptitude for organization which their history and institutions have educes, and one sees how the tendency to form and the talent to work combinations for a political or any other object has become one of the great features of the country. Hence, too, the immense strength of party. It rests not only on interest and habit and the sense of its value as a means of working the government, but also on the sympathetic element and instinct of combination ingrained in the national character.

They are a changeful people. Not fickle, for they are if anything too tenacious of ideas once adopted, too fast bound by party ties, too willing to pardon the errors of a cherished leader. But they have what chemists call low specific heat; they grow warm suddenly and cool as suddenly; they are liable to swift and vehement outbursts of feeling which rush like wildfire across the country, gaining glow, like the wheel of a railway car, by the accelerated motion. The very similarity of ideas and equality of conditions which makes them hard to convince at first makes a conviction once implanted run its course the more triumphantly. They seem all to take flame at

¹ I do not mean that Americans are more apt to unbosom themselves to strangers, but that they have rather more adaptiveness than the English, and are less disposed to stand alone and care nothing for the opinion of others. It is worth noticing that Americans traveling abroad seem to get more easily into touch with the inhabitants of the country than the English do: nor have they the English habit of calling those inhabitants—Frenchmen, for instance, or Germans—"the natives." [Author's note.]

once, because what has told upon one has told in the same way upon all the rest, and the obstructing and separating barriers which exist in Europe scarcely exist here. Nowhere is the saying so applicable that nothing succeeds
5 like success. The Native American or so-called Know-Nothing party had in two years from its foundation become a tremendous force, running, and seeming for a time likely to carry its own presidential candidate. In three years more it was dead without hope of revival.
10 Now and then, as for instance in the elections of 1874-75, there comes a rush of feeling so sudden and tremendous, that the name of Tidal Wave has been invented to describe it.

After this it may seem a paradox to add that the Americans are a conservative people. Yet anyone who observes the power of habit among them, the tenacity with which old institutions and usages, legal and theological formulas, have been clung to, will admit the fact. A love for what is old and established is in their English
20 blood. Moreover, prosperity helps to make them conservative. They are satisfied with the world they live in, for they have found it a good world, in which they have grown rich and can sit under their own vine and fig-tree, none making them afraid. They are proud of their his-
25 tory and of their Constitution, which has come out of the furnace of civil war with scarcely the smell of fire upon it. It is little to say that they do not seek change for the sake of change, because the nations that do this exist only in the fancy of alarmist philosophers. There are
30 nations, however, whose impatience of existing evils, or whose proneness to be allured by visions of a brighter future makes them underestimate the risk of change, nations that will pull up the plant to see whether it has begun to strike root. This is not the way of the Americans.

They are no doubt ready to listen to the suggestions from any quarter. They do not consider that an institution is justified by its existence, but admit everything to be matter for criticism. Their keenly competitive spirit and pride in their own ingenuity have made them quicker than any 5 other people to adopt and adapt inventions: telephones were in use in every little town over the West, while in the City of London men were just beginning to wonder whether they could be made to pay. I have remarked in an earlier chapter that the fondness for trying experi- 10 ments has produced a good deal of hasty legislation, especially in the newer States, but that some of it has already been abandoned. But these admissions do not affect the main proposition. The Americans are at bottom a conservative people, in virtue both of the deep 15 instincts of their race and of that practical shrewdness which recognizes the value of permanence and solidity in institutions. They are conservative in their fundamental beliefs, in the structure of their governments, in their social and domestic usages. They are like a tree whose 20 pendulous shoots quiver and rustle with the lightest breeze while its roots enfold the rock with a grasp which storms cannot loosen.

ADAPTED SUBJECT

Student characteristics.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

(March 4th, 1913)

WOODROW WILSON

THERE has been a change of government. It began two years ago, when the House of Representatives became Democratic by a decisive majority. It has now been completed. The Senate about to assemble will also be Democratic. The offices of President and Vice-President have been put into the hands of Democrats. What does the change mean? That is the question that is uppermost in our minds to-day. That is the question I am going to try to answer, in order, if I may, to interpret the occasion.

It means much more than the mere success of a party. The success of a party means little except when the Nation is using that party for a large and definite purpose. No one can mistake the purpose for which the Nation now seeks to use the Democratic party. It seeks to use it to interpret a change in its own plans and point of view. Some old things with which we had grown familiar and which had begun to creep into the very habit of our thought and of our lives have altered their aspect as we have latterly looked critically upon them with fresh, awakened eyes, have dropped their disguises and shown themselves alien and sinister. Some new things, as we look frankly upon them, willing to comprehend their real character, have come to assume the aspect of things long believed in and familiar, stuff of our own convictions. We have been refreshed by a new insight into our own life.

We see that in many things that life is very great. It

is incomparably great in its material aspects, in its body of wealth, in the diversity and sweep of its energy, in the industries which have been conceived and built up by the genius of individual men and the limitless enterprise of groups of men. It is great also, very great, in its moral force. Nowhere else in the world have noble men and women exhibited in more striking forms the beauty and the energy of sympathy and helpfulness and counsel in their efforts to rectify wrong, alleviate suffering, and set the weak in the way of strength and hope. We have built up, moreover, a great system of government, which has stood through a long age as in many respects a model for those who seek to set liberty upon foundations that will endure against fortuitous change, against storm and accident. Our life contains every great thing and contains it in rich abundance.

But the evil has come with the good, and much fine gold has been corroded. With riches has come inexcusable waste. We have squandered a great part of what we might have used, and have not stopped to conserve the exceeding bounty of nature, without which our genius for enterprise would have been worthless and impotent, scornful to be careful, shamefully prodigal as well as admirably efficient. We have been proud of our industrial achievements, but we have not hitherto stopped thoughtfully enough to count the human cost, the cost of lives snuffed out, of energies overtaxed and broken, the fearful physical and spiritual cost to the men and women and children upon whom the dead weight and burden of it all has fallen pitilessly the years through. The groans and agony of it all had not yet reached our ears, the solemn, moving undertone of our life, coming up out of the mines and factories and out of every home where the struggle had its intimate and familiar seat. With the great government went many

deep secret things which we too long delayed to look into and scrutinize with candid, fearless eyes. The great government we loved has too often been made use of for private and selfish purposes, and those who used it had 5 forgotten the people.

At last a vision has been vouchsafed us of our life as a whole. We see the bad with the good, the debased and decadent with the sound and vital. With this vision we approach new affairs. Our duty is to cleanse, to reconsider, 10 to restore, to correct the evil without impairing the good, to purify and humanize every process of our common life without weakening or sentimentalizing it. There has been something crude and heartless and unfeeling in our haste to succeed and be great. Our thought has been, "Let 15 every man look out for himself, let every generation look out for itself," while we reared giant machinery which made it impossible that any but those who stood at the levers of control should have a chance to look out for themselves. We had not forgotten our morals. We remembered well 20 enough that we had set up a policy which was meant to serve the humblest as well as the most powerful, with an eye single to the standards of justice and fair play, and remembered it with pride. But we were very heedless and in a hurry to be great.

25 We have come now to the sober second thought. The scales of heedlessness have fallen from our eyes. We have made up our minds to square every process of our National life again with the standards we so proudly set up at the beginning and have always carried in our hearts. 30 Our work is a work of restoration.

We have itemized with some degree of particularity the things that ought to be altered, and here are some of the chief items: A tariff which cuts us off from our proper part in the commerce of the world, violates the just principles

of taxation, and makes the government a facile instrument in the hands of private interests; a banking and currency system based upon the necessity of the government to sell its bonds fifty years ago, and perfectly adapted to concentrating cash and restricting credits; an industrial system which, take it on all its sides, financial as well as administrative, holds capital in leading-strings, restricts liberties and limits the opportunities of labor, and exploits without renewing or conserving the natural resources of the country; a body of agricultural activities never yet given the efficiency of great business undertakings or served as it should be through the instrumentality of science taken directly to the farm or afforded the facilities of credit best suited to its practical needs; watercourses undeveloped, waste places unreclaimed, forests untended, fast disappearing without plan or prospect of renewal, unregarded waste heaps at every mine. We have studied, as perhaps no other nation has, the most effective means of production; but we have not studied cost or economy as we should, either as organizers of industry, as statesmen, or as individuals.

Nor have we studied and perfected the means by which government may be put at the service of humanity in safeguarding the health of the Nation, the health of its men and its women and its children, as well as their rights in the struggle for existence. This is no sentimental duty. The firm basis of government is justice, not pity. These are matters of justice. There can be no equality of opportunity, the first essential of justice in the body politic, if men and women and children be not shielded in their lives, their very vitality, from the consequences of great industrial and social processes which they cannot alter, control, or singly cope with. Society must see to it that it does not itself crush or weaken or damage its own constituent

parts. The first duty of law is to keep sound the society it serves. Sanitary laws, pure food laws, and laws determining conditions of labor which individuals are powerless to determine for themselves are intimate parts of the very
5 business of justice and legal efficiency.

These are some of the things we ought to do, and not leave the others undone, the old-fashioned, never-to-be-neglected, fundamental safeguarding of property and of individual right. This is the high enterprise of the new
10 day: to lift everything that concerns our life as a nation to the light that shines from the hearth-fire of every man's conscience and vision of the right. It is inconceivable that we should do this as partisans; it is inconceivable we should do it in ignorance of the facts as they are or in blind haste.
15 We shall restore, not destroy; we shall deal with our economic system as it is and as it may be modified, not as it might be if we had a clean sheet of paper to write upon; and step by step we shall make it what it should be, in the spirit of those who question their own wisdom and seek
20 counsel and knowledge, not shallow satisfaction or the excitement of excursions whither they cannot tell. Justice, and only Justice, shall always be our motto.

And yet it will be no cool process of mere science. The nation has been deeply stirred, stirred by a solemn pas-
25 sion, stirred by the knowledge of wrong, of ideals lost, of government too often debauched and made an instrument of evil. The feelings with which we face this new age of right and opportunity sweep across our heart-strings like some air out of God's own presence, where jus-
30 tice and mercy are reconciled and the judge and the brother are one. We know our task to be no mere task of politics, but a task which shall search us through and through, whether we be able to understand our time and the need of our people, whether we be indeed their spokes-

men and interpreters, whether we have the pure heart to comprehend and the rectified will to choose our high course of action.

This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. Here muster not the forces of party, but the forces of hu-⁵manity. Men's hearts wait upon us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do. Who shall live up to the great trust? Who dares fail to try? I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men to my side. God helping me, I will not fail ¹⁰them, if they will but counsel and sustain me!

TWO KINDS OF EDUCATION FOR ENGINEERS

J. B. JOHNSON

EDUICATION may be defined as a means of gradual emancipation from the thralldom of incompetence. Since incompetence leads of necessity to failure, and since competence alone leads to certain success, in any line of ¹⁵human endeavor, and since the natural or uneducated man is but incompetence personified, it is of supreme importance that this thralldom, or this enslaved condition in which we are all born should be removed in some way. While unaided individual effort has worked, and will con-²⁰tinue to work marvels, in rare instances in our so-called self-made men, these recognized exceptions acknowledge the rule that mankind in general must be aided in acquiring this complete mastery over the latent powers of head, heart, and hand. These formal aids in this process of ²⁵emancipation are found in the grades of schools and colleges with which the children of this country are now blessed beyond those of almost any other country or time. The boys or girls who fail to embrace these emancipating

opportunities to the fullest extent practicable, are thereby consenting to degrees of incompetence and their corresponding and resulting failures in life, which they have had it in their power to prevent. This they will ultimately discover to their chagrin and even grief, when it is too late to regain the lost opportunities.

There are, however, two general classes of competency which I wish to discuss to-day, and which are generated in the schools. These are, *Competency to Serve*, and *Competency to Appreciate and Enjoy*.

By competency to serve is meant that ability to perform one's due proportion of the world's work which brings to society a common benefit, which makes of this world a continually better home for the race; and which tends to fit the race for that immortal life in which it puts its trust.

By competency to appreciate and enjoy is meant that ability to understand, to appropriate, and to assimilate those great personal achievements of the past and present in the fields of the true, the beautiful, and the good, which brings into our lives a kind of peace, and joy, and gratitude which can be found in no other way.

It is true that all kinds of elementary education contribute alike to both of these ends, but in the so-called higher education it is too common to choose between them rather than to include them both. Since it is only service which the world is willing to pay for, it is only those competent and willing to serve a public or private utility who are compensated in a financial way. It is the education which brings a competency to serve, therefore, which is often called the utilitarian, and sometimes spoken of contemptuously as the bread-and-butter, education. On the other hand the education which gives a competency to appreciate and to enjoy is commonly spoken of as a cultured education. As to which kind of education is the

higher and nobler, if they must be contrasted, it all depends on the point of view. If personal pleasure and happiness is the chief end and aim in life, then for that class of persons who have no disposition to serve, the cultural education is the more worthy of admiration and selection (conditioned 5 of course on the bodily comforts being so far provided for as to make all financial compensations of no object to the individual). If, however, service to others is the most worthy purpose in life, and if in addition such service brings the greatest happiness, then that education which 10 develops the ability to serve, in some capacity, should be regarded as the higher and more worthy. This kind of education has the further advantage that the money consideration it brings makes its possessor a self-supporting member of society instead of a drone or parasite, which 15 those people must be who cannot serve. I never could see the force of the statement that "they also serve who only stand and wait." It is possible they may serve their own pleasures, but if this is all, the statement should be so qualified. 20

The higher education which leads to a life of service has been known as a professional education, as law, medicine, the ministry, teaching, and the like. These have long been known as the learned professions. A learned profession may be defined as a vocation in which scholarly 25 accomplishments are used in the service of society or of other individuals, for a valuable consideration. Under such a definition every new vocation in which a very considerable amount of scholarship is required for its successful prosecution, and which is placed in the service 30 of others, must be held as a learned profession. And as engineering now demands fully as great an amount of learning, or scholarship, as any other, it has already taken a high rank among these professions, although as a

learned profession it is scarcely half a century old. Engineering differs from all other learned professions, however, in this, that its learning has to do only with the inanimate world, the world of dead matter and force. The materials, the laws, and the forces of nature, and scarcely to any extent its life, is the peculiar field of the engineer. Not only is the engineer pretty thoroughly divorced from life in general, but even with that society of which he is a part his professional life has little in common. His profession is so new it practically has no past, either of history or of literature, which merits his consideration, much less his laborious study. Neither do the ordinary social or political problems enter in any way into his sphere of operations. Natural law, dead matter, and lifeless force make up his working world, and in these he lives and moves and has his professional being. Professionally regarded, what to him is the history of his own or of other races? What have the languages and the literatures of the world of value to him? What interest has he in domestic or foreign politics, or in the various social and religious problems of the day? In short, what interest is there for him in what we now commonly include in the term "the humanities?" It must be confessed that in a professional way they have little or none. Except perhaps two other modern languages by which he obtains access to the current progress in applied science, he has practically no professional interest in any of these things. His structures are made no safer or more economical; his prime-movers are no more powerful or efficient; his electrical wonders no more occult or useful; his tools no more ingenious or effective, because of a knowledge of all these humanistic affairs. As a mere server of society, therefore, an engineer is about as good a tool without all this cultural knowledge as with it. But as a citizen, as a husband

and father, as a companion, and more than all, as one's own constant, perpetual, unavoidable personality, the taking into one's life of a large knowledge of the life and thought of the world, both past and present, is a very important matter indeed, and of these two kinds of education, as they affect the life-work, the professional success, and the personal happiness of the engineer, I will speak more in detail.

I am here using the term engineer as including that large class of modern industrial workers who make the new application of science to the needs of modern life their peculiar business and profession. A man of this class may also be called an applied scientist. Evidently he must have a large acquaintance with such practical sciences as surveying, physics, chemistry, geology, metallurgy, electricity, applied mechanics, kinematics, machine design, power generation and transmission, structural designing, land and water transportation, etc., etc. And as a common solvent of all the problems arising in these various subjects he must have acquired an extended knowledge of mathematics, without which he would be like a sailor with neither compass nor rudder. To the engineer mathematics is a tool of investigation, a means to an end, and not the end itself. The same may be said of his physics, his chemistry, and of all his other scientific studies. They are all to be made tributary to the solution of problems which may arise in his professional career. His entire technical education, in fact, is presumably of the useful character, and acquired for specific useful ends. Similarly he needs a free and correct use of his mother tongue, that he may express himself clearly and forcibly both in speech and composition, and an ability to read both French and German, that he may read the current technical literature in the two other languages which are most fruitful in new and original technical matter.

It is quite true that the mental development, the growth of one's mental powers and the command over the same, which comes incidentally in the acquisition of all this technical knowledge, is of far more value than the knowledge itself, and hence great care is given in all good technical schools to the mental processes of the students, and to a thorough and logical method of presentation and of acquisition. In other words, while you are under our instruction it is much more important that you should think consecutively, rationally, and logically, than that your conclusions should be numerically correct. But as soon as you leave the school the exact reverse will hold. Your employer is not concerned with your mental development, or with your mental processes, so long as your results are correct, and hence we must pay some attention to numerical accuracy in the school, especially in the upper classes. We must remember, however, that the mind of the engineer is primarily a workshop and not a warehouse or lumber-room of mere information. Your facts are better stored in your library. Room there is not so valuable as it is in the mind, and the information, furthermore, is better preserved. Memory is as poor a reliance to the engineer as to the accountant. Both alike should consult their books when they want the facts. Knowledge alone is not power. The ability to use knowledge is a latent power, and the actual use of it is a power. Instead of storing your minds with useful knowledge, therefore, I will say to you, store your minds with useful tools and with a knowledge only of how to use such tools. Then your minds will become mental workshops, well fitted for turning out products of untold value to your day and generation. Everything you acquire in your course in this college, therefore, you should look upon as mental tools with which you are equipping yourselves for your

future careers. It may well be that some of your work will be useful rather for the sharpening of your wits and for the development of mental grasp, just as gymnastic exercise is of use only in developing your physical system. In this case it has served as a tool of development instead of one for subsequent use. Because all your knowledge here gained is to serve you as tools it must be acquired quantitatively rather than qualitatively. First, last, and all the time, you are required to know not how simply, but how much, how far, how fast, to what extent, at what cost, with what certainty, and with what factor of safety. In the cultural education, where one is learning only to appreciate and to enjoy, it may satisfy the average mind to know that coal burned under a boiler generates steam which entering a cylinder moves a piston which turns the engine, and stop with that. But the engineer must know how many heat units there are in a pound of coal burned, how many of these are generated in the furnace, how many of them pass into the water, how much steam is consumed by the engine per horse-power per hour, and finally how much effective work is done by the engine per pound of coal fed to the furnace. Merely qualitative knowledge leads to the grossest errors of judgment and is of that kind of little learning which is a dangerous thing. At my summer home I have a hydraulic ram set below a dam, for furnishing a water supply. Nearby is an old abandoned water-power grist mill. A man and his wife were looking at the ram last summer and the lady was overheard to ask what it was for. The man looked about, saw the idle water-wheel of the old mill, and ventured the opinion that it must be used to run the mill! He knew a hydraulic ram when he saw it and he knew it was used to generate power, and that power would run a mill. *Ergo*, a hydraulic ram will run a mill. This is on a par with

thousands of similar errors of judgment where one's knowledge is qualitative only. All engineering problems are purely quantitative from beginning to the end, and so are all other problems, in fact, whether material, or moral, or financial, or commercial, or social, or political, or religious. All judgments passed on such problems, therefore, must be quantitative judgments. How poorly prepared to pass such judgments are those whose knowledge is qualitative only! Success in all fields depends very largely on the accuracy of one's judgment in foreseeing events, and in engineering it depends wholly on such accuracy. An engineer must see all around his problems, and take account of every contingency which can happen in the ordinary course of events. When all such contingencies have been foreseen and provided against, then the unexpected cannot happen, as everything has been foreseen. It is customary to say "The unexpected always happens." This of course is untrue. What is meant is, "It is only the unexpected which happens," for the very good reason that what has been anticipated has been provided against.

In order that knowledge may be used as a tool in investigations and in the solution of problems, it must be so used constantly during the period of its acquisition. Hence the large amount of drawing-room, field, laboratory, and shop practice introduced into our engineering courses. We try to make theory and practice go hand in hand. In fact we teach that theory is only generalized practice. From the necessary facts, observed in special experiments or in actual practice, and which cover a sufficiently wide range of conditions, general principles are deduced from which effects of given like causes can be foreseen or derived, for new cases arising in practice. This is like saying, in surveying, that with a true and accurate hind-sight an

equally true and accurate forward course can be run. Nearly all engineering knowledge, outside the pure mathematics, is of this experimental or empirical character, and we generally know who made the experiments, under what conditions, over what range of varying conditions, 5 how accordant his results were, and hence what weight can be given to his conclusions. When we can find in our engineering literature no sufficiently accurate data, or none exactly covering the case in hand, we must set to work to make a set of experiments which will cover the 10 given conditions, so as to obtain numerical factors, or possibly new laws, which will serve to make our calculation prove true in the completed structure or scheme. The ability to plan and carry out such crucial tests and experiments is one of the most important objects of an engineer- 15 ing college training, and we give our students a large amount of such laboratory practice. In all such work it is the absolute truth we are seeking, and hence any guessing at data, or falsifying of records, or "doctoring" of the computations is of the nature of a professional crime. Any 20 copying of records from other observers, when students are supposed to make their own observations, is both a fraud upon themselves as well as dishonest to their instructor, and indicates a disposition of mind which has nothing in common with that of the engineer, who is al- 25 ways and everywhere a truth-seeker and a truth-tester. The sooner such a person leaves the college of engineering the better for him and the engineering profession. Men in other professions may blunder or play false with more or less impunity. Thus the lawyer may advocate a bad 30 cause without losing caste; a physician may blunder at will, but his mistakes are soon buried out of sight; a minister may advocate what he no longer believes himself, and feel that the cause justifies his course, but the mistakes

of the engineer are quick to find him out and to proclaim aloud his incompetence. He is the one professional man who is obliged to be right, and for whom sophistry and self-deception are a fatal poison. But the engineer must be more than honest, he must be able to discern the truth. With him an honest motive is no justification. He must not only *believe* he is right; he must *know* that he is right. And it is one of the greatest elements of satisfaction in this profession, that it is commonly possible to secure in advance this almost absolute certainty of results. We deal with fixed laws and forces, and only so far as the materials used may be faulty, or of unknown character, or as contingencies could not be foreseen or anticipated, does a necessary ignorance enter into the problem.

15 It must not be understood, however, that with all of both theory and practice we are able to give our students in their four or five-year course, that they will be full-fledged engineers when they leave us. They ought to be excellent material out of which, with a few years' actual practice, they would become engineers of the first order. Just as a young physician must have experience with actual patients, and as a young lawyer must have actual experience in the courts, so must an engineer have experience with real problems before he can rightfully lay claim to the title of engineer. And in seeking this professional practice they must not be too choise. As a rule the higher up one begins the sooner his promotion stops, and the lower down he begins the higher will he ultimately climb. The man at the top should know in a practical way all the work over which he is called upon to preside, and this means beginning at the bottom. Too many of our graduates refuse to do this, and so they stop in a middle position, instead of coming into the management of the business, which position is reserved for a man

who knows it all from the bottom up. Please understand that no position is too menial in the learning of a business. But as your college training has enabled you to learn a new thing rapidly, you should rapidly master these minor details of any business, and in a few years 5 you should be far ahead of the ordinary apprentice who went to work from the grammar or from the high school. The great opportunity for the engineer of the future is in the direction and management of our various manufacturing industries. We are about to become the world's 10 workshop, and as competition grows sharper and as greater economies become necessary, the technically trained man will become an absolute necessity in the leading positions in all our industrial works. These are the positions hitherto held by men who have grown up 15 with the business, but without technical training. They are being rapidly supplanted by technical men, who, however, must serve their apprenticeship in the business, from the bottom up. With this combination of theory and practice, and with the American genius for invention, 20 and with our superb spirit of initiative and of independence, we are already setting a pace industrially which no other nation can keep, and which will soon leave all others hopelessly behind.

In the foregoing description of the technical education 25 and work of the engineer, the engineer himself has been considered as a kind of human tool to be used in the interest of society. His service to society alone has been in contemplation. But as the engineer has also a personality which is capable of appreciation and enjoyment of the best 30 this world has produced in the way of literature and art; as he is to be a citizen and a man of family; and moreover since he has a conscious self with which he must always commune and from which he cannot escape, it is well worth

his while to see it to that this self, this husband and father, this citizen and neighbor, is something more than a tool to be worked in other men's interests, and that his mind shall contain a library, a parlor, and a drawing room, as well as a
5 workshop. And yet how many engineers' minds are all shop and out of which only shop-talk can be drawn! Such men are little more than animated tools, worked in the interest of society. They are liable to be something of a bore to their families and friends, almost a cipher in the social
10 and religious life of the community, and a weariness to the flesh to their more liberal minded professional brethren. Their lives are one continuous grind, which has for them doubtless a certain grim satisfaction, but which is monotonous and tedious in comparison with what they might
15 have been. Even when valued by the low standard of money-making they are not nearly so likely to secure lucrative incomes as they would be with a greater breadth of information and worldly interest. They are likely to stop in snug professional berths which they find ready-
20 made for them, under some sort of fixed administration, and maintain through life a subordinate relation to directing heads who, with a tithe of their technical ability, are yet able, with their worldly knowledge, their breadth of interests, and their fellowship with men, to dictate to
25 these narrower technical subordinates, and to fix for them their fields of operation.

In order, therefore, that the technical man, who in material things knows what to do and how to do it, may be able to get the thing done and to direct the doing of it,
30 he must be an engineer of men and of capital as well as of the materials and forces of nature. In other words he must cultivate human interests, human learning, human associations, and avail himself of every opportunity to further these personal and business relations. If he

can make himself a good business man, or as good a manager of men, as he usually makes of himself in the field of engineering he has chosen, there is no place too great, and no salary too high for him to aspire to. Of such men are our greatest railroad presidents and general managers, 5 and the directors of our largest industrial establishments. While most of this kind of knowledge must also be acquired in actual practice, yet some of it can best be obtained in college. I shall continue to urge upon all young men who can afford it either to take the combined six-year college 10 and engineering course, described in our catalogue, or the five-year course in the College of Engineering, taking as extra studies many things now taught in our School of Commerce. The one crying weakness of our engineering graduates is ignorance of the business, the 15 social, and the political world, and of human interests in general. They have little knowledge in common with the graduates of our literary colleges, and hence often find little pleasure in such associations. They become clannish, run mostly with men of their class, take little interest in 20 the commercial or business departments of the establishments with which they are connected, and so become more and more fixed in their inanimate worlds of matter and force. I beseech you, therefore, while yet students, to try to broaden your interests, extend your horizons now 25 into other fields, even but for a bird's-eye view, and profit, so far as possible, by the atmosphere of universal knowledge which you can breathe here through the entire period of your college course. Try to find a chum who is in another department; go to literary societies; haunt the 30 library; attend the available lectures in literature, science, and art, attend the meetings of the Science Club; and in every way possible with a peep here and a word there, improve to the utmost these marvelous opportunities

which will never come to you again. Think not of tasks; call no assignments by such a name. Call them opportunities, and cultivate a hunger and thirst for all kinds of humanistic knowledge outside your particular world of
15 dead matter, for you will never again have such an opportunity, and you will be always thankful that you made good use of this, your one chance in a lifetime.

For your own personal happiness, and that of your immediate associates, secure in some way, either in col-
10 lege or after leaving the same, an acquaintance with the world's best literature, with the leading facts of history, and with the biographies of many of the greatest men in pure and applied science, as well as of statesmen and leaders in many fields. With this knowledge of great men,
15 great thoughts, and great deeds, will come that lively interest in men and affairs which is held by educated men generally, and which will put you on an even footing with them in your daily intercourse. This kind of knowledge, also, elevates and sweetens the intellectual life,
20 leads to the formation of lofty ideals, helps one to a command of good English, and in a hundred ways refines, and inspires to high and noble endeavor. This is the cultural education leading to that appreciation and enjoyment man is assumed to possess.

25 Think not, however, that I depreciate the work of the engineering college. It is by this kind of education alone that America has already become supreme in nearly all lines of material advancement. I am only anxious that the men who have made these things possible shall
30 reap their full share of the benefits.

In conclusion let me congratulate you on having selected courses of study which will bring you into the most intimate relations with the world's work of your generation. All life to-day is one endless round of scientific applications

of means to ends, but such applications are still in their infancy. A decade now sees more material progress than a century did in the past. Not to be scientifically trained in these matters is equivalent to-day to a practical exclusion from all part and share in the industrial world. The entire direction of the world's industry and commerce is to be in your hands. You are also charged with making the innumerable new discoveries and inventions which will come in your generation and almost wholly through men of your class. The day of the inventor, ignorant of science and of nature's laws, has gone by. The more mechanical contrivances have been pretty well exhausted. Henceforth profitable invention must include the use or embodiment of scientific principles with which the untrained artisan is unacquainted. More and more will invention be but the scientific application of means to ends, and this is what we teach in the engineering schools. Already our patent office is much puzzled to distinguish between engineering and invention. Since engineering proper consists in the solution of new problems in the material world, and invention is likewise the discovery of new ways of doing things, they cover the same field. But an invention is patentable, while an engineering solution is not. Invention is supposed in law to be an inborn faculty by which new truth is conceived by no definable way of approach. If it had not been reached by this particular individual it is assumed that it might never have been known. An engineering solution is supposed, and rightly, to have been reached by logical processes, through known laws of matter, and force, and motion, so that another engineer, given the same problem, would probably have reached the same or an equivalent result. And this is not patentable. Already a very large proportion of the patents issued could be nullified on this ground

if the attorneys only knew enough to make their case. More and more, therefore, are the men of your class to be charged with the responsibility and to be credited with the honor of the world's progress, and more and more is the world's work to be placed under your direction. The world will be remade by every succeeding generation, and all by the technically educated class. These are your responsibilities and your honors. The tasks are great, and great will be your rewards. That you may fitly prepare yourself for them is the hope and trust of your teachers in this college of engineering.

I will close this address by quoting Professor Huxley's definition of a liberal education. Says Huxley: "That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic-engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

"Such a one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education, for he is as completely as a man can be, in harmony with Nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely: she as his ever beneficent mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter."

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Three reasons why an engineering student need not be "pretty thoroughly divorced from college life in general."

The engineer is "the one professional man who is obliged to be right": a comparison and a conclusion.

Two kinds of "college life" for engineers (lawyers, physicians).

Why a knowledge of literature (or art, philosophy, *et cetera*) is "useful" to an engineer (a lawyer, a physician).

THE STATE OF ENGLAND IN 1685¹

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

I INTEND in this chapter to give a description of the state in which England was at the time when the crown passed from Charles the Second to his brother. Such a description, composed from scanty and dispersed materials, must necessarily be very imperfect. Yet ⁵ it may perhaps correct some false notion which would make the subsequent narrative unintelligible or uninteresting.

If we would study with profit the history of our ancestors, we must be constantly on our guard against that ¹⁰ delusion which the well known names of families, places, and offices naturally produce, and must never forget that the country of which we read was a very different country from that in which we live. In every experimental science there is a tendency towards perfection. In every human ¹⁵ being there is a wish to ameliorate his own condition. These two principles have often sufficed, even when counteracted by great public calamities and by bad institutions to carry civilization rapidly forward. No ordinary misfortune, no ordinary misgovernment, will ²⁰ do so much to make a nation wretched as the constant

¹ From *The History of England*, Chapter III.

progress of physical knowledge and the constant effort of every man to better himself will do to make a nation prosperous. It has often been found that profuse expenditure, heavy taxation, absurd commercial restrictions, 5 corrupt tribunals, disastrous wars, seditions, persecutions, conflagrations, inundations, have not been able to destroy capital so fast as the exertions of private citizens have been able to create it. It can easily be proved that, in our own land, the national wealth has, during at least 10 six centuries, been almost uninterruptedly increasing; that it was greater under the Tudors than under the Plantagenets; that it was greater under the Stuarts than under the Tudors; that, in spite of battles, sieges, and confiscations, it was greater on the day of the Restoration 15 than on the day when the Parliament met; that in spite of maladministration, of extravagance, of public bankruptcy, of two costly and unsuccessful wars, of the pestilence and of the fire, it was greater on the day of the death of Charles the Second than on the day of his Restora- 20 tion. This progress, having continued during many ages, became at length, about the middle of the eighteenth century, portentously rapid, and has proceeded, during the nineteenth, with accelerated velocity. In consequence partly of our geographical and partly of our moral position, 25 we have, during several generations, been exempt from evils which have elsewhere impeded the efforts and destroyed the fruits of industry. While every part of the Continent, from Moscow to Lisbon, has been the theatre of bloody and devastating wars, no hostile standard has been 30 seen here but as a trophy. While revolutions have taken place all around us, our government has never once been subverted by violence. During a hundred years there has been in our island no tumult of sufficient importance to be called an insurrection. The law has been borne

down either by popular fury or by regal tyranny. Public credit has been held sacred. The administration of justice has been pure. Even in times which might by Englishmen be justly called evil times, we have enjoyed what almost every other nation in the world would have considered as an ample measure of civil and religious freedom. Every man has felt entire confidence that the state would protect him in the possession of what had been earned by his diligence and hoarded by his self-denial. Under the benignant influence of peace and liberty, science has flourished, and has been applied to practical purposes on a scale never before known. The consequence is that a change to which the history of the old world furnishes no parallel has taken place in our country. Could the England of 1685 be, by some magical process, set before our eyes, we should not know one landscape in a hundred or one building in ten thousand. The country gentleman would not recognize his own fields. The inhabitant of the town would not recognize his own street. Every thing has been changed but the great features of nature and a few massive and durable works of human art. We might find Snowdon and Windermere, the Cheddar Cliffs and Beachy Head. We might find out here and there a Norman minster, or a castle which witnessed the Wars of the Roses. But, with such rare exceptions, everything would be strange to us. Many thousands of square miles which are now rich corn land and meadow, intersected by green hedgerows, and dotted with villages and pleasant country seats, would appear as moors overgrown with furze, or fens abandoned to wild ducks. We should see straggling huts built of wood and covered with thatch, where we now see manufacturing towns and seaports renowned to the farthest ends of the world. The capital itself would shrink to dimensions not much exceeding

those of its present suburb on the south of the Thames. Not less strange to us would be the garb and manners of the people, the furniture and the equipages, the interior of the shops and dwellings. Such a change in the state of a nation seems to be at least as well entitled to the notice of a historian as any change of the dynasty or of the ministry.

One of the first objects of an inquirer, who wishes to form a correct notion of the state of a community at a given time, must be to ascertain of how many persons that community then consisted. Unfortunately the population of England in 1685 cannot be ascertained with perfect accuracy. For no great state had then adopted the wise course of periodically numbering the people. All men were left to conjecture for themselves; and, as they generally conjectured without examining facts, and under the influence of strong passions and prejudices, their guesses were often ludicrously absurd. Even intelligent Londoners ordinarily talked of London as containing several millions of souls. It was confidently asserted by many that, during the thirty-five years which had elapsed between the accession of Charles the First and the Restoration, the population of the city had increased by two millions.¹ Even while the ravages of the plague and fire were recent, it was the fashion to say that the capital still had a million and a half of inhabitants.² Some persons, disgusted by these exaggerations, ran violently into the opposite extreme. Thus Isaac Vossius, a man of undoubted parts and learning, strenuously maintained

¹ *Observations on the Bills of Mortality*, by Captain John Graunt (Sir William Petty), chap. xi. [Author's note.]

² "She doth comprehend
Full fifteen hundred thousand which do spend
Their days within."

Great Britain's Beauty, 1671. [Author's note.]

that there were only two millions of human beings in England, Scotland, and Ireland taken together.¹

We are not, however, left without the means of correcting the wild blunders into which some minds were hurried by national vanity and others by a morbid love of paradox.⁵ There are extant three computations which seem to be entitled to peculiar attention. They are entirely independent of each other: they proceed on different principles; and yet there is little difference in the results.

One of these computations was made in the year 1696 by¹⁰ Gregory King, Lancaster herald, a political arithmetician of great acuteness and judgment. The basis of his calculations was the number of houses returned in 1690 by the officers who made the last collection of the hearth money. The conclusion at which he arrived was that the population¹⁵ of England was nearly five millions and a half.²

About the same time King William the Third was desirous to ascertain the comparative strength of the religious sects into which the community was divided. An inquiry was instituted; and reports were laid before²⁰ him from all the dioceses of the realm. According to these reports the number of his English subjects must have been about five million two hundred thousand.³

Lastly, in our own days, Mr. Finlaison, an actuary of eminent skill, subjected the ancient parochial registers²⁵

¹ Isaac Vossius, *De Magnitudine Urbium Sinarum*, 1685. Vossius, as we learn from St. Evermond, talked on this subject oftener and longer than fashionable circles cared to listen. [Author's note.]

² King's *Natural and Political Observations*, 1696. This valuable treatise, which ought to be read as the author wrote it, and not as garbled by Davenant, will be found in some editions of Chalmers's *Estimate*. [Author's note.]

³ Dalrymple's *Appendix to Part II, Book I*. The practice of reckoning the population by sects was long fashionable. Gulliver says of the King of Brobdingnag, "He laughed at my odd arithmetic, as he was pleased to call it, in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the several sects among us in religion and politics." [Author's note.]

to all the tests which the modern improvements in statistical science enabled him to apply. His opinion was, that, at the close of the seventeenth century, the population of England was a little under five million two hundred 5 thousand souls.¹

Of these three estimates, framed without concert by different persons from different sets of materials, the highest, which is that of King, does not exceed the lowest, which is that of Finlaison, by one-twelfth. We may, 10 therefore, with confidence pronounce that, when James the Second reigned, England contained between five million and five million five hundred thousand inhabitants. On the very highest supposition she then had one-third of her present population, and less than three times the 15 population which is now collected in her gigantic capital.

The increase of the people has been great in every part of the kingdom, but generally much greater in the northern than in the southern shires. In truth a large part of the 20 county beyond Trent was, down to the eighteenth century, in a state of barbarism. Physical and moral causes had concurred to prevent civilization from spreading to that region. The air was inclement; the soil was generally such as required skilful and industrious cultivation; 25 and there could be little skill or industry in a tract which was often the theatre of war, and which, even when there was nominal peace, was constantly desolated by bands of Scottish marauders. Before the union of the two British crowns, and long after that union, there was as 30 great a difference between Middlesex and Northumberland as there now is between Massachusetts and the settlements of those squatters who, far to the west of the Mississippi, administer a rude justice with the rifle and the dagger.

¹ Preface to the Population Returns of 1831. [Author's note.]

In the reign of Charles the Second, the traces left by ages of slaughter and pillage were still distinctly perceptible, many miles south of the Tweed, in the face of the country and in the lawless manners of the people. There was still a large class of mosstroopers, whose calling was 5 to plunder dwellings and to drive away whole herds of cattle. It was found necessary, soon after the Restoration, to enact laws of great severity for the prevention of these outrages. The magistrates of Northumberland and Cumberland were authorized to raise bands of armed 10 men for the defence of property and order; and provision was made for meeting the expense of these levies by local taxation.¹ The parishes were required to keep bloodhounds for the purpose of hunting the freebooters. Many old men who were living in the middle of the 15 eighteenth century could well remember the time when those ferocious dogs were common.² Yet, even with such auxiliaries, it was often found impossible to track the robbers to their retreats among the hills and moorasses. For the geography of that wild country was 20 very imperfectly known. Even after the accession of George the Third, the path over the fells from Borrowdale to Ravenglas was still a secret carefully kept by the dalesmen, some of whom had probably in their youth escaped from the pursuit of justice by that road.³ The seats of 25 the gentry and the larger farmhouses were fortified. Oxen were penned at night beneath the overhanging battlements of the residence, which was known by the name of Peel. The inmates slept with arms at their sides. Huge stones and boiling water were in readiness to crush and 30

¹ Statutes 14 Car. II, c. 22.; 18 & 19 Car. II, c. 3.; 29 & 30 Car. II, c. 2. [Author's note.]

² Nicholson and Bourne: *Discourse on the Ancient State of the Border*, 1777. [Author's note.]

³ Gray's *Journal of a Tour in the Lakes*, Oct. 3, 1769. [Author's note.]

scald the plunderer who might venture to assail the little garrison. No traveller ventured into that country without making his will. The Judges on circuit, with the whole body of barristers, attorneys, clerks, and serving men, rode on horseback from Newcastle to Carlisle, armed and escorted by a strong guard under the command of the Sheriffs. It was necessary to carry provisions; for the country was a wilderness which afforded no supplies. The spot where the cavalcade halted to dine, under an immense oak, is not yet forgotten. The irregular vigor with which criminal justice was administered shocked observers whose life had been passed in more tranquil districts. Juries animated by hatred and by a sense of common danger, convicted housebreakers and cattle stealers with the promptitude of a court martial in a mutiny; and the convicts were hurried by scores to the gallows.¹ Within the memory of some whom this generation has seen, the sportsman who wandered in pursuit of game to the sources of the Tyne found the heaths round Keeldar Castle peopled by a race scarcely less savage than the Indians of California, and heard with surprise the half naked women chaunting a wild measure, while the men with brandished dirks danced a war dance.²

Slowly and with difficulty peace was established on the border. In the train of peace came industry and all the arts of life. Meanwhile it was discovered that the regions north of the Trent possessed in their coal beds a source of wealth far more precious than the gold mines of Peru. It was found that, in the neighborhood of these beds, almost every manufacture might be most profitably carried on. A constant stream of emigrants began to roll

¹ North's *Life of Guildford*. Hutchinson's *History of Cumberland*, parish of Brampton. [Author's note.]

² See Sir Walter Scott's *Journal*, Oct. 7, 1827, in his life by Mr. Lockhart. [Author's note.]

northward. It appeared by the returns of 1841 that the ancient archiepiscopal province of York contained two-sevenths of the population of England. At the time of the Revolution that province was believed to contain only one-seventh of the population.¹ In Lancashire 5 the number of inhabitants appears to have increased ninefold, while in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Northamptonshire it has hardly doubled.²

Of the taxation we can speak with more confidence and precision than of the population. The revenue of 10 England, when Charles the Second died, was small, when compared with the resources which she even then possessed, or with the sums which were raised by the governments of the neighbouring countries. It had, from the time of the Restoration, been almost constantly increasing: 15 yet it was little more than three-fourths of the revenue of the United Provinces, and was hardly one-fifth of the revenue of France.

The most important head of receipt was the excise, which, in the last year of the reign of Charles, produced 20 five hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds, clear of all deductions. The net proceeds of the customs amounted in the same year to five hundred and thirty thousand pounds. These burdens did not lie very heavy on the nation. The tax on chimneys, though less productive, raised 25 far louder murmurs. The discontent excited by direct imposts is, indeed, almost always out of proportion to the quantity of money which they bring into the Exchequer; and the tax on chimneys was, even among

¹ Dalrymple, Appendix to Part II, Book I. The returns of the hearth money lead to nearly the same conclusion. The hearths in the province of York were not a sixth of the hearths of England. [Author's note.]

² I do not, of course, pretend to strict accuracy here; but I believe that whoever will take the trouble to compare the last returns of hearth money in the reign of William the Third with the census of 1841, will come to a conclusion not very different from mine. [Author's note.]

direct imposts, peculiarly odious; for it could be levied only by means of domiciliary visits; and of such visits the English have always been impatient to a degree which the people of other countries can but faintly conceive.

5 The poorer house-holders were frequently unable to pay their hearth money to the day. When this happened, their furniture was distrained without mercy: for the tax was farmed; and a farmer of taxes is, of all creditors, proverbially the most rapacious. The collectors were

10 loudly accused of performing their unpopular duty with harshness and insolence. It was said that, as soon as they appeared at the threshold of a cottage, the children began to wail, and the old women ran to hide their earthenware. Nay, the single bed of a poor family had sometimes

15 been carried away and sold. The net annual receipt from this tax was two hundred thousand pounds.¹

When to the three great sources of income which have been mentioned we add the royal domains, then far

¹ There are in the Pepysian Library, some ballads of that age on the chimney money. I will give a specimen or two:—

“The good old dames, whenever they the chimney man espied,
Unto their nooks they haste away, their pots and pipkins hide.
There is not one old dame in ten, and search the nation through,
But, if you talk of chimney men, will spare a curse or two.”

Again,

“Like plundering soldiers they’d enter the door,
And make a distress on the goods of the poor,
While frighted poor children distractedly cried:
This nothing abated their insolent pride.”

In the British Museum there are doggerel verses composed on the same subject and in the same spirit:

“Or, if through poverty it be not paid,
For cruelty to tear away the single bed,
On which the poor man rests his weary head,
At once deprives him of his rest and bread.”

I take this opportunity, the first which occurs, of acknowledging most gratefully the kind and liberal manner in which the Master and Vice-master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, gave me access to the valuable collections of Pepys. [Author’s note.]

more extensive than at present, the first fruits and tenths, which had not yet been surrendered to the Church, the Duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster, the forfeitures and the fines, we shall find that the whole annual revenue of the crown may be fairly estimated at about fourteen hundred thousand pounds. Of this revenue part was hereditary: the rest had been granted to Charles for life; and he was at liberty to lay out the whole exactly as he thought fit. Whatever he could save by retrenching the expenditure of the public departments was an addition to his privy purse. Of the Post Office, more will hereafter be said. The profits of that establishment had been appropriated by Parliament to the Duke of York.

The King's revenue was, or rather ought to have been, charged with the payment of about eighty thousand pounds a year, the interest of the sum fraudulently detained in the Exchequer by the Cabal. While Danby was at the head of the finances, the creditors had received their dividends, though not with the strict punctuality of modern times: but those who had succeeded him at the Treasury had been less expert, or less solicitous to maintain public faith. Since the victory won by the court over the Whigs, not a farthing had been paid; and no redress was granted to the sufferers, till a new dynasty had established a new system. There can be no greater error than to imagine that the device of meeting the exigencies of the state by loans was imported into our island by William the Third. From a period of immemorial antiquity it had been the practice of every English government to contract debts. What the Revolution introduced was the practice of honestly paying them.¹

By plundering the public creditor, it was possible

¹ My chief authorities for this financial statement will be found in the Commons' Journals, March 1, and March 20, 1688-9. [Author's note.]

to make an income of about fourteen hundred thousand pounds, with some occasional help from France, support the necessary charges of the government and the wasteful expenditure of the court. For that load which pressed
5 most heavily on the finances of the great continental states was here scarcely felt. In France, Germany, and the Netherlands, armies, such as Henry the Fourth and Philip the Second had never employed in time of war, were kept up in the midst of peace. Bastions and ravelins
10 were everywhere rising, constructed on principles unknown to Parma or Spinola. Stores of artillery and ammunition were accumulated, such as even Richelieu, whom the preceding generation had regarded as a worker of prodigies, would have pronounced fabulous. No man
15 could journey many leagues in those countries without hearing the drums of a regiment on march, or being challenged by the sentinels on the drawbridge of a fortress. In our island, on the contrary, it was possible to live long and to travel far, without being once reminded, by
20 any martial sight or sound, that the defence of nations had become a science and a calling. The majority of Englishmen who were under twenty-five years of age had probably never seen a company of regular soldiers. Of the cities which in the civil war, had valiantly repelled hostile armies
25 scarce one was now capable of sustaining a siege. The gates stood open night and day. The ditches were dry. The ramparts had been suffered to fall into decay, or were repaired only that the townsfolk might have a pleasant walk on summer evenings. Of the old baronial
30 keeps many had been shattered by the cannon of Fairfax and Cromwell, and lay in heaps of ruin, overgrown with ivy. Those which remained had lost their martial character, and were now rural palaces of the aristocracy. The moats were turned into preserves of carp and pike. The

mounds were planted with fragrant shrubs, through which spiral walks ran up to summer houses adorned with mirrors and paintings.¹ On the capes of the sea coast, and on many inland hills, were still seen tall posts, surmounted by barrels. Once those barrels had been filled with⁵ pitch. Watchmen had been set around them in seasons of danger; and, within a few hours after a Spanish sail had been discovered in the Channel, or after a thousand mostroopers had crossed the Tweed, the signal fires were blazing fifty miles off, and whole counties were rising in¹⁰ arms. But many years had now elapsed since the beacons had been lighted, and they were regarded rather as curious relics of ancient manners than as parts of a machinery necessary to the safety of the state.²

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

1. Needed reforms in the government of my home town.
2. Desirable changes in the system of taxation in the State of _____.

QUEEN ELIZABETH³

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

NEVER had the fortunes of England sunk to a lower¹⁵ ebb than at the moment when Elizabeth mounted the throne. The country was humiliated by defeat, and brought to the verge of rebellion by the bloodshed and misgovernment of Mary's reign. The old social discontent, trampled down for a time by the horsemen²⁰ of Somerset, remained a menace to public order. The

¹ See for example the picture of the mound at Marlborough, in Stukeley's *Itinerarium Curiosum*. [Author's note.]

² Chamberlayne's *State of England*, 1684. [Author's note.]

³ From *A Short History of the English People*.

religious strife had passed beyond hope of reconciliation, now that the reformers were parted from their opponents by the fires of Smithfield, and the party of the New Learning all but dissolved. The more earnest Catholics were bound helplessly to Rome. The temper of the Protestants, burned at home or driven into exile abroad, had become a fiercer thing, and the Calvinistic refugees were pouring back from Geneva with dreams of revolutionary change in Church and state. England, dragged at the heels of Philip into a useless and ruinous war, was left without an ally save Spain; while France, mistress of Calais, became mistress of the Channel. Not only was Scotland a standing danger in the north through the French marriage of its queen, Mary Stuart, and its consequent bondage to French policy; but Mary Stuart and her husband now assumed the style and arms of English sovereigns, and threatened to rouse every Catholic throughout the realm against Elizabeth's title. In the presence of this host of danger the country lay helpless, without army or fleet, or the means of manning one, for the treasury, already drained by the waste of Edward's reign, had been utterly exhausted by Mary's restoration of the Church-lands in possession of the Crown, and by the cost of her war with France.

England's one hope lay in the character of her queen. Elizabeth was now in her twenty-fifth year. Personally she had more than her mother's beauty; her figure was commanding, her face long but queenly and intelligent, her eyes quick and fine. She had grown up amidst the liberal culture of Henry's court a bold horsewoman, a good shot, a graceful dancer, a skilled musician, and an accomplished scholar. She studied every morning the Greek Testament, and followed this by the tragedies of Sophocles or orations of Demosthenes, and could

“rub up her rusty Greek” at need to bandy pedantry with a Vice-Chancellor. But she was far from being a mere pedant. The new literature which was springing up around her found constant welcome in her court. She spoke Italian and French as fluently as her mother-⁵ tongue. She was familiar with Ariosto and Tasso.¹ Even amidst the affectation and love of anagrams and puerilities which sullied her later years, she listened with delight to the *Færy Queen*,² and found a smile for “Master Spenser” when he appeared in her presence. Her moral temper¹⁰ recalled in its strange contrasts the mixed blood within her veins. She was at once the daughter of Henry and of Anne Boleyn. From her father she inherited her frank and hearty address, her love of popularity and of free intercourse with the people, her dauntless courage,¹⁵ and her amazing self-confidence. Her harsh, manlike voice, her impetuous will, her pride, her furious outbursts of anger, came to her with her Tudor blood. She rated great nobles as if they were schoolboys; she met the insolence of Essex with a box on the ear; she would break²⁰ now and then into the gravest deliberations to swear at her ministers like a fishwife. But strangely in contrast with the violent outlines of her Tudor temper stood the sensuous, self-indulgent nature she derived from Anne Boleyn. Splendor and pleasure were with Elizabeth the²⁵ very air she breathed. Her delight was to move in perpetual progresses from castle to castle through a series of gorgeous pageants, fanciful and extravagant as a caliph’s dream. She loved gaiety and laughter and wit. A happy retort or a finished compliment never failed to³⁰ win her favor. She hoarded jewels. Her dresses were

¹ Ariosto and Tasso, celebrated Italian poets of the sixteenth century.

² *The Færy Queen*, a long allegorical poem by Edmund Spenser, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth.

innumerable. Her vanity remained, even to old age, the vanity of a coquette in her teens. No adulation was too fulsome for her, no flattery of her beauty too gross. "To see her was heaven," Hatton told her; "the lack
5 of her was hell." She would play with her rings that her courtiers might note the delicacy of her hands; or dance a coranto that the French ambassador, hidden dexterously behind a curtain, might report her sprightliness to his master. Her levity, her unwomanly jests,
10 her frivolous laughter, gave color to a thousand scandals. Her character, in fact, like her portraits, was utterly without shade. Of womanly reserve or self-restraint she knew nothing. No instinct of delicacy veiled the voluptuous temper which had broken out in the romps
15 of her girlhood and showed itself almost ostentatiously throughout her later life. Personal beauty in a man was a sure passport to her liking. She patted handsome young squires on the neck when they knelt to kiss her hand, and fondled her "sweet Robin," Lord Leicester, in the
20 face of the court.

It was no wonder that the statesmen whom she outwitted held Elizabeth almost to the last to be little more than a frivolous woman, or that Philip of Spain wondered how "a wanton" could hold in check the policy of the Escorial.
25 But the Elizabeth whom they saw was far from being all of Elizabeth. The wilfulness of Henry, the triviality of Anne Boleyn, played over the surface of a nature hard as steel, a temper purely intellectual, the very type of reason untouched by imagination or passion. Luxurious
30 and pleasure-loving as she seemed, Elizabeth lived simply and frugally, and she worked hard. Her vanity and caprice had no weight whatever with her in state affairs. The coquette of the presence-chamber became the coolest and hardest of politicians at the council-board. Fresh

from the flattery of her courtiers, she would tolerate no flattery in the closet; she was herself plain and downright of speech with her counsellors and she looked for a corresponding plainness of speech in return. If any trace of her sex lingered in her actual statesmanship, it was seen in 5 the simplicity and tenacity of purpose that often underlies a woman's fluctuations of feeling. It was this in part which gave her her marked superiority over the statesmen of her time. No nobler group of ministers ever gathered round a council-board than those who gathered round 10 the council-board of Elizabeth. But she was the instrument of none. She listened, she weighed, she used or put by the counsels of each in turn, but her policy as a whole was her own. It was a policy, not of genius, but of good sense. Her aims were simple and obvious: to preserve her 15 throne, to keep England out of war, to restore civil and religious order. Something of womanly caution and timidity perhaps backed the passionless indifference with which she set aside the larger schemes of ambition which were ever opening before her eyes. She was resolute in her re-20 fusal of the Low Countries. She rejected with a laugh the offers of the Protestants to make her "head of the religion" and "mistress of the seas." But her amazing success in the end sprang mainly from this wise limitation of her aims. She had a finer sense than any of her counsellors of her 25 real resources; she knew instinctively how far she could go, and what she could do. Her cold, critical intellect was never swayed by enthusiasm or by panic either to exaggerate or to under-estimate her risks or her power.

Of political wisdom indeed in its larger and more gener-30 ous sense Elizabeth had little or none; but her political tact was unerring. She seldom saw her course at a glance, but she played with a hundred courses, fitfully and discursively, as a musician runs his hands over the key-

board, till she hit suddenly upon the right one. Her nature was essentially practical and of the present. She distrusted a plan, in fact, just in proportion to its speculative range or its outlook into the future. Her notion of statesmanship lay in watching how things turned out around her, and in seizing the moment for making the best of them. A policy of this limited, practical, tentative order was not only best suited to the England of her day, to its small resources and the transitional character of its religious and political belief, but it was one eminently suited to Elizabeth's peculiar powers. It was a policy of detail, and in details her wonderful readiness and ingenuity found scope for their exercise.

"No War, my Lords," the Queen used to cry imperiously at the council-board, "No War!" but her hatred of war sprang less from her aversion to blood or to expense, real as was her aversion to both, than from the fact that peace left the field open to the diplomatic manœuvres and intrigues in which she excelled. Her delight in the consciousness of her ingenuity broke out in a thousand puckish freaks,—freaks in which one can hardly see any purpose beyond the purpose of sheer mystification. She revelled in "bye-ways" and "crooked ways." She played with grave cabinets as a cat plays with a mouse, and with much of the same feline delight in the mere embarrassment of her victims. When she was weary of mystifying foreign statesmen she turned to find fresh sport in mystifying her own ministers. Had Elizabeth written the story of her reign she would have prided herself, not on the triumph of England or the ruin of Spain, but on the skill with which she had hoodwinked and outwitted every statesman in Europe during fifty years. Nor was her trickery without political value. Ignoble, inexpressibly wearisome as the Queen's diplomacy seems

to us now, tracing it as we do through a thousand despatches, it succeeded in its main end. It gained time, and every year that was gained doubled Elizabeth's strength. Nothing is more revolting in the Queen, but nothing is more characteristic, than her shameless mendacity. It was an age of political lying, but in the profusion and recklessness of her lies, Elizabeth stood without a peer in Christendom. A falsehood was to her simply an intellectual means of meeting a difficulty; and the ease with which she asserted or denied whatever suited her purpose was only equalled by the cynical indifference with which she met the exposure of her lies as soon as their purpose was answered. The same purely intellectual view of things showed itself in the dexterous use she made of her very faults. Her levity carried her gaily over moments of detection and embarrassment where better women would have died of shame. She screened her tentative and hesitating statesmanship under the natural timidity and vacillation of her sex. She turned her very luxury and sports to good account. There were moments of grave danger in her reign when the country remained indifferent to its perils, as it saw the Queen give her days to hawking and hunting, and her nights to dancing and plays. Her vanity and affectation, her womanly fickleness and caprice, all had their part in the diplomatic comedies she played with the successive candidates for her hand. If political necessities made her life a lonely one, she had at any rate the satisfaction of averting war and conspiracies by love sonnets and romantic interviews, or of gaining a year of tranquillity by the dexterous spinning out of a flirtation.

As we track Elizabeth through her tortuous mazes of lying and intrigue, the sense of her greatness is almost

lost in a sense of contempt. But wrapped as they were in a cloud of mystery, the aims of her policy were throughout temperate and simple, and they were pursued with a singular tenacity. The sudden acts of energy which from 5 time to time broke her habitual hesitation proved that it was no hesitation of weakness. Elizabeth could wait and finesse; but when the hour was come she could strike, and strike hard. Her natural temper indeed tended to a rash self-confidence rather than to self-distrust. She 10 had, as strong natures always have, an unbounded confidence in her luck. "Her Majesty counts much on fortune," Walsingham wrote bitterly; "I wish she would trust more in Almighty God." The diplomatists who censured at one moment her irresolution, her delay, her 15 changes in front, censure at the next her "obstinacy" her iron will, her defiance of what seemed to them inevitable ruin. "This woman," Philip's envoy wrote after a wasted remonstrance, "this woman is possessed by a hundred thousand devils." To her own subjects, 20 indeed, who knew nothing of her manœuvres and retreats, of her "bye-ways" and "crooked ways," she seemed the embodiment of dauntless resolution. Brave as they were, the men who swept the Spanish Main or glided between the icebergs of Baffin's Bay never doubted that the 25 palm of bravery lay with their Queen. Her steadiness and courage in the pursuit of her aims was equalled by the wisdom with which she chose the men to accomplish them. She had a quick eye for merit of any sort, and a wonderful power of enlisting its whole energy 30 in her service. The sagacity which chose Cecil and Walsingham was just as unerring in its choice of the meanest of her agents. Her success indeed in securing from the beginning of her reign to its end, with the single exception of Leicester, precisely the right men

for the work she set them to do, sprang in great measure from the noblest characteristic of her intellect. If in loftiness of aim her temper fell below many of the tempers of her time, in the breadth of its range, in the universality of its sympathy it stood far above them all. Elizabeth could talk poetry with Spenser and philosophy with Bruno; ¹ she could discuss Euphuism with Lyly, ² and enjoy the chivalry of Essex; she could turn from talk of the last fashions to pore with Cecil over despatches and treasury books; she could pass from tracking traitors with Wal-¹⁰ singham to settle points of doctrine with Parker, or to calculate with Frobisher chances of a northwest passage to the Indies. The versatility and many-sidedness of her mind enabled her to understand every phase of the intellectual movement of her day, and to fix by a ¹⁵ sort of instinct on its higher representatives. But the greatness of the Queen rests above all on her power over her people. We have had grander and nobler rulers, but none so popular as Elizabeth. The passion of love, of loyalty, of admiration which finds its most perfect ²⁰ expression in the *Fairy Queen*, throbbed as intensely through the veins of her meanest subjects. To England, during her reign of half a century, she was a virgin and a Protestant Queen; and her immorality, her absolute want of religious enthusiasm, failed utterly to blur the ²⁵ brightness of the national ideal. Her worst acts broke fruitlessly against the general devotion. A Puritan, whose hand she cut off in a freak of tyrannous resentment, waved his hat with the hand that was left, and shouted, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" Of her faults, indeed, Eng-³⁰

¹ Giordano Bruno, the Italian philosopher, visited England in 1583.

² John Lyly (1554?-1606). English dramatist and novelist. Inventor of a very artificial and affected style of writing, called *Euphuism*, because it occurred chiefly in Lyly's novel, *Euphues, or the Anatomy of Wit*.

land beyond the circle of her court knew little or nothing. The shiftings of her diplomacy were never seen outside the royal closet. The nation at large could only judge her foreign policy by its main outlines, by its temperance and good sense, and above all by its success. But every Englishman was able to judge Elizabeth in her rule at home, in her love of peace, her instinct of order, the moderation and firmness of her government, the judicious spirit of conciliation and compromise among warring factions which gave the country an unexampled tranquillity at a time when almost every country in Europe was torn with civil war. Every sign of the growing prosperity, the sight of London as it became the mart of the world, of stately mansions as they rose on every manor, told, and justly told, in Elizabeth's favor. In one act of her civil administration she showed the boldness and originality of a great ruler; for the opening of her reign saw her face the social difficulty which had so long impeded English progress, by the issue of a commission of inquiry which ended in the solution of the problem by the system of poor-laws. She lent a ready patronage to the new commerce, she considered its extension and protection as a part of public policy, and her statue in the center of the London Exchange was a tribute on the part of the merchant class to the interest with which she watched and shared personally in its enterprises. Her thrift won a general gratitude. The memories of the Terror and of the Martyrs threw into bright relief the aversion from bloodshed which was conspicuous in her earlier reign, and never wholly wanting through its fiercer close. Above all there was a general confidence in her instinctive knowledge of the national temper. Her finger was always on the public pulse. She knew exactly when she could resist the feeling of her people, and when she must give

way before the new sentiment of freedom which her policy unconsciously fostered. But when she retreated, her defeat had all the grace of victory; and the frankness and unreserve of her surrender won back at once the love that her resistance had lost. Her attitude at home, in fact, was that of a woman whose pride in the well-being of her subjects, and whose longing for their favor, was the one touch in the coldness of her natural temper. If Elizabeth could be said to love anything, she loved England. "Nothing," she said to her first Parliament, 10 in words of unwonted fire, "nothing, no worldly thing under the sun, is so dear to me as the love and goodwill of my subjects." And the love and good-will which were so dear to her she fully won.

She clung perhaps to her popularity the more passionately that it hid in some measure from her the terrible loneliness of her life. She was the last of the Tudors, the last of Henry's children; and her nearest relatives were Mary Stuart and the House of Suffolk, the one the avowed, the other the secret, claimant of her throne. Among her 20 mother's kindred she found but a single cousin. Whatever womanly tenderness she had, wrapt itself around Leicester; but a marriage with Leicester was impossible, and every other union, could she even have bent to one, was denied to her by the political difficulties of her position. The one cry 25 of bitterness which burst from Elizabeth revealed her terrible sense of the solitudes of her life. "The Queen of Scots," she cried at the birth of James, "has a fair son, and I am but a barren stock." But the loneliness of her position only reflected the loneliness of her nature. She stood 30 utterly apart from the world around her, sometimes above it, sometimes below it, but never of it. It was only on its intellectual side that Elizabeth touched the England of her day. All its moral aspects were simply dead to her. It was

a time when men were being lifted into nobleness by the new moral energy which seemed suddenly to pulse through the whole people, when honor and enthusiasm took colors of poetic beauty, and religion became a chivalry.

5 But the finer sentiments of the men around her touched Elizabeth simply as the fair tints of a picture would have touched her. She made her market with equal indifference out of the heroism of William of Orange or the bigotry of Philip. The noblest aims and lives

10 were only counters on her board. She was the one soul in her realm whom the news of St. Bartholomew ¹ stirred to no thirst for vengeance; and while England was thrilling with its triumph over the Armada its Queen was coolly grumbling over the cost, and making her profit out of

15 the spoiled provisions she had ordered for the fleet that saved her. To the voice of gratitude, indeed, she was for the most part deaf. She accepted services such as were never rendered to any other English sovereign without a thought of return. Walsingham spent his for-

20 tune in saving her life and her throne, and she left him to die a beggar. But, as if by a strange irony, it was to to this very want of sympathy that she owed some of the grander features of her character. If she was without love, she was without hate. She cherished no petty re-

25 sentiments; she never stooped to envy or suspicion of the men who served her. She was indifferent to abuse. Her good humor was never ruffled by the charges of wantonness and cruelty with which the Jesuits filled every court in Europe. She was insensible to fear. Her life

30 became at last the mark for assassin after assassin, but the thought of peril was the one hardest to bring home

¹ An organized slaughter of French Huguenots in Paris and the provinces, instigated by Catherine de Medici. It began on St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24, 1572.

to her. Even when the Catholic plots broke out in her very household she would listen to no proposals for the removal of Catholics from her court.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Characterize, after the manner of Green, and as far as your knowledge and reading can assist you, any one of the following persons:

Abraham Lincoln.
George Washington.
Ulysses S. Grant.
Robert E. Lee.
Susan B. Anthony.
Theodore Roosevelt.
Woodrow Wilson.

EDITORIALS

THE DIRECT ELECTION OF SENATORS

WITH only three States needed, Delaware has refused to join the affirmative States in ratifying direct election of United States Senators. It is always inspiring to see a man or a State that dares to be in the right with two or three; but much as we should like to be able to applaud little Delaware, we are constrained to say that the assertion of independent thought on this particular subject would have come with better grace from some of her other forty-seven sister States. Indeed, if there were any need of further argument on the subject of direct election of Senators, a very strong one would be supplied by the fact that the Legislature of the State which has furnished the classic example of debauchery of its electorate through the existing method is counted against the reform.—*The Nation*, March 27, 1913.

THE DEMOCRATIC TRIUMPH

THE triumph of Dr. Woodrow Wilson appears to be complete. For the moment, at least, the historic Republican party has disappeared, its candidate utterly defeated and its policies repudiated by the nation. Its ruin has been wrought by a third party created, organized, and led by Mr. Taft's immediate predecessor, a party which has been in existence only since the summer, but which has emerged from this struggle the second party in the Union. The rise of the Progressives may well prove to be a matter of supreme moment, not alone in the internal politics of the United States, but in the history of modern democracy.

The Democrats come into power with a President whose character and whose past achievements are full of promise. Dr. Wilson, the thinker and the scholar, is no politician of the ordinary type, although he has already shown that he can beat the politicians at their own game. But the task before him is not easy. The Democrats have been solid in the electoral campaign, because all of them realized that unity and discipline were their only chance of success. But it is no secret that they are divided, as were the old Republicans, on lines which may be described roughly as Conservative and Liberal, and it is inconceivable that the popularity of the Progressive platform with large sections of the electorate should not tend to accentuate the division. The Progressives, of course, hope that when the Democrats are exposed to the ordeal of office they will fail to satisfy the expectations of the masses as utterly as did the other of the two "regular" parties. Then, they think, will come the opportunity of the "Bull Moosers" and of their candidate, whom they hope to see chosen President in 1916.

The remote future of parties is, as our Washington correspondent says, as obscure as ever. The Democrats have to adapt their old traditions to the new movement, which has made itself felt with such sudden and startling force, and the Progressives have to take care that in fostering and stimulating that movement upon which their very existence depends, they do not marshall against them all the law-abiding and conservative instincts and habits which have hitherto permeated the masses of the nation. Both parties have as their chiefs men who understand that progress, whether social or political, must go hand in hand with order if it is to endure and to bear fruit. The success of the new President will depend largely upon his skill in inducing the more conservative wing of his followers to move fast enough, and the ultimate prospects of Mr. Roosevelt, upon his ability to keep the demands of the Progressive extremists within bounds. It is the will of the American people which must decide between them, and we confidently hope that in the future, as in the past, it will be determined by the strong common sense which has marked their action in all the crises of their history.—The London *Times*, November 8th, 1912.

WHAT COLLEGE STUDENTS READ

THE notion still lurks in some quarters that there are college men who are interested in other things than football; that somewhere in unregarded corners may be hiding students who are not adequately represented by half-page portraits of fierce fullbacks and mountainous centers. Such a class does exist, and while there is life in it, there is hope for the future of our colleges. What its interests are, what it studies, what it reads, what it thinks,

may reasonably claim consideration, even though it be a mere concern of education.

Information gathered at first-hand among several colleges would show that the larger number of students
5 who read for their own pleasure devote most time to newspapers and magazines. College men as a class know current news, at least from the headlines. They do not live a life of intellectual seclusion. In reading the news of the day, they turn first of all to the athletic events and
10 study the scores of all the games. It would be inexcusable not to know the record of each athlete. Of the magazines in the reading-room those that are devoted to current topics are invariably the most thumbworn.

The average college man, even when not a football
15 specialist, is not, as a rule, intellectually gifted; his tastes are not discriminating; they are very much like those of the rest of the world. Like a true American, he looks upon things literary and artistic as a casual amusement, an easy way of using up time—right enough if one happens to like
20 that sort of thing. The influence of the athletic ideal on the reading of the undergraduate is plain. He knows his Kipling and he loves his Jack London. "Those fellows are men," he remarks. "They can do things. They've got the goods with 'em." The self-glorification,
25 the brutality, the cynicism, and the sensationalism, of a man like London, answer exactly the demands of a new race of force-worshippers.

There is, of course, another side. There is a remnant. Though no student would dare raise his voice against
30 the precedence given to athletics, there are men in our colleges who are not ashamed to admit that they have a genuine liking for good literature; there are others, who, though they do not go so far as to confess it, yet indulge it privately in the quiet of their rooms. It would embarrass

them to be found on the campus with a copy of Pater in their hands; but when no one is looking they may furtively read a chapter of *Marius*.¹ The tastes of this small class are an interesting subject for investigation. But one must first draw the line between the reading that they⁵ do, along with many others, in connection with regular college courses—for example, a popular course in the history of English fiction—and what they do simply for their own recreation. The fact that a man elects courses in literature does not indicate, unfortunately, a true interest¹⁰ in the subject.

The frothier current fiction is little read in college. This is no great misfortune. A novel even of the selling powers of *The Masquerader*,² catches the attention of few collegians. This is in part due, no doubt, to the fact that¹⁵ most college libraries make no place for such books on their shelves. The number of students is naturally small who care to purchase their own novels. But there is a deeper reason. Students who read simply for a moment's diversion do not take time for novels, while those who read²⁰ with serious intention choose to invest their leisure where the returns will be of less questionable value. The college community is relatively free from the transient fads of the outer world. The fact that everybody is talking about *The House of Mirth* wins very few readers for Mrs. Whar-²⁵ton among undergraduates.

Our inquiries indicate that among the standard novelists Scott, Dumas, Dickens, and Stevenson are the best known. Thackeray and George Eliot find relatively few readers. They are considered rather slow. Dickens is usually³⁰ much admired or much disliked; he seems to excite more violence of opinion than any other popular novelist. The

¹ *Marius the Epicurean*, a narrative by Walter Pater.

² A novel by Anna Katharine Green.

judgment of the college reader is refreshingly candid—a candor, to be sure, that is often the result of ignorance. He does not care a rap for tradition, he decries authority. He likes to be an iconoclast. One student thus expressed
5 himself. “Frankly, now,” he said, “don’t you think that if the critics didn’t all run her down so, you’d call Marie Corelli as great a novelist as any of the century? The trouble is just this: the critics have got to be down on somebody, and they’ve chosen her just because she dares
10 to be original and different.”

With rare exceptions, the modern collegian does not read poetry unless he has to. He may study it in his regular college course; but that is a different matter. Except for a few admirers of say, Byron, Rossetti, and Stephen
15 Phillips, the spontaneous reading of poetry has gone to the wall in our colleges. Even the *Barrack-Room Ballads* and the *Seven Seas* seem to have had their day. An interesting complement to this statement is the direct testimony from four colleges that a rather widespread
20 interest is showing itself in the modern drama. Ibsen and Pinero and Jones and Maeterlinck are being read and discussed by a surprisingly large number of college men—men, too, who do very little serious reading along other lines.

25 Nevertheless, the man of aggressive literary enthusiasm finds a depressing indifference in the college community. It is stony ground. We speak, of course, only of rough averages. Conditions vary, and there are institutions where the work of a single professor may alter everything.
30 But, in general, the average student of literary leanings is aware that few sympathize with his taste. He comes to the discovery that the most convenient way of living with his fellows is to keep his reading to himself. One little group of four men in a certain college used to meet

every fortnight to read together a play of Sophocles or poems of Swinburne or an essay by Pater. But they never told their love. It would have been much easier to admit that one had been off on a drunk, than that one had been reading Sophocles for pleasure. 5

A turn of affairs for the better can hardly be looked for so long as the athletic ideal is tyrant. But the athletic ideal itself is the logical issue of American commercialism. People who value success above character must submit with what grace they can when their sons rank a football 10 victory above any college honor. That the word culture should sound remote and ridiculously priggish to a devotee of the new idolatry, is inevitable. Such a thing as intellectual discipline is a mere hobby of weak-eyed, unpractical professors. Reading stories and essays and 15 poems is the business of a five-o'clock tea specialist.—New York *Evening Post*, December 9, 1905.

THE FLUMMERY OF COLLEGE CAPS AND GOWNS

BY way of such explanation as may avert confusion of mind, the *Springfield Republican* has thought it well, in its issue of October 20, to devote half a column 20 of space to an explanation of the meaning of academic costumes, in the matter of stuffs, colors, forms, facings, linings, and the like.

In our very practical age one wonders as to the why and wherefore of these things; and, very reverently and 25 respectfully, I venture to ask Columbia University, whose statutes are cited as authoritative in such matters, why it should pass any such statutes, and why it should not recognize popular education and the universal ability to read, instead of cherishing those means of communication 30 which were necessary in medieval times when kings who

knew not how to write dipped their hands into ink and impressed them upon documents as a verification of their validity.

We all know how the cotton-velvet-clad stage king
5 certifies his will by giving his signet ring to the hero as an attestation. We wonder what he does for another signet ring in the meanwhile. But in our time men know how to read and write. If King Edward of England or John D. Rockefeller or J. P. Morgan or any other ruler of men
10 wishes to make his will known, he takes up a pad and writes on it what he wishes to say and signs his name at the bottom, and that half sheet of paper is potent to transfer multitudinous millions or to change the policy of great corporations or to do anything else that the writer
15 directs.

Why should our colleges and universities—which are founded upon the idea of the ability of men to read and write—cherish and preserve the traditions of a more ignorant age and dignify them with the recognition of university
20 statutes? Why should not these great agencies of modern education be the foremost leaders in the use of modern means for the communication of ideas?

Thus we are told that on a college platform a hood faced with scarlet means that its wearer has a degree in divinity;
25 that one faced with purple means a degree in law; one in green a degree in medicine, and so on to the end of the curious chapter. But why all this flummery in an age when all men know how to read? Why should not the several bachelors and doctors of divinity, law, medicine,
30 and the rest simply inscribe their respective degrees on the dressing-gowns or bath robes that they wear at commencements and upon other occasions of scholastic state? Then everybody would understand. Or better still, why should not our universities put aside this medieval

flummery altogether and stand bravely upon their merits as institutions that educate modern men for modern life? The cap and gown are simply relics of a time when education was monastic and its recipients were clerics. In our time they are lies. Why not be honest and abolish 5 them? The newspapers every year record the names of those who receive degrees at the hands of our great universities—whether real degrees, conferred as the recognition and reward of actual study, or honorary degrees, conferred for less worthy reasons. The cyclopedias and 10 dictionaries of biography never omit to give one who achieves anything worth while credit for all his degrees, as well as for all his actual achievements in scholarship. Why not leave the matter at that? What is the use of all this millinery of caps and gowns, with their silk or their 15 fustian, their purples and yellows, their dark and light blues, their scarlets, and all the rest of it?

Are not these flummeries distinctly unworthy of the universities of an age and country that looks more to the future than to the past and regards condition as a thing of 20 greater worth than tradition?

Is it not the duty of our educational institutions to teach young men to “look forward, not backward, out and not in, up and not down?”—George Cary Eggleston, in *New York Times (Saturday Review)*, Nov. 2, 1901. 25

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Classes should begin later (or earlier) in the morning at — College.

Is the spirit of democracy disappearing at — College?

Should Freshmen be obliged to wear class hats?

The evil (benefits) of a class “rush.”

Why more men are not out for the crew, (basket-ball, track, etc.)

The desirability (or futility) of “simplified spelling.”

“Yellow” journalism and “yellow” drama.
 The influence of the Sunday comic supplement.
 Should chapel exercises be abolished? (resumed?)
 Is student self-government practicable?

MEMORY ¹

WILLIAM JAMES

MEMORY proper, or secondary memory as it might be styled, is the knowledge of a former state of mind after it has already once dropped from consciousness; or rather *it is the knowledge of an event, or fact, of which* 5 *meantime we have not been thinking, with the additional consciousness that we have thought or experienced it before.*

The first element which such a knowledge involves would seem to be the revival in the mind of an image or copy of the original event. And it is an assumption made 10 by many writers that such revival of an image is all that is needed to constitute the memory of the original occurrence. But such a revival is obviously not a *memory*, whatever else it may be; it is simply a duplicate, a second event, having absolutely no connection with the first event 15 except that it happens to resemble it. The clock strikes to-day; it struck yesterday; and may strike a million times ere it wears out. The rain pours through the gutter this week; it did so last week; and will do so *in sæcula sæculorum*.² But does the present clock-stroke become aware 20 of the past ones, or the present stream recollect the past stream because they repeat and resemble them? Assuredly not. And let it not be said that this is because clock-strokes and gutters are physical and not psychical objects; for psychical objects (sensations, for example,) simply

¹ *A Briefer Course in Psychology*, Henry Holt & Co.

² For ever and ever.

recurring in successive editions will remember each other *on that account* no more than clock-strokes do. No memory is involved in the mere fact of recurrence. The successive editions of a feeling are so many independent events, each snug in its own skin. Yesterday's feeling is 5 dead and buried; and the presence of to-day's is no reason why it should resuscitate along with to-day's. A farther condition is required before the present image can be held to stand for a *past original*.

That condition is that the fact imaged be *expressly* 10 *referred to the past*, thought as *in the past*. But how can we think a thing as in the past, except by thinking of the past together with the thing, and of the relation of the two? And how can we think of the past? In the chapter on Time-perception we have seen that our intuitive or im- 15 mediate consciousness of pastness hardly carries us more than a few seconds backward of the present instant of time. Remote dates are conceived, not perceived; known symbolically by names, such as "last week," "1850"; or thought of by events which happened in them, as the 20 year in which we attended such a school, or met with such a loss. So that if we wish to think of a particular past epoch, we must think of a name or other symbol, or else of certain concrete events, associated therewithal. Both must be thought of, to think the past epoch adequately. 25 And to "refer" any special fact to the past epoch is to think that fact *with* the names and events which characterize its date; to think it, in short, with a lot of contiguous associates.

But even this would not be memory. Memory requires 30 more than mere dating of a fact in the past. It must be dated in *my* past. In other words, I must think that I directly experienced its occurrence. It must have that "warmth and intimacy" which were so often spoken of

in the chapter on the Self, as characterizing all experiences "appropriated" by the thinker as his own.

A general feeling of the past direction in time, then, a particular date conceived as lying along that direction, and defined by its name or phenomenal contents, an event imagined as located therein, and owned as part of my experience,—such are the elements of every object of memory.

LABOUR¹

WILLIAM STANLEY JEVONS

IT is easy to meet with definitions, or at least descriptions, of the term labour, especially among non-British economists. We need hardly notice the definition of Cicero, who says, "*Labor est functio quædam vel animi vel corporis.*"² If we are thus to make labour include all action of mind or body, it includes all life. . . . Malthus expressly defines labour as follows: "The exertions of human beings employed with a view to remuneration. If the term be applied to other exertions, they must be particularly specified." In this proposition, however, the word remuneration is very uncertain in meaning. Does it mean only wages paid by other persons than the labourer, or does it include the benefit which a labourer may gain directly from his own labour? . . .

It is plain that labour must consist of some energy or action of the body or mind, but it does not follow that every kind of exertion is to be treated in economics. Lay has restricted the term by the following concise definition: "*Travail; action suivie, dirigée vers un but.*"³ The action

¹ *The Principles of Economics*, pp. 72-76. Macmillan & Co., 1905.

² "Work is a certain function either of mind or of body."

³ "Work; activity followed up, directed toward a [definite] end."

here contemplated excludes mere play and sport, which carries its whole purpose with it. There must be some extrinsic benefit to be purchased by the action, which moreover must be continued, consistent action, directed steadily to the same end. This correctly describes the 5 great mass of economic labour which is directed simply to the earning of wages and the producing of the commodities which eventually constitute wages. But there is nothing in this definition to exclude the long-continued exertions of a boat's crew training for a race, the steady 10 practice of a company of cricketers, or even the regular constitutional walk of the student who values his good health. Moreover, no considerable continuity of labour is requisite to bring it under economic laws. A poor man who gathers groundsell in the morning and sells it about 15 the streets the same afternoon may complete the circle of economic action within twenty-four hours.

* * * * *

Senior¹ has given a definition of the term in question, saying, "Labour is the voluntary exertion of bodily or mental faculties for the purpose of production." Here 20 the term production is made the scapegoat. Does production include the production of pleasure or prevention of pain in every way? Does it include the training of the cricketer? The word "voluntary," again, excludes the forced labour of slaves and prisoners, not to speak of 25 draught animals. Yet many economic questions arise about the productiveness of the exertions of such agents. . . .

Some later economists consider pain or disagreeableness to be a necessary characteristic of labour, and probably 30 with correctness. Thus Mill defines labour as "muscular

¹Senior, J. S. Mill, Hearn, noted economists of the nineteenth century.

or nervous action, including all feelings of a disagreeable kind, all bodily inconvenience or mental annoyance connected with the employment of one's thoughts or muscles, or both, in a particular occupation." He seems
5 to intend that only what is disagreeable, inconvenient, or annoying, shall be included. Professor Hearn also says that such effort as the term labour seems to imply is "more or less troublesome." It may be added that in all the dictionaries pain seems to be regarded as a necessary
10 constituent of labour.

Nevertheless it cannot possibly be said that all economic labour is simple pain. Beyond doubt a workman in good health and spirits, and fresh from a good night's rest actually enjoys the customary exertion of his morning task.
15 To a man brought up in the steady round of daily trade and labour, inactivity soon becomes tedious. Happiness has been defined as the reflex of unimpeded energy, and whatever exactly this may mean, there can be no doubt that any considerable degree of pleasure can be
20 attained only by setting up some end to be worked for and then working. The real solution of the difficulty seems to be this—that, however agreeable labour may be when the muscles are recruited and the nerves unstrained, the hedonic condition is always changed as the labour
25 proceeds. As we shall see, continued labour grows more and more painful, and when long-continued becomes almost intolerable. However pleasurable the beginning, the pleasure merges into pain. Now when we are engaged in mere sport, devoid of any conscious perception of
30 future good or evil, exertion will not continue beyond the point when present pain and pleasure are balanced. No motive can exist for further action. But when we have any future utility in view the case is different. The mind of the labourer balances present pain against future

good, so that the labour before it is terminated becomes purely painful. Now the problems and theorems of economics always turn upon the point where equality or equilibrium is attained; when labour is itself pleasurable no questions can arise about its continuance. There is 5 the double gain—the pleasure of the labour itself and the pleasure of gaining its produce. No complicated calculus is needed where all is happy and certain. It is on this ground that we may probably dismiss from economic science all sports and other exertions to which may be 10 applied the maxim—leave off as soon as you feel inclined. But it is far otherwise with that advanced point of economic labour when the question arises whether more labour will be repaid by the probability of future good.

I am by no means sure that it is possible to embody 15 in a single definition the view here put forward. If obliged to attempt a definition, I should say that labour includes all exertion of body ^{and}_{or} mind eventually becoming painful if prolonged, and not wholly undertaken for the sake of immediate pleasure. This proposition plainly includes 20 all painful exertion which we undergo in order to gain future pleasures or to ward off pains, in such a way as to leave a probable hedonic balance in our favor; but it does not exclude exertion which, even at the time of exertion, is producing such a balance.

AMERICANISM—AN ATTEMPT AT A
DEFINITION ¹

BRANDER MATTHEWS

THERE are many words in circulation among us which we understand fairly well, which we use ourselves, and which we should, however, find it difficult to define. I think that *Americanism* is one of these words; and I think also it is well for us to inquire into the exact meaning of this word, which is often most carelessly employed. More than once of late we have heard a public man praised for his "aggressive Americanism," and occasionally we have seen a man of letters denounced for his "lack of Americanism." Now what does the word really mean when it is thus used?

It means, first of all, a love for this country of ours, an appreciation of the institutions of this nation, a pride in the history of this people to which we belong. And to this extent *Americanism* is simply another word for *patriotism*. But it means, also, I think, more than this: it means a frank acceptance of the principles which underlie our government here in the United States. It means, therefore, a faith in our fellowman, a belief in liberty and in equality. It implies, further, so it seems to me, a confidence in the future of this country, a confidence in its destiny, a buoyant hopefulness that the right will surely prevail.

In so far as Americanism is merely patriotism, it is a very good thing. The man who does not think his own country the finest in the world is either a pretty poor sort

¹ Reprinted by permission of the author from *Parts of Speech: Essays on English*. Copyright, 1901, by Brander Matthews. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1901.

of man or else he has a pretty poor sort of country. If any people have not patriotism enough to make them willing to die that the nation may live, then that people will soon be pushed aside in the struggle of life, and that nation will be trampled upon and crushed; probably it will be conquered and absorbed by some race of a stronger fiber and of a sterner stock. Perhaps it is difficult to declare precisely which is the more pernicious citizen of a republic when there is danger of war with another nation—the man who wants to fight, right or wrong, or the man who does not want to fight, right or wrong; the hot-headed fellow who would plunge the country into a deadly struggle without first exhausting every possible chance to obtain an honorable peace, or the cold-blooded person who would willingly give up anything and everything, including honor itself, sooner than risk the loss of money which every war surely entails. “My country, right or wrong,” is a good motto only when we add to it, “and if she is in the wrong, I’ll help to put her in the right.” To shrink absolutely from a fight where honor is really at stake, this is the act of a coward. To rush violently into a quarrel when war can be avoided without the sacrifice of things dearer than life, this is the act of a fool.

True patriotism is quiet, simple, dignified, it is not blatant, verbose, vociferous. The noisy shriekers who go about with a chip on their shoulders, and cry aloud for war upon the slightest provocation, belong to the class contemptuously known as “Jingoes.” They may be patriotic,—and as a fact they often are,—but their patriotism is too frothy, too hysteric, too unintelligent, to inspire confidence. True patriotism is not swift to resent an insult; on the contrary, it is slow to take offense, slow to believe that an insult could have been intended. True patriotism, believing fully in the honesty of its own acts,

assumes also that others are acting with the same honesty. True patriotism, having a solid pride in the power and resources of our country, doubts always the likelihood of any other nation's being willing carelessly to arouse our
5 enmity.

In so far, therefore, as Americanism is merely patriotism it is a very good thing, as I have tried to point out. But, Americanism is something more than patriotism. It calls not only for love of our common country, but also for
10 respect for our fellow-man. It implies an actual acceptance of equality as a fact. It means a willingness always to act on the theory, not that "I'm as good as the other man," but that "the other man is as good as I am." It means leveling up rather than leveling down. It
15 means a regard for law, and a desire to gain our wishes and to advance our ideas always decently and in order, and with deference to the wishes and ideas of others. It leads a man always to acknowledge the good faith of those with whom he is contending, whether the contest is one
20 of sport or of politics. It prevents a man from declaring, or even from thinking, that all the right is on his side, and that all the honest people in the country are necessarily of his opinion.

And, further, it seems to me that true Americanism has
25 faith and hope. It believes that the world is getting better, if not year by year, at least century by century; and it believes also that in this steady improvement of the condition of mankind these United States are destined to do their full share. It holds that, bad as many things may
30 seem to be to-day, they were worse yesterday, and they will be better to-morrow. However dark the outlook for any given cause may be at any moment, the man imbued with the true spirit of Americanism never abandons hope and never relaxes effort; he feels sure that

everything comes to him who waits. He knows that all reforms are inevitable in the long run; and that if they do not finally establish themselves, it is because they are not really reforms, though for a time they may have seemed to be.

5

And a knowledge of the history of the American people will supply ample reason for this faith in the future. The sin of negro-slavery never seemed to be more secure from overthrow than it did in the ten years before it was finally abolished. A study of the political methods of the past will show that there has been immense improvement in many respects; and it is perhaps in our political methods that we Americans are most open to censure. That there was no deterioration of the moral stamina of the whole people during the first century of the American republic any student can make sure of by comparing the spirit which animated the inhabitants of the thirteen Colonies during the Revolution with the spirit which animated the population of the Northern States (and of the Southern no less) during the Civil War. We are accustomed to sing the praises of our grandfathers who won our independence, and very properly; but our grandchildren will have also to sing the praises of our fathers who stood up against one another for four years of the hardest fighting the world has ever seen, bearing the burdens of a protracted struggle with an uncomplaining cheerfulness which was not a characteristic of the earlier war.

True Americanism is sturdy but modest. It is as far removed from "Jingoism" in times of trouble as it is from "Spread-Eagleism" in times of peace. It is neither vainglorious nor boastful. It knows that the world was not created in 1492, and that July 4, 1776, is not the most important date in the whole history of mankind. It does not overestimate the contribution which America has made

to the rest of the world, nor does it underestimate this contribution. True Americanism, as I have said, has a pride in the past of this great country of ours, and a faith in the future; but none the less it is not so foolish as to think that all is perfection on this side of the Atlantic, and that all is imperfection on the other side.

It knows that some things are better here than anywhere else in the world, that some things are no better, and that some things are not so good in America as they are in Europe. For example, probably the institutions of the nation fit the needs of the population with less friction here in the United States than in any other country in the world. But probably also, there is no other one of the great nations of the world in which the government of the large cities is so wasteful and so negligent.

True Americanism recognizes the fact that America is the heir of the ages, and that it is for us to profit as best we can by the experience of Europe, not copying servilely what has been successful in the old world, but modifying what we borrow in accord with our own needs and our own conditions. It knows, and it has no hesitation in declaring, that we must always be the judges ourselves as to whether or not we shall follow the example of Europe. Many times we have refused to walk in the path of European precedent, preferring very properly to blaze out a track for ourselves. More often than not this independence was wise, but now and again it was unwise.

Finally, one more quality of true Americanism must be pointed out. It is not sectional. It does not dislike an idea, a man, or a political party because that idea, that man, or that party comes from a certain part of the country. It permits a man to have a healthy pride in being a son of Virginia, a citizen of New York, a native of Massachusetts, but only on condition that he has a pride still

stronger that he is an American, a citizen of the United States. True Americanism is never sectional. It knows no North and no South, no East and no West. And as it has no sectional likes and dislikes, so it has no international likes and dislikes. It never puts itself in the attitude of the Englishman who said, "I've no prejudices, thank Heaven, but I do hate a Frenchman!" It frowns upon all appeals to the former allegiance of naturalized citizens of this country; and it thinks that it ought to be enough for any man to be an American without the aid of the hyphen which makes him a British-American, an Irish-American, or a German-American.

True Americanism, to conclude, feels that a land which bred Washington and Franklin in the last century, and Emerson and Lincoln in this century, and which opens its schools wide to give every boy the chance to model himself on these great men, is a land deserving of Lowell's praise as "a good country to live in, a good country to live for, and a good country to die for."

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Define and illustrate, in one or several meanings, any one of the following terms.

Religion.	Faith.
College Spirit.	Romance.
Honor.	Citizenship.
Heroism.	Eternity.
Value.	Snobbishness.
Society.	Peace.
Charity.	Scholarship.

WIT AND HUMOR¹

E. P. WHIPPLE

WIT was originally a general name for all the intellectual powers, meaning the faculty which kens, perceives, knows, understands; it was gradually narrowed in its significance to express merely the resemblance between ideas; and lastly to note that resemblance when it occasioned ludicrous surprise. It marries ideas, lying wide apart, by a sudden jerk of the understanding. Humor originally meant moisture, a signification it metaphorically retains, for it is the very juice of the mind, oozing from the brain, and enriching and fertilizing wherever it falls. Wit exists by antipathy; Humor by sympathy. Wit laughs *at* things; Humor laughs *with* them. Wit lashes external appearances, or cunningly exaggerates single foibles into character; Humor glides into the heart of its object, looks lovingly on the infirmities it detects, and represents the whole man. Wit is abrupt, darting, scornful, and tosses its analogies in your face; Humor is slow and shy, insinuating its fun into your heart. Wit is negative, analytical, destructive; Humor is creative. The couplets of Pope are witty, but Sancho Panza² is a humorous creation. Wit, when earnest, has the earnestness of passion, seeking to destroy; Humor has the earnestness of affection, and would lift up what is seemingly low into our charity and love. Wit, bright, rapid, and blasting as the lightning, flashes, strikes, and vanishes, in an instant; Humor, warm and all-embracing as the sunshine, bathes its objects in a genial and abiding light. Wit implies

¹ From *Literature and Life*, pp. 91-93. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

² The "round, selfish, and self-important" squire of Don Quixote, in Cervantes's romance of that name.

hatred or contempt of folly and crime, produces its effects by brisk shocks of surprise, uses the whip of scorpions, and the branding-iron, stabs, stings, pinches, tortures, goads, teases, corrodes, undermines; Humor implies a sure conception of the beautiful, the majestic, and the true, by whose light it surveys and shapes their opposites. It is an humane influence, softening with mirth the ragged inequalities of existence, promoting tolerant views of life, bridging over the spaces which separate the lofty from the lowly, the great from the humble. Old Dr. Fuller's remark, that a negro is "the image of God cut in ebony," is humorous; Horace Smith's inversion of it, that the task-master is the "image of the devil cut in ivory," is witty. Wit can co-exist with fierce and malignant passions; but Humor demands good feeling and fellow-feeling, not merely for what is above us, but for what is around and beneath us. When Wit and Humor are commingled, the result is a genial sharpness, dealing with its objects somewhat as old Izaak Walton¹ dealt with the frog he used for bait,—running the hook neatly through his mouth and out at his gills, and in so doing "using him as though he loved him!" Sidney Smith and Shakespeare's Touchstone² are examples.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Genius and Talent.	Fame and Notoriety.
Culture and Education.	Conventionality and Propriety.
Fancy and Imagination.	Truth and Veracity.
Learning and Knowledge.	Work and Labor.
Life and Existence.	Sentiment and Feeling.

¹ A noted English writer of the seventeenth century; author of *The Complete Angler*, a celebrated treatise on fishing.

² Sidney Smith (1771-1845), English clergyman, wit, and essayist; Touchstone, the fool in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.

APPRECIATION ¹

WALTER PATER

MANY attempts have been made by writers on art and poetry to define beauty in the abstract, to express it in the most general terms, to find a universal formula for it. The value of these attempts has most often been 5 in the suggestive and penetrating things said by the way. Such discussions help us very little to enjoy what has been well done in art or poetry, to discriminate between what is more and what is less excellent in them, or to use words like beauty, excellence, art, poetry, with a more precise 10 meaning than they would otherwise have. Beauty, like all other qualities represented to human experience, is relative; and the definition of it becomes unmeaning and useless in proportion to its abstractness. To define beauty, not in the most abstract, but in the most concrete terms 15 possible, to find, not a universal formula for it, but the formula which expresses most adequately this or that special manifestation of it, is the aim of the true student of esthetics.

“To see the object as in itself it really is,” has been 20 justly said to be the aim of all true criticism whatever; and in esthetic criticism the first step toward seeing one’s object as it really is, is to know one’s own impression as it really is, to discriminate it, to realize it distinctly. The objects with which esthetic criticism deals—music, poetry, 25 artistic and accomplished forms of human life—are indeed receptacles of so many powers or forces: they possess, like the products of nature, so many virtues or qualities. What is this song or picture, this engaging personality presented in life or in a book, to *me*? What effect does it really

¹ *The Renaissance*, Preface, pp. ix-xiii,

produce on me? Does it give me pleasure? and if so, what sort or degree of pleasure? How is my nature modified by its presence, and under its influence? The answers to these questions are the original facts with which the esthetic critic has to do; and as in the study of light, of 5 morals, of number, one must realize such primary data for oneself, or not at all. And he who experiences these impressions strongly, and drives directly at the discrimination and analysis of them, has no need to trouble himself with the abstract question what beauty is in it- 10 self or what its exact relation to truth or experience—metaphysical questions, as unprofitable as metaphysical questions elsewhere. He may pass them all by as being, answerable or not, of no interest to him.

The esthetic critic, then, regards all the objects with 15 which he has to do, all works of art, and the fairer forms of nature and human life, as powers or forces producing pleasurable sensations, each of a more or less peculiar or unique kind. This influence he feels, and wishes to explain, analysing it, and reducing it to its elements. 20 To him, the picture, the landscape, the engaging personality in life or in a book, *La Gioconda*,¹ the hills of Carrara, Pico of Mirandola,² are valuable for their virtues, as we say in speaking of a herb, a wine, a gem; for the property each has of affecting one with a special, unique impression 25 of pleasure. Our education becomes complete in proportion as our susceptibility to these impressions increases in depth and variety. And the function of the esthetic critic is to distinguish, analyse, and separate from its

¹ *La Gioconda*, a famous portrait by Leonardo da Vinci. It hung in the Louvre, at Paris, until its mysterious disappearance from that gallery, in August, 1911. It represents "La Gioconda," the wife of the Florentine gentleman, Francesco del Giocondo, and is often called Mona (Madonna) Lisa.

² Giovanni Pico, Count of Mirandola (1463-1494), Italian humanist, scholar, and philosopher.

adjuncts, the virtue by which a picture, a landscape, a fair personality in life or in a book, produces this special impression of beauty or pleasure, to indicate what the source of that impression is, and under what conditions it is experienced. His end is reached when he has disengaged that virtue, and noted it, as a chemist notes some natural element, for himself and others, and the rule for those who would reach this end is stated with great exactness in the words of a recent critic of Sainte-Beuve: ¹
 10 “*De se borner à connaître de près les belles choses, et à s'en nourrir en exquis amateurs, en humanistes accomplis.*” ²

What is important, then, is not that the critic should possess a correct abstract definition of beauty for the intellect, but a certain kind of temperament, the power of being
 15 deeply moved by the presence of beautiful objects. He will remember always that beauty exists in many forms. To him all periods, types, schools of taste, are in themselves equal. In all ages there have been some excellent workmen, and some excellent work done. The question he
 20 asks is always:—In whom did the stir, the genius, the sentiment of the period find itself? Where was the receptacle of its refinement, its elevation, its taste? “The ages are all equal,” says William Blake,³ “but genius is always above its age.”

25 Often it will require great nicety to disengage this virtue from the commoner elements with which it may be found in combination. Few artists, not Goethe or Byron even, work quite cleanly, casting off all *débris*, and leaving us only what the heat of their imagination has wholly
 30 fused and transformed. Take, for instance, the writings

¹ Sainte-Beuve (1804–1869), a French poet and critic.

² To confine one's self to knowing beauty at first hand, and to feeding upon it as a refined devotee, or a skilled humanist.

³ William Blake (1757–1827), a noted English poet, engraver, and painter.

of Wordsworth. The heat of his genius, entering into the substance of his work, has crystallized a part, but only a part, of it; and in that great mass of verse there is much which might well be forgotten. But scattered up and down it, sometimes fusing and transforming entire com- 5 positions, like the stanzas on *Resolution and Independence* and the ode on the *Recollections of Childhood*, sometimes, as if at random, depositing a fine crystal here or there, in a matter it does not wholly search through and transform, we trace the action of his unique, incommunicable faculty, 10 that strange, mystical sense of a life in natural things, and of man's life as a part of nature, drawing strength and color and character from local influences, from the hills and streams, and from natural sights and sounds. Well! that is the *virtue*, the active principle in Wordsworth's 15 poetry; and then the function of the critic of Wordsworth is to follow up that active principle, to disengage it, to mark the degree in which it penetrates his verse.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Write an "appreciation" of a picture; of a landscape; of a "fair personality in life or in a book."

Criticize, in the manner of Pater, a statue; a piece of music; a poem.

College spirit.

Democracy in college life.

My prejudices.

THE LAMPS OF FICTION ¹

GOLDWIN SMITH

RUSKIN has lighted seven lamps of Architecture, to guide the steps of the architect in the worthy practice of his art. It seems time that some lamps should be lighted to guide the steps of the writer of Fiction. Think what the influence of novelists now is, and how some of them use it! Think of the multitudes who read nothing but novels; and then look into the novels which they read! I have seen a young man's whole library consisting of thirty or forty of those paper-bound volumes, which are the bad tobacco of the mind. In England I looked over three railway book-stalls in one day. There was hardly a novel by an author of any repute on one of them. They were heaps of nameless garbage, commended by tasteless, flaunting woodcuts, the promise of which was no doubt well kept within. Fed upon such food daily, what will the mind of a nation be? I say that there is no flame at which we can light the Lamp of Fiction purer or brighter than the genius of him in honor to whose memory we are assembled here to-day. Scott does not moralize. Heaven be praised that he does not. He does not set a moral object before him, nor lay down moral rules. But his heart, brave, pure and true, is a law to itself; and by studying what he does we may find the law for all who follow his calling. If seven lamps have been lighted for architecture, Scott will light as many for fiction.

I. *The Lamp of Reality.*—The novelist must ground his work in faithful study of human nature. There was

¹ Reprinted, by special permission, from *Lectures and Essays*, by Goldwin Smith (New York, The Macmillan Company, 1881). Spoken on the centenary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott.

a popular writer of romances, who, it was said, used to go round to the fashionable watering-places to pick up characters. That was better than nothing. There is another popular writer who, it seems, makes voluminous indices of men and things, and draws on them for his material. 5 This also is better than nothing. For some writers, and writers dear to the circulating libraries, too, might, for all that appears in their works, lie in bed all day, and write by night under the excitement of green tea. Creative art, I suppose, they call this, and it is creative with a 10 vengeance. Not so, Scott. The human nature which he paints, he had seen in all its phases, gentle and simple, in burgher and shepherd, Highlander, Lowlander, Borderer, and Islesman; he had come into close contact with it; he had opened it to himself by the talisman of his joyous 15 and winning presence: he had studied it thoroughly with a clear eye and an all-embracing heart. When his scenes are laid in the past, he has honestly studied the history. The history of his novels is perhaps not critically accurate, not up to the mark of our present knowledge, but in 20 the main it is sound and true—sounder and more true than that of many professed historians, and even than that of his own historical works, in which he sometimes yields to prejudice, while in his novels he is lifted above it by his loyalty to his art. 25

II. *The Lamp of Ideality*.—The materials of the novelist must be real; they must be gathered from the field of humanity by his actual observation. But they must pass through the crucible of the imagination; they must be idealized. The artist is not a photographer, but 30 a painter. He must depict not persons but humanity, otherwise he forfeits the artist's name, and the power of doing the artist's work in our hearts. When we see a novelist bring out a novel with one or two good characters,

and then, at the fatal bidding of the bookseller, go on manufacturing his yearly volume, and giving us the same character or the same few characters over and over again, we may be sure that he is without the power of idealization. He has merely photographed what he has seen, and his stock is exhausted. It is wonderful what a quantity of the mere lees of such writers, more and more watered down, the libraries go on complacently circulating, and the reviews go on complacently reviewing. Of course, this power of idealization is the great gift of genius. It is that which distinguishes Homer, Shakespeare, and Walter Scott, from ordinary men. But there is also a moral effort in rising above the easy work of mere description to the height of art. Need it be said that Scott is thoroughly real? There are vague traditions that this man and the other was the original of some character in Scott. But who can point out the man of whom a character in Scott is a mere portrait? It would be as hard as to point out a case of servile delineation in Shakespeare. Scott's characters are never monsters or caricatures. They are full of nature; but it is the universal nature. Therefore they have their place in the universal heart, and will keep that place forever. And mark that even in his historical novels he is still ideal. Historical romance is a perilous thing. The fiction is apt to spoil the fact and the fact the fiction; the history to be perverted and the romance to be shackled: daylight to kill dreamlight, and dreamlight to kill daylight. But Scott takes few liberties with historical facts and characters; he treats them with the costume and the manners of the period, as the background of the picture. The personages with whom he deals freely, are the Peverils and the Nigels;¹ and these are his

¹ Characters in two of Scott's novels, *Peveril of the Peak*, and *The Fortunes of Nigel*.

lawful property, the offspring of his own imagination, and belong to the ideal.

III. *The Lamp of Impartiality.*—The novelist must look on humanity without partiality or prejudice. His sympathy, like that of the historian, must be unbounded, 5 and untainted by sect or party. He must see everywhere the good that is mixed with evil, the evil that is mixed with good. And this he will not do, unless his heart is right. It is in Scott's historical novels that his impartiality is most severely tried and is most apparent; though it 10 is apparent in all his works. Shakespeare was a pure dramatist; nothing but art found a home in that lofty, smooth, idealistic brow. He stands apart not only from the political and religious passions but from the interests of his time, seeming hardly to have any historical surroundings, but 15 to shine like a planet suspended by itself in the sky. So it is with that female Shakespeare in miniature, Miss Austen.¹ But Scott took the most intense interest in the political struggles of his time. He was a fiery partisan, a Tory in arms against the French Revolution. In his 20 account of the coronation of George IV a passionate worship of monarchy breaks forth, which, if we did not know his noble nature, we might call slavish. He sacrificed ease, and at last life, to his seignorial aspirations. On one occasion he was even carried beyond the bounds 25 of propriety by his opposition to the Whig chief. The Cavalier was his political ancestor, the Covenanter the ancestor of his political enemy. The idols which the covenanting iconoclast broke were his. He would have fought against the first revolution under Montrose, and against 30 the second under Dundee. Yet he is perfectly, serenely just to the opposite party. Not only is he just, he is sympathetic. He brings out their worth, their valor, such

¹ Jane Austen (1775-1817), a noted English novelist.

grandeur of character as they have, with all the power of his art, making no distinction in this respect between friend and foe. If they have a ridiculous side he uses it for the purposes of his art, but genially, playfully, 5 without malice. If there was a laugh left in the Covenanters, they would have laughed at their own portraits as painted by Scott. He shows no hatred of anything but wickedness itself. Such a novelist is a most effective preacher of liberality and charity; he brings our hearts 10 nearer to the Impartial Father of us all.

IV. *The Lamp of Impersonality.*—Personality is lower than partiality. Dante himself is open to the suspicion of partiality; it is said, not without apparent ground, that he puts into hell all the enemies of the political 15 cause which, in his eyes, was that of Italy and God. A legend tells that Leonardo da Vinci was warned that his divine picture of the Last Supper would fade, because he had introduced his personal enemy as Judas, and thus desecrated art by making it serve personal hatred. The 20 legend must be false; Leonardo had too grand a soul. A wretched woman in England, at the beginning of the last century, Mrs. Manley, systematically employed fiction as a cover for personal libel; but such an abuse of art as this could be practised or countenanced only by 25 the vile. Novelists, however, often debase fiction by obtruding their personal vanities, favoritisms, fanaticisms, and antipathies. We had, the other day, a novel, the author of which introduced himself almost by name as a heroic character, with the description of his own personal 30 appearance, residence, and habits as fond fancy painted them to himself. There is a novelist who is a man of fashion, and who makes the age of the heroes in his successive novels advance with his own, so that at last we shall have irresistible fascination at seven score years

and ten. But the commonest and the most mischievous way in which personality breaks out is pamphleteering under the guise of fiction. One novel is a pamphlet against lunatic asylums, another against model prisons, a third against the poor law, a fourth against the govern- 5 ment offices, a fifth against trade unions. In these pretended works of imagination facts are coined in support of a crotchet or an antipathy with all the license of fiction; calumny revels without restraint, and no cause is served except that of falsehood and injustice. A writer takes 10 offense at the excessive popularity of athletic sports; instead of bringing out an accurate and conscientious treatise to advocate moderation, he lets fly a novel painting the typical boating man as a seducer of confiding women, the betrayer of his friend, and the murderer of his 15 wife. Religious zealots are very apt to take this method of enlisting imagination, as they think, on the one side of truth. We had once a high Anglican novel in which the Papist was eaten alive by rats, and the Rationalist and Republican was slowly seethed in molten lead, the 20 fate of each being, of course, a just judgment of heaven on those who presumed to differ from the author. Thus the voice of morality is confounded with that of tyrannical petulance and self-love. Not only is Scott not personal, but we cannot conceive his being so. We cannot 25 think it possible that he should degrade his art by the indulgence of egotism, or crotchets, or petty piques. Least of all can we think it possible that his high and gallant nature should use art as a cover for striking a foul blow.

V. *The Lamp of Purity*.—I heard Thackeray thank 30 Heaven for the purity of Dickens. I thanked Heaven for the purity of a greater than Dickens—Thackeray himself. We may all thank Heaven for the purity of one still greater than either, Sir Walter Scott. I say still

greater morally, as well as in power as an artist, because in Thackeray there is cynicism, though the more genial and healthy element predominates; and cynicism, which is not good in the great writer, becomes very bad in the
5 little reader. We know what most of the novels were before Scott. We know the impurity, half-redcedmed, of Fielding, the unredeemed impurity of Smollett, the lecherous leer of Sterne, the coarseness even of Defoe. Parts of Richardson himself could not be read by a woman
10 without a blush. As to French novels, Carlyle says of one of the most famous of the last century that after reading it you ought to wash seven times in Jordan; but after reading the French novels of the present day, in which lewdness is sprinkled with sentimental rosewater,
15 and deodorized, but by no means disinfected, your washings had better be seventy times seven. There is no justification for this; it is mere pandering, under whatever pretense, to evil propensities; it makes the divine art of fiction "procuress to Lords of Hell." If our established
20 morality is in any way narrow and unjust, appeal to Philosophy, not to Comus;¹ and remember that the mass of readers are not philosophers. Coleridge pledges himself to find the deepest sermons under the filth of Rabelais; but Coleridge alone finds the sermons while
25 everybody finds the filth. Impure novels have brought and are bringing much misery on the world. Scott's purity is not that of cloistered innocence and inexperience, it is the manly purity of one who has seen the world, mingled with men of the world, known evil as well as
30 good; but who, being a true gentleman, abhorred filth, and teaches us to abhor it too.

VI. *The Lamp of Humanity*.—One day we see the walls placarded with the advertising woodcut of a sensational

¹ Comus, in later classical mythology, the god of mirth.

novel representing a girl tied to a table and a man cutting off her feet into a tub. Another day we are allured by a picture of a woman sitting at a sewing-machine and a man seizing her behind by the hair, and lifting a club to knock her brains out. A French novelist stimulates your jaded 5 palate by introducing a duel fought with butchers' knives by the light of lanterns. One genius subsists by murder, as another does by bigamy and adultery. Scott would have recoiled from the blood as well as from the or-
10 dure; he would have allowed neither to defile his noble page. He knew that there was no pretense for bringing before a reader what is merely horrible; that by doing so you only stimulate passions as low as licentiousness itself—the passions which were stimulated by the glad-
15 iatorial shows in degraded Rome, which are stimulated by the bull-fights in degraded Spain, which are stimulated among ourselves by exhibitions the attraction of which really consists in their imperilling human life. He knew that a novelist had no right even to introduce
20 the terrible except for the purpose of exhibiting human heroism, developing character, awakening emotions which, when awakened, dignify and save from harm. It is want of genius and of knowledge of their craft that drives novelists to outrage humanity with horrors. Miss Austen
25 can interest and even excite you as much with the little domestic adventures of Emma as some of her rivals can with a whole Newgate calendar of guilt and gore.

VII. *The Lamp of Chivalry*.—Of this briefly. Let the writer of fiction give us humanity in all its phases, the comic as well as the tragic, the ridiculous as well as the
30 sublime; but let him not lower the standard of character or the aim of life. Shakespeare does not. We delight in his Falstaffs and his clowns as well as in his Hamlets and Othellos; but he never familiarizes us with what is

base and mean. The noble and chivalrous always holds its place, as the aim of true humanity is his ideal world. Perhaps Dickens is not entirely free from blame in this respect; perhaps Pickwickianism¹ has in some 5 degree familiarized the generation of Englishmen who have been fed upon it with what is not chivalrous, to say the least, in conduct, as it unquestionably has with slang in conversation. But Scott, like Shakespeare, wherever the thread of fiction may lead him, always keeps 10 before himself and us the highest ideal which he knew, the ideal of a gentleman. If anyone says these are narrow bounds wherein to confine fiction I answer there has been room enough within them for the highest tragedy, the deepest pathos, the broadest humor, the widest 15 range of character, the most moving incident that the world has ever enjoyed. There has been room within them for all the kings of pure and healthy fiction,—for Homer, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Molière, Scott. “Farewell, Sir Walter,” says Carlyle at the end of his essay, “farewell, 20 Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen.” Scotland has said farewell to her mortal son. But all humanity welcomes him as Scotland’s noblest gift to her and crowns him, as on this day, one of the heirs of immortality.

ADAPTED SUBJECT

Write an orderly criticism of a novel.

¹ *Pickwickianism*, a peculiar type of humor derived from the characteristics of Mr. Samuel Pickwick and his friends, characters created by Dickens in his novel *The Pickwick Papers*.

A "MADONNA AND SAINTS", BY
MANTEGNA¹

JOHN LA FARGE

LET us go back to an earlier date, not so far back in years as in spirit and in the development of the special art of painting. There is a delightful painting by Mantegna,² owned by Mrs. John Lowell Gardner, of Boston, which offers a very different type of our subject from the lordly representations of Raphael and his circle.

It is more like the Conversation of Bellini given before, but it has that strange severity that never leaves the ancient painter, which persists in this pastoral scene, in this dream of sweetness and of light. 10

By the riverside in the foreground, filling almost the entire space, sit a group of women and two naked children, perhaps fresh from the bath, the Infant Christ, and the infant John. They are like a family party, or a number of friends well accustomed to each other's company. Here, in what might have been a conventional and frigid arrangement, the painter's sense of life has combined the separate characters, probably chosen for devotional reasons (as I keep explaining), in what seems an unpremeditated arrangement, which all the more looks as if it must have happened—as having been taken from an actual sight. 15

The Madonna sits in the middle, facing us, and in an abstracted way looks toward the little Christ, who stands between her knees, His bare feet protected by her cloak, upon which He stands. His foot rests upon her and forms 25

¹ From *One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting*. Used by permission of Doubleday, Page & Company.

² Mantegna, Raphael, Bellini,—Italian painters, of the Renaissance period.

the start of all the many folds which run through her drapery, and determines the arrangement of the draperies of all the figures to the right of the Virgin.

However natural the picture may be, it is a learned composition, and a beautiful study of the arrangement of folds, expressing the movement of the body and the character of the individual. The Madonna's dull blue mantle, lined with black, frames her head in dark and makes it the most important. All the folds of her dress are large and soft, benign and gentle. Saint Anne, her mother, next to her, draws up her hand to close her cloak upon her bosom in a manner suggestive of feeling and also of the protection necessary to age. Her gray cloak covers her head and falls in many folds of a certain severity contrasting with the more gentle fall of the Madonna's dress and with the simpler gown of Mary Magdalen alongside, whose frock is merely twice girdled and is all of one color. Her drapery shows her form in a simplicity of attitude which the face above carries out. She and all but one of the women of the group look with varieties of meaning and expression at the Divine Child. The Magdalen's hand and arm rest in her lap, abstracted, and she holds a little pyx of red gold, which is her symbol. Near her, on the edge of the picture, sits some other saint in much more worldly dress, like that of the period, with hair in curls down her cheek and in net behind, whose face expresses a quiet interest in the Child and Mother, but who also appears to talk a little to the saint in the absolute foreground.

This one is reading, perhaps aloud, for her lips are open, and a slight movement of the face seems to indicate something more than the silent reading to one's self. In the careful folds, dear to Mantegna, her dress, in many colors and complicated fashion, spreads out upon the

rock on which she sits. Here in these folds, and in the whole figure of the saint, one sees that fondness for form and its strong statement, which is the mark of Mantegna. Indeed, from the Saint Anne a statue could well be built.

And as for the landscape which spreads behind the 5 figures, it is made out, in its flat spaces and rising ground, as if to lead the spectator to a wish to wander into a land so full of stories. For here, not far off, Saint Christopher, carrying the Infant Christ on his shoulders, crosses the ford indicated by piles rising from the water, and distant 10 figures wait near the continuance of a peaceful road on a farther bank.

There gallops Saint George in full armor, on the heavy horse that knights rode in action. He is about to strike with his lance the dragon that crouches behind rocks upon 15 a little green sward, where lie the skulls and bones of his victims.

Farther on runs the road, up the hill and round the enclosure, a peaceful orchard fronting still higher ground, also planted with trees, wherein is laid out the scheme of a 20 great garden in Italian way; and further back, crowning the hill, a mass of buildings, with arcades and pyramids and an aqueduct and a classical temple, closed in by the foot of a fortress and outflanking towers.

On either side of the river rise high and strange rocks. 25 On our side the rocks rise suddenly, closing in the sense of garden that belongs to the name of the Madonna and to the idea of a Sacred Conversation.

Up in a great rock, that towers in the top of the painting, is a cavern of two openings. In one, Saint Jerome, 30 long-bearded, kneels before a tall crucifix, and bares his bosom to strike it with the stone of repentance. In the other cavern his friend, the lion, watches him attentively.

Higher up again, on a platform, near another opening

of cavern, Saint Francis stands in excited attitude before the winged crucifix of legend, the vision from which he obtained the wounds of his Saviour.

Some way nearer, a monk, with his back turned, waits 5 patiently, without seeing the miraculous scene. One is reminded of that other lovely Sacred Conversation, attributed to Bellini, where outside the closed garden occur far-away scenes of the saints of the desert, emphasizing the perpetuity of the church, the long continuance 10 of the saints in Heaven with us of to-day, and the idea that all these accidents of Time and Place are but the events of a moment in the scale of Eternity.

As our eyes come down again to the nearer figures we feel all the more the presence of the two saints, the one 15 seated, the other kneeling on the right of the picture. The one nearer to the Madonna looks pensively at the Infant Christ, having interrupted her reading and waking up from her dream. In front of her moves the little infant Baptist, as if he had just come from his bath. He 20 offers some flowers to the other Child, resting his hand on the Virgin's knee. He does this with a gentle action of supplication and an upward look of the eyes, which the Divine Child meets in the manner of a young lord accustomed to worship.

Quite to the right, the kneeling saint, in a costume very 25 much of the period, kneels and looks down, scarcely seeing the infant Saviour, to whom she prays, however, with hands pressed one against the other. Those hands and arms close the arrangement on that side of the picture, and we 30 feel that there is nothing more even outside of the frame.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Describe any famous picture that you know. Choose, preferably, one containing a group, or several figures, at any rate. The following are suggested:

Botticelli's Spring.
 Raphael's Sistine Madonna.
 Watts' The Court of Death.
 " Love and Life.
 " Love and Death.
 Burne-Jones' Golden Stairs.
 " " The Mirror of Venus.
 Guercino's Guardian Angel.

NIOBE ¹

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY ²

OF all that remains to us of Greek antiquity, this figure is perhaps the most consummate personification of loveliness, with regard to its countenance, as that of the Venus of the Tribune is with regard to its entire form of a woman. It is colossal: the size adds to its ⁵ value; because it allows the spectator the choice of a greater number of points of view, and affords him a more analytical one, in which to catch a greater number of the infinite modes of expression, of which any form approaching ideal beauty is necessarily composed. It is the figure ¹⁰ of a mother in the act of sheltering, from some divine and inevitable peril, the last, we may imagine, of her surviving children.

The little creature, terrified, as we may conceive, at

¹ In Greek mythology, the daughter of Tantalus and the wife of Amphion, king of Thebes. Proud of her numerous children, she provoked the anger of Apollo and Artemis by boasting over their mother, Leto, who had but those two children. Niobe was punished by witnessing the death of all her children from the arrows of Apollo and Artemis; and she herself was metamorphosed by Zeus into a stone. This legend has afforded a fruitful subject for art, and is now best known to us through a collection of antique statues preserved in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence.

² Remarks on some of the Statues in the Gallery of Florence.

the strange destruction of all its kindred, has fled to its mother, and is hiding its head in the folds of her robe, and casting back one arm, as in a passionate appeal for defense, where it could never before have been sought in
5 vain. She is clothed in a thin tunic of delicate woof; and her hair is fastened on her head into a knot, probably by that mother whose care will never fasten it again. Niobe is enveloped in profuse drapery, a portion of which the left hand has gathered up, and is in the act of ex-
10 tending it over the child in the instinct of shielding her from what reason knows to be inevitable. The right hand (as the restorer has properly imagined), is drawing up her daughter to her; and with that instinctive gesture and by its gentle pressure, is encouraging the child to
15 believe that it can give security. The countenance of Niobe is the consummation of feminine majesty and loveliness, beyond which the imagination scarcely doubts that it can conceive anything.

That masterpiece of the poetic harmony of marble
20 expresses other feelings. There is embodied a sense of the inevitable and rapid destiny which is consummating around her, as if it were already over. It seems as if despair and beauty had combined and produced nothing but the sublimity of grief. As the emotions of the form
25 expressed the instinctive sense of the possibility of protecting the child, and the accustomed and affectionate assurance that she would find an asylum within her arms, so reason and imagination speak in the countenance the certainty that no mortal defense is of avail. There is
30 no terror in the countenance, only grief—deep, remediless grief. There is no anger; of what avail is indignation against what is known to be omnipotent? There is no selfish shrinking from personal pain, there is no panic at supernatural agency, there is no adverting to herself as

herself; the calamity is mightier than to leave scope for such emotions.

Everything is swallowed up in sorrow; she is all tears; her countenance in assured expectation of the arrow piercing its last victim in her embrace, is fixed on her omnipotent enemy. The pathetic beauty of the expression of her tender, and inexhaustible, and unquenchable despair, is beyond the effect of any other sculpture. As soon as the arrow shall pierce her last tie upon earth, the fable that she was turned into stone, or dissolved into a fountain of tears, will be but a feeble emblem of the sadness of hopelessness, in which the few and evil years of her remaining life, we feel, must flow away.

It is difficult to speak of the beauty of the countenance or to make intelligible in words, from what such astonishing loveliness results.

The head, resting somewhat backward upon the full and flowing contour of the neck, is as in the act of watching an event momentarily to arrive. The hair is delicately divided on the forehead, and a gentle beauty gleams from the broad and clear brow over which its strands are drawn. The face is of an oval fullness, and the features conceived with the daring of a sense of power. In this respect it resembles the careless majesty which Nature stamps upon the rare masterpieces of her creation, harmonizing them as it were from the harmony of the spirit within. Yet all this not only consists with but is the cause of the subtlest delicacy of clear and tender beauty—the expression at once of innocence and sublimity of soul—of purity and strength—of all that which touches the most removed and divine of the chords that make music in our thoughts—of that which shakes with astonishment even the most superficial.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Write, from a cast, or any good photograph, a criticism of any one of the following pieces of statuary:

The Marble Faun.	Psyche.
The Venus of Melos.	The Wrestlers.
Laocoön.	Pallas Athena.
The Dying Gaul.	The Discobolus.
The Listening Bacchus, (Formerly called "Narcissus").	
Macmonnies' Bacchante.	

"MACBETH" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

TO turn from one of our highly-civilized modern plays to "Macbeth" is like a sudden translation from the smell of paved streets and the chatter and clatter of traffic to the Atlantic wind and the surge and thunder of a sea 5 black beneath the gathering storm-clouds. We are out of the machine-made world, and the power of the primitive, eternal things assails us. Even the work of the younger Shakespeare, even the throb of passion and the sweet, sad sighs of "Romeo and Juliet," are beside "Macbeth" 10 no more than prentice-stuff, no more than a pretty lyric. For "Macbeth's" theme is the darkest ultimate mysteries of human destiny, the agonies and the disasters without remedy or atonement, to which the spirit of evil is given liberty to allure and condemn men and women of the 15 finest natures. The forces in it "loom larger than human." In Macbeth and his wife there are, of course, defects, weaknesses of soul, through which they became the authors of their own tragedy. But the compelling power is not in them, nor in anything human. They are victims, 20 indeed, of their own ambition. They are victims, also, of a power beyond themselves, toys, puppets of the wanton Spirit of Evil. "Power was given him," it is written in the Apocalypse, "over all kindreds and tongues and na-

tions." That awful sentence might stand for the text of "Macbeth." That is what Shakespeare meant by the wild overture in desert and storm, by the witches to whom "fair is foul and foul is fair." Hovering ever behind them we are meant to feel "one more potent and more terrible 5 than all witches and all devils." So the porter whom Coleridge in a rare fit of obtuseness felt sadly "low" must cry out "I'll devil-porter it no further; I had thought to let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bon-fire." For the Elizabethan au-10 dience he suggested, and he was meant to suggest, the porter in the old mystery plays who keeps the gate of Hell. It is because the superhuman, because the mysterious power of the Spirit of Evil must always be felt that we have so much of strange arresting symbolism, so much 15 of apparition. The hand of the Lord of Hell is ever upon Macbeth. You might call his tragedy Shakespeare's story of the fall of man. "Why God not kill the Devil?" the black fellow asked his missionary. Shakespeare has no answer to the unanswerable. He does not seek, like 20 Milton, to "assert eternal Providence and justify the ways of God to men." He says only that in our world the Prince of Evil is given power over the noblest souls, and that for those who let him conquer there remains only a ghastly life and a hopeless death. To the eternal 25 "Why?" we have no answer, because in life there is no answer, and Shakespeare had no message of faith.

If it were necessary to choose out one tone, one note in Sir Herbert Tree's production of "Macbeth" by which to label it, it would be its emphasis on the supernatural 30 part of the play. The curtain rises upon a vision of the witches riding through the spindrift of the clouds, dimly seen in mid-air in the darkness broken with light that is never light enough to reveal anything but the uncanny.

A piece of stage illusion so weird, so eerie, memory does not recall. You may think, if you choose, that those strange sexless sisters, terrible as the Avengers of Blood in Æschylus, are in danger of becoming mere things of stage craft, 5 comical save to the groundlings, when they are made material in the theatre. But this is mere theorising, and Sir Herbert Tree has proved it false. For this strange scene does command the mind. It does surprise and set the imagination quivering.

10 Nor was this weird thrill lost in the more difficult scenes to follow. Even as you read the play you are aware that the witches, as they degenerate into the conventional dialect of witchcraft, are less spiritual. On Sir Herbert tree's stage this was hardly felt. The incan- 15 tations over the cauldron were far mightier seen than read, a masterly piece of diablerie, imposing itself on you like such a magical thing as Wandering Willie's tale of hell.¹ You never caught yourself thinking how cleverly it was done. The vision made itself something real, 20 a glimpse into an under-world of fascinating horror. This is the art of the producer at its highest, becoming unforgettable, creative.

With equal skill Sir Herbert Tree used the supernatural to make the gloom darker, the light more lurid 25 where the action is altogether with human creatures and human things. The haunting laughter of the weird sisters echoed through the air at each momentous turn of fate. Loudest it was heard when the avenging Macduff declares that he was not born as other men, when Macbeth, worn 30 out in his long conflict with sane, honorable humanity and his own soul, learns that the Spirit of Evil has tricked him in what it promised for unalterable fate. In that

¹ A character in Scott's *Redgauntlet*, a blind fiddler. His "Tale" is a separate short story, which is inserted into the novel.

moment, admirably devised, admirably played, the great argument of the tragedy was revealed in a blinding light, yet that itself was hardly with such power as the scene in the palace courtyard on the dark night of the murder, when through the gloom while the deed⁵ was done came the moaning of things unseen. Then you might feel the very soul of all things evil brooding over the world. For such magical use of the resources of the stage we can find no parallel. Sir Herbert Tree's work has numbered many victories in this kind. In¹⁰ "Macbeth," the most difficult of all his tasks, he has won the crowning triumph. But it was something more than a triumph for the master of the stage. It was not only scenic setting and stagecraft and management that made the night historic.

15

"The overwhelming pressure of preter-natural agency," to come back to the world of prose, in Hazlitt's phrase, is one part of "Macbeth." Induced and conditioned by that, we have a tumultuous vehemence of action such as no other tragedy can show, and a surge of passion, an²⁰ intensity of individual life which none surpasses. If it is necessary to lay stress on the superhuman in the play because the world and the critics have blinded their eyes to it, that involves no depreciation of "Macbeth's tremendous humanity." Sir Herbert Tree would have us²⁵ believe its hero not merely human, but noble and lovable, a whole heaven and earth away from the cold-blooded, calculating villain whom some commentators have mysteriously manufactured. We cannot doubt that he is in the right. Eminent persons have allowed themselves³⁰ to declare that Macbeth had set his mind on murder before ever he came upon those prophets and ministers of evil. He is, if you believe this, a lost soul before the tragedy begins, and the play is merely an epilogue to the

real drama. We take leave to say that Shakespeare did not so misunderstand his art. Every one of his greatest plays is concerned with a crisis in a soul's story, not merely with the disastrous consequences. Sir Herbert Tree has
5 read his author aright when he gives us a Macbeth who is a gallant, noble soldier, ambitious indeed, but not more than may become a man till the spirit of evil assails him. If he were the calculating, hardened villain of the critics, if he had meditated the murder long before, how under-
10 stand his alarms and hesitations? How understand anything in the play? What is it that Macbeth fears? Not killing, not blood. He has seen too much. Not peril of his own life. Shakespeare took pains to tell us that he was abundantly brave. He is afraid of dishonor,
15 of shame, of villainy, and of himself. Such is not the temper for a man who has long had murder in his thought and will. Sir Herbert Tree's conception is impregnably right.

It was expressed with great subtlety and power. Upon
20 the heath, when first the temptation of kingship was set before his ambition, he was vividly the gallant, honest soldier. Tempted, of course, and devilishly tempted, but, as he talked with Banquo, wondering, half-alarmed, amazed. Even when in thought and will, if not in deed,
25 he has fallen, you feel the loyal soldier fighting against himself and fearing himself. This, too, was finely shown in the terrible dark scene of the murder. This Macbeth is "infirm of purpose" indeed, willing the end, not afraid of the means, but desperately afraid of the villainy in
30 which he is enmeshing himself. So in all the scenes with his wife Macbeth became very tender, affectionate, kindly, gentle. That was a great moment when, after Duncan is dead, after Banquo's murder is planned, left alone with his wife, he met her eyes, and the two

were still as stone at what of horror each read in the other's face. It follows, perhaps naturally, that at the banquet Macbeth's panic of soul before the ghost—a rather substantial, a rather theatrical ghost unfortunately—was made nobly terrible. This was a man in agony, not of 5 fear of what might be, but of fear for what had been and what he had made himself. A noble, a great piece of acting.

To find fault is an unpleasant task before work so fine. It must, however, be said that in this Macbeth we did not 10 find enough of the soldier, the man of action. Macbeth, after all, is "a first-class fighting man," and what is more, a man of action, resolute and masterly in meeting the need of the hour. He may not be profound. He does not see far ahead. But he is always supreme over the 15 moment. This side of the character seemed to be left dim and vague. Nor was the delivery of the verse faultless. Some of the finest things were hardly heard. Some of the subtlest music found no expression. These particular faults were still more marked in Miss Violet Van- 20 brugh's Lady Macbeth. In her speech, though never in action, she was strangely spasmodic, her voice almost always at one extreme or the other. She looked the part admirably, as of old, a figure of relentless passion and baneful will. But, save in look, she lacked power. 25 She was acting. Yet there were moments, most of them in the later scenes, when the part became alive. When Lady Macbeth has to command the action at the banquet in the midst of her husband's wild alarms, Miss Vanbrugh rose to the need. Then she had power enough 30 and to spare. Nor will some moments of the sleeping scene be soon forgotten. Sometimes her voice seemed affected, but sometimes she spoke as a child, with pathos that caught at the heart; and the last moments when,

wearry to death, she dragged herself up the long stair, told more of the over-wrought, over-tempted woman than all that had gone before.

The rest of the acting inevitably calls for little record. 5 Mr. Bouchier's Macduff was a vigorous, bluff piece of humanity, and the scene of mourning was well played. Mr. Edward O'Neill's Duncan was dignified and pleasant, Mr. Basil Gill made the best of Malcom, and Mr. Barnes's Banquo was sound and solid. The porter of Mr. Gurney 10 was a rich piece of Shakespearian humor. Mr. A. E. George and his colleagues were marvelously uncanny as the witches. For that part of the scenery of which nothing has yet been said, it may be enough to add that there is abundance of the picturesque, and save perhaps 15 in one or two of the landscapes, all is worthy of the theatre. The applause from a crowded house was of heartiest enthusiasm.¹

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Write a dramatic criticism of one of the following plays:

The Tempest.

Candida.

Measure for Measure.

Lady Windermere's Fan.

Hamlet.

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.

Hedda Gabler.

The Servant in the House.

An Enemy of the People.

The Blue Bird.

¹ London *Daily Telegraph*, Sept. 7, 1911.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

CHARLES LAMB

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M.¹ was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely 5 hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder 10 brother),² was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out in the woods one morning, as his custom was, to collect mast³ for his hogs, left the cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of 15 playing with fire, as youngers⁴ of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-20 shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the east from the remotest

¹ "The idea of the discovery of roasting pigs I borrowed from my friend Manning," Lamb said in a letter written after this. Manning had been in China for some years; and this fact may have suggested to Lamb his fantastic setting of the story.

² Preceding, in time.

³ Coarse nuts, used as food for hogs.

⁴ A Shakespearean word, connoting gaiety or greenness.

periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labor of an hour or two at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking over what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of that unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers and, for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him indeed no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's

shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

“You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog’s tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?”

“O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.” 15

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig and fairly rending it asunder thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, “Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord,”—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke. 25

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when, the crackling scorching his fingers as it had done his son’s, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretext, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess,

and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for
5 a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward.
10 Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length
15 they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town.¹ Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury
20 begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting each of them to the same remedy, against
25 the face of all the facts and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.
30 The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was

¹ In England, a county town to which the judges come to hold court. Used here to give a burlesque effect of historical detail. The circumstances of the whole trial, indeed, are exaggeratedly modern and English.

dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued till, in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke,¹ who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or the spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind. 20

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG. 25

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*,² I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.³

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoys—but a young and tender

¹ The great English philosopher (1632-1704).

² Latin for "world of eatables."

³ Latin for "chief of dainties."

suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—
with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*,¹ the heredi-
tary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as
yet not broken, but something between a childish treble
5 and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *prælude*,² of a
grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ances-
tors ate them seethed or boiled—but what a sacrifice of
the exterior tegument!

10 There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that
of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crack-*
ling, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their
share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy
brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it
15 not fat—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the
tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken
in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quint-
essence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean,
but a kind of animal manna—or rather, fat and lean (if
20 it must be so) so blended and running into each other,
that both together make but one ambrosian result, or
common substance.

Behold him while he is doing³—it seemeth rather a re-
freshing warmth than a scorching heat that he is so pas-
25 sive to. How equably he twirleth round the string!—
Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of
that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant
jellies—shooting stars—⁴

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he

¹ Latin for “love of filth.” The allusion is to the doctrine of original sin, the fall of Adam which involved all his offspring.

² Prelude.

³ Being cooked.

⁴ The mock-poetic allusion is to the old superstition that shooting stars leave jellies where they fall.

lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation,¹—from 5 these sins he is happily snatched away—

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care—²

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth while his 10 stomach half rejecteth the rank bacon—no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of savors.³ Pine-apple is great. She is 15 indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bor- 20 dering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of 25 the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of

¹ Manner of life, as in II *Peter*, 2: 7 "the filthy conversation of the wicked."

² This couplet is a humorous quotation from Coleridge's *Epitaph on a Young Infant*, published in 1796, in a little volume of poems to which Lamb himself contributed.

³ Tastes, flavors.

virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least
5 envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare.¹

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes,
10 and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl")² capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them,
15 as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "Give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors to extradomiciliate,³ or send out of the house, slightly (under
20 pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate.—It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end
25 of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a grayheaded old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day
30 that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with and, in the vanity of self-denial and the very

¹ Neighbors' fare, food promoting neighborly or friendly feeling.

² Quoted from Milton, *Samson Agonistes*. Villatic, of the village.

³ A word of Lamb's own invention, from the Latin *extra*, outside, and *domicilium*, a dwelling-house.

coxcombry of charity,¹ school-boy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, 5 thinking how ungrateful I had been to my dear aunt to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another— 10 would eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present—and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she 15 sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for- 20 nothing, old gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be 25 curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying² a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhuman- 30 ity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto—

¹ The height of conceit disguising itself as charity.

² Intenerating and dulcifying, making tender and sweet.

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's,¹ and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death
5 by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*)² superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

10 His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But, banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your
15 palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

ON THE ENJOYMENT OF UNPLEASANT PLACES³

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

IT is a difficult matter to make the most of any given
place, and we have much in our own power. Things
20 looked at patiently from one side after another generally end by showing a side that is beautiful. A few months ago some words were said in the *Portfolio* as to an "austere regimen in scenery"; and such a discipline was then recommended as "healthful and strengthening to the taste."
25 That is the text, so to speak, of the present essay. This

¹ St. Omer's, a Jesuit college in France. This is a piece of imagination: Lamb was never there.

² Latin for "whipping to death."

³ First published in *The Portfolio*, November, 1874.

discipline in scenery, it must be understood, is something more than a mere walk before breakfast to whet the appetite. For when we are put down in some unsightly neighborhood, and especially if we have come to be more or less dependent on what we see, we must set ourselves to hunt out beautiful things with all the ardor and patience of a botanist after a rare plant. Day by day we perfect ourselves in the art of seeing nature more favorably. We learn to live with her, as people learn to live with fretful or violent spouses: to dwell lovingly on what is good, and shut our eyes against all that is bleak or inharmonious. We learn, also, to come to each place in the right spirit. The traveler, as Brantôme quaintly tells us, "*fait des discours en soi pour se soutenir en chemin*";¹ and into these discourses he weaves something out of all that he sees and suffers by the way; they take their tone greatly from the varying character of the scene; a sharp ascent brings different thoughts from a level road; and the man's fancies grow lighter as he comes out of the wood into a clearing. Nor does the scenery any more affect the thoughts than the thoughts affect the scenery. We see places through our humors as through differently colored glasses. We are ourselves a term in the equation, a note of the chord, and make discord of harmony almost at will. There is no fear for the result, if we can but surrender ourselves sufficiently to the country that surrounds and follows us, so that we are ever thinking suitable thoughts or telling ourselves some suitable sort of story as we go. We become thus, in some sense, a center of beauty; we are provocative of beauty, much as a gentle and sincere character is provocative of sincerity and gentleness in

¹ The Abbé de Brantôme, a French ecclesiastic and writer of the sixteenth century. The quotation means "talks to himself to keep up his courage on the way."

others. And even where there is no harmony to be elicited by the quickest and most obedient of spirits, we may still embellish a place with some attraction of romance. We may learn to go far afield for associations, and handle
 5 them lightly when we have found them. Sometimes an old print comes to our aid; I have seen many a spot lit up at once with picturesque imaginations, by a reminiscence of Callot, or Sadeler, or Paul Brill.¹ Dick Turpin has been my lay figure for many an English lane.² And
 10 I suppose the Trossachs would hardly be the Trossachs for most tourists if a man of admirable romantic instinct had not peopled it for them with harmonious figures, and brought them thither their minds rightly prepared for the impression.³ There is half the battle in this prepara-
 15 tion. For instance: I have rarely been able to visit, in the proper spirit, the wild and inhospitable places of our own Highlands. I am happier where it is tame and fertile, and not readily pleased without trees. I understand that there are some phases of mental trouble that harmonize well
 20 with such surroundings, and that some persons, by the dispensing power of the imagination, can go back several centuries in spirit, and put themselves into sympathy with the hunted, houseless, unsociable way of life that was in its place upon these savage hills. Now, when I
 25 am sad, I like nature to charm me out of my sadness, like David before Saul;⁴ and the thought of these past ages strikes nothing in me but an unpleasant pity; so that I can never hit on the right humor for this sort of landscape,

¹ Jacques Callot (1592–1635), an eminent French artist. Gilles Sadeler and Paul Brill, two celebrated Dutch painters of the same period.

² Dick Turpin, a notorious English highwayman.

³ The Trossachs means literally “bristling country.” It is a romantic region in Scotland, beginning immediately to the east of Loch Katrine, in Perth. Sir Walter Scott has immortalized it with *The Lady of the Lake*.

⁴ A reference of the Bible story (I *Samuel* 16: 14–23) in which David, by his harp-playing, charmed away Saul’s melancholy.

and lose much pleasure in consequence. Still, even here, if I were only let alone, and time enough were given, I should have all manner of pleasure, and take many clear and beautiful images away with me when I left. When we cannot think ourselves into sympathy with the great 5 features of a country, we learn to ignore them, and put our head among the grass for flowers, or pore, for long times together, over the changeful current of a stream. We come down to the sermon in stones,¹ when we are shut out from any poem in the spread landscape. We begin 10 to peep and botanize, we take an interest in birds and insects, we find many things beautiful in miniature. The reader will recollect the little summer scene in *Wuthering Heights*—the one warm scene, perhaps, in all that powerful, miserable novel—and the great feature that is made 15 therein by grasses and flowers and a little sunshine: this is in the spirit of which I now speak.² And, lastly, we can go indoors; interiors are sometimes as beautiful, often more picturesque, than the shows of the open air, and they have that quality of shelter of which I shall presently 20 have more to say.

With all this in mind, I have often been tempted to put forth the paradox that any place is good enough to live a life in, while it is only in a few, and those highly favored, that we can pass a few hours agreeably. For, if we only 25 stay long enough, we become at home in the neighborhood. Reminiscences spring up, like flowers, about uninteresting corners. We forget to some degree the superior loveliness of other places, and fall into a tolerant and sympathetic spirit which is its own reward and justification. Looking back 30 the other day on some recollections of my own, I was aston-

¹ See *As you Like It*, beginning of Act II.

² *Wuthering Heights*, the well-known novel (1847) by Emily Brontë (1818-1848), sister of the more famous Charlotte Brontë.

ished to find how much I owed to such a residence; six weeks in one unpleasant country-side had done more, it seemed, to quicken and educate my sensibilities than many years in places that jumped more nearly with my inclination.

5 The country to which I refer was a level and treeless plateau, over which the winds cut like a whip. For miles on miles it was the same. A river, indeed, fell into the sea near the town where I resided; but the valley of the river was shallow and bald, for as far up as ever I had the heart

10 to follow it. There were roads, certainly, but roads that had no beauty or interest; for as there was no timber, and but little irregularity of surface, you saw your whole walk exposed to you from the beginning: there was nothing left to fancy, nothing to expect, nothing to see by the way-

15 side, save here and there an unhomely-looking homestead, and here and there a solitary, spectacled stone-breaker;¹ and you were only accompanied, as you went doggedly forward, by the gaunt telegraph-posts and the hum of the resonant wires in the keen sea-wind. To one who has

20 learned to know their song in warm pleasant places by the Mediterranean, it seemed to taunt the country, and make it still bleaker by suggested contrast. Even the waste places by the side of the road were not, as Hawthorne liked to put it, "taken back to Nature" by any

25 decent covering of vegetation. Wherever the land had the chance, it seemed to lie fallow. There is a certain tawny nudity of the South, bare sunburnt plains, colored like a lion, and hills clothed only in the blue transparent air; but this was of another description—this was the

30 nakedness of the North; the earth seemed to know that it was naked, and was ashamed and cold.

¹ The characteristic appearance of a road-mender on one of the admirable country roads of Europe. The road-mender wears large green goggles to protect his eyes.

It seemed to be always blowing on that coast. Indeed, this had passed into the speech of the inhabitants, and they saluted each other when they met with "Breezy, breezy," instead of the customary "Fine day" of farther south. These continual winds were not like the harvest breeze, that just keeps an equable pressure against your face as you walk, and serves to set all the trees talking over your head, or bring round you the smell of the wet surface of the country after a shower. They were of the bitter, hard, persistent sort, that interferes with sight and 10 respiration, and makes the eyes sore. Even such winds as these have their own merit in proper time and place. It is pleasant to see them brandish great masses of shadow. And what a power they have over the color of the world! How they ruffle the solid woodlands in their passage, and 15 make them shudder and whiten like a single willow! There is nothing more vertiginous than a wind like this among the woods, with all its sights and noises; and the effect gets between some painters and their sober eyesight, so that, even when the rest of their picture is calm, the 20 foliage is colored like foliage in a gale. There was nothing, however, of this sort to be noticed in a country where there were no trees and hardly any shadows, save the passive shadows and clouds or those of rigid houses and walls. But the wind was nevertheless an occasion of pleasure; 25 for nowhere could you taste more fully the pleasure of a sudden lull, or a place of opportune shelter. The reader knows what I mean; he must remember how, when he has sat himself down behind a dyke on a hillside, he delighted to hear the wind hiss vainly through the crannies at his 30 back; how his body tingled all over with warmth, and it began to dawn upon him, with a sort of slow surprise, that the country was beautiful, the heather purple, and the far-away hills all marbled with sun and shadow.

Wordsworth, in a beautiful passage of the *Prelude*, has used this as a figure for the feeling struck in us by the quiet by-streets of London after the uproar of the great thoroughfares; and the comparison may be turned the
5 other way with as good effect:

Meanwhile the roar continues, till at length,
Escaped as from an enemy we turn
Abruptly into some sequester'd nook,
Still as a shelter'd place when winds blow loud!

I remember meeting a man once, in a train, who told me of what must have been quite the most perfect instance of this pleasure of escape. He had gone up, one sunny, windy morning, to the top of a great cathedral somewhere
10 abroad; I think it was Cologne Cathedral, the great unfinished marvel by the Rhine; and after a long while in dark stairways, he issued at last into the sunshine, on a platform high above the town. At that elevation it was quite still and warm; the gale was only in the lower strata
15 of the air, and he had forgotten it in the quiet interior of the church and during his long ascent; and so you may judge of this surprise when, resting his arms on the sunlit balustrade and looking over into the *Place* far below him, he saw the good people holding on their hats and leaning
20 hard against the wind as they walked. There is something, to my fancy, quite perfect in this little experience of my fellow-traveler's. The ways of men seem always very trivial to us when we find ourselves alone on a church top, with the blue sky and a few tall pinnacles, and see
25 far below us the steep roofs and foreshortened buttresses, and the silent activity of the city streets; but how much more must they not have seemed so to him as he stood, not only above other men's business, but above other men's climate, in a golden zone like Apollo's! ¹

¹ Apollo, a Greek god, who represented the light, and the life-giving

This was the sort of pleasure I found in the country of which I write. The pleasure was to be out of the wind, and to keep it in memory all the time, and hug oneself upon the shelter. And it was only by the sea that any such sheltered places were to be found. Between the black 5 worm-eaten headlands there are little bights and havens, well screened from the wind and the commotion of the external sea, where the sand and weeds look up into the gazer's face from a depth of tranquil water, and the sea-birds, screaming and flickering from the ruined crags, 10 alone disturb the silence and the sunshine. One such place has impressed itself on my memory beyond all others. On a rock by the water's edge, old fighting men of the Norse breed had planted a double castle; the two stood wall to wall like semi-detached villas; and yet feud had run 15 so high between their owners, that one, from out of a window, shot the other as he stood in his own doorway. There is something in the juxtaposition of these two enemies full of tragic irony. It is grim to think of bearded 20 men and bitter women taking hateful counsel together about the two hall-fires at night, when the sea boomed against the foundations and the wild winter wind was loose over the battlements. And in the study we may reconstruct for ourselves some pale figure of what life then was. Not so when we are there; when we are there such 25 thoughts come to us only to intensify a contrary impression, and association is turned against itself. I remember walking thither three afternoons in succession, my eyes weary with being set against the wind, and how, dropping suddenly over the edge of the down, I found myself in a 30 new world of warmth and shelter. The wind, from which I had escaped, "as from an enemy," was seemingly quite influence of the sun. Since the towers of Cologne Cathedral are over 500 feet high, the experience described here is quite possible.

local. It carried no clouds with it, and came from such a quarter that it did not trouble the sea within view. The two castles, black and ruinous as the rocks about them, were still distinguished from these by something more
5 insecure and fantastic in the outline, something that the last storm had left imminent and the next would demolish entirely. It would be difficult to render in words the sense of peace that took possession of me on these three after-
10 noons. It was helped out, as I have said, by the contrast. The shore was battered and bemauled by previous tempests; I had the memory at heart of the insane strife of the pigmies who had erected these two castles and lived in them in mutual distrust and enmity, and knew I had only to put my head out of this little cup of shelter to find the
15 hard wind blowing in my eyes; and yet there were the two great tracts of motionless blue air and peaceful sea looking on, unconcerned and apart, at the turmoil of the present moment and the memorials of the precarious past. There is ever something transitory and fretful in the impression
20 of a high wind under a cloudless sky; it seems to have no root in the constitution of things; it must speedily begin to faint and wither away like a cut flower. And on those days the thought of the wind and the thought of human life came very near together in my mind. Our noisy
25 years did indeed seem moments in the being of the eternal silence: and the wind, in the face of that great field of stationary blue, was as the wind of a butterfly's wing. The placidity of the sea was a thing likewise to be remembered. Shelley speaks of the sea as "hungering for calm,"¹
30 and in this place one learned to understand the phrase. Looking down into these green waters from the broken edge of the rock, or swimming leisurely in the sunshine, it

¹ "It is the unpastured sea hungering for calm."

Prometheus Unbound, Act III. Sc. 2.

seemed to me that they were enjoying their own tranquility, and when now and again it was disturbed by a wind ripple on the surface, or the quick black passage of a fish far below, they settled back again (one could fancy) with relief. 5

On shore, too, in the little nook of shelter, everything was so subdued and still that the least particular struck in me a pleasurable surprise. The desultory crackling of the whin-pods¹ in the afternoon sun usurped the ear. The hot, sweet breath of the bank, that had been saturated all day long with sunshine, and now exhaled it into my face, was like the breath of a fellow-creature. I remember that I was haunted by two lines of French verse; in some dumb way they seemed to fit my surroundings and give expression to the contentment that was in me, and 15 I kept repeating to myself—

Mon cœur est un luth suspendu,
Sitôt qu' on le touche, il résonne.²

I can give no reason why these lines came to me at this time; and for that very cause I repeat them here. For all I know, they may serve to complete the impression in the mind of the reader, as they were certainly a part of it 20 for me.

And this happened to me in the place of all others where I liked least to stay. When I think of it I grow ashamed of my own ingratitude. "Out of the strong came forth sweetness."³ There, in the bleak and gusty 25 North, I received, perhaps, my strongest impression of peace. I saw the sea to be great and calm; and the earth,

¹ Whin means gorse, or furze. The sound is a familiar one in Scotland.

² "My heart is a suspended lute;
As soon as it is touched, it sounds."

Béranger (1780-1857).

³ An allusion to Samson's riddle. See *Judges*, chap. 14.

in that little corner, was all alive and friendly to me. So, wherever a man is, he will find something to please and pacify him: in the town he will meet pleasant faces of men and women, and see beautiful flowers at a window, or hear a cage-bird singing at the corner of the gloomiest street; and for the country, there is no country without some amenity—let him only look for it in the right spirit, and he will surely find.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Two races of students.

On being a grind.

Red ink.

Rooms that I have loved.

On the decay of text-books.

Afternoon teas.

My first acquaintance with Cæsar.

Of persons one would wish to be.

On going home at Christmas.

On college actors and acting.

A lament for the passing of Mother Goose.

A defense of puns and punsters.

On the enjoyment of an unpleasant person.

CHAPTER VII

ARGUMENTATION

ARGUMENTATION is the art of making other persons understand the actual conditions of a given situation or problem, and of then winning them over to a given opinion or interpretation of this situation or problem.

The simplest forms of this intellectual process—comprehension followed by conviction—are found in geometrical theorems. Here the statement of conditions leads necessarily to an acceptance of the conclusion: proof is absolute, and conviction inevitable. In ordinary life, however, it is seldom possible to present absolute proof. Even though we ourselves may feel complete conviction upon a given question, we have been led to that conviction partly by a series of proofs, and partly by that bridging of gaps between proofs which psychologists variously call faith or intuition. We say, for example, of certain questions, “Well, I don’t know all the facts,—I’m not familiar with the entire situation,—but *on the whole* I am convinced of so-and-so.” And such a conviction may easily furnish a sufficient basis for action. In ordinary affairs, then, where it is most frequent, successful argumentation on our part consists in assembling an amount of proof sufficient to make our view of the case appear to have the weight of evidence on its side.

Experience has shown that in the actual construction of an argument it is advantageous to recognize three distinct parts:

1. The Introduction to the Argument.

2. The Body of the Argument.

3. The Conclusion.

Let us consider each of these parts.

THE INTRODUCTION TO THE ARGUMENT

The introduction to an argument consists essentially in a preliminary analysis of the subject to be argued. This preliminary analysis involves, usually, at least the following steps: (1) stating the proposition, (2) reviewing the history of the question, (3) defining terms, (4) excluding what is waived or admitted, (5) presenting the clash of opinion, and (6) disclosing the special issues.

1. *Stating the Proposition*

In order to argue any question with soundness and precision, one must be sure that the question is expressed in accurate terms. This is called *Stating the Proposition*. Unless the two sides to an argument are agreed upon the points which are actually to come under discussion, they will soon find themselves talking at cross-purposes. An illustration of this may be drawn from the case of a student who was eager to argue the proposition "A college course destroys one's belief in Christianity." When pressed, however, for a more definite statement of what was in his mind, the student admitted that what he was really thinking of was the effect, upon two students of his acquaintance, of one particular course in philosophy given by a certain professor in the college which this student was attending. It appeared, further, that what the professor had really done in this course was to discredit certain dogmas drawn from the first chapter of the book of Genesis. Clearly, then, the correct statement of the

proposition for this student would have to be "Professor Brown's course, Philosophy 2, tends to undermine a student's belief in the doctrines of the first chapter of Genesis."

2. *Reviewing the History of the Question*

It is clear, also, that certain preliminary explanations must always be given before a reader or an audience can understand precisely what has happened to give rise to the proposition. This is called *Reviewing the History of the Question*. If a student, for instance, wishes to write an argument expressing his belief that the controversy concerning the Panama Canal tolls should be arbitrated, he must explain briefly but clearly in advance how the controversy arose. Similarly, an argument expressing the conviction that Bacon wrote the plays usually attributed to Shakespeare should be introduced by an account of the origin of this theory. There is almost no question that does not require at least a slight historical review to make it thoroughly clear; and most questions require a rather extensive one to be even intelligible.

3. *Defining Terms*

It is evident, in the third place, that every term in a proposition must be clearly defined. The question "Was Johnson a true poet?" for example, would be difficult to argue, for the reason that an exact definition of *poet* would in this case be hard to arrive at. "Is the utilitarian theory of morals defensible?" and "Was Queen Elizabeth justified in causing the execution of Mary Stuart?" are open to the same adverse criticism, because they contain the vague terms "defensible" and "justified." In a

formal debate, the statement of the proposition and the definition of terms are settled by preliminary agreement between the two sides. When the debate begins, therefore, the debaters proceed from this point. In an ordinary written argument, however, the writer must give his proposition the simplest and soundest definition possible from his view of the case, and then trust that he may convince his readers or hearers.

Nor is it usually possible, in defining the terms of a proposition, to use dictionary definitions. A proposition arises from a given set of conditions which may easily give a special meaning to the terms used in the proposition. The definition, then, must be determined in view of the special conditions from which the proposition arises. The following definition of the term "free silver," for example, could hardly be derived from the dictionary:

It is important to understand clearly and exactly what the free coinage of silver under present conditions means. It may be defined as the right of any one to deposit silver of any kind at a mint of the United States, and to have every 371¼ grains of pure silver (now worth in its uncoined state about 52 cents) stamped, free of charge, "One Dollar," which dollar shall be a full legal tender at its face value in the payment of debts and obligations of all kinds, public and private, in the United States.¹

Yet this sort of definition would be precisely the one required in an argument or a debate involving the term "free silver."

4. *Excluding What is Waived or Admitted*

As soon as we make a preliminary analysis of a subject, in preparation for arguing it, we perceive at once that certain points which might be touched upon by each side

¹ E. O. Leech, former director of the Mint. Quoted in *Practical Argumentation*, by G. K. Pattee, N. Y., 1909, p. 51.

are really irrelevant, or already admitted. Our decision to omit all consideration of these points is called *The Waiving of Issues*. For instance, in the student's brief which we shall presently use as an illustration, we find the opponents of automobile-racing in America reported as objecting to such races, in some instances, on the ground that automobile-races are often held on national holidays, and hence that these days, which should be devoted to more uplifting pursuits, are desecrated. As a matter of fact, however, this objection may be waived, since it is perfectly possible to hold automobile races on other days.

5. *Presenting the Clash of Opinion*

Let us suppose, then, in the case of a given proposition that we have stated it, reviewed its history, defined its terms, and waived irrelevant issues. We now come to the next logical step: the presentation of the *Clash of Opinion*. This is simply a statement of the arguments *pro* and *contra*. It is useful to tabulate these arguments, first one side and then the other, because in this way it is possible to detect repetitions, and matters that are irrelevant, or admitted, or not sufficiently important to argue, in view of the case as a whole. From such a tabulation, then, it is possible to isolate or sift out what are called the special issues. A tabulation of the claims of each side will be seen in the specimen brief given below.

6. *Disclosing the Special Issues*

In sifting the clash of opinion which has given rise to a debatable proposition, it is nearly always found that there are certain limited definite points upon which nearly every

argument—when divested of matters that are really admitted by both sides—may be shown to turn. For example, in the question “Should the Panama Canal Tolls Controversy Be Arbitrated?” the special issues have been isolated, by one writer, as follows:

The diplomatic controversy between Great Britain and the United States respecting the legality of the remission of Panama Canal tolls to American vessels engaged in our coastwise trade, resolves itself into two main questions: (1) Does the phrase “of all nations” contained in Article III of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty include the United States, or does it mean all nations *other* than the United States? (2) Is the remission of such tolls a “discrimination against any such nation” in the sense of the treaty? ¹

Another famous, though less modern, illustration may be found in Erskine’s speech on behalf of Lord George Gordon, when the latter was indicted for high treason before the court of the King’s Bench, in February, 1781. Lord Erskine begins by calling attention to the legal definition of high treason:

When I speak of the ancient law of treason, I mean the venerable statute of King Edward III, on which the indictment you are now trying is framed. . . . I shall mention only two of the number, [acts that may be construed as high treason] the others not being in the remotest degree applicable to the present accusation.

1. To compass or imagine the death of the King: . . .
2. (Which is the crime charged in the indictment) to levy war against him in his realm . . . by premeditated open acts of violence, hostility, and force.

Thus we see the skill with which Lord Erskine narrows down all the acts construed as high treason to the only one that the prisoner could possibly be said to have committed. He is then able to center the whole force of his evidence

¹ A. S. Hershey, in Pamphlet No. 63 of the publications of *The American Association for International Conciliation*.

upon the one problem of proving that what Gordon had done could not be characterized as "levying war against the king in his realm by premeditated open acts of violence, hostility, and force."

The disclosing of the special issues is the last step in the analysis which is a necessary preliminary to the actual argument. When, in any proposition to be argued, the special issues have been designated and reduced to the smallest number possible,¹ the argument proper, which is concerned only with proving or disproving these issues, may begin.

Throughout this preliminary analysis it is absolutely essential that direct controversy be rigorously excluded. If the reader is to obtain an unprejudiced view of the question to be debated, the introduction must remain strictly impartial. In framing his introduction, the writer should aim to conceal from the reader, until the argument proper begins, the side which the writer then proposes to take.

What has been said so far concerns merely the first logical steps by which every argument must be introduced. We may now go on to consider the making of a formal outline of these steps, or, as it is called in argumentation, the Brief of the Introduction. If, as we have seen, a preliminary outline—even though short—is important in good exposition, it is doubly so in argument, where the thought is necessarily more complex.

THE BRIEF OF THE INTRODUCTION

The brief for the Introduction should be clearly divided into the correct logical main heads and sub-heads, and should be lettered and numbered so as to show these

¹ Is it possible to reduce the number of issues given in the brief on pp. 366-373 below?

logical relations, and each head and sub-head should be phrased in a complete sentence. When the brief is finished it should read as a series of complete and consecutive statements, perfectly intelligible to the general reader, and not designed for the use of the writer alone. The two following versions of a student's brief will illustrate these matters of form and of content.

Defective Brief

AUTOMOBILE-RACING SHOULD NOT BE ABOLISHED IN AMERICA

INTRODUCTION

- I. The question is important at present:
 - A. There is a great difference of public opinion concerning automobile races.
 - B. They are very beneficial to manufacturers.
 - C. Unlike horse-racing, they do not depend on gambling to arouse public interest.
- II. The promoters offer definite plans:
 - A. They will safe-guard drivers:
 1. They will prohibit races on circular one-mile dirt tracks.
 2. They will demand a medical examination of all drivers.
 3. They will require that all racing cars pass a rigid technical examination.
 - B. They will provide greater safety for the spectators:
 1. They will have the courses better policed.
 2. They will provide concrete safety walls around all automobile courses.
- III. Automobile-racing is a good sport for satisfying the Americans' desire for excitement.
 - A. Excitement is a part of human nature, and
 1. It must be satisfied either legally or illegally.
 - B. Automobile-racing is a clean sport:
 1. The outcome is very uncertain;
 2. To run a racing automobile is a splendid test of nerve and endurance.

- C. Automobile-racing is a legal sport:
 - 1. Gambling is not a factor.
- IV. The question thus narrowed down to practical considerations presents the following main issues:
 - A. Is automobile-racing excessively dangerous?
 - B. Will it reduce race-track gambling?
 - C. Is it a worthy form of sport?

The deficiencies of this brief are varied and obvious. Taking as our standard the general scheme of procedure outlined at the opening of this chapter, we note the following logical omissions in the brief. The history of the question is not reviewed, there is no definition of the terms of the proposition, under what should be the clash of opinion only one side of the controversy is represented, there is no attempt at the waiving of issues or at the logical disclosure of the special issues, and, finally, the whole of Section III is controversial, that is, it raises a point that must be proved in the argument proper, not a point that may be casually asserted in the introduction. In view of these deficiencies, it is hard to see how the author derives his special issues, and we feel that upon these issues, as stated here, it would be hard to base a convincing argument.

Let us look at a rewritten version of this brief, and note the changes that have been made.

As an essential point in determining that the *form* of the brief be correct, the student should observe the necessity for using proper connectives. He should follow the rule insisted upon by many lawyers and judges, that "for" and "because," as the signs of formal argument, shall not be used to connect headings and sub-headings in the introduction. To substitute "since" or "in that" when the relation of ideas demands such a connective, keeps a writer on his guard and is no less clear.

*Revised Brief*AUTOMOBILE-RACING IN AMERICA SHOULD NOT BE
ABOLISHED

BRIEF OF THE INTRODUCTION

- I. Whether or not automobile-racing in America should be abolished is an important question at the present time, since
 - A. There have been, of late years, great numbers of automobile races.
 - B. These races have been attended by circumstances which have directed public attention to them.
 - C. The average person is always interested in races and contests of every kind.
- II. This controversy has arisen from the following circumstances:
 - A. During the history of automobile-racing many accidents have occurred.
 - B. Many persons consider that the atmosphere and the effects of automobile-racing are deleterious to public welfare and morals.
- III. The following definitions are taken for granted:
 - A. The term "automobile-racing" is taken to mean those contests of speed between automobiles specially made for racing,—contests which are held at large public fields or race-courses, and to which the public is admitted on payment of a fee.
 - B. The term "abolished" is here understood to mean forbidden by the laws of each state to take place under any circumstance or upon any occasion.
- IV. It is agreed that we may waive all consideration of the question as to whether or not automobile-races are commonly held on national holidays.
- V. The views of the two sides in this controversy may be stated thus:
 - A. The opponents of automobile-racing hold the following opinions:
 1. Automobile-races endanger the lives of participants and of spectators.
 2. They promote gambling.
 3. They produce unhealthy excitement.
 - B. The advocates of automobile-racing, on the contrary, hold the following opinions:

1. Automobile-racing need not endanger life.
 2. If automobile-racing were abolished, the old undesirable horse races, with their attendant betting and gambling, would inevitably be resumed.
 3. Automobile-racing need not cause unhealthy excitement.
- VI. From these conflicting opinions, it appears that the issues are the following:
- A. Does automobile racing necessarily endanger human life?
 - B. If automobile races were abolished, would the old conditions of horse racing and gambling recur?
 - C. Is the excitement associated with automobile races necessarily objectionable?

We must consider next the content and the brief of the Body of the Argument.

THE BODY OF THE ARGUMENT

When, in any proposition to be argued, the special issues have been designated and reduced to the smallest number possible, the argument proper, which is concerned only with proof or refutation, may begin. This is the point toward which all our preliminary analysis has led; and the writer has now before him the actual problem of the argument: how is he to win another person over to his way of thinking upon the subject in hand?

There are two ways by which we may convince another person of the facts of a given situation, or may win him to our view of those facts. These two ways are the following: (1) we may adduce the authoritative statement of another person whom he trusts and is willing to believe, or (2) we may point out to him actual circumstances which show our contention to be the true one. This sort of intellectual support to a proposition is called evidence, and the two

kinds of evidence just described are called, respectively, *Testimonial* and *Circumstantial*. Let us proceed, then, to the consideration of these kinds or forms of evidence.

(1) *Testimonial Evidence*, upon which is based Argument from Authority, may consist of the statements of witnesses, actually heard or preserved in books, or of sayings and ideas long held as axiomatic and handed down by the human race. When we accept any or all of these varieties of testimonial evidence, we do so because they seem worthy of our faith or belief, even though we are unable to substantiate them by the facts and observations of our own actual experience. Religious argument is often based upon testimonial evidence.

Testimonial evidence is particularly useful in the ordinary arguments of students, for arguments upon questions of ordinary student life must rest very largely upon opinions expressed on all sides by members of the community. Students should realize that for testimonial evidence they are not confined to the statements of formal witnesses and of books. Upon matters of every-day college life the best possible evidence is found in the utterances of undergraduates and of college officers. In arguing the proposition *Resolved that Dormitories for Freshmen Should Be Erected at Texas State College*, one might well wish to establish this statement: *Freshmen are dissatisfied with living in separate boarding-houses*. The evidence upon this point must come, obviously, from the students themselves. Upon other issues, to be sure, the testimony of the students might not be valid. In establishing the proposition *The State can afford the investment*, for example, one would probably have to resort to printed statements concerning the funds at the disposal of the State Legislature.

(2) *Circumstantial Evidence* is the evidence which we

accept because we have derived it from our own observation of natural phenomena and our inferences from those phenomena.

The difference between these two kinds of evidence is admirably explained and illustrated by Professor Huxley:

The evidence as to the occurrence of any event in past time may be ranged under two heads which, for convenience' sake, I will speak of as testimonial evidence and circumstantial evidence. By testimonial evidence I mean human testimony; and by circumstantial evidence I mean evidence which is not human 5 testimony. Let me illustrate by a familiar example what I understand by these two kinds of evidence, and what is to be said respecting their value.

Suppose that a man tells you that he saw a person strike another man and kill him; that is testimonial evidence of the 10 fact of murder. But it is possible to have circumstantial evidence of the fact of murder; that is to say, you may find a man dying with a wound upon his head having exactly the form and character of a wound which is made by an axe, and, with due care in taking surrounding circumstances into account, you may con- 15 clude with the utmost certainty that the man has been murdered; that his death is the consequence of a blow inflicted by another man with that implement. We are very much in the habit of considering circumstantial evidence as of less value than testimonial evidence, and it may be that, where the circumstances 20 are not perfectly clear and intelligible, it is a dangerous and unsafe kind of evidence; but it must not be forgotten that, in many cases, circumstantial is quite as conclusive as testimonial evidence, and that, not infrequently, it is a great deal weightier than testimonial evidence. For example, take the case to which 25 I referred just now. The circumstantial evidence may be better and more convincing than the testimonial evidence; for it may be impossible, under the conditions that I have defined, to suppose that the man met his death from any cause but the violent blow of an axe wielded by another man. The circumstantial evidence 30 in favor of a murder's having been committed, in that case, is as complete and as convincing as evidence can be. It is evidence which is open to no doubt and to no falsification. But the testimony of a witness is open to multitudinous doubts. He may have been mistaken. He may have been actuated by malice. It has 35 constantly happened that even an accurate man has declared that a thing has happened in this, that, or the other way, when

a careful analysis of the circumstantial evidence has shown that it did not happen in that way, but in some other way.¹

Let us go on, now, to a more detailed consideration of the nature and divisions of evidence. For the purpose of ordinary argumentative writing, testimonial evidence has already been sufficiently explained. Circumstantial evidence, however, is more difficult; and we must clearly understand its divisions. When we become convinced by circumstantial evidence, of the truth of a given proposition, our conviction is the result either of *induction* or of *deduction*. Inductive argument is defined as "inference from particulars to a general statement." That is to say, if we have observed that every hard and green apple we have ever seen is sour, we are likely to make the induction that, in the whole world, there is no hard and green apple which is not sour. Thus we argue from separate instances to a general conclusion. Deduction, on the other hand, is the converse of induction. In deductive argument we begin by accepting a general statement, from which we then argue that, if this general statement is true, some one particular instance under it must be true. The well worn example of deductive argument is this: "All men are mortal; Socrates is a man; therefore Socrates is mortal."

If this explanation be clear, the student will see at once how easy it is to make false inductions and deductions. False inductions occur, obviously, when we have not observed a sufficient number of individual instances, and hence have failed to realize that not every instance supports our conclusion. The popular saying, for instance, that all red-haired people are ill-humored does not necessarily convince every one, for each one of us may know some one red-haired person who is good-humored, and

¹ From Lecture I of *Three Lectures on Evolution*, in *American Addresses*.

this one contrary fact will invalidate the induction. Likewise, the deduction "All Italians are revengeful; this man is an Italian; therefore he is revengeful," is fallacious, because the first statement (or "premise") is not invariably true.

If the meaning of the terms *induction* and *deduction* be now clear, we may go on to consider the different errors into which careless inductions and deductions may lead us. These errors are called *fallacies*, and they may, for practical purposes, be classified and illustrated very simply.

FALLACIES

A fallacy is "any unsound mode of arguing which appears to demand our conviction, and to be decisive of the question in hand, when in fairness it is not." The complete and strictly accurate classification of fallacies is a difficult and intricate matter, and belongs really to the study of technical logic. There are certain obvious fallacies, however, which the student should learn to detect in the writing of others and to guard against in his own writing. These are (1) fallacies arising from vague or shifting definition of words; (2) fallacies arising from errors of observation; (3) fallacies arising from false reasoning.

(1) *Fallacies Arising from Vague or Shifting Definition of Words*

The confusion that may arise from lack of strict and careful definition has already been discussed. This kind of confused thinking may creep in at any point of an argument. A good example of such confusion is that often made by students in the use of such a word as *democracy*.

The question "Is the atmosphere of Hilton College democratic?" for example, would be impossible of argument unless the arguer had in mind a precise definition of the word *democratic*. The term "College Spirit," also, is understood by most students as meaning that sort of physical energy which enables a student to go forth on an inclement November day and enliven the practice of the football team with cheers and applause; whereas "college spirit," if used in an argument, would have to have its meaning much more broadly construed. Strict and careful definition, therefore, is the only safeguard against this sort of fallacy.

(2) *Fallacies Arising from Errors of Observation*

Another class of fallacies arise from inattention, prejudice, or ignorance. The arguer fails to receive an accurate impression of what is told him or what he has seen; or he is unconsciously prejudiced and fails to realize the resultant changes that he makes in his construction of the impression he has received; or he is ignorant and does not know of intermediate or contributing causes which might alter his interpretation of the impression he has received. To this class of fallacies belong all superstitions, and, in all probability, most ghost stories. A famous manifestation of this fallacy is thus described by J. S. Mill:

One of the most celebrated examples of a universal error produced by mistaking an inference for the direct evidence of the senses was the resistance made, on the ground of common sense, to the Copernican system. People fancied they *saw* the sun rise and set, the stars revolve in circles around the pole. We now know they saw no such thing: What they really saw was a set of appearances, equally reconcilable with the theory they held and with a totally different one.¹

¹ *A System of Logic.*

(3) *Fallacies Arising from False Reasoning*

There are four chief forms of these fallacies of actual reasoning: (a) Hasty generalization; (b) Begging the question; (c) *Non sequitur* and *Post hoc ergo propter hoc*; and (d) Ignoring the question.

(a) Hasty generalization.

A mode of loose thinking into which young writers are especially prone to fall is hasty generalization, or the drawing of wrong conclusions from incorrect or insufficient evidence. An illustration may be drawn from the argument of a young woman who was protesting against the extension of the suffrage to women. It had been urged by her opponent that the possession of the vote by Colorado women had enabled them to aid in raising the salaries of women teachers in Colorado. "But," argued this young woman, "I was for two years a teacher in Colorado, and during that period neither of my two best friends had her salary raised; hence I do not see that the vote does any good."

(b) Begging the question.

The fallacy of begging the question occurs whenever an arguer (i) "makes an assumption which is the same as, or results from, the conclusion he is to prove true; or (ii) asserts unqualifiedly the truth of a premise which itself needs support." The phrasing of the following proposition illustrates a form of this fallacy very common in the work of students: "Resolved that the practice of the fraudulent science of phrenology should be abolished in this state." Here the proposition assumes as true one of the main points which must be proved: that the science of phrenology is fraudulent.

(c) *Non sequitur* and *Post hoc ergo propter hoc*.

The fallacies known, in technical logic, by these Latin names also occur frequently. *Non sequitur* (it does not follow) is a conclusion that is illogically drawn from the facts or premises. To argue that all immorality is dangerous to society; some negroes are immoral; therefore all negroes are dangerous to society, is a *non sequitur*. The fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc* (after this, therefore because of it), is the supposition that because one event has happened after another one, the second event was caused by the first one. The popular belief in the curative powers of patent medicines is an illustration of this fallacy. George Eliot's character, Mr. Glegg, in *The Mill on the Floss*, also sometimes fell into the same fallacy:

Mr. Glegg surprised himself by his discoveries in natural history, finding that his piece of garden-ground contained wonderful caterpillars, slugs, and insects, which, so far as he had heard, had never before attracted human observation; and he
5 noticed remarkable coincidences between these zoölogical phenomena and the great events of that time—as for example, that before the burning of York Minster there had been mysterious serpentine marks on the leaves of the rose-trees, together
10 to know the meaning of, until it flashed upon him with this melancholy conflagration.

This fallacy often occurs, also, in the political argument of the day; as, for instance, in the contention that a financial panic has been the result of the election of some particular political candidate to office.

(d) Ignoring the question.

The fourth principal fallacy in actual reasoning,—and the last one that, for our purposes, we need to discuss here,—is the fallacy called “ignoring the question.” When an arguer *unconsciously* ignores the question, he attempts

to discuss some point which may be allied with the question, or may resemble it, but which is not a point truly involved in the actual question itself. The following extract from Macaulay, for example, cites admirable examples of this fallacy:

The advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other mal-factors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. . . .

And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal . . . and a few of the ordinary household decencies which half the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood! 10

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! . . . We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Rights, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! 15

It is this fallacy which is amusingly parodied in *Alice in Wonderland*, when the Hatter, whose watch has stopped, reproaches the March Hare for having advised him to put butter on the works.

"But," sighed the March Hare, "it was the *best* butter!"

When an arguer *consciously* ignores the question, he is guilty of what is called the *argumentum ad hominem*,¹—that is, he purposely throws the weight of the argument on some point which is a non-essential, or not actually germane to the real matters at issue, in order to take advantage of his reader's or his hearer's prejudices or prepossessions on the subject as a whole.

The student will find it useful to have a tabulated

¹ Latin for "an argument addressed to the interests or passions of a particular man or particular men."

summary of the forms and the tests of evidence, and of the more obvious fallacies.

EVIDENCE

FORMS

TESTS

1. TESTIMONIAL

(Statements of Witnesses):

a. Actually heard;

a. Is testimony consistent with normal experience, and is it given willingly?

b. Repeated through other persons or through books.

b. Is the witness disinterested, unprejudiced, sane, and in possession of all his senses?

2. CIRCUMSTANTIAL

(Derived through observation of natural phenomena and through inferences or conclusions from such phenomena):

a. Inductive;

a. Have we observed a sufficient number of individual instances to insure the truth of our induction?

b. Deductive.

b. Are the given premises so well founded as to make it absolutely certain that each particular instance to be argued from them is undoubtedly true?

FALLACIES

1. Fallacies arising from vague or shifting definition of words.
2. Fallacies arising from errors of observation.
3. Fallacies arising from false reasoning:
 - a. Hasty generalization.
 - b. Begging the question (*Petitio Principii*).
 - c. *Non sequitur* and *Post hoc ergo propter hoc*.
 - d. Ignoring the question (*Ignoratio elenchi*).

THE BRIEF OF THE BODY OF THE ARGUMENT

We may now consider the Brief Proper, or the formal outline of the Body of the Argument. The direct procedure of the Brief Proper is to take up, one by one, the definite issues, as they have been finally determined by the analysis of the Introduction, and to show the logical relations and relative importance of each part of the evidence. The rules which have been laid down for the form of the Brief of the Introduction apply likewise to the form of the Brief Proper. It must be divided into the correct logical main heads and sub-heads, these divisions must be so lettered and numbered as to show their true relation, and each head and sub-head must be phrased as a complete sentence. The student should likewise observe that *for* and *because* are the logical connectives to relate the heads and sub-heads of the Brief Proper. *For* and *because* indicate that the order of statement is "proposition-proof". To use *hence* or *therefore* indicates the opposite relationship, and is confusing when used in connection with the former arrangement. The reasons against using *for* and *because* in the Introduction will now be more obvious to the student.

Let us take, as an illustration, the Brief Proper of the argument on Automobile-racing. We may consider first the original and then the revised form.

Defective Brief

AUTOMOBILE RACING SHOULD NOT BE ABOLISHED IN AMERICA.

BRIEF PROPER

- I. Automobile-racing is not excessively dangerous, because
 - A. Race courses are now safe, for
 1. Dirt-track racing is not allowed by the A. A. A.

2. Cement walls are placed around the courses.
 - B. Racing machines are safe, because
 1. Good material is used, for
 - a. Tires are very strong;
 - b. Safety devices are used.
 - C. Drivers testify on this point:
 1. Lewis Putnam Strang;
 2. Joseph Jagersbeiger;
 3. Lewis Disbrow.
- II. It will reduce gambling, because
- A. Auto-racing does not depend on gambling to arouse public interest, for
 1. The race alone has enough excitement to hold the spectators.
 - B. Auto-racing is replacing horse-racing and reducing gambling, because
 1. All famous race-tracks are closed, for
 - a. The government has refused to allow gambling;
 - b. Enthusiasm at a horse-race depends on gambling.
- III. Auto-racing is a worthy form of sport, because
- A. It is the most highly developed American sport;
 - B. Drivers are men with good habits, for
 1. Drinking and smoking will make them nervous;
 2. Late hours will deaden their brains.
 - C. Auto-racing is a sport for men, women, and children, because
 1. There is nothing vulgar or immoral connected with racing.

If, for the purpose of the exercise, we admit these issues to be the true issues and *all* of the true issues, we must still object that the evidence, as produced by the writer here, is not always complete or convincing. The evidence for Issue I is clear and to the point. Issue II, however, is obscurely stated and by no means proved. II, A, 1 is not sufficient to convince a critical reader that no betting takes place in connection with automobile races. In support of II, B, moreover, we need actual statements of fact to prove that horse-racing is really diminish-

ing as an actual result of the introduction of automobile-racing. III, A is purely assertive. How many people, for example, would admit that automobile-racing in America is a more highly developed sport than baseball? And, finally, under III, C the writer should certainly advance some sort of proof for his assertion that there is nothing vulgar or immoral about automobile-racing as it is actually carried on.

The defects of this brief are now sufficiently obvious. Let us look, then, at a revised version of the brief, based upon the issues of the revised introduction. (p. 349)

Revised Brief

AUTOMOBILE-RACING SHOULD NOT BE ABOLISHED IN AMERICA

BRIEF PROPER

- I. Automobile-racing need no longer endanger human life, for
 - A. The Automobile Association of America, which governs all races, has made adequate provisions for safety, for
 1. The old dangerous circular dirt tracks are no longer to be allowed;
 2. Cement walls are to be constructed around courses to protect the lives of drivers and spectators, for
 - a. We have the example of the Indianapolis speedway.
 3. Racing machines are to be more safely constructed, for
 - a. Better materials are to be used for tires and framework;
 - b. A greater number of safety devices are prescribed.
 - B. Noted drivers testify to the safety of this sport, for,
 1. We have the testimony of the following experts:

- a. L. P. Strang;
 - b. J. Jagersbeger;
 - c. L. Disbrow.
- II. If automobile-racing were abolished, there would inevitably be a recurrence of the more corrupt conditions of horse-racing, for
- A. It is generally admitted that the closing of horse tracks has been due primarily to the competition of automobile races, for
 1. An editorial in the *Chicago Mirror* so contends;
 2. The report of the Welfare Commission of Alabama so declares.
 - B. Human nature must have some sort of outlet for the sporting instinct, for
 1. The expenditures upon professional baseball are enormous.
 2. Even such intellectual centers as colleges make ample provision for sport.
 - C. Owners of horse tracks are eager to reopen their properties, for
 1. They wish to recover from the heavy losses caused by the closing of horse tracks.
 - D. Horse-racing gives rise to more betting than automobile-racing does, for
 1. The uncertain elements in horse-racing are much greater, for
 - a. A horse is more variable than a machine.
 - b. A jockey may make a wider range of mistakes than an automobile driver.
- III. Automobile-racing can be so regulated as to be free from degrading associations, for
- A. Actual experience has shown that it is easier to control large crowds at an automobile race than at a horse race, for
 1. This is shown by the accounts of the automobile races and the horse races held at Hawthorne Field near Chicago, during the summer of 1911.
 - B. The Chicago police testify that only a small number of gamblers attend automobile races.
 - C. Drivers of racing automobiles are compelled to be men of good habits, for
 1. Drinking and smoking would make them nervous.

2. Late hours would deaden their brains.
- D. In automobile-racing there is no possibility of rowdyism or foul play, for
 1. The contestants are not in actual physical contact.
 2. Fouls are eliminated by the rules of the track.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE ARGUMENT

The conclusion of an argument is merely a short summary which reviews concisely each step of the argument. No new material should ever be admitted into the conclusion, which is merely a logical device for drawing together and presenting at once to the mind of the reader all the threads of the argument. The conclusion should restate and reaffirm the proposition exactly; if it contain any modification or qualification, the whole effect of the argument will be lost.

The conclusion of the brief presented above stands as follows:

CONCLUSION

Since

- I. It need not endanger life,
 - II. Its abolition would be followed by a recurrence of the more corrupt conditions of horse-racing,
 - III. It can be freed from degrading associations,
- Automobile-racing should not be abolished in America.

SUMMARY

A successful argument, then, will be arranged in the form of INTRODUCTION, BODY (OR ARGUMENT PROPER), and CONCLUSION. The INTRODUCTION will *State and Define the Terms of the Proposition*, it will give a *History of the Question*, and a statement of the conflicting claims of the two sides, or *The Clash of Opinion*, and from due consideration or analysis of these conflicting claims it

will, after *Waiving What Is Granted, or Non-Essential*, point out the *Special Issues*, upon the decision of which the whole argument really turns.

The BODY or ARGUMENT PROPER, will take up one by one these special issues, bringing to bear the best evidence, either testimonial or circumstantial, or both, that the writer can possibly produce.

The CONCLUSION will review the steps of the argument, and will close the argument by a re-statement and re-affirmation of the proposition.

With the close of this necessarily brief review of the main principles of argumentation, we may go on to the study of some actual examples of argument. The student may not find illustrated in each one of these selections, the precise form of academic argument, with all its categories, that this introductory discussion has insisted upon. The value of such categories is that they make clear and obvious a process which might otherwise be confusing. As the student will see, it is not always necessary to treat every subject in so formal a manner. What the ensuing arguments will show, is, that the main processes of argument are always present: the proposition must always be stated, defined, explained, analysed, and then argued on the basis of certain main points of conflict. If the student has understood this introductory discussion, he will have no difficulty in analysing each selection into its brief, and in testing, by the general tests that we have studied, the kinds and the character of the evidence that is employed.

EXAMPLES OF ARGUMENT

BRIEF FOR STUDENT'S ARGUMENT (A)

RESOLVED THAT ALL TELEGRAPH LINES IN THE UNITED STATES SHOULD BE OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE GOVERNMENT

INTRODUCTION

- I. The question is being discussed at present, since
 - A. The Postmaster General recently proposed acquisition by the government.
 - B. There is a general feeling that the present rates are too high.
- II. Those who are opposed to the government's owning and operating the telegraph maintain that
 - A. Government ownership and operation tend toward socialism, in that
 1. Individual enterprise would be done away with;
 2. Efficiency would deteriorate.
 - B. Government ownership ought not to be undertaken, since,
 1. The expense of acquisition would be so enormous.
 - C. The so-called cheaper rates would be cheaper in name only.
 - D. If cheaper rates could be obtained, the difference would be more than counterbalanced by the enormous cost of taking over.
 - E. Many employees would be thrown out of work if the telegraph were taken over.
 - F. The risk that the telegraph might not prove self-supporting is too great, since
 1. The continuance of the present satisfactory condition of the post-office is by no means certain.
 - G. Government control would not eliminate political evils.
- III. Many people believe that the public would be greatly benefited by government ownership and operation, in that

- A. Cheaper rates would be afforded, since taxes, exorbitant interest, high salaries, and watered stock would be eliminated.
- B. Service would be more efficient, in that
 - 1. The post-office and the telegraph could be readily combined.
 - 2. Civil service tests would be applied to telegraphers, thus raising the standard of their intelligence and preparation.
 - 3. The increased use of the telegraph, due to the lower rates, would prevent any appreciable number of employees from being thrown out of work.
- C. The present evils of politics would be eliminated.
- D. To leave the control of telegraph lines in private hands is dangerous, in that
 - 1. This utility is a vital public utility.
 - 2. The control might be wrested to promote private advantage.
- IV. Both sides admit the following:
 - A. Individual enterprise would tend to be abandoned.
 - B. Taxes, interest, and high salaries would necessarily be eliminated.
 - C. The acquisition would be an enormous expense.
- V. The case then seems to resolve itself into the following important issues:¹
 - A. Would rates be actually cheaper?
 - B. Would the cost of acquisition be such as to prevent the undertaking?
 - C. Would rates, if cheaper, be counterbalanced by the cost of taking over?
 - D. Could the post-office and the telegraph be readily combined?
 - E. Is the condition of the post-office stable enough to warrant such an undertaking?
 - F. Would efficiency be increased by combination with the post-office?
 - G. Would government control eliminate the evils of politics?
 - H. Is it dangerous to allow the power over the telegraph to rest in private hands?

¹ The number of special issues in this brief is unusually large. Could the number be reduced by rearrangement, combination, and subordination?

- I. Would the present employees of the private companies be irretrievably thrown out of work?
- J. Would the tendency toward socialism be detrimental?

BRIEF PROPER

The ownership and operation of the telegraph by the government would greatly benefit the people of this country, for

A. Rates would be much cheaper, for

1. W. Vrooman, in his book on government ownership published in 1893, shows that the rate in Germany was 5c for 10 words; that in England it was 6d for 12 words; and that the average cost per message in the United States was 31.2c, with a profit of 11.3c.
2. 68 governments, including Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Japan, Brazil, and Switzerland, have found this true, and own their telegraph lines, either wholly or in part.
3. Private or company telegraphs exist only in Bolivia, Cyprus, Honduras Republic, Cuba, Hawaii, and the United States.
4. The argument of Pres. Vail, of the Western Union, in his annual report of 1911, that the expenses of operation are less in Great Britain than in the United States; that the real expense—after the proper depreciation, rental, and other considerations had been added to the cost—was about 25–30c per message; that the average price charged the public was 15c; and that the government bore the rest,—is not valid, for
 - a. Were this system under a régime of private ownership, with not only taxes and rentals, but also with enormous salaries, cost of special privileges, profits and dividends on watered stock, the rate would obviously be much larger if the new requirements were to be met.
 - b. A comparison of rates should be made under different conditions in the same country, rather than in different countries.

5. The dividends and watered stock of the Western Union have been enormous, for
 - a. Scrip dividends have been declared to the unparalleled height of 414%.
 - b. The Pacific Telegraph company received from the Western Union \$1,250,000 for lines which did not exist.
 - c. The United States Telegraph Company was paid over seven millions in Western Union stock for property which, according to good authority, says H. L. Loucks, Pres. of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, was five times what it was worth.
 - d. The American Telegraph Co. was given a bonus of \$8,000,000 in Western Union stock over and above the actual valuation of property.
 - e. In 1881, the American Union Telegraph Co., with property worth \$3,000,000, was given in exchange \$15,000,000 in Western Union stock.
 - f. At the same time, the Atlantic and Pacific Tel., worth about \$3,000,000 was absorbed for \$8,400,000 in Western Union stock.
 - g. A scrip dividend was then declared by the Western Union for \$15,500,000 more.
 6. A glance at some names of directors of the Western Union, as shown by the president's annual report, will suggest that the public has been paying excessive rates:

J. J. Astor, U. N. Bethell, H. A. Bishop, H. P. Davidson, Chauncey M. Depew, H. M. Flagler, Edwin Gould, Geo. J. Gould, E. T. Jeffrey, J. P. Morgan, Jacob H. Schiff, and others.
 7. Postmaster General Hitchcock believes that such a consolidation would result in important economies, and in lower telegraph rates.

(Literary Digest, Jan. 27, 1912).
- B. The cost of acquisition would not be such as to prevent the undertaking, for

1. The cost, at most, would be about \$175,000,-000 (the valuation made by Pres. Vail himself).
 2. This could be legitimately lessened by official government appraisement, for
 - a. Such appraisement is provided for by Sec. 5267 of the Revised Statutes.
 3. Other undertakings involving much larger sums have been easily handled by the government, for
 - a. The Panama Canal, which will cost about \$375,000,000, has been successfully managed.
 4. It is reasonable to believe that this undertaking could be managed with even greater ease, because
 - a. It is less costly than the Panama Canal.
 - b. The government has now greater experience.
- C. This cost of acquisition would not counterbalance the cheaper rates, for
1. The cost of acquisition, as represented by a special tax or bond issue, would be gradually paid off.
 2. The cheaper rate would then prevail permanently.
- D. That the post-office and the telegraph could be readily combined is a certainty, for
1. The post-office and the telegraph are simply different methods of conveying human intelligence, and are similar in administration.
 2. Consolidation has been frequently effected in other countries, particularly Germany, France, Switzerland, England, India.
 3. Postmaster General Hitchcock, an expert, recommends it.
- E. There is every reason to believe that the present prosperous condition of the post-office will be permanent, for
1. The methods of the present Postmaster General have been thoroughly business-like, in that they have
 - a. Reduced, by eleven and a half millions, the long-standing deficit of the post-office.

- b. Increased the revenue until it is more nearly equal to the expenditures.
 - c. Eliminated inefficient and unneeded employees.
 - d. Effected these reforms without the curtailment of any postal facilities.
2. There is no reason to suppose that these reforms will not continue to operate in the future.
- F. The telegraph, if combined with the post-office, under government control, would be more efficient, for
1. The standard of intelligence among employees would be raised, for
 - a. All employees would have to pass the civil service examinations.
 2. The combination of small local post-offices and telegraph offices would increase efficiency, for
 - a. One man could do the work both of postmaster and telegrapher.
 - b. Office rent would be reduced.
 - c. Fewer salaries would have to be paid.
- G. Government control would eliminate the evils of politics, for
1. The privileges now offered by the great private companies to legislators would cease.
 2. Legislative lobbying would cease, for
 - a. No one would be tempted by the chance of private gain.
 3. There is no reason to believe that if the telegraph were under government control, it would be any more harmfully affected by politics than the post-office is now, for
 - a. The two would be under the same management.
- H. To leave the administration of the telegraph or any other large public utility in private hands is dangerous, for
1. Competition can be crushed;
 2. Prices can be raised, at any time, to a monopoly level, for
 - a. Both of these things have been done by the Standard Oil Co.
- I. Very few of the present employees of the private

companies would be permanently thrown out of work, for

1. With cheaper rates more messages would be sent, the volume of business would be thus increased, and the same number of employees required, in the aggregate.
- J. The tendency toward socialism can in no way be called detrimental, for
1. The government already owns and operates the post-office and the Panama Canal.
 2. The government is actively engaged in regulating trusts and rates.
 3. Socialism is simply a name applied by the opponents of government ownership to inflame people who do not really understand the subject.
 4. Individual enterprise would not be destroyed, for
 - a. By far the greater number of employees would retain their old positions under government ownership.
 - b. They would have the same opportunities of working up under a sound and just system of competition.

CONCLUSION

Since

Government ownership of all telegraph lines in the United States would be of great benefit to the people of the United States, in that

- A. Rates would be cheaper.
- B. The cost of acquisition would not be prohibitive.
- C. The cost of taking over would not equal the cheapening of the rates.
- D. The post-office and the telegraph could be readily combined.
- E. The condition of the post-office is sufficiently stable to warrant the undertaking.
- F. Efficiency would be increased by combination with the post-office.
- G. Government control would eliminate the evils of politics.
- H. The danger of having the telegraph in private hands would be removed.

I. The present employees of the private companies would not be necessarily thrown out of work,
and

J. The tendency toward socialism would not be in any way alarming or detrimental,

I maintain that all telegraph lines in the United States should be owned and operated by the Government.

STUDENT'S ARGUMENT (A)

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF TELEGRAPH LINES IN THE UNITED STATES

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The question which we are discussing this evening is, as you all know, "Resolved, that all the telegraph lines in the United States should be owned and operated by the government." This is a question which has frequently
5 caused discussion and political agitation ever since the establishment of the telegraph in 1845, but which has never been settled with satisfaction to a large part of our people, particularly the great middle class of Americans, who regard the rates and the profits of the private tele-
10 graph as excessive. The recent proposal of the postmaster general that the telegraph should be made federal property has stirred up the question anew, and has given rise to many and diverse opinions. Some people always have been, and always will be, opposed to any such measure;
15 there is always opposition to reform, no matter how beneficial it is. On the other hand, a great many other persons, with whom I am happy to class myself, earnestly favor the federal telegraph, in the belief that its installation will be for the common good.

20 Those who oppose government ownership and operation of the telegraph raise the cry that it would be a step toward socialism, since, with the destruction of individual

enterprise the efficiency of the workers would be certain to fall. Forgetting the past, they argue that the expense of taking over the private lines would be such an enormous burden to the people that it ought not to be undertaken. The rates, they say, would be cheaper in name only. They 5 point eagerly to the deficits of a few foreign nations; and, with a beautiful flow of language, show how these are the result of low rates, and how the deficits, falling on the straining shoulders of the tax-payers, would make the real cost equal to the original high rate and would not 10 lighten the burden of the people. Moreover, the opponents of the reform argue that, if cheaper rates could be obtained, the difference would be more than counterbalanced by the enormous cost of acquiring all the private and company lines. Again, they claim that many of the present em- 15 ployees would be thrown out of work, that the present uncertain condition of the post-office department makes the risk that the telegraph might not prove to be self-supporting too great a risk to be incurred; and, finally, that political evils would not be eliminated by govern- 20 ment ownership.

On the other hand, we who favor government ownership maintain that rates would actually be cheaper, since the enormous taxes on large private corporations, interest on bonds, high salaries, and profits on watered stock would be 25 absolutely wiped out. We believe that service would be rendered more efficient, as experience has proved in countries where the government has taken control and where positions are determined according to the civil service examinations. Moreover, employees would not 30 be thrown out of work, for foreign nations have proved that lower rates bring increased use of the telegraph; and, with this increased use, there comes, in spite of the increased efficiency of the laborer, a greater opportunity for

work. We contend also that the tendency to mingle in politics and to dabble in graft would be eliminated; and, finally, that it is a bad thing to give private interests the control of great public utilities like the telegraph. All these would, we are convinced, combine together to increase the welfare of the people and to lighten their burdens.

It is, of course, a recognized fact that individual enterprise would be cut out from the telegraph service, and that the expense of taxes and high salaries would be eliminated.

Every one knows, also, that the acquisition of the telegraph would mean an enormous expense. It is not with the expenditure that we are concerned, however,—it is with the danger of the expenditure.

Let us now scrutinize the arguments of both sides, and pick out the vital points upon which our decision must hinge. The first of these is, undoubtedly, the question of rates,—Would rates actually be cheaper under a system of government ownership than under a system of private ownership? Another much discussed point is, Would the cost of acquisition be so great as to prevent the undertaking? Third, would rates, if cheaper, be counterbalanced by the cost of taking over? Fourth, could the post-office and the telegraph be readily combined under the same administration? Fifth, is the condition of the post-office stable enough to warrant the undertaking? Sixth, would efficiency be increased by combination with the post-office? Seventh, would the evils of politics, such as graft and lobbying be eliminated? Eighth, is it dangerous to allow the power over the telegraph to rest in private hands? Ninth, would a great number of present employees eventually be thrown out of work? Finally, would the tendency toward socialism be detrimental? These are the great questions to be decided before one

can feel satisfied of the expediency of a federal telegraph. These are the questions which, once decided, will, we believe, make any one who may now be doubtful, an ardent advocate of government ownership and operation of the telegraph. Now, with your kind permission, we will 5 examine in detail these different phases of the question.

Let us consider first the question of rates. As evidence of the difference of rates under government ownership and private ownership, let us compare the two greatest countries of Europe with the United States. According to 10 W. Vrooman's book on government ownership, published in 1893, the rate in Germany was 5 cents for 10 words, the rate in England was 6d for 12 words, and the rate in the United States was, on an average, 31.2c for 10 words, with an average profit of 11.3c. Germany and England had 15 a federal telegraph; the United States did not. As testimony to the success of the federal telegraph, sixty-eight governments, including Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Japan, Brazil, and Switzerland, have established the government telegraph either partly or wholly. The 20 only countries where private or company telegraphs exist are Bolivia, Cyprus, Honduras Republic, Cuba, Hawaii, and the United States. How does it come that this great nation, whose maxim is "Progress," lacks in this matter the progressive spirit which is shown by the older nations 25 of Europe?

The argument of Pres. Theo. N. Vail, of the Western Union, in his annual report of 1911, that the expenses of operation are less in Great Britain; that the real expense, after the proper depreciation, rentals, and other considera- 30 tions are accounted for, was about an average of 25-30c per message; that the average price charged the public was 15c, and that the government bore the rest, seems at first glance a contradiction of the arguments advanced above.

But, were the English system under a régime of private ownership, the situation would be radically different. With the enormous rentals of offices, with the large taxes of private corporations to pay, with the salaries sometimes 5 ranging into the hundreds of thousands, with the cost of special privileges (which term covers a multitude of sins), and with the great profits on the heavily watered stock, the rate would obviously have to be much larger if the requirements were to be met. Perhaps at times there 10 would be a deficit—there was one of 81,000 pounds in England in 1893, the first since 1876—but even considering this, the cost to the people would be less because of the elimination of large salaries, rents, and profits on watered stock. Moreover, for a direct comparison, rates should, 15 as a rule, be compared under the two different conditions in the same country, rather than under different conditions in different countries.

The largest reduction in rates would be effected by the prevention of watered stock, which has been so great an 20 evil in the operation of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Let us take a few examples of this watering process. The Pacific Telegraph Company was paid \$1,250,000 for stock in lines that did not exist; the United States Telegraph Company (says H. L. Loucks, Pres. of 25 the Farmers' National Alliance and Industrial Union) was paid over seven millions in Western Union stock for its holdings, or, according to good authority, five times what it was worth; the American Telegraph Company was given a bonus of eight millions in Western Union stock over and 30 above the value of its property when it was absorbed; in 1881, the American Union Telegraph Company, with property worth three millions, was given in exchange fifteen millions of Western Union stock; and at the same time the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company, worth about

three millions, was absorbed by giving its stockholders \$8,400,000 in Western Union stock. Almost all the time, the company was making its profits, which were "kept down" to a reasonable percentage by this increased liquefaction of the already watered stocks. Scrip dividends were constantly being declared, one of these, dated Sept. 22, 1888, being as high as 414%. Another large one of \$15,500,000 was declared about the time of the absorption of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company.

A glance at some of the names of the directors of the Western Union, as shown by the president's last annual report, will help to show that the public has been paying excessive rates and that the company has been making excessive profits. Some of these men, who are well known to possess inflated fortunes, are John Jacob Astor, Union N. Bethell, Henry A. Bishop, Henry P. Davidson, Chauncey M. Depew, Henry M. Flagler, Edwin Gould, Geo. J. Gould, Edward T. Jeffrey, J. Pierpont Morgan, Jacob H. Schiff, Harry B. Thayer, Theo. N. Vail, and others. A list of such names as these is a testimonial in itself to the excessive profits. That government ownership would mean increased economy is an opinion supported, moreover, by Postmaster General Hitchcock, who, according to a press statement given in the *Literary Digest* of Jan. 27, 1912, believes that such a consolidation would result in important economies and would permit the adoption of lower telegraph rates.

In the next place, would the cost of acquisition be prohibitive? Let us consider what this would probably be. Pres. Vail, in his report for 1911, places the valuation of the Western Union property at about \$175,000,000. This sum would doubtless be lessened in appraisalment, according to Sec. 5267 of the Revised Statutes, which provides that the government may, for postal, military, or other

purposes, purchase telegraph lines operating in the United States at their appraised value. When we consider the magnitude and cost of some other national undertakings of recent years, this amount dwindles to comparative insignificance. Take, for example, the Panama Canal, which will, according to competent authorities, cost about \$375,000,000. Certainly it is reasonable to believe that the acquisition of the telegraph can be made with less burden than this; and few, I am satisfied, will regard the burden imposed on the people by the construction of the canal as severe.

Neither will this cost of acquisition counterbalance the cheaper rates. Although this might be possible at first for a brief period, the cost of acquisition, which would fall upon the people in the form of taxes or a bond issue, would be gradually paid off and the cheaper rates without the expense would prevail. The system of government ownership and operation is one which offers at the worst, temporary equalization of the low rates with permanent relief in the near future, whereas the present system obviously offers no relief, either present or future. The statement of the opponents of the federal telegraph that the rates, if cheaper, would be counterbalanced by this cost of acquisition is their own downfall, for, granting that this balance exists, while the burden of the cost of taking over is on the people, the cost remains in the balance; but when this burden is removed, the balance is destroyed, and the result is cheap rates with no burden.

Could the proposed consolidation of the post-office and the telegraph be readily effected? We answer that it certainly can. The two are simply different methods of conveying human intelligence, and are similar in administration. As testimony to the case of consolidation we point to foreign countries, particularly France, Germany,

Switzerland, England, and India. We believe that we are just as capable as the people of foreign nations, and that we can effect such a union as easily as they have done. Perhaps no one in the country knows more about the troubles of consolidation than Postmaster General Hitchcock; yet he believes that the consolidation is not only possible, but also expedient. In fact, the only real question that remains is whether the present condition of prosperity and of self-maintenance in the post-office can be continued. We believe that it can, for inefficient and unneeded men have been discharged under the régime of Mr. Hitchcock. Only efficient and necessary men have been permitted to hold their places; and modern business-like methods have supplanted the spoils system.

Mr. Hitchcock, in his annual report of Dec. 1, 1910, (the year before the post-office was self-supporting) says:

In the space of twelve months a reduction of eleven and a half millions has been made in the deficit, the excess of expenditures over receipts, as reported for the year ended June 30 last, amounting to only \$5,848,566.88. . . . Through the decade ended June 30, 1909, the growth in the expenditures of the service more than kept pace with the growth in revenue. The average annual increase in expense amounted to 8.06%, while the average annual increase in revenue was only 7.91%; but in the last fiscal year an increase of about 10% in revenue was accompanied by an increase of barely 4% in expenditures. . . . It is most gratifying that this unprecedented reduction has been made without any curtailment of the postal facilities. On the contrary, the service has been largely extended. . . . The policy of the present administration has been to wipe out the losses by increasing the postal business along profitable lines, and while thus enlarging the income of the department, to reduce as far as possible the rate of expenditures by cutting out wasteful processes, by simplifying and rendering more effective the methods of handling mail, and by raising to the highest possible standard the efficiency of officers and employees. . . . The department has accordingly devoted itself with great earnestness to the work of increasing the mail service, considering this the surest method of making the postal establishment self-supporting.

Mr. Hitchcock's methods have put the department on a sound business basis, and in the last year have turned the deficit into a surplus. Furthermore, there is no reason to believe that if equally good management be maintained, there will be another deficit for any length of time. A crisis might cause a temporary deficit; but what reason have we to suppose that Mr. Hitchcock, an expert in government affairs, would be so blinded by present economy that he could not see the effects upon the future; or to believe that we can see farther into the future conditions of the post-office department than he?

Not only *could* this consolidation be effected, but it *should*, for the sake of greater efficiency, be effected. If the telegraph were under the control of the government, civil service examinations would be employed, and by these the standard of intelligence among the men in the telegraph service would be raised. As for the effect of this, the degree of intelligence is well known as one of the measures of the efficiency of a man. The plan to combine the telegraph office and the town post-office would be a long step forward toward greater efficiency. One man would thus be doing the work formerly done by two, less office rent would have to be paid, and the number of separate salaries would be reduced. In other words, the public would get more efficient service for less money.

Government control would also eliminate the present political evils. Lobbying for private advantage, by means of franking and other privileges, would have to be abandoned, since there would be no reason to expect private advantages from legislation for a public enterprise. As for the effect of politics under a system of government control, there is no reason to believe that politics would play a larger part than it does with the post-office at present, and we all know that to be a very slight amount indeed.

All public utilities which are in private hands offer opportunities for graft and dishonesty in the mad rush for private gain. Under private or company administration competition is crushed out, and prices are raised to whatever level the monopolist sees fit. These tendencies have 5 been strikingly illustrated by the Standard Oil Company, which was dissolved because it was a monopoly carried on in restraint of trade; by the Sugar Trust case; by the Tobacco Trust case; and, bearing more directly on this question, by the crushing out of competition and the regu- 10 lation of rates for telegrams by the Western Union Company. Too much responsibility ought not, from an economic standpoint, to be reposed upon any one man or company. The trusted person or persons might fail at the crisis, or might for private gain demand exorbitant prices. 15

The argument that many employees would be thrown out of work is without weight. Cheaper rates would mean that more messages would be sent and more operators would be needed. This increase in the general use of the telegraph in other countries is shown in the report 20 of Mr. N. P. Hill to the senate, from the committee on post-offices and post roads, May 27, 1884. On Jan. 31, 1883, says Mr. Hill, the Pres. of the Western Union, stated that, in his opinion, not over 1% of the people of the United States ever use the telegraph. In contrast to 25 this, 55.1% in Belgium, and 61% in Switzerland (in which countries government ownership exists) was of a private, social, and family nature. With this increased use, the employees, with a slight effort on their part to keep up to the standard of the civil service, would still have plenty 30 of work. Even if a few should be forced permanently to change their occupation, would not this be preferable to a continuation of the present deficient system?

Our opponents claim that government ownership is

a step toward socialism. If that be the case, government ownership of the post-office is a step toward socialism, government regulation of the trusts would be another step, and the construction of the Panama Canal is a still
5 further step. I do not care what name you call it by if the people are to be benefited. The red flag of socialism is hoisted by the opponents of government ownership simply to arouse the opposition of those people who do not understand the distinct nature and advantages of the
10 proposed reform. The destruction of individual enterprise amounts to little, except with those who are striving to grab a few more millions before the government throttles down their speed. The middle class of workers will have the same opportunities of working up, under the
15 government civil service, that they had before, except for the fact that the political pull will be lacking, and I hardly think this could be called a disadvantage for the masses. We are contending for the good of the great middle class of Americans, not of the few wealthy men who at present
20 control the telegraph system. If our opponents believe that the continued acquisition of wealth by this select few is the register of the welfare of the people at large, they are on the wrong track, they are losing their bearings through their own shortsightedness.

25 We have seen, then, that rates would undoubtedly be cheaper; that the cost of acquisition would not be such as to prevent the taking over of the lines; that after the temporary burden of acquisition was removed, there would be the direct benefit of cheaper rates. We have seen, also,
30 that the post-office and the telegraph could be readily combined; that there is every reason to believe in a continuation of the present prosperous condition of the post-office; that greater efficiency would be secured by consolidation and government ownership, and that no efficient

employee would be deprived of work. We are convinced that lobbying in connection with the telegraph would be done away with; that private administration of the telegraph is dangerous; and, finally, that the cry of socialism is simply a "hurrah" cry to excite opposition. 5

In conclusion, then, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to consider all the advantages of the federal telegraph as compared with all the disadvantages of the private telegraph. Do you want the profits from this great public utility to go into the vaults of Wall Street, or do you want 10 them to be returned to the people where they belong?

Friends, a new day is breaking, a day which marks the dawn of a new era, an era in which the rights of society predominate over those of the individual. Let us stand together and maintain the rights of the people against 15 the tyranny of the grasping capitalist. It is for the future as well as for the present that this reform is urged. Let us throw off the yoke of private monopoly, and, for the benefit of ourselves and our posterity, insist upon the establishment of the federal telegraph. 20

STUDENT'S ARGUMENT (B) ¹

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF TELEGRAPH LINES IN THE UNITED STATES

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The telegraph system extends from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, and from the Great Lakes on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south. Wherever commerce is to be found, a telegraph office will also be found. This great system grew and thrived under a 25

¹ In studying this argument, and the three succeeding arguments, the student should formulate for himself the underlying briefs.

democratic government where private initiative and private business were the watchwords.

The recent agitation for government ownership has arisen from the opinion of Postmaster General Hitchcock, which was lately published in the newspapers. Now this is no new question. In America, more than half a century of effort and appeal to the public have failed to win the government ownership of the telegraph. You wonder why,—but this is easily explained. The people of America are satisfied with the present efficient service and the yearly decreased rates. Every government has its advocates of so-called progress and reform. But this proposed reform has no precedents by which we may judge it, for, as yet, the government has not attempted to take over and control a big business.

These reformers point to Germany as an example of a country where the government controls the great public utilities; and they urge that what can be accomplished for her can be accomplished for the United States. But this argument is fallacious, for, as Sidney Brooks says:

Local and national ownership and operation of the chief public services will be one thing in a country like Germany, where the bureaucratic tradition is strong, and individual initiative perceptibly weaker than the collective initiative, and another thing in a country like the United States, where the best brains are to be looked for outside of the municipal, state, and federal governments, and where the unit has consistently shown itself immeasurably more enterprising and efficient than the group.

Mr. Brooks, who is one of the world's greatest authorities on government ownership, and who is noted for his impartial attitude, writes further,—

In Germany it is a realized project to which the people have adjusted themselves and become habituated. In Great Britain it is just entering the field of practical and political discussion as an experiment fraught with tremendous hazards, but not to be

dismissed as inconceivable. In the United States it cannot yet be said to have reached the tentative stage; and the American people, as they showed when Mr. Bryan dropped a hint in that direction, would unanimously regard a proposal for the federal ownership and operation of their railroads as a political and industrial revolution so tremendous as to be hardly worth debating.

For those people whose opinions are still undetermined, however, I will endeavor to explain in a few minutes the exact situation. I am sure you will all agree with me ¹⁰ that the taking over and controlling of the telegraph would be done purely as a matter of public policy. The question may then be considered under the two heads of necessity and expediency.

If I can show you that the telegraph under private ¹⁵ management in America is far ahead of the systems in other countries; and that—taking everything into consideration—we have a better service and lower rates than are found in any other country, I may then ask you to believe that there is no need for government intervention. ²⁰

If I can prove to you, also, that the present Post-office Department is not in a position to carry out an efficient and economical service; and if I can prove further that the telegraph would prove a most tempting asset in the hands of the political party in power, then we may conclude that ²⁵ it would be inexpedient for the government to assume control of the telegraph system.

The mileage of the four leading countries of Europe, compared with that of the United States is as follows:

Great Britain,	23,000	30
Germany,	41,000	
France,	36,000	
Austria & Hungary,	30,000	
United States,	180,000	

It will thus be seen that there are in the United States ³⁵

about fifty thousand miles of telegraph lines in excess of the aggregate mileage in all the great European countries. America has about five hundred thousand miles of wire, an amount greatly in excess of the wireage in the four
5 countries named above. The population of the four countries named aggregates 200,000,000, and that of the United States is about 85,000,000. While there is, therefore, an average of less than one mile of line for each one thousand of population in Europe, the people of this
10 country have nearly a mile of line for each 300, and nearly a mile of wire for each 100 inhabitants.

There are in the United States about fourteen thousand telegraph stations, against fifty-seven hundred on the British Postal lines. In this country there is a telegraph
15 office for each three thousand seven hundred inhabitants, whereas in Great Britain there is a station only for each six thousand seven hundred people. The proportion of offices kept open all night, and on Sundays, is also larger in this country. Thus by this comparison we see that the
20 United States is far ahead of any other country in wire and office facilities.

In a report of the British Post-office administration, the growth of the system for a period of ten years was shown; in miles of line, 17,501; in miles of wire, 51,861;
25 in number of offices, 2,843; and in the number of messages, 20,117,147. In ten years the Western Union shows an increase of 64,027 miles of line; 237,178 miles of wire; 6,831, in the number of offices; and 26,379,748, in the number of messages. Thus the progress of the Western
30 Union in this country shows a growth in one decade fourfold greater than that of the British system in length of lines; nearly fivefold greater in length of wire; more than twofold in additional offices; though the increase in the number of messages was only 25% greater than

in Great Britain. We see exactly what private ownership has done,—the telegraph having kept pace, in this country, with the growing demand for its use, and the increased exactions for prompt transmission, there is a very much better service rendered in this country by private owner-5 ship, than any that we find under government administration.

My opponent cites Great Britain as an example of a government which is successfully managing and controlling its telegraph system. I hope to convince you, 10 however, that Great Britain's system is neither so efficient nor so cheap as our own.

According to the official figures of the British telegraph system, the deficit for the last year was over \$5,000,000. This deficit includes interest only on a capital of about 15 \$50,000,000, whereas, as a matter of fact, there has been a total expenditure, for capital expended and unextinguished, for loss of interest and for working expenditure over receipts, approximately, of \$175,000,000. In the expenses charged against the revenue there are no allow-20 ances for depreciation or depreciation reserve. No taxes are paid, no rental or charge for buildings owned by the Postmaster-General. There is no liability for, or payment of, damages from any cause whatever.

The average cost of sending a message is over twenty 25 cents; the average revenue per message is about fifteen cents. If all the items were added to the expense that would have to be borne by private enterprise, the expense would be increased from 25% to 50%; hence we see that the government bears one-half the expense of sending 30 private telegrams.

Furthermore, the wages paid to employees of the government in Great Britain are only 50% to 70% of the wages paid by the Western Union for the same class of service.

Thus we see that the telegraph system in Great Britain has been maintained for the benefit of the users at the expense of the people. The British rate is twelve cents for twelve words and one cent for each additional word,—
5 address and signature counted and charged for. The American rate of twenty-five cents for ten words, (address and signature, an average of nine or ten words, free) covers about the same area in territory and the same average distance of telegram that the British rate covers.
10 The territory of Great Britain is about the same as that of New England and New York; but 75% of the population are within two hundred miles of London. The rates within the comparatively narrow limits of any one of these countries for short distances, rarely exceeding five
15 hundred miles, are generally somewhat lower than they are in the United States.

On the other hand, the rates between any two or more government systems are much higher than in this country, and the service is incomparably worse. The service is
20 so unreliable between London and Paris that large commercial houses, when they want their messages to go promptly, send from London to Paris by way of New York over the trans-Atlantic cables.

In an article in the *North American Review*, an experienced newspaper-writer says:

It has been forced upon my conviction by twelve years of intimate acquaintance with the business in America and six years of continuous experience in the same business in Europe, that the average time of transmission by the Western Union line
30 is shorter than on any system in Europe or in any country of Europe; and that the number of errors made by American operators is much smaller than by European operators. In these respects, and in all others connected with the principal part of the telegraph service, the private companies have made steady
35 and continuous improvement, while the tendency in Europe is to stagnate or retrograde.

To this we may add the admission of Mr. Gardiner G. Hubbard, who happens, by the way, to be one of the strongest advocates of government ownership of the telegraph in America. He says:

The business is well and properly conducted. Though com- 5
plaints are often made, and sometimes with justice, a pretty
extensive use of the telegraph of England and of the European
continent during the last four years, has convinced me that
telegrams are sent more rapidly and with fewer errors here than
abroad. 10

Let us now leave the European systems and look into
American conditions. In the United States, the telegraph
is still a luxury used by big business firms, stock exchanges,
bucket-shops, and a few individuals. The ratio of the
use of the mails to that of the telegraph is about one hun- 15
dred to one; and less than five per cent of the whole pop-
ulation use the telegraph. The government operation
of the telegraph would require the ownership, mainte-
nance, and operation of the transmission facilities as
well as the solution of many complex problems incident 20
thereto. Hundreds of millions of dollars must be spent
in the purchase of this system, together with other costs
which must be taken from the service or become a charge
on the public revenue,—all for the benefit of the few who
would directly benefit or indirectly profit by the use of 25
the service.

My opponent maintains that the telegraph can readily
be combined with the post-office. We grant this; but the
question which really concerns us is whether or not the
post-office department can carry on the telegraph system 30
as perfectly and efficiently as the present organization does.
I answer NO, unqualifiedly. The post-office is not ready
for this big step. The Postmaster-General, in his report
of Nov. 30, 1907, says:

The particular and striking needs in this immense business of the government are up-to-date business methods, a revised system of bookkeeping, permitting the taking of a trial balance, and the appointment of a permanent official, corresponding to
5 the superintendent of a mill or the agent of a great consolidated manufacturing corporation, who would hold office continuously through various administrations. The methods at the present time are lacking in economy and directness. The organization and system which worked out satisfactorily many years ago are
10 now out of date and inadequate to the present increased requirements. It is difficult to conduct the post-office department on the up-to-date methods of a great corporation, because of statutory limitations,—wise very likely, when enacted, but now obstructive of desired reforms.

15 The Postmaster-General's annual report of Nov. 30, 1909, shows a deficit of \$17,441,719.82 for the year ending June 30, 1909.

In the early days the postal service was self-supporting. For thirty years, from 1789 to 1819, it failed only once
20 to yield an annual profit; but in recent years, almost without exception, there has been a deficit. So long as the deficit amounted to only a few million dollars, and did not increase in proportion to the growth of the service, it attracted little attention; but in the last few
25 years it leaped upward to ten million dollars, and in 1909 exceeded seventeen million dollars.

The report of June 30, 1910, showed that a reduction of \$11,500,000 had been made in the \$17,000,000 deficit of the year before, leaving a deficit of \$5,848,566.88. But
30 in spite of this reduction, ladies and gentlemen, you can plainly see that Postmaster-General Hitchcock's reports show the post-office to be in need of great reformation and reorganization. The efficiency of the department has been increased in the last five years by the installation
35 of improved methods, but the system is yet far from being well organized. Let us take, for example, the internal organization. Postal experts tell us that decided improve-

ment could be made in the conduct of large city offices by consolidating under one superintendent the divisions that are concerned with financial affairs. Improvement is needed, also, in the system of supervision. This can be accomplished only by dividing the service into 5 series of districts and placing in charge of these districts sub-officials who shall be responsible to the department at Washington.

Furthermore, the present accounting system of the government is exceedingly cumbersome. Each of the sixty 10 thousand postmasters is required to render a separate account to the auditor, in whose bureau more than six hundred clerks are employed in examining such accounts. Since postmasters at the smaller offices, and particularly those in remote places, are often inexperienced in matters 15 of accounting, their financial statements frequently contain unnecessary entries, thus entailing on the auditor's office much additional labor and expense.

These are but a few examples of inefficient work in the present post-office system. But from them we may con- 20 clude that the post-office needs a thorough overhauling in administration and organization; and that, in the near future at least, the Postmaster-General could not efficiently administer the telegraph system.

Let us now consider this question from the business 25 man's point of view. Mr. Hubbard says:

The great difference between the telegraph systems of Europe and America is that, abroad, the telegraph is used principally for social correspondence; here it is used principally by business men for business purposes. 30

Mr. Hubbard estimates that 80% of all the telegraphing done in the United States is done by business men.

You will all understand, moreover, that if a business man is to use the telegraph with confidence, he must

have the resource of legal redress in case the telegraph fails to perform the service which it agrees to perform. If, for example, the telegraph is deficient in promptness or in accuracy, a man might lose heavily or even be ruined.

5 But it is settled by law, both in this country and in England, that "the government is not responsible to persons doing business through the post-office, for the manner in which it is done, or for any loss or damage they may sustain either from the negligence or the positive misconduct
10 or dishonesty of government employees." Therefore it is evident that business men will, to a large extent, drop their telegraphic intercourse, and that the government will thus fail to receive the chief support and source of income of the present telegraph system.

15 The elimination of politics under government ownership is one of the benefits offered by my opponent. Let us, therefore, consider the possible political dangers of government ownership. In the first place we must remember that ours is a government by parties, a govern-
20 ment conducted, in fact, by the party in power. In this we differ from any other country where government ownership has been tried. A telegraph system owned by the government, then, would become simply a gigantic instrument to be used *for* the party in power and *against*
25 the party out of power. The civil service will do no more to make the system efficient than it has done in the case of the post-office. The majority of men in the service will belong to the party in power, and will be sure to look after the interests of their party. Will the politicians and
30 representatives of the party out of power risk making their private communications with each other in respect to party matters, especially during a heated campaign? And is there any one so unsophisticated as to suppose that the party in power will not use the telegraph for

political purposes? How unwise, then, for the government to take over the ownership of the telegraph, when the public could not have implicit confidence in the disinterestedness of its management!

My opponent urges that it is dangerous to leave a great public utility vested in private hands because, by so doing, competition would be wiped out. But is it not apparent that an enormous organization like the Western Union, with its vast capital and its modern equipment, can give better and cheaper service than several small concerns or even two large corporations competing? In such a case, where one corporation has the field, it can devote its entire energy to giving the most efficient service for the least amount of money. All the great economists of the day advocate the promotion of great private corporations, under proper government control.

In conclusion, then, ladies and gentlemen, let me repeat to you my reasons for asking you to believe that government ownership of the telegraph in the United States would be inexpedient. Our telegraph system is at present, in reality, more efficient than any government-owned system. The system of Great Britain, in particular, is neither so cheap nor so efficient as our own, for, as we have seen, the government there has very much simpler conditions to cope with than we have here. For the government to administer the telegraph in the United States would be to tax the many in support of a utility for the benefit of the few. It is impossible to imagine, moreover, that politics would not enter into the management of a telegraph owned and operated by the government. Finally, the evidence shows overwhelmingly that the post-office is not yet ready to carry on efficiently the work of the telegraph. If the Post-office Department can hardly yet pay its own expenses, it is difficult to sup-

pose that it could, in addition, make a government telegraph pay. It is now the opinion of all the most eminent economists that the greatest economy and efficiency will arise from the concentration of all great businesses not under government ownership, but merely under government regulation. For all these reasons, then, I ask you to agree with me that the taking over of all the telegraph lines by the government would be inexpedient.

OLYMPIADS AND LIARS¹

PHILIP J. BAKER²

NO runner—least of all an English runner—likes to be told that he is a poor loser; which is what some of the American papers have been saying about the English Olympic team. No runner—least of all an American—

¹ From *The Outlook*, Oct. 19, 1912.

² The author of this article is the son of Mr. J. Allen Baker, the well-known Member of Parliament from East Finsbury. Mr. Philip Baker is twenty-three years old, and he has just been graduated from the University of Cambridge, where he obtained the unprecedented distinction of being President for two years in succession of the Cambridge Athletic Club. This office means that Mr. Baker was captain of the track team. Mr. Baker was largely responsible for organizing the Harvard and Yale, Oxford and Cambridge Track Meet, which took place at Queen's Club, London, in July, 1911. Mr. Baker has never been beaten, either at Cambridge or at Queen's, for his distance, and has won, in all, forty-two races. At Queen's Mr. Baker himself won the deciding event—the mile race which turned the scale in favor of the English universities.

Mr. Baker's running record naturally led him to visit Stockholm last summer [1912] for the Olympic Games. He was the only other Englishman to run in the final with Jackson, of Oxford, the winner of the fifteen-hundred-meter race. His Stockholm visit only emphasized Mr. Baker's conviction of the desirability of international athletics; and his object in the following article is to endeavor to efface the impression created by a portion of the English press in its adverse criticisms of American sportmanship, and in particular of the conduct of Americans at Stockholm. Finally, Mr. Baker indicates what he believes should be the attitude of athletes in general towards the Olympic idea.

In addition to his athletic distinction, Mr. Baker was President of the

likes to be told that he is a poor winner; which is what the English papers have been saying about the American team.

If any one were catholic enough—and foolish enough—to believe the press of both countries, he would be forced to the conclusion that the English have made excuses for their defeat, have “squealed,” in fact, and cried “won’t play”; while the Americans (most of them professionals, be it understood, and guilty of any and every foul in their unscrupulous efforts to win!) have degraded the Olympic ideal by their elaborate preparations before the games, their unsporting conduct in the stadium, and their offensive exaltation over their victories.

On the face of it this silly newspaper quarrel is the result of misconceptions so blatant as to appear almost willful. Without the grounds for dispute which existed in 1908, the press this year seems to have made a conspiracy to bicker and squabble expressly for the purpose of discrediting the Olympic contest. On the one hand, British journalists—some British journalists—have, without sifting facts or seeking evidence, accused the American representatives of various faults on the most superficial grounds. On the other hand, American journalists, without looking to the source or weighing the authority thereof, have taken the fulminations of a section of our press as the serious opinion of that part of the British public which is interested in the Olympic Games. Both sides have made mistakes which it is hard to excuse. I am only writing now in the hope of minimizing their effects.

famous Cambridge debating society, the Union. He had already filled most of the offices at the Union, and was the first undergraduate to be President of two such extremely influential organizations as the Union and the University Athletic Club. He also won the Whewell Scholarship in International Law, one of the most important scholarships at Cambridge. During his university career he was known as a keen politician and a strong debater.—(The EDITORS of *The Outlook*).

Let me deal first with the mistake which I think has been made by the Americans. I want to show, if I can, why a part of the English press has written as it has done; why it has urged that England should shake the dust of
5 the Olympiad from its feet, and should compete no more; and why it is possible for Americans to mistake this kind of talk for the opinion of any considerable section of the English people.

Because, most emphatically, it is not the opinion either
10 of the British Olympic team or of that English public which, for want of a better word, we call "sporting." If it were, then I agree we should be bad losers. If we had entered the Olympic competition determined to do our best, and, being defeated, had subscribed to sentiments
15 such as these, we should be guilty of a lapse of sportsmanship. But we have not; these sentiments and opinions are not ours. They are the peculiar property of the people with whom they originated—that is to say, of a small section of journalists who are, by their own confession,
20 not interested in Olympic affairs, who never have been interested in them, who have not the remotest understanding of track athletics, and whose sole claim to authority is that they are supported by no less a personage than the famous oarsman Mr. "Rudie" Lehmann, M. P.

25 Why, then, it might be asked, have these people been able to masquerade in the papers as representing the views of the British sporting public? How do they even manage to "hold down" the job of writing about the Olympic Games at all? And why have their effusions not been
30 greeted with the public ridicule they merit?

The answer to these questions is not obvious. It involves a tedious argument which it is worth while to enter on only because it explains so much both of the past and the present. I will make it as brief as I can.

The answer, then, lies, I think, in the fact that athletics—track athletics—have not for a long time held what I believe should be their proper position in the out-of-door life of England. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that outside the universities and apart from the inter-varsity 5 sports the track has not been taken seriously by the British public in the sense in which cricket or football is taken seriously. Public opinion in general is not “educated” to understand and appreciate the track as it is to understand cricket and football. And of course this 10 has affected the press. There are hardly any sporting editors in England who know the first thing about running; and the result has naturally been that the newspapers have published and the public have accepted comments and articles about athletics in general, and about the 15 Olympic Games in particular, which any one who knows anything about it can recognize at once to be complete nonsense.

But the most unfortunate result of this public and journalistic ignorance is that very few people in England have 20 realized either the meaning or the vital importance of efficiency in the successful organization of athletics. They have no idea how hard it makes it for the runner when his management, so to speak, goes wrong. They have no idea how much easier it is to get ready for a big 25 race when you don't have to worry about the details of meals and lodgings and entries and so on. Above all, they have no conception of the futility and incompetence of the existing organization of the English Amateur Athletic Association. And, not realizing this, nor the results 30 which it inevitably produces in the performances of English athletes, they go on talking about the splendidly sporting rough-and-ready way in which the Englishman always used to take his running—simply not recognizing

inefficiency and wasted effort when it stares them in the face.

Because, in the last resort, the attitude of Mr. Lehmann and his friends comes to this: that it is worth while to do
5 a thing badly, and it is not worth while to do it well. It is worth while to organize athletics badly because it is "sporting" and "rough-and-ready"; it is not worth while to organize them well because to do so is to "make a business of what should be a pastime." They call the
10 Olympic Games fantastic, "a horrid orgy," and they say that they cause recrimination and bad feeling; but the essence of their case lies in this catch phrase about business. England must withdraw from a competition which she cannot win without "sacrificing her ideal of amateur-
15 ism" and without "degrading a noble sport" to the level of commercial enterprise, as the Americans have done.

But what do they really mean by that phrase about business? I don't think they could explain if they wanted to; they have never taken the trouble to think. But,
20 if they mean anything at all, it must be that they object in general and in detail to the American method of organizing athletics. Let me venture on an analysis of the method which they have shirked.

The American athlete specializes on one or two events;
25 before any race of great importance he devotes his whole energies and time to his training; he has a coach—often a professional—who likewise devotes his whole energies and time to his coaching; he has an organization behind him which is managed by paid organizers; where, in special cases (as, for example, at an Olympiad), there are
30 great expenses which he could not be expected to pay for himself, they are paid for him. All of which system depends on organizing ability and intelligence, supported by a reasonable amount of money.

That is what the American methods amount to. But the odd thing is that every single feature of it can be found in an advanced stage of perfection in the organization of English cricket or English football. There is no one in the world who specializes more or devotes more time and 5 trouble to his training than the English oarsman; the professional coach was invented by the English cricketer; every English rugger team takes "expenses" for its tours; every English county cricket club has its paid organizers. There is no amateur sporting event in the world over 10 which more trouble is taken, more time "wasted," and more money expended (per person participating) than the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. It is a "business," if any amateur event ever was, and Mr. Lehmann knows it. It is not done in a business spirit—of course not—nor will 15 the English training for the next Olympiad be done in a business spirit. But time and trouble and money are expended to produce a good varsity crew, in precisely the same way and for precisely the same purpose as they were expended by the Americans before the last Olympic games. 20

As I have tried to show, the English press, and therefore the English public, know that cricket and rowing cannot be done well unless trouble is taken to organize success. What hitherto they have not known is that the same remark applies to the track. They have not realized that 25 it is impossible to produce a good track team without taking trouble. But they are finding it out, and 1916 will show the result. They will listen to no nonsense about not entering again, but what they do they will take care to do well. We shall enter for the next Games, and I 30 hope the manner and the spirit of our preparation will be sufficient answer to those who think we have been poor losers, and who have mistaken for a representative opinion the weary "squealing" of journalistic ignorance.

But it is better to lose and to squeal than to win unfairly. And this year, as before, the charge of unscrupulous methods has been brought against the American team. It is a charge which Americans resent the more bitterly because 5 it is repeatedly brought against them. It is a charge which I want to repudiate entirely in so far as it concerns the United States team at Stockholm.

The accusation divides itself into two parts. The first count is that of professionalism on the part of the members 10 of the team. Now, for all I know, there may have been some members of the team who have been guilty of the breach of amateurism involved in taking "appearance money". I should think it quite probable that there were. It is a thing which has happened in England, and which it 15 is very hard to prevent. But it is nothing to do with us if it happens in America. It is purely a matter for the vigilance of the American authorities and for the sensitiveness of the American conscience. So that the charge of professionalism, so far as we are concerned, is reduced 20 to the contention that the whole of the American team "sacrificed its amateur status because of the money which was spent on it"—a contention the absurdity of which has, I hope, been shown by what I have already said. I will not labor the point any more. If the American team 25 were professionals, then there are few amateur cricketers or oarsmen or foot-ballers of eminence in England.

So that, having, I hope, disposed of this accusation, I can turn to the charge that the conduct of the Americans in the Stadium was unsporting. And I will say at once 30 that I thought it was noticeably the reverse. The management of the team seemed from the very beginning to be impressed with the desirability of making no trouble with the authorities, and they seemed to have impressed the same thing on their team—which, perhaps I may say

without offense, seemed a pleasant contrast to their attitude in 1908.

Not that I think the American, or any other, team were perfect. In the nature of the case that is not what one expects. If you pick a hundred men because they can run well, there are almost sure to be some of them who like to win without much caring how they do it. Or at least there are sure to be some of them who are—shall we say?—a little rough and ready in their racing tactics, and who, without malice, do things which have unforeseen 10 results.

Perhaps I can explain what I mean by telling what I think really happened in one of the incidents which were made a cause of complaint against the Americans at Stockholm. I refer to the disqualification of the quarter-miler 15 Young.

In one of the semi-finals of the four-hundred-meters Young was drawn to run against Hans Braun, the German who nearly beat Reidpath in the final of the same race. Young drew the inside place on the starting-line, with 20 Braun next to him. The trouble occurred at the first corner, within a few feet of where I happened to be standing, so that I saw exactly what happened. At the beginning of the bend Braun was perhaps two feet in front of Young, and of course outside him. At any rate, he was 25 in no position to try to cross to the inside. But he began to push close in in front of Young in a very dangerous way, and it certainly occurred to me at the moment that he would make him break his stride. Young, however, gave him no chance to do anything of the sort. He simply 30 collided with Braun in a way that sent the latter a good two yards out of the direct route of the tape, and must have given him a good shaking in the bargain. Young won the race, and was promptly disqualified for a foul.

The justice of this particular incident is not by any means easy to determine. In the first place, I have no doubt Braun would have won if nothing at all had happened. But when the collision occurred, he was in a position to which he had no right, and, if Young had done nothing, I think Braun would have been disqualified for cutting across. On the other hand, Young's method of clearing the way was more violent than was necessary to keep Braun in his place, and I don't think he can be excused from all blame. But to accuse him of a deliberate foul, as many newspapers did, is to cast an undeserved slur both on him and on American methods. He was only protecting himself—with too much zeal. And the fact that the American managers raised no protest against this (at least) doubtful disqualification was only one indication of their very liberal attitude throughout the Games.

Let me deal with two other races that were the cause of disputes to show why I say that the charge against American fairness at Stockholm was unfounded. First, I will take the case of the hundred-meters final.

In that race there were five Americans and one South African—Patching. Patching is notoriously a very fast but a very nervous starter. Now there were seven false starts, all of them made by the Americans, and when at last they did get off, Patching was badly beaten. Obviously there is here quite sufficient material for a charge of unfairness against the Americans, and of course the charge was made.

But, from what I have heard and know of the American runners, I am sure that they had no intention of worrying Patching out of it by continually breaking away. On the contrary, this is what I think happened. The Swedish official who was starting the race was almost as

nervous as the people who were running it. It was his first Olympic final, and he was overwhelmingly impressed with the importance of getting a fair start. In consequence he kept the runners "set" for an inordinately long time—so long that it was practically impossible for any one who starts as Craig, for example, does, not to fall across the line. It was Craig who made the first three breakaways, and I am certain he went only when he felt himself falling, and of course it is well known that after two or three false starts men will break away from sheer nervousness. So that, although I think the false starts were most unfortunate in every way, I don't believe for an instant they were premeditated, and I think as much blame attaches to the starter as to anybody. This theory of what really happened is borne out by the fact that in the final of the two-hundred-meters, in which practically the same men were running, and in which there was an almost equal incentive to try to "steal a bit," there wasn't a single false start, which, I believe, was entirely the result of the fact that the starter let them away reasonably quickly.

One more illustration to exonerate the much-abused Americans—the final of the fifteen-hundred-meters, in which I ran myself. In this, if in any race, there was a chance for "dirty work." There were fourteen starters—incidentally far too many for an Olympic final—and they included seven Americans, two Swedes, and two Englishmen, Jackson and myself. In such a crowd and such a race things seem to happen with kaleidoscopic rapidity, and lots of unfair tricks might have occurred without the judges being able to see. But they didn't occur. Most of the time I was in the thick of the crowd, so I think I am in a position to judge of the fairness of the running. Now, as a matter of fact, I did have to break my stride, owing to an American who came up

inside me when I think he shouldn't have done so, and pushed me out of the way. But this was only the sort of thing which happens, and which is bound to happen, in any race in which a lot of people run, and which in the normal course of events does no harm to anybody. Except for that little incident, to which no blame attaches, I cannot remember that any of the Americans ran with anything but the most perfect fairness, and I know that Jackson, who was most of the way quite close to me, would bear me out. Of course in his wonderful sprint in the last lap Jackson had to run wide around some Americans but, despite the newspapers, I can vouch for it that none tried to box him in or hinder him in any way.

I don't think I need labor my point any more. I thought as the whole English team thought, that both the American management and the American team meant to do the square thing at Stockholm, and did it. It is nothing for them to be self-righteous about; it is really the least that any Olympic team can do. But it does give them a right to resent attacks upon their conduct which have no foundation in fact—and this because they did effectively recognize, as ultimately every one must recognize, that it never can be worth while to try to win any event so big as an Olympic race by mean or discreditable methods.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

The following questions having to do with the interests of college life are suggested as propositions to be argued. This list may of course be indefinitely extended by consultation between the student and his instructor.

1. A blanket tax for athletics should be levied at _____ College.
2. Greek-letter fraternities should not be abolished at _____ College.
3. The class rush in its present form should be retained.
4. Military drill should be abolished.
5. The college should provide dormitories for all Freshmen.

6. The nickel theatre in —— has, at present, a detrimental influence upon the students at —— College.

7. Players who have accepted compensation for playing baseball in the summer vacation, and who are otherwise eligible, should not be debarred from intercollegiate athletics.

8. Secret societies should not be allowed to exist in public high schools in the United States.

THE CONTROL OF WATER POWERS ¹

CHARLES R. VAN HISE

WATER powers should be controlled by the public; I do not say owned or operated by the public. The elastic word "controlled" is used because the amount of control which is advisable or necessary is different in different cases. The North American Conservation Conference of 1909, composed of commissioners from the United States, Mexico, Canada, and Newfoundland, agreed unanimously upon the principles which should obtain as to the control of water powers. Therefore these principles may very well serve as a starting point in the discussion of the subject. "We regard the monopoly of waters," said the commissioners, "and especially the monopoly of water power, as peculiarly threatening. No rights to the use of water powers in streams should hereafter be granted in perpetuity. Each grant should be conditioned upon prompt development, continued beneficial use, and the payment of proper compensation to the public for the rights enjoyed; and should be for a definite period only. Such period should be no longer than is required for reasonable safety of investment. The public authority should retain the right to readjust

¹ Reprinted, through the generous permission of the author and of the publishers, from *The Conservation of Natural Resources*, by Charles R. Van Hise (New York, The Macmillan Company, 1910).

at stated periods the compensation to the public and to regulate the rates charged, to the end that undue profit or extortion may be prevented.

“Where the construction of works to utilize water has been authorized by public authority and such utilization is necessary for the public welfare, provision should be made for the expropriation of any privately owned land and water rights required for such construction.”

The principle of public control of waters was more concisely expressed by the Fourth Lakes-to-the-Gulf Waterway Convention, held at New Orleans, in 1909, to which convention there were over 500 accredited delegates, representing forty-six states of the Union, and including a majority of the governors, the President and the Vice President of the United States, several members of the Cabinet, and a large number of senators and representatives. The representatives of the convention declare “that the waters belong to the people, and maintain that this right of the people is inherent and inalienable; and while recognizing the necessity for administering this invaluable possession of the people by state and federal agencies, each within its appropriate jurisdiction, we deny the right of municipalities or of state and federal governments to alienate or convey water by perpetual franchises or without just consideration in the interests of the people.” The same declaration of principles was made by the First National Conservation Congress at Seattle, and the Seventeenth National Irrigation Congress at Spokane, both held in 1909.

What is the fundamental principle upon which these declarations are based? It is that a resource which originated from a wide area, but is available at a particular point, is the property of all the people concerned. To illustrate, the area of the Great Lakes, excluding Ontario,

is 88,360 square miles, and the area of their drainage is 241,560 square miles. The rainfall of this vast region escapes from Lake Erie through the Niagara River. At one place, Niagara Falls, the water is available for the development of enormous power. Is the position to be taken, if it so happened that the adjacent lands were owned by private parties, that in consequence of this fact they own the water power, for which they paid nothing, and which if they were allowed to develop it fully would be worth incredible sums? The answer is clearly in the negative. If this be the correct answer in reference to Niagara Falls, the same principle applies in the case of lesser streams which may have drainage areas of only a few hundred or a few thousand square miles, but which are available for the development of power at only a few favored sites.

It is clear that originally the public owned the water powers. In certain localities by law or by judicial decision they have been allowed to pass into private hands. In all cases they should be subject to public control. What are the advantages which come from such control? Some of them are as follows:

First, public control is necessary to secure reasonable charges.

Herbert Knox Smith, Commissioner of Corporations, states that already a large proportion of the water powers, especially the best and largest ones, are owned by a few corporations. He says that the General Electric Company controls at least 250,000 horse power and partly controls 420,000 more; that the Westinghouse Company controls absolutely 180,000 horse power, and partly controls 100,000 additional; that eleven other companies control 875,000 horse power,—making a total in the control of thirteen companies of 1,825,000 horse power, or

more than one-third of the entire development of the United States. Not only do these companies control adjacent powers, but by a system of coupling up they obtain a high state of efficiency. Since it is advantageous
5 to have the power uniformly used, and the calls for the maximum amount of power occur at different times in different places, by coupling up a large number of plants a much higher use of the power is possible than if each plant were separately operated. This concentration is
10 economically advantageous. Therefore, conservation requires us to encourage concentration and coupling in order that we may get the greatest efficiency of the water. But if we permit this, the users can be protected only by public control. Hence the conservation principles
15 with reference to water powers are concentration and public control

In connection with this question of concentration another principle is to be considered. While there may not be monopoly now; or, in the near future, danger of monopoly
20 for the water powers of the United States as a whole, there is now, at various localities, monopoly for individual districts. The distance to which power can be economically transmitted is limited. It has been said that the usual maximum is now not more than two hundred miles.
25 Therefore if a given company controls all the good water powers within a certain radius, power from other waters cannot compete because of the cost and loss of long distance transmission. If a company, or a community of companies, has the water power of a district, it has a
30 monopoly for that district. As illustrating this principle, I quote Herring,¹ of the United States Forest Service, in reference to the conditions which obtain in the West.

¹ *Applications of Water Power*, by W. E. Herring. Preliminary Report Inland Waterways Commission, 1908, p. 448. [Author's note.]

He says that already in the northwest, "owing to the low cost of power and the distance to which it can be transmitted, such sites" (that is, sites for water powers) "are in demand, and it is almost impossible at the present time to find a suitable site within a reasonable distance of a market for such a plant in the northwestern states, or on the west side of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, which has not already been appropriated."

Also Herring says in reference to California: "On four of the rivers in northern California, where there is a possible development of over 800,000 horse power, only 20,000 has been actually utilized, while speculative water rights are held on these streams from which over 566,000 horse power could be developed; or in other words 75 per cent of the power possibilities on these streams have been alienated from public ownership and less than 2 per cent utilized for useful purposes."

"The extent to which the control of such plants is passing into the hands of a few of the larger companies is also well illustrated in California, where four of the largest companies have a combined capital of \$55,000,000 and operate 30 hydro-electric plants and 18 steam plants. The largest one of these companies supplies power to 26 individual lighting companies and 12 electric railway companies, in addition to a number of cities and towns where it has its own substations."

Thus, it is plain, we cannot wait until it is proved that monopoly of water power exists in the United States or even in a state. Each district has to be considered by itself, and the facts ascertained as to whether or not in it there is monopoly.

Therefore, the economic advantage which comes from large holdings and from coupling, combined with the fact that monopoly of water power does already exist

in various parts of the country, and is likely to exist elsewhere in the near future, makes it absolutely necessary for the public to control the prices which may be charged for water power. The companies must not be allowed to
5 decide the rates which they levy. If this be done, extortion will be practiced.

Second, if the argument given above is sound, that the use of water for power is a public right, a tax should be levied when a franchise is granted to develop a power
10 in order that the entire people may gain the advantage of a national or a state resource. It has sometimes been said that the control of rates through a public utility commission, or in some other way, is sufficient; for under such circumstances the company developing a water-
15 power could be prevented from gaining more than a reasonable profit. This is true, but if no franchise tax be charged, the advantage of a great resource will go wholly to those who develop and utilize it, not to the people as a whole. The waters which flow through a single stream may have
20 fallen upon an entire state or even on several states. The waters in the streams belong to the nation and to the states except in so far as they have parted with them. Hence a franchise tax upon the companies that develop power belonging to the states is equitable and just. Where
25 there is adequate public control, whether or not such a franchise tax is charged is of no consequence to the company. If such a tax be levied, it is a just charge which must be taken into account in fixing the rates. This additional charge is imposed upon the consumer. The consumer
30 who gains the advantage of the cheap power resulting from a natural resource can well afford to pay the franchise charge to the state, and thus in a measure distribute the advantages of a great natural resource.

Third, under public control each stream may be so

handled that full development of its water power may be secured. Not infrequently it happens that when private parties locate dams here and there, as their interests may require, the locations are not such as to give complete development. Therefore, before any franchises for dams 5 are granted on any river, a careful investigation of the entire stream and all its tributaries should be made by competent engineers, and the sites and heights of dams at each site be designated in order that full efficiency of that stream system may be developed with the smallest 10 expenditure of capital. This is possible only through public regulation.

To illustrate: There may be a possible water power site where A. B. is the riparian owner. There may be another site on land below owned by C. D., the full develop- 15 ment of which would back the water so that the power site on the land of A. B. is worthless. In this case, whether there shall be one or two water powers developed should be determined by the resulting economy and efficiency. If concentrating the full possible power of the two sites at 20 the lower one will give the best results, this should be done.

In order that there shall be full development, it is necessary that there be public control of the reservoir sites; for, as has been shown, this is possible only by the use of reservoir systems. Since the benefits of a reservoir 25 on the headwaters of a stream are not for one power simply, but for all the water powers below, one owner or operator cannot afford to construct the reservoir. And for the full improvement of a stream system the problem is not the construction of one reservoir, but often many 30 reservoirs situated on different branches. Moreover, the drawing of the water from these reservoirs must be considered as one complex problem in order to give as nearly a uniform flow as possible to the different water

powers below. Hence the construction and operation of a system of reservoirs on a river system must be a unit from the headwaters of the many branches to the lowest place at which water may be used for power. Even with
5 reference to water powers alone, this can be accomplished only by government or state control.

But in the humid regions reservoirs are constructed and operated not only with reference to power, but with reference to navigation; and navigation is under the control of the government. As an illustration may be mentioned the Mississippi River, the headwaters of which are in Minnesota and Wisconsin. The existing reservoirs in these states have been constructed in part with reference to navigation and in part with reference to water
15 powers. For such a great system of reservoirs the only agency which can satisfactorily control the manner of drawing off the water from the different storage sites and adjust the charges proportionally to the benefits, is some public authority, the nation or the state, or the two in
20 coopération.

It will be seen that already the government has applied the principle of ownership of reservoirs both with reference to navigation and with reference to irrigation; and recently the Secretary of the Interior, with reference to
25 water powers, has recommended that all remaining reservoir sites upon the public domain be reserved permanently as the property of the nation.

Fourth, the public has a right to require that those who control water power resources shall develop them on a
30 scale sufficient to meet the needs of the people.

Without public control, water power sites may be acquired and held indefinitely without development, the purpose being to prevent the competition of others, or to gain monopoly for the district. It has been stated that

in California, on four rivers, holding companies have sites capable of developing 566,000 horse power, on which only 20,000 horse power have been developed; and yet in that state an extremely high charge is made for power sold.

In the California case, each decrease in rate will increase the amount of power used. Increase in the amount of power used will result in larger and therefore more economical installations. Thus there is action and reaction. This should continue until there is the largest development of power economically possible at the lowest reasonable rates.

Many cases could be cited where a water power is not fully developed, and a great excess of water is flowing over the dam unused, while a high rate is being charged for power furnished. The public may require as a condition of a franchise that construction shall be begun within a reasonable period and that the power shall be developed as rapidly as it is needed and at a reasonable rate.

Fifth, an additional reason for public control is public safety. I need only to call your attention to the Johnstown disaster, which resulted from the break of a dam too weak to hold back the waters at the time of a flood. A reservoir was built on the Little Conemaugh River above Johnstown, capable of storing 480,000,000 cubic feet of water. This reservoir, after belonging to the state and to the Pennsylvania railroad, was sold to the South Fork Hunting and Fishing Club of Pittsburg. In May, 1889, there was a flood rainfall upon the headwater of this stream from 2.5 to 7.8 inches. The spillways of the dam had been somewhat obstructed by screens placed across them to prevent the passage of fish. When the flood came the dam broke, and a great mass of water, estimated in height at thirty feet, passed down over the various towns above Johnstown, and so on to that city. Some

towns were entirely destroyed, and it is estimated that 30 per cent of the inhabitants of Johnstown perished. While the loss of life was never known, it was estimated at the time from 10,000 to 18,000. The loss of property 5 has never been accurately estimated, but it was certainly many millions of dollars. Merely to clear up the débris, covering some thirty acres above the masonry bridge of Johnstown, required three-quarters of a million dollars.

It has sometimes been said that public control of dam 10 construction is unnecessary, since the parties building the dams should be responsible for the resulting damage. Is it likely that the South Fork Hunting and Fishing Club of Pittsburg was responsible for one hundredth part of the damage to property which resulted from the broken 15 Conemaugh dam, saying nothing of the appalling loss of life? Therefore it is not sufficient to say that those who build dams are responsible for them. Every dam which is constructed in such a position that, if it breaks, its loosed waters will menace life and property, should have 20 the approval of a state engineer. Only so are we even reasonably safe. It is natural for those furnishing capital to desire a large return on their investment. They, therefore, sometimes take a chance and in the construction introduce too small a factor of safety. Under public 25 control it would be the duty of a state engineer to introduce a sufficiently large factor of safety so that the greatest flood which will come shall not carry away the dam and thus destroy life and property below. It is an imperative necessity to the safety of the people that the control of 30 water powers rest with the public.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

The following questions of political, or economic interest are suggested as propositions to be argued, after the manner of *The Control of Water Powers*.

1. The United States army should be greatly enlarged.
2. The street-car system in my native town should be owned and operated by the municipality.
3. The commission form of government should be established in my native town.
4. The United States should maintain a system of subsidies for the protection of the American merchant marine.
5. The President of the United States should be elected for a term of six years, and should be ineligible for re-election.
6. The Panama Canal tolls controversy should be arbitrated.
7. The United States should establish a system of government insurance similar to the one recently established in England under the Insurance Act.
8. The present tendency of government conservation of natural resources makes for the best interests of the United States.

WHY WOMEN SHOULD VOTE.¹

JANE ADDAMS

FOR many generations it has been believed that woman's place is within the walls of her own home, and it is indeed impossible to imagine the time when her duty there shall be ended or to forecast any social change which shall release her from that paramount obligation. 5

This paper is an attempt to show that many women to-day are failing properly to discharge their duties to their own households simply because they do not perceive that as society grows more complicated it is necessary that woman shall extend her sense of responsibility to 10 many things outside of her own home if she would continue to preserve the home in its entirety. One could illustrate in many ways. A woman's simplest duty, one would say, is to keep her house clean and wholesome and to feed her children properly. Yet if she lives in a tenement house, 15 as so many of my neighbors do, she cannot fulfill these

¹ Publications of National American Woman Suffrage Association, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York.

simple obligations by her own efforts because she is utterly dependent upon the city administration for the conditions which render decent living possible. Her basement will not be dry, her stairways will not be fireproof, her house
5 will not be provided with sufficient windows to give light and air, nor will it be equipped with sanitary plumbing, unless the Public Works Department sends inspectors who constantly insist that these elementary decencies be provided. Women who live in the country sweep their
10 own dooryards and may either feed the refuse of the table to a flock of chickens or allow it innocently to decay in the open sunshine and air. In a crowded city quarter, however, if the street is not cleaned by the city authorities no amount of private sweeping will keep the tenement
15 free from grime; if the garbage is not properly collected and destroyed a tenement-house mother may see her children sicken and die of diseases from which she alone is powerless to shield them, although her tenderness and devotion are unbounded. She cannot even secure un-
20 tainted meat for her household, she cannot provide fresh fruit, unless the meat has been inspected by city officials, and the decayed fruit, which is so often placed upon sale in the tenement districts, has been destroyed in the interests of public health. In short, if woman would keep
25 on with her old business of caring for her house and rearing her children she will have to have some conscience in regard to public affairs lying quite outside of her immediate household. The individual conscience and devotion are no longer effective.

30 Chicago one spring had a spreading contagion of scarlet fever just at the time that the school nurses had been discontinued because business men had pronounced them too expensive. If the women who sent their children to the schools had been sufficiently public-spirited and had been

provided with an implement through which to express that public spirit they would have insisted that the schools be supplied with nurses in order that their own children might be protected from contagion. In other words, if women would effectively continue their old avocations they must take part in the slow upbuilding of that code of legislation which is alone sufficient to protect the home from the dangers incident to modern life. One might instance the many deaths of children from contagious diseases the germs of which had been carried in tailored clothing. Country doctors testify as to the outbreak of scarlet fever in remote neighborhoods each autumn, after the children have begun to wear the winter overcoats and cloaks which have been sent from infected city sweatshops. That their mothers mend their stockings and guard them from "taking cold" is not a sufficient protection when the tailoring of the family is done in a distant city under conditions which the mother cannot possibly control. The sanitary regulation of sweatshops by city officials is all that can be depended upon to prevent such needless destruction. Who shall say that women are not concerned in the enactment and enforcement of such legislation if they would preserve their homes?

Even women who take no part in public affairs in order that they may give themselves entirely to their own families, sometimes going so far as to despise those other women who are endeavoring to secure protective legislation, may illustrate this point. The Hull House neighborhood was at one time suffering from a typhoid epidemic. A careful investigation was made by which we were able to establish a very close connection between the typhoid and a mode of plumbing which made it most probable that the infection had been carried by flies. Among the people who had been exposed to the infection was a widow who had

lived in the ward for a number of years, in a comfortable little house which she owned. Although the Italian immigrants were closing in all around her, she was not willing to sell her property and to move away until she had finished
5 the education of her children. In the meantime she held herself quite aloof from her Italian neighbors and could never be drawn into any of the public efforts to protect them by securing a better code of tenement-house sanitation. Her two daughters were sent to an Eastern college;
10 one June, when one of them had graduated and the other still had two years before she took her degree, they came to the spotless little house and to their self-sacrificing mother for the summer's holiday. They both fell ill, not because their own home was not clean, not because their mother
15 was not devoted, but because next door to them and also in the rear were wretched tenements, and because the mother's utmost efforts could not keep the infection out of their own house. One daughter died and one recovered but was an invalid for two years following. This is,
20 perhaps, a fair illustration of the futility of the individual conscience when woman insists upon isolating her family from the rest of the community and its interests. The result is sure to be a pitiful failure.

One of the interesting experiences in the Chicago cam-
25 paign for inducing the members of the Charter Convention to recommend municipal franchise for women in the provisions of the new charter was the unexpected enthusiasm and help which came from large groups of foreign-born women. The Scandinavian women represented in
30 many Lutheran Church societies said quite simply that in the old country they had had the municipal franchise upon the same basis as men since the seventeenth century; all the women living under the British Government, in England, Australia, or Canada, pointed out that Chicago

women were asking now for what the British women had long had. But the most unexpected response came from the foreign colonies in which women had never heard such problems discussed and took the prospect of the municipal ballot as a simple device—which it is—to aid them in their 5 daily struggle with adverse city conditions. The Italian women said that the men engaged in railroad construction were away all summer and did not know anything about their household difficulties. Some of them came to Hull House one day to talk over the possibility of a public 10 wash-house. They do not like to wash in their own tenements; they had never seen a washing-tub until they came to America, and find it very difficult to use it in the restricted space of their little kitchens and to hang the clothes within the house to dry. They say that in the Italian vil- 15 lages the women all go to the streams together; in the town they go to the public wash-house; and washing, instead of being lonely and disagreeable, is made pleasant by cheerful conversation. It is asking a great deal of these women to change suddenly all their habits of living, 20 and their contention that the tenement-house kitchen is too small for laundry work is well taken. If women in Chicago knew the needs of the Italian colony they would realize that any change bringing cleanliness and fresh air into the Italian household would be a very sensible and 25 hygienic measure. It is, perhaps, asking a great deal that the members of the City Council should understand this, but surely a comprehension of the needs of these women and efforts toward ameliorating their lot might be regarded as matters of municipal obligation on the part of voting 30 women.

The same thing is true of the Jewish women in their desire for covered markets which have always been a municipal provision in Russia and Poland. The vegetables

piled high upon the wagons standing in the open markets of Chicago become covered with dust and soot. It seems to these women a violation of the most rudimentary deficiencies and they sometimes say quite simply: "If women
5 had anything to say about it they would change all that."

If women follow only the lines of their traditional activities here are certain primary duties which belong to even the most conservative women, and which no one woman or group of women can adequately discharge unless they
10 join the more general movements looking toward social amelioration through legal enactment.

The first of these, of which this article has already treated, is woman's responsibility for the members of her own household that they may be properly fed and clothed
15 and surrounded by hygienic conditions. The second is a responsibility for the education of children: (a) that they may be provided with good schools; (b) that they may be kept free from vicious influences on the street; (c) that when working, they may be protected by adequate
20 child-labor legislation.

(a) The duty of a woman toward the schools which her children attend is so obvious that it is not necessary to dwell upon it. But even this simple obligation cannot be effectively carried out without some form of social
25 organization as the mothers' school clubs and mothers' congresses testify, and to which the most conservative women belong because they feel the need of wider reading and discussion concerning the many problems of childhood. It is, therefore, perhaps natural that the public should have
30 been more willing to accord a vote to women in school matters than in any other, and yet women have never been members of a Board of Education in sufficient numbers to influence largely actual school curricula. If they had been, kindergartens, domestic science courses, and

school playgrounds would be far more numerous than they are. More than one woman has been convinced of the need of the ballot by the futility of her efforts in persuading a business man that young children need nurture in something besides the three r's. Perhaps, too, only women 5 realize the influence which the school might exert upon the home if a proper adaptation to actual needs were considered. An Italian girl who has had lessons in cooking at the public school will help her mother to connect the entire family with American food and household habits. 10 That the mother has never baked bread in Italy—only mixed it in her own house and then taken it out to the village oven—makes it all the more necessary that her daughter should understand the complications of a cooking stove. The same thing is true of the girl who learns 15 to sew in the public school, and more than anything else, perhaps, of the girl who receives the first simple instruction in the care of little children, that skilful care which every tenement-house baby requires if he is to be pulled through his second summer. The only time, to my knowledge, 20 that lessons in the care of children were given in the public schools of Chicago was one summer when the vacation schools were being managed by a volunteer body of women. The instruction was eagerly received by the Italian girls, who had been "little mothers" to younger 25 children ever since they could remember.

As a result of this teaching I recall a young girl who carefully explained to her Italian mother that the reason the babies in Italy were so healthy and the babies in Chicago were so sickly was not, as her mother had al-30 ways firmly insisted, because her babies in Italy had goat's milk and her babies in America had cow's milk, but because the milk in Italy was clean and the milk in Chicago was dirty. She said that when you milked your

own goat before the door you knew that the milk was clean, but when you bought milk from the grocery store after it had been carried for many miles in the country, "you couldn't tell whether or not it was fit for the baby to
15 drink until the men from the City Hall, who had watched it all the way, said that it was all right." She also informed her mother that the "City Hall wanted to fix up the milk so that it couldn't make the baby sick, but that they hadn't quite enough votes for it yet." The
10 Italian mother believed what her child had been taught in the big school; it seemed to her quite as natural that the city should be concerned in providing pure milk for her younger children as that it should provide big schools and teachers for her older children. She reached this
15 naïve conclusion because she had never heard those arguments which make it seem reasonable that a woman should be given the school franchise, but no other.

(b) But women are also beginning to realize that children need attention outside of school hours; that much
20 of the petty vice in cities is merely the love of pleasure gone wrong, the overrestrained boy or girl seeking improper recreation and excitement. It is obvious that a little study of the needs of children, a sympathetic understanding of the conditions under which they go astray,
25 might save hundreds of them. Women traditionally have had an opportunity to observe the plays of children and the needs of youth, and yet in Chicago, at least, they had done singularly little in this vexed problem of juvenile delinquency until they helped to inaugurate
30 the Juvenile Court movement a dozen years ago. The Juvenile Court Committee, made up largely of women, paid the salaries of the probation officers connected with the court for the first six years of its existence, and after the salaries were cared for by the county the same organi-

zation turned itself into a Juvenile Protective League, and through a score of paid officers are doing valiant service in minimizing some of the dangers of city life which boys and girls encounter.

This Protective League, however, was not formed until 5 the women had had a civic training through their semi-official connection with the Juvenile Court. This is, perhaps, an illustration of our inability to see the duty "next to hand" until we have become alert through our knowledge of conditions in connection with the larger duties. 10 We would all agree that social amelioration must come about through the efforts of many people who are moved thereto by the compunction and stirring of the individual conscience, but we are only beginning to understand that the individual conscience will respond to the special 15 challenge largely in proportion as the individual is able to see the social conditions because he has felt responsible for their improvement. Because this body of women assumed a public responsibility, they have seen to it that every series of pictures displayed in the five-cent theatre 20 is subjected to a careful censorship before it is produced, and those series suggesting obscenity and criminality have been practically eliminated. The police department has performed this and many other duties to which it was oblivious before simply because these women have 25 made it realize that it is necessary to protect and purify those places of amusement which are crowded with young people every night. This is but the negative side of the policy pursued by the public authorities in the fifteen small parks of Chicago, each of which is provided with halls in 30 which young people may meet nightly for social gatherings and dances. The more extensively the modern city endeavors on the one hand to control and on the other hand to provide recreational facilities for its young people

the more necessary it is that women should assist in their direction and extension. After all, a care for wholesome and innocent amusement is what women have for many years assumed. When the reaction comes on the part of
5 taxpayers, women's votes may be necessary to keep the city to its beneficent obligations toward its own young people.

(c) As the education of her children has been more and more transferred to the school, so that even children four
10 years old go to the kindergarten, the woman has been left in a household of constantly narrowing interests, not only because the children are away, but also because one industry after another is slipping from the household into the factory. Ever since steam power has been applied
15 to the processes of weaving and spinning, woman's traditional work has been carried on largely outside of the home. The clothing and household linen are not only spun and woven, but also usually sewed, by machinery; the preparation of many foods has also passed into the
20 factory and necessarily a certain number of women have been obliged to follow their work there, although it is doubtful, in spite of the large number of factory girls, whether women now are doing as large a proportion of the world's work as they used to do. Because many
25 thousands of those working in factories and shops are girls between the ages of fourteen and twenty-two there is a necessity that older women should be interested in the conditions of industry. The very fact that these girls are not going to remain in industry permanently
30 makes it more important that some one should see to it that they shall not be incapacitated for their future family life because they work for exhausting hours and under unsanitary conditions.

If woman's sense of obligation had enlarged as the

industrial conditions changed, she might naturally and almost imperceptibly have inaugurated the movement for social amelioration in the line of factory legislation and shop sanitation. That she has not done so is doubtless due to the fact that her conscience is slow to recognize 5 any obligation outside of her own family circle, and because she was so absorbed in her own household that she failed to see what the conditions outside actually were. It would be interesting to know how far the consciousness that she had no vote and could not change matters oper- 10 ated in this direction. After all, we see only those things to which our attention has been drawn, we feel responsibility for those things which are brought to us as matters of responsibility. If conscientious women were convinced that it was a civic duty to be informed in regard to these 15 grave industrial affairs, and then to express the conclusions which they had reached by depositing a piece of paper in a ballot-box, one cannot imagine that they would shirk simply because the action ran counter to old traditions.

20

To those of my readers who would admit that although woman has no right to shirk her old obligations, all of these measures could be secured more easily through her influence upon the men of her family than through the direct use of the ballot, I should like to tell a little 25 story. I have a friend in Chicago who is the mother of four sons and the grandmother of twelve grandsons who are voters. She is a woman of wealth, of secured social position, of sterling character and clear intelligence, and may, therefore, quite fairly be cited as a woman "of in- 30 fluence." Upon one of her recent birthdays, when she was asked how she had kept so young, she promptly replied: "Because I have always advocated at least one unpopular cause." It may have been in pursuance of

this policy that for many years she has been an ardent advocate of free silver, although her manufacturing family are all Republicans! I happened to call at her house on the day that Mr. McKinley was elected President against Mr. Bryan for the first time. I found my friend much disturbed. She said somewhat bitterly that she had at last discovered what the much-vaunted influence of woman was worth; that she had implored each one of her sons and grandsons, had entered into endless arguments and moral appeals to induce one of them to represent her convictions by voting for Bryan! That, although sincerely devoted to her, each one had assured her that his convictions forced him to vote the Republican ticket. She said that all she had been able to secure was the promise from one of the grandsons, for whom she had an especial tenderness because he bore her husband's name, that he would not vote at all. He could not vote for Bryan, but out of respect for her feeling he would refrain from voting for McKinley. My friend said that for many years she had suspected that women could influence men only in regard to those things in which men were not deeply concerned, but when it came to persuading a man to a woman's view in affairs of politics or business it was absolutely useless. I contended that a woman had no right to persuade a man to vote against his own convictions; that I respected the men of her family for following their own judgment regardless of the appeal which the honored head of the house had made to their chivalric devotion. To this she replied that she would agree with that point of view when a woman had the same opportunity as a man to register her convictions by vote. I believed then as I do now, that nothing is gained when independence of judgment is assailed by "influence," sentimental or other, and that we test advancing civilization some-

what by our power to respect differences and by our tolerance of another's honest conviction.

This is, perhaps, the attitude of many busy women who would be glad to use the ballot to further public measures in which they are interested and for which they have been 5 working for years. It offends the taste of such a woman to be obliged to use indirect "influence" when she is accustomed to well-bred, open action in other affairs, and she very much resents the time spent in persuading a voter to take her point of view, and possibly to give up 10 his own, quite as honest and valuable as hers, although different because resulting from a totally different experience. Public-spirited women who wish to use the ballot, as I know them, do not wish to do the work of men nor to take over men's affairs. They simply want an 15 opportunity to do their own work and to take care of those affairs which naturally and historically belong to women, but which are constantly being overlooked and slighted in our political institutions.

In a complex community like the modern city all points 20 of view need to be represented; the resultants of diverse experiences need to be pooled if the community would make for sane and balanced progress. If it would meet fairly each problem as it arises, whether it be connected with a freight tunnel having to do largely with business 25 men, or with the increasing death rate among children under five years of age, a problem in which women are vitally concerned, or with the question of more adequate street-car transfers, in which both men and women might be said to be equally interested, it must not ignore the judg- 30 ments of its entire adult population.

To turn the administration of our civic affairs wholly over to men may mean that the American city will continue to push forward in its commercial and industrial

development, and continue to lag behind in those things which make a city healthful and beautiful. After all, woman's traditional function has been to make her dwelling place both clean and fair. Is that dreariness in city life, 5 that lack of domesticity which the humblest farm dwelling presents, due to a withdrawal of one of the naturally coöperating forces? If women have in any sense been responsible for the gentler side of life which softens and blurs some of its harsher conditions, may they not have 10 a duty to perform in our American cities?

In closing, may I recapitulate that if woman would fulfill her traditional responsibility to her own children; if she would educate and protect from danger factory children who must find their recreation on the street; if 15 she would bring the cultural forces to bear upon our materialistic civilization; and if she would do it all with the dignity and directness fitting one who carries on her immemorial duties, then she must bring herself to the use of the ballot—that latest implement for self-government. 20 May we not fairly say that American women need this implement in order to preserve the home?

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

1. Women who pay taxes should be permitted to vote at municipal elections.

2. Woman suffrage should not be adopted by an amendment to the constitution of the state of Nebraska (or any other state where such action has not already been taken).

3. The present system of universal manhood suffrage in the United States should be modified by the introduction of an educational and property qualification.

The following subjects of literary interest are also offered:

1. Francis Bacon was the author of the plays now attributed to Shakespeare.

2. Philip Francis was the author of the "Letters of Junius."

3. Swift was married to Stella.

4. The sonnets of Shakespeare are autobiographical.

CHAPTER VIII

DESCRIPTION

DESCRPTIVE writing depends for its success upon a few simple but vital principles. The student must first of all learn and appreciate the distinction between scientific description and literary description. Scientific descriptions are necessary for the purposes of business or of science, and are catalogues or enumerations which aim merely at correctness and completeness. Literary descriptions, on the other hand, have both an æsthetic and a psychological object. A literary description aims to create in the mind of another person an image of the thing seen by the describer, an image which must not only be accurate, but which must also convey some distinctive æsthetic impression. A literary description, moreover, is limited as to time and space. Whereas a legal inventory may occupy six pages, if necessary, a literary description must make its effect quickly. The literary taste of our time is all against long descriptions merely for the sake of description; and except for a book of travels which may now and then achieve success through its descriptive power, we find this form of writing regarded almost entirely as an essential accessory to the other forms. It is the purpose of this chapter to discuss only literary description.

Whoever wishes to describe well must first ask himself the question "How do I really see things?" And whoever thinks out the answer to this question will perceive that although any object seen produces upon our organs cer-

tain sense-impressions, we too often describe not what we actually see, but the conclusions which experience has taught us to draw from those impressions. What one wants in description is not knowledge but a faithful account of actual sensations.¹

For instance, let the reader imagine himself standing, by day, in the middle of a long straight street, and looking away toward one end of the street. Suppose that he sees, presently, what appears to be a yellow square, small at first but gradually seeming to swell more and more in outline. This is the first, and for some seconds the only, sense-impression that the observer will receive. Long experience has taught him, however, to make an unerring interpretation of such sensations, and he asserts, at once, "Here comes a street car."

It should then be clear why, in general, the most successful literary description consists in describing one's actual sense-impressions, rather than in writing down merely the general inferences which we have learned, by experience, to make from our original impressions. Thus, when Kipling, in order to describe the departure of a train, writes "the tail-lights of the train grew small," he is expressing vividly the actual optical image received by the observer. The ensuing description, also, carefully shows the observer's earlier impression as contrasted with his later one.

I was casting my fly in the middle of a mountain lake, when I saw, just sketched or etched upon the glassy surface, a delicate V-shaped figure, the point of which reached about to the middle of the lake, while the two sides, as they diverged, faded out toward the shore. I saw that the point of this V was being slowly pushed across the lake. I drew near in my boat, and perceived a little mouse swimming vigorously for the opposite shore. His little legs appeared like swiftly revolving wheels beneath him.

¹ This treatment is condensed from *Expository Writing*, by Miss Gertrude Buck and Miss Elizabeth Woodbridge.

As I came near, he dived under the water to escape me, but came up again like a cork and just as quickly. It was laughable to see 10 him repeatedly duck beneath the surface and pop back again in a twinkling. He could not keep under water more than a second or two. Presently I reached him my oar, when he ran up it and into the palm of my hand, where he sat for some time and arranged his fur and warmed himself. He did not show the 15 slightest fear. It was probably the first time he had ever shaken hands with a human being. He had doubtless lived all his life in the woods, and was strangely unsophisticated. How his little round eyes did shine, and how he sniffed me to find out if I was more dangerous than I appeared to his sight! 20

After a while I put him down in the bottom of the boat and resumed my fishing. But it was not long before he became very restless and evidently wanted to go about his business. He would climb up to the edge of the boat and peer down into the water. Finally he could brook the delay no longer and plunged boldly 25 overboard; but he had either changed his mind or lost his reckoning, for he started back in the direction from which he had come, and the last I saw of him he was a mere speck vanishing in the shadows near the shore.

In our seeing of many of the more complex phenomena of nature we may easily trace several "stages" of perception. First we think we see one sort of appearance; then our sense-impression changes, and we guess that what we see is something else. Finally we receive an impression which all experience has taught us means only one thing, and we are able to make an unhesitating interpretation. The following quotation has for its subject a scene in which it is particularly easy to trace such "stages,"—Lafcadio Hearn's account of his approach to the island of Nevis.

Southward, above and beyond the deep green chain, tower other volcanic forms,—very far away, and so pale-gray as to seem like clouds. Those are the heights of Nevis,—another creation of the subterranean fires.

It draws nearer, floats steadily into definition: a great mountain 5 flanked by two small ones; three summits; the loftiest, with clouds packed high upon it, still seems to smoke; the second

highest displays the most symmetrical crater-form I have yet seen. All are still grayish-blue or gray. Gradually through the 10 blues break long high gleams of green.

As we steam closer, the island becomes all verdant from flood to sky; the great dead crater shows its immense wreath of perennial green. On the lower slopes little settlements are sprinkled in white, red, and brown: houses, windmills, sugar-factories, 15 high chimneys are distinguishable;—cane plantations unfold gold-green surfaces.

We pass away. The island does not seem to sink behind us, but to become a ghost. All its outlines grow shadowy. For a little while it continues green; but it is a hazy, spectral green, as 20 of colored vapor. The sea to-day looks almost black: the southwest wind has filled the air with luminous mist; and the phantom of Nevis melts in the vast glow, dissolves utterly.

Lafcadio Hearn: *A Midsummer Trip to the Tropics.*

The success of this description is due to the extreme care with which the observer has noted each stage of his impression. And we feel that the statement is true: that each color is truly apprehended in all the changes entailed by the fact that the observer's base is in motion; and that the emergence and disappearance of each object is accurately noted.

In describing a stationary scene, or object, from a stationary point of view, one must follow the same rules, though they may seem at first less obvious. If the observer will analyse his initial impression of a room, the interior of a hall, a picture, a statue, a stranger seen for the first time, he will realize that what he really gets, first of all, is a large, more or less confused, general impression of the whole. This large impression will combine one's first realizations of outline, color, space, lighting, or, in the case of persons, height and color of clothing. A description, then, in order to be true and convincing to those who read or hear it, must follow this order of first impressions. It is clearly unsuccessful to describe a large public building as follows:

As one observes Conway Hall from the foot of the hill on which it is situated, he is impressed by the length of the building. It is indeed a very long, low-lying building of three stories, built of buff-colored stone. The wings at either end, and the square central portion of the building, extend somewhat ¹ from the front ⁵ of the main structure. There are three entrances,—one large one in the middle, and two smaller ones at some distance on either side. The main entrance, in the middle, consists of a triple arch. Above the entrance rise six slender white columns which support a part of the roof extending ¹ from the upper part of the ¹⁰ building. The whole roof is surrounded by a substantial stone balustrade, and is surmounted by a large dome which rises from the center of the structure.

Unless there were some artificial impediment to the sight, it is inconceivable that the huge dome of a great building should not be a part of what the observer perceives in his very first glance; and the description, to appear true to those who know the building, and convincing to those who do not, should include the dome in its very first statement of outline and color. This subject, indeed, is a particularly difficult one; and one that must be described rapidly or not at all, in literary description, since here one cannot compete with painting or photography. On the other hand, one has only to turn to Ruskin's description of St. Mark's (p. 472) to realize the superiority of language to either painting or photography. An accurate description of St. Mark's entails not only all that painting or photography could do, but also a wealth of accessory suggestion, historical detail, and architectural knowledge if we are to appreciate all that this famous church signifies in the history and the art of Italy. Too much attention and thought cannot be given to Ruskin's method in this description:

We will push fast through . . . the pillars at the end of the "Bocca di Piazza;" . . . between those pillars there opens a

¹ Note the vagueness of this phrasing.

great light and, in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St. Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of checkered stones; and on each side the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry; . . . Beyond those ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, . . . a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of colored light; . . . and hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches.

As the reader will at once see, the method followed here is the exact opposite of that in the preceding description of Conway Hall; and no comment is needed to show its superior accuracy. From the given point of view, in front of the church, the great tower is precisely what one would see first and precisely what, accordingly, should be first suggested to the reader or hearer. The figure used by Ruskin to denote the shape of the whole building—"a long low pyramid of colored light"—is also most noteworthy.

It is instructive, likewise, to compare the following three descriptions, written by students, of an interior:

(a) As I look down from the balcony of the library into the magnificent reading room, I first notice the uncertain dimness. Massive dark red tables stare at the observer; and bookcases of the same color project from the side walls. On the tables stand electric lights with soft green shades. Large windows on either side of the room allow the light to float in. Weary students crouch over their books, and now and then one trudges slowly across the soft noiseless cork floor to the heavily-laden five-tiered bookcases to return or to obtain a book.

This is extremely vague, since we receive no impression of the outline or the relative spaciousness of the interior. The effect of the description is uncertain, also, because the writer fails to tell us whether the time is night or day. On this last point, at any rate, the next writer is more specific.

(b) My view of the reading room is taken from the visitors' balcony, when the lights are turned on, and the students are

busily engaged in their studies. The room is extremely high, and is made to appear even higher by a series of elaborately carved Ionic pilasters which rise at intervals of about ten feet all around the room. Directly opposite from the visitors' balcony, and arranged between successive pillars, three double doors surmounted by triangular arches open invitingly. Two sets of similar doors open at each end. The spaces between the remainder of the pillars are occupied by low red bookcases, over each of which appear two green shaded lights. Two rows of massive red tables arranged at equal distances run up and down the room,¹ each one set with three shaded lights. Here and there a student sits studying, the shaded light reflecting on his books and face showing him stooping over in the uncomfortably straight-backed chairs, or fidgeting around trying to find some more comfortable position. Now and then a student jumps up and hurries briskly after a book, or ambles aimlessly around the room to stretch his tired and cramped legs, his footsteps sounding with a dull thud as they strike the floor. And yet, with all the running around, the picture is one of quietness made restful by the green-shaded lights.

The writer of theme (b) cannot, at any rate, be accused of neglecting detail. The description is overloaded with detail, so much so that the reader's impression is somewhat blurred. The next theme, (c), makes the most successful attempt of the three to evoke the true outline and characteristic spaciousness of this room:

(c) From behind the substantial railing of the visitors' balcony, one gets an excellent view of the large reading room below. From the covered floor, shaped like a huge rectangle, the beautifully ornamented white walls rise for a distance of two stories to the white beamed ceiling above. One's general impression of this room is one of whiteness and brightness, except for the dull red surfaces of the mahogany reading tables, which are arranged parallel to one another across the whole length of the great rectangle.

As our impression of this large, bright room grows more definite, we begin to notice the handsome and intricate detail of the long wall opposite the balcony where we are standing. Two tiers of large windows extend over its entire width, the

¹ Compare with the method of theme (c).

upper tier showing an elaborate design of small window-panes.
15 In the center beneath the windows stand three arched doors, now closed.

Just now there are only a few students in the room, seated at the long tables or moving to and from the low bookcases which run around the entire room. The floor is covered with a cork
20 carpet, so that we hear only a muffled scrape of footsteps; and our point of view is sufficiently high to make the seated and moving figures appear smaller. The air is a trifle musty, and the general atmosphere of the place is one of quiet studiousness.

Before we leave this particular department of description, it will be suggestive to study Mr. James Bryce's well known description of the room in which the House of Representatives meets at Washington. The comparisons which Mr. Bryce offers to suggest the size of the chambers of the House are of course those that would be useful primarily to Englishmen.¹

The room in which the House meets is in the south wing of the Capitol, the Senate and the Supreme Court being lodged in the north wing. It is more than thrice as large as the English House of Commons with a floor about equal in area to that of Westminster Hall, 139 feet long by 93 feet wide, and 36 feet high. Light is admitted through the ceiling. There are on all sides deep galleries running backwards over the lobbies, and capable of holding two thousand five hundred persons. The proportions are so good that it is not until you observe how small a man looks
10 at the farther end, and how faint ordinary voices sound, that you realize its vast size. The seats are arranged in curved concentric rows looking toward the Speaker, whose handsome marble chair is placed on a raised marble platform projecting slightly forward into the room, the clerks and the mace below in front
15 of him, in front of the clerks the official stenographer, to the right the seat of the sergeant-at-arms. Each member has a revolving armchair, with a roomy desk in front of it, where he writes and keeps his papers. Behind these chairs runs a railing, and behind the railing is an open space into which some classes of strangers
20 may be brought, where sofas stand against the wall, and where smoking is practiced even by strangers, though the rules forbid it.

¹ In this connection the student should turn also to Ruskin's description of the interior of St. Mark's (p. 479).

When you enter, your first impression is of noise and tumult, a noise like that of short sharp waves in a Highland loch, fretting under a squall against a rocky shore. The raising and dropping of desk lids, the scratching of pens, the clapping of hands to call 25 the pages, keen little boys who race along the gangways, the pattering of many feet, the hum of talking on the floor and in the galleries, make up a din over which the Speaker with the sharp taps of his hammer, or the orators straining shrill throats, find it hard to make themselves audible. Nor is it only the noise that 30 gives the impression of disorder. Often three or four members are on their feet at once, each shouting to catch the Speaker's attention. Others, tired of sitting still, rise to stretch themselves, while the Western visitor, long, lank, and imperturbable, leans his arms on the railing, chewing his cigar, and surveys the scene 35 with little reverence.

Bryce: *The American Commonwealth*.

The method of this description is extremely good, especially in the impression of space which the author is able to give. It should be particularly remarked that Mr. Bryce first describes the room as if it were empty, and later as if it were occupied. This distinction between the things noteworthy under each set of circumstances prevents much confusion in the result.

This general sketch of descriptive principles in their elementary application is a necessary preliminary to a detailed and finer study of more advanced matters. These matters are: (1) The point of view, (2) The use of a fundamental image, (3) Emphasis of color, light, sound, and motion, (4) The use of figures and comparisons, (5) The value of specific words, (6) Emphasis on local color. We may consider these in order.

1. *The Point of View*

The principle of maintaining a consistent point of view is one that must be constantly kept in mind. If a man

from a point of view on his front doorstep is describing a dog-fight, he obviously cannot see what is going on round the corner. Yet many young writers are sufficiently thoughtless of their point of view to describe parts of an object or of a scene which are as little visible from the point of view stated or understood, as another dog-fight round the corner would be to the man standing on his own front doorstep. It is of course possible to describe from what is known as a "moving point of view," and many beautiful and successful descriptions are written by this method. The same rule really holds good here too, however, for each shift in the point of view must be shown with the utmost truthfulness, and each resultant change in what may thus be seen. In any case, the point of view—whether stationary or moving—should always be stated with the utmost definiteness and clearness. Stevenson's description of "Edinburgh from the Calton Hill," (p. 489) is an admirable example of a stationary point of view selected, stated, and maintained with perfect consistency:

Of all places for a view, this Calton Hill is perhaps the best; since you can see the Castle, which you lose from the Castle, and Arthur's Seat, which you lose from Arthur's Seat. . . . Immediately underneath upon the south, you command the yards
5 of the High School. . . . Upon the right, the roofs and spires of the Old Town climb one above another to where the citadel prints its broad bulk and jagged crown of bastion upon the western sky. . . . On the north, the Calton Hill is not so abrupt. . . . This is Greenside. . . . Beyond all this the sub-
10 urbs run out to Leith.

Description from a moving point of view has already been illustrated by the scene quoted above from Lafcadio Hearn. Mr. Quiller-Couch's description of "Edinburgh from the Balloon," (p. 495) shows a remarkable scene from a unique moving point of view.

2. *The Fundamental Image*

From the principles that have just been explained grows a second suggestion: always when you can, make use of some sort of form or outline as a comparison by which the look of the whole may be suggested. This device is called the "Fundamental Image." The mouse in the water, as described above, is depicted by means of this device: "I saw . . . a delicate V-shaped figure, the point of which reached about to the middle of the lake." Other uses of the fundamental image may be seen in the ensuing illustrations:

The Bay of Monterey has been compared by no less a person than General Sherman to a *bent fishing-hook*; and the comparison, if less important than the march through Georgia, still shows the eye of a soldier for topography. Santa Cruz sits *exposed at the shank*; the mouth of the Salinas river is *at the middle of the bend*; 5 and Monterey itself is cosily ensconced *beside the barb*. Thus the ancient capital of California faces across the bay, while the Pacific Ocean, though hidden by low hills and forest, bombards her left flank and rear with never-dying surf.

Stevenson: *Across the Plains*.

The Army of the South had finally pierced the center of the Army of the North, and was pouring through the gap hot-foot to capture a city of strategic importance. *Its front extended fan-wise, the sticks being represented by regiments strung out along the line of route* backwards to the divisional transport columns and 5 all the lumber of an army on the move. On its right the broken left of the Army of the North was flying in mass. . . . The elated commandant of the pursuing force telegraphed that he held all in check and observation. Unluckily he did not observe that three miles to his right flank a flying column of Northern 10 horse . . . had been pushed around to cut across the entire rear of the Southern army, to break, *as it were, all the ribs of the fan where they converged*.

Kipling: *The Courting of Dinah Shadd*.

Wordsworth's description of the English Lake Country is based upon a similar fundamental image (p. 483).

I know not how to give the reader a distinct image more readily than by requesting him to place himself with me in imagination, upon some given point; let it be the top of either of the mountains Great Gavel or Scawfell; . . . We shall then see stretched at our 5 feet a number of valleys, not fewer than eight, *diverging from the point on which we are supposed to stand, like spokes from the nave of a wheel.*

And a similarly effective image occurs in the selection already mentioned, "Edinburgh from the Balloon" (p. 495).

. . . the south of Scotland lay spread beneath us from sea to sea like a map in monotint. Nay, yonder was England, with the Solway cleaving the coast—a *broad, bright spear-head, slightly bent at the tip.*

3. *Color, Sound, Light, Motion*

To emphasize color, sound, light, or motion in a description is, when such emphasis is appropriate, a most desirable and effective way of giving life to the description. Notice, for instance, the effect of the ensuing description of sound:

The track that I had followed in the evening soon died out and I continued to follow over a bald turf ascent a row of stone pillars, such as had conducted me across the *Goulet*. . . .

Almost from the first moment of my march a faint large noise, 5 like a distant surf, had filled my ears. Sometimes I was tempted to think it the voice of a neighboring waterfall, and sometimes a subjective result of the utter stillness of the hill. But as I continued to advance, the noise increased and became like the hissing of an enormous tea-urn, and at the same time breaths of cool air 10 began to reach me from the direction of the summit. At length I understood. It was blowing stiffly from the south upon the other slope of the *Lozère*, and every step that I took I was drawing nearer to the wind.

Stevenson: *Travels with a Donkey.*

It is impossible to resist another illustration, from Stevenson, of this effect in description:

We were to leave by six precisely, . . . But it was eight before we got clear of Calistoga. . . . The sun shone out of a cloudless sky. Close at the zenith rode the belated moon, still clearly visible, and, along one margin, even bright. The wind blew a gale from the north; the trees roared; the corn and the deep grass⁵ in the valley fled in whitening surges; the dust towered into the air along the road and dispersed like the smoke of battle. It was clear in our teeth from the first, and for all the windings of the road it managed to keep clear in our teeth until the end.

Stevenson: *The Silverado Squatters*.

4. *Figures and Comparisons*

As has been said above, a fleeting glimpse in descriptive writing is often more valuable, especially for the purposes of narrative, than a long set passage of description would be. Brief vivid figures and comparisons are particularly valuable.

"I came hither in a te-rain," said Kim. "It goes swiftly. At first I was amazed to see those tall poles by the side of the road snatching up and snatching up their threads,"—he illustrated the stoop and whirl of a telegraph pole flashing past the train.

Kipling: *Kim*.

Hither the yoke-shouldering village-folk were wont to come to fill their clinking buckets, when the drippings made worms of wet in the thick dust of the road.

K. Grahame: *The Golden Age*.

He could just discern the cypresses of the old school garden, like two black lines down the yellow walls.

W. Pater: *Marius the Epicurean*.

Immediately before him the hillside fell away, clean and cleared for fifteen hundred feet, where a little village of stone-walled houses, with roofs of beaten earth, clung to the steep tilt. All round it the tiny terraced fields lay out like aprons of patchwork on the knees of the mountain, and cows no bigger than⁵ beetles grazed between the smooth stone circles of the threshing-floors. Looking across the valley, the eye was deceived by the size of things, and could not at first realize that what seemed to be low scrub on the opposite mountain flank, was in truth a forest of hundred-foot pines. Purun Bhagat saw an eagle swoop¹⁰ across the gigantic hollow, but the great bird dwindled to a dot ere it was half way over. A few bands of scattered clouds strung

up and down the valley, catching on a shoulder of the hills, or rising up and dying out when they were level with the head of the pass. And "here shall I find peace," said Purun Bhagat.

Kipling: *The Second Jungle Book*.

5. *The Value of Specific Words*

The selections immediately preceding afford some admirable illustrations of the value of specific words in description. The writing of young people, in its progress toward a specific vocabulary that is genuine and habitual, usually goes through several stages: the dull or lifeless first stage that frequently precedes any correction; a second stage when the writer, having been admonished, tends to use too many adjectives and adverbs in his effort to vivify vague nouns and verbs; and at last, a stage of relatively greater mastery of single specific words. The untrained Freshman, for example, would probably write,

(a) I saw a man going along the road.

Later, he might improve this to

(b) I saw a tired laborer wearily walking along the dusty road.

Finally he might evolve

(c) The ploughman trudged through the dust,

a version which, for its specific quality, is certainly preferable to the first. In (c) neither *ploughman* nor *trudge* needs an auxiliary word, since each is sufficiently specific.

A comparison of the two ensuing passages shows the same increase in specific value:

(a) We *lazily watched* the evening star *shining softly* on us, while the light-gray mists slowly *rose up from* the meadows in the valleys and *gradually united themselves* with the heavy dark wreath of cloud which *lay immovably* over the foothills.

(b) We gazed up at the blinking star, while a smoke-like mist, rising from the meadows in the valley, melted into the sombre cloud-wreath that obscured the foothills.

The second passage, at any rate, has the merit of economy, since it achieves a better result by the use of fewer words.

One more example of the operation of this principle of description may be seen in the passage from Kipling, which we may re-quote from our chapter on Words (p. 132).

(a) It was a very hot day. Presently the train came in.

(b) The hot wind whistled without, and the dry trees sobbed. Presently the daily train, winking brass, burnished steel, and spouting steam, pulled up panting in the intense glare.

In (b), more words are, of course, required, but the result amply justifies them.

6. *Local Color*

By the term local color, as used in descriptive writing, is meant the selection, for emphasis, of those details peculiarly characteristic of the scene that is being described. Good local color in a description should bring out the features that distinguish that scene from any other—the peculiar, distinctive characters of the place, as contrasted with any other place. The following extracts show some typical descriptions for the sake of local color.

(a) There had been a hesitating fall of snow in the morning, but before noon it had turned to a mild and fitful rain that had finally modified itself into a clinging mist as evening drew near. The heavy snow-storm of the last week in January had left the streets high on both sides with banks that thawed swiftly whenever the sun came out again, the water running from them into the broad gutters, and then freezing hard at night, when the cold wind swept across the city. Now, at nightfall, after a

muggy day, a sickening slush had spread treacherously over all the crossings. The shop-girls going home had to pick their way from corner to corner under the iron pillars of the elevated railroad. Train followed train overhead, each close on the other's heels; and clouds of steam swirled down as the engines came to a full stop with a shrill grinding of the brakes. From the skeleton spans of the elevated road moisture dripped on the cable-cars below, as they rumbled along with their bells clanging sharply when they neared the crossings. The atmosphere was thick with a damp haze; and there was a halo about every yellow globe in the windows of the bar-rooms at the four corners of the avenue. More frequent, as the dismal day wore to an end, was the hoarse and lugubrious tooting of the ferryboats in the East River.

Brander Matthews: *Outlines in Local Color.*

(b) The rain fell around the house drearily. It ran down into the tubs placed to catch it, dripped from the mossy pump, and drummed on the upturned milk-pails, and upon the brown and yellow beehives under the maple-trees. The chickens seemed depressed, but the irrepressible bluejay screamed amid it all, with the same insolent spirit, his plumage untarnished by the wet. The barnyard showed a horrible mixture of mud and mire, through which Howard caught glimpses of the men, slumping to and fro without more additional protection than a ragged coat and a shapeless felt hat.

In the sitting-room where his mother sat sewing there was not an ornament, save the etching he had brought. The clock stood on a small shelf, its dial so much defaced that one could not tell the time of day. . . . The paper on the walls showed the first concession of the Puritans to the Spirit of Beauty, and was made up of a heterogeneous mixture of flowers of unheard-of shapes and colors, arranged in four different ways along the wall. There were no books, no music, and only a few newspapers in sight—a bare, blank, cold, drab-colored shelter from the rain, not a home. Nothing cozy, nothing heart-warming; a grim and horrible shed.

Hamlin Garland: *Main Travelled Roads.*

So much for a brief review of these general principles of description. This chapter should not close, however, without a brief presentation of two special matters connected with descriptive writing. The first of these is the description of persons.

DESCRIPTIONS OF PERSONS

One of the most difficult tasks of written description is the task of depicting people. Obviously, descriptive writing cannot achieve the accuracy of photography or painting; on the other hand, to attempt to describe vividly by means of a catalogue of details, no matter how complete, is notoriously ineffective. Everybody knows the hopelessness of trying to imagine the appearance of the beautiful heroine from the catalogue of her charms supplied us by the enthusiastic novelist. In describing people more than in any other kind of description it is necessary to work quickly, to convey in one or two strokes an impression of the whole. Since there is time to emphasize but a few characteristics, these must be the salient and distinctive ones. On the other hand, written description has one great advantage over painting or photography,—it can picture gestures and repeat conversation in order to complete the impression of a personality.

A comparison of the two descriptions that follow will show the superiority of the method of quick suggestion over the method of elaborate cataloguing of details.

Formed in the best proportions of her sex, Rowena was tall in stature, yet not so much so as to attract observation on account of superior height. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, but the noble cast of her head and features prevented the insipidity which sometimes attaches to fair beauties. Her clear blue eye, which sate enshrined beneath a graceful eyebrow of brown, sufficiently marked to give expression to the forehead, seemed capable to kindle as well as melt, to command as well as to beseech. . . . Her profuse hair, of a colour betwixt brown and flaxen, was arranged in a fanciful and graceful manner in numerous ringlets, to form which art had probably aided nature. These locks were braided with gems and, being worn at full length, intimated the noble birth and free condition of the maiden. A golden chain, to which was attached a small reliquary of the same metal, hung around her neck. She wore bracelets on her arms, which were 15

bare. Her dress was an under-gown and kirtle of pale sea-green silk, over which hung a long robe reaching to the ground and having very wide sleeves which came down, however, very little below the elbow. This robe was crimson, and manufactured out
20 of the very finest wool. A veil of silk, interwoven with gold, was attached to the upper part of it, which could be, at the wearer's pleasure, either drawn over the face and bosom after the Spanish fashion, or disposed as a sort of drapery around the shoulders.

Scott: *Ivanhoe*, chap. 4.

It is surely not irreverent to the famous author of this description to inquire whether the observer, looking at Rowena for the first time, would not really have seen a tall fair maiden in a rich crimson and green robe before he remarked her "clear blue eye," and her "graceful eyebrow of brown," or formulated the inference that "art had probably aided nature" in the arrangement of her profuse ringlets. The student can now see even more plainly the superior vividness and pictorial quality of Stevenson's description of *Alan Breck*.

He was smallish in stature, but well set and as nimble as a goat; his face was of a good open expression, but sunburnt very dark, and heavily freckled and pitted with the small-pox; his eyes were unusually light and had a kind of dancing madness in them
5 that was both engaging and alarming; and when he took off his great-coat, he laid a pair of fine silver-mounted pistols on the table, and I saw that he was belted with a great sword. His manners, besides, were elegant, and he pledged the captain handsomely. Altogether, I thought of him, at first sight, that
10 here was a man I would rather call my friend than my enemy.

Kidnapped, chap. 9.

An effective means of quickly describing persons is often to show merely their effect on other people. Thus when Chaucer tells us, of the "Somnour,"

Of his visage children were afeard,

he adds a quick vivid stroke which is of the utmost value in fixing our mental picture of the Somnour. In Kip-

ling's story, *Cupid's Arrows*, we see the same device employed.

Young Cubbon turned white, and the devil prompted Barr-Saggott to smile. Now horses used to shy when Barr-Saggott smiled. Kitty saw that smile.

In describing Mr. Hyde, Stevenson also makes use, at somewhat greater length, of the same method.

I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o'clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street, and all the folks asleep—street after street, all lighted up as if for a procession and all as empty as a church—till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman. All at once I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the child's body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. I gave a view halloa, took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl's own family; and pretty soon, the doctor, for whom she had been sent, put in an appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child's family, which was only natural. But the doctor's case was what struck me. He was the usual cut-and-dry apothecary, of no particular age and color, with a strong Edinburgh accent, and about as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us; every time he looked at my prisoner I saw that Sawbones turned sick and white with the desire to kill him.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

These are the main matters of importance to be considered in describing persons. We may conclude this chapter by taking up the problem of the variations between subjective and objective description, or, as Ruskin termed it, the pathetic fallacy in description.

SUBJECTIVE AND OBJECTIVE DESCRIPTION: THE "PATHETIC FALLACY"

If a writer merely describes what he sees, without any personal coloring, his description is said to be objective; if he allows his own personal feeling to permeate or dominate the description, it is said to be subjective. In Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, we find a striking discussion of the extent to which it is legitimate that literature be colored by the personal feeling of its authors. This personal interpretation Ruskin names the "Pathetic Fallacy," *i. e.* the fallacious observation into which we may be led by the power of an overmastering feeling. We may close this brief sketch of descriptive rules and principles by citing the most significant passages of the "Pathetic Fallacy."

THE PATHETIC FALLACY ¹

JOHN RUSKIN

Now . . . we may go on at our ease to examine the point in question,—namely, the difference between the ordinary, proper, and true appearances of things to us; and the extraordinary, or false appearances when we are under the influence of emotion or contemplative fancy; false appearances, I say, as being entirely unconnected with any real power or character in the object, and only imputed to it by us.

For instance—

¹ From *Modern Painters*.

“The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mould
Naked and shivering, with his cup of gold.”¹

10

This is very beautiful, and yet very untrue. The crocus is not a spendthrift, but a hardy plant; its yellow is not gold, but saffron. How is it that we enjoy so much the having it put into our heads that it is anything else than a plain crocus?

It is an important question. For, throughout our past reasonings about art, we have always found that nothing could be good, or useful, or ultimately pleasurable, which was untrue. But here is something pleasurable in written poetry which is nevertheless untrue. And what is more, if we think over our favorite poetry, we shall find it full of this kind of fallacy, and that we like it all the more for being so. 20

It will appear also, on consideration of the matter, that this fallacy is of two principal kinds. Either, as in this case of the crocus, it is the fallacy of wilful fancy, which involves no real expectation that it will be believed; or else it is a fallacy caused by an excited state of the feelings, making us for the time, more or less irrational. Of the cheating of the fancy we shall have to speak presently; but in this chapter I want to examine the nature of the other error, that which the mind admits when strongly affected by emotion. Thus for instance, in *Alton Locke*,— 30

“They rowed her in across the rolling foam—
The cruel, crawling foam.”

The foam is not cruel, neither does it crawl. The state of mind which attributes to it these characters of a living creature is one in which the reason is unhinged by grief. All violent feelings have the same effect. They produce in us a falseness in all our impressions of external things, which I would generally characterize as the “Pathetic Fallacy.”

Now we are in the habit of considering this fallacy as eminently a character of poetical description, and the temper of mind in 40 which we allow it as one eminently poetical, because passionate. But, I believe, if we look well into the matter, that we shall find the greatest poets do not often admit this kind of falseness,—that it is only the second order of poets who much delight in it.

Thus, when Dante describes the spirits falling from the bank of 45 Acheron “as dead leaves flutter from a bough,” he gives the most perfect image possible of their utter lightness, feebleness, passiveness, and scattering agony of despair, without, however, for an

¹ Holmes (Oliver Wendell), quoted by Miss Mitford in her *Recollections of a Literary Life*.

instant losing his own clear perception that *these* are souls and
 50 *those* are leaves: he makes no confusion of one with the other.
 But when Coleridge speaks of

“The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
 That dances as often as dance it can,”

he has a morbid, that is to say, a so far false, idea about the leaf;
 55 he fancies a life in it, and will, which there are not; confuses its
 powerlessness with choice, its fading death with merriment, and
 the wind that shakes it with music. Here, however, there is
 some beauty, even in the morbid passage; but take an instance
 in Homer and Pope. Without the knowledge of Ulysses, Elpenor,
 60 his youngest follower, has fallen from an upper chamber in the
 Circean palace, and has been left dead, unmissed by his leader
 or companions, in the haste of their departure. They cross the
 sea to the Cimmerian land; and Ulysses summons the shades
 from Tartarus. The first which appears is that of the lost
 65 Elpenor. Ulysses, amazed, and in exactly the spirit of bitter and
 terrified lightness which is seen in *Hamlet*,¹ addresses the spirit
 with the simple startled words:

“Elpenor! How camest thou under the shadowy darkness?
 Hast thou come faster on foot than I in my black ship?”

70 Which Pope renders thus:

“O, say, what angry power Elpenor led
 To glide in shades and wander with the dead?
 How could thy soul, by realms and seas disjoined,
 Outfly the nimble sail, and leave the lagging wind?”

75 I sincerely hope the reader finds no pleasure here, either in the
 nimbleness of the sail, or the laziness of the wind! And yet how
 is it that these conceits are so painful now, when they have been
 so pleasant to us in the other instances?

For a very simple reason. They are not a *pathetic* fallacy at
 80 all, for they are put into the mouth of the wrong passion—a
 passion which never could possibly have spoken them—agonized
 curiosity. Ulysses wants to know the facts of the matter; and
 the very last thing his mind could do at the moment would be
 to pause, or suggest in any wise what was not a fact. The delay
 85 in the first three lines, and the conceit in the last, jar upon us in-
 stantly, like the most frightful discord in music. No poet of
 true imaginative power could possibly have written the passage.

Therefore we see that the spirit of truth must guide us in some

¹ “Well said, old mole! can’st work i’ the ground so fast?”

sort, even in our enjoyment of fallacy. Coleridge's fallacy has no discord in it, but Pope's has set our teeth on edge. Without 90 farther questioning, I will endeavor to state the main bearings of this matter.

The temperament which admits the pathetic fallacy is, as I said above, that of a mind and body in some sort too weak to deal fully with what is before them or upon them; borne away, or 95 over-clouded, or over-dazzled by emotion; and it is a more or less noble state, according to the force of the emotion which has induced it. For it is no credit to a man that he is not morbid or inaccurate in his perceptions, when he has no strength of feeling to warp them; and it is in general a sign of higher capacity and 100 stand in the ranks of being, that the emotions should be strong enough to vanquish, partly, the intellect, and make it believe what they choose. But it is still a grander condition when the intellect also rises, till it is strong enough to assert its rule against, or together with, the utmost efforts of the passions; and the whole 105 man stands in an iron glow, white-hot, perhaps, but still strong, and in no wise evaporating; even if he melts, losing none of this weight.

So, then, we have the three ranks: the man who perceives rightly because he does not feel, and to whom the primrose is 110 very accurately the primrose because he does not love it. Then secondly, the man who perceives wrongly because he feels, and to whom the primrose is anything else than a primrose: a star, or a sun, or a fairy's shield, or a forsaken maiden. And then, lastly, there is the man who perceives rightly in spite of his 115 feelings, and to whom the primrose is forever nothing else than itself—a little flower, apprehended in the very plain and leafy fact of it, whatever and how many soever the associations and passions may be that crowd around it. And in general, these three classes may be rated in comparative order, as the men who 120 are not poets at all, and the poets of the second order, and the poets of the first.

Dante, in his most intense moods, has entire command of himself, and can look around calmly, at all moments, for the image or the word that will best tell what he sees in the upper 125 or lower world. But Keats and Tennyson, and the poets of the second order, are generally subdued by the feelings under which they write, or, at least, write as choosing to be so, and therefore admit certain expressions and modes of thought which are in some sort diseased or false.

Now so long as we see that the *feeling* is true, we pardon, or are even pleased by, the confessed fallacy of sight which it induces: we are pleased, for instance, with those lines of Kingsley's, above quoted, not because they fallaciously describe foam, 135 but because they faithfully describe sorrow. But the moment the mind of the speaker becomes cold, that moment every such expression becomes untrue, as being forever untrue in the external facts. And there is no greater baseness in literature than the habit of using these metaphorical expressions in cold blood. An inspired 140 writer, in full impetuosity of passion, may speak wisely and truly of "raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame"; but it is only the basest writer who cannot speak of the sea without talking of "raging waves," "remorseless floods," "ravenous billows," etc.; and it is one of the signs of the highest power in a 145 writer to check all such habits of thought, and to keep his eyes fixed firmly on the *pure fact*, out of which if any feeling comes to him or to his reader, he knows it must be a true one.

To keep to the waves, I forget who it is who represents a man in despair, desiring that his body may be cast into the sea.

150 "*Whose changing mound and foam that passed away,*
 Might mock the eye that questioned where I lay."

Observe, there is not a single false or even overcharged expression. "Mound" of the sea-wave is perfectly simple and true; "changing" is as familiar as may be; "foam that passed away," 155 strictly literal; and the whole line descriptive of the reality with a degree of accuracy which I know not any other verse, in the range of poetry, that altogether equals. For most people have not a distinct idea of the clumsiness and massiveness of a large wave. The word "wave" is used too generally of ripples and 160 breakers, and bendings in light drapery or grass: it does not by itself convey a perfect image. But the word "mound" is heavy, large, dark, definite; there is no mistaking the kind of wave meant, nor missing the sight of it. Then the term "changing" has a peculiar force also. Most people think of waves as rising 165 and falling. But if they look at the sea carefully, they will perceive that the waves do not rise and fall. They change. Change both place and form, but they do not fall; one wave goes on, and on, and still on; now lower, now higher, now tossing its mane like a horse, now building itself together like a wall, now shaking, now 170 steady, but still the same wave, till at last it seems struck by something and changes, one knows not how,—becomes another wave.

It then being, I hope, now made clear to the reader in all re-

spects that the pathetic fallacy is powerful only so far as it is pathetic, feeble so far as it is fallacious, and, therefore, that the dominion of Truth is entire, over this, as over every other natural 175 and just state of the human mind, we may go on to the subject for the dealing with which this prefatory inquiry became necessary.¹

EXERCISE

These themes are to be criticised from the following standpoints:

- (1) Emergence of details; (2) Effective use of figures and comparisons; (3) Specific wording, especially verbs; (4) Use of Pathetic Fallacy.

1

A CITY AS SEEN FROM THE ENTRANCE TO HARVEY HALL

(a) As one looks down across the rolling campus, as far as the eye can reach stretches a broad sea of snow-covered roofs. A mile distant the frowning black dome of the unfinished Capitol building rears its huge form against the sky, and in the intervening space the smaller structures lie huddled together, as if in 5 fear of this black monster. Far to the left, the tall gray shaft of the water-tower pierces the air. Here and there among the buildings one sees many large trees rearing their bare black limbs among the whirling snow flakes. Marred only by the occasional passing of a clanging street car, the scene that lies 10 before you is indeed one of beauty and quietude.

(b) From Harvey Hall to the eastern horizon, the eye passes

¹ I cannot quit this subject without giving two more instances, both exquisite, of the pathetic fallacy, which I have just come upon in *Maude*:

“For a great speculation had fail’d;
And ever he mutter’d and madden’d, and ever wann’d with despair;
And out he walked, when the wind like a broken worldling wail’d,
And the *flying gold of the ruined woodlands drove thro’ the air.*”

“There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
The red rose cries, ‘She is near, she is near!’
And the white rose weeps, ‘She is late.’
The larkspur listens, ‘I hear, I hear!’
And the lily whispers, ‘I wait!’”

[Author’s note.]

over a broad valley of house-tops to the guard-like hills in the distance, from which, half-concealed by the swirling snow, the massive forms of the State Capitol and of a large church rise. The large black dome of the Capitol looms up majestically in the distance and seems to offer protection to the snowbound city; and opposite it on the right, the buttressed church with its straight ascending tower is on the alert for danger. Just beyond the billowy sea of dark tree-tops in the fore-ground, nestle the snow covered buildings of the city, whose even outline is only occasionally broken by a protruding chimney. Gradually, upon the whole scene, the dusky pallor of a winter evening is descending, obliterating harshness and giving to all the appearance of calm serenity.

2

A COLLEGE MASS MEETING

(a) Although the seats are all filled, the doors are still open and the people are crowding in, pouring into every available space in a seemingly endless procession. Soon, however, the tramping ceases, the scraping of chairs is no longer heard, and the crowd watches the lanky form of the chairman stretch up and stalk across the platform. His movements are slow, for he knows he will have to wait for the inevitable long-drawn "skyrocket" to be given. It comes and he speaks; others follow, each with his skyrocket and short talk. After each speech there rises from the crowd a great clapping of hands and a discordant medley of whistles and yells. At these periods, the whole room appears like a sea of flapping hands and radiant faces; but during the speeches one notices the great variety of color: red, brown, green, striped mixtures, and some more sombre gray and black,— all giving the scene the appearance of a disordered flower garden in full bloom.

(b) Looking down from the small balcony suspended at one side of the gymnasium, over the swaying heads of the assembled mass meeting, one is confronted by a rolling sea of many-colored hats and bared heads, spread out in regular rows across the spacious room. In front of this swaying mass of happy, care-free students, elevated on a cardinal-draped platform and slouching down in their straight-backed chairs, are seated the nervous, self-conscious speakers of the evening. As the meeting is called to order, a hushed silence spreads over the waiting crowd, which is suddenly and abruptly broken by the springing up of the cheerleader. Now follows the real object of the mass meeting. With

sweeping strides the lusty fellow takes his poised position, and at his hardly perceptible signal rises the reverberating roar of the 'varsity yells. As each yell rolls out, the once orderly crowd 30 becomes a great, irregular surging mass of swaying heads, each person straining himself in his own peculiar manner in order that he may add all possible volume to the inspiring yells. After the sound has rolled away, the crowd settles back into its creaking chairs, and exhaustedly awaits the first speech. Upon being 35 announced, the embarrassed speaker shambles loosely to the front of the platform and, with much hesitating and many reassuring smiles, proves to the audience that on the dreaded tomorrow all will go well with the idolized team. When this speech is ended, the restless crowd again bursts forth into a roaring college yell, only to exhaust itself and settle back with a sigh to await the end of the next speech. At the close of the mass meeting the now-wrought-up students ceremoniously rise, and with much feeling of respect, sing the sacred toast to their beloved alma mater. This expressive song is followed by one more 45 deafening roar as the college yell is given for the last time.

3

THE CHECK-ROOM MAN

As one rushes into the men's check room of the Library, his noisy entrance is brought to an abrupt stand by the frowning gaze of the grizzled old gentleman who holds sway over this dingy, silent little corner. Somewhat embarrassed, one hesitates for a moment, and then approaches the iron barrier from behind 5 which this silent little man scrutinizes one over his glittering glasses. Silently he draws your coat and hat through the iron grating; and after bestowing your check upon you, he turns precisely about and glides over to the yawning coatrack.

A closer survey of this venerable old guardian serves only to 10 strengthen the barrier that encircles him. He is an aristocratic-looking old man, with searching eyes and alert ears; he peers over his spectacles with a piercing glare which is somewhat softened by his square, clear-cut chin and his kindly yet stern, withered old face. This face of strength and character is crowned by a 15 fringe of silver-gray hair that encircles a gleaming bald spot at the top of the old gentleman's head, and is further set off by a prominent straight nose that protrudes squarely out from behind a straggling gray moustache. The old fellow's well-worn, sombre-colored suit hangs loosely over his gaunt frame; and his well-tied 20 black cravat holds in place a frayed but clean white collar.

THE STUDENT

As he crouched over a massive volume spread open on his paper-strewn desk, lost in the intricate labyrinth of Blackstone's "Laws of Gavelkind," his very attitude conveyed a striking impression of will-power and determination. His square wall of a flushed forehead, which had his heavy, bushy eyebrows for a base, stood out prominently; and his piercing gray eyes found commodious cellarage in two dark caves over-shadowed by the wall. His rather generous nose, although very straight to the tip, curved inward at the base, indicating a fund of geniality and humor no trace of which could be found in his wide, thin, hard-set mouth, nor his square protruding jaw. His dark, bristled hair stuck up into the air seemingly in a vain endeavor to escape from its fast roots, as if the head had scarcely warehouse room for the hard facts stored within. And this wild-looking hair really heightened the stern effect of his strong features.

*EXAMPLES OF DESCRIPTION*THE SIX JOLLY FELLOWSHIP-PORTERS¹

CHARLES DICKENS

THE Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters, already mentioned as a tavern of a dropsical appearance, had long settled down into a state of hale infirmity. In its whole constitution it had not a straight floor, and hardly a straight line; but it had outlasted, and clearly would yet outlast, many a better-trimmed building, many a sprucer public-house. Externally, it was a narrow, lop-sided, wooden jumble of corpulent windows, heaped one upon another as you might heap as many toppling oranges, with a crazy wooden veranda impending over the water; indeed, the whole house, inclusive of the complaining

¹ *Our Mutual Friend*, Chapter 6.

flag-staff on the roof, impended over the water, but seemed to have got into the condition of a faint-hearted diver who has paused so long on the brink that he will never go in at all.

This description applies to the river-frontage of the 5 Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters. The back of the establishment, though the chief entrance was there, so contracted that it merely represented, in its connection with the front, the handle of a flat-iron, set upright on its broadest end. This handle stood at the bottom of a wilderness of 10 court and alley: which wilderness pressed so hard and close upon the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters as to leave the hostelry not an inch of ground beyond its door. For this reason, in combination with the fact that the house was all but afloat at high water, when the Porters had a 15 family wash, the linen subjected to that operation might usually be seen drying on lines stretched across the reception-rooms and bed-chambers.

AVENEL CASTLE ¹

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WHILE he thus spoke, the verge of the morass was attained, and their path lay on the declivity. Green-20 sward it was, and, viewed from a distance, checkered with its narrow and verdant line the dark-brown heath which it traversed, though the distinction was not so easily traced when they were walking on it.² The old man pursued his journey with comparative ease; and, 25 unwilling again to awaken the jealous zeal of his young

¹ *The Monastery*, Chapters 23 and 24.

² This sort of path, visible when looked at from a distance, but not to be seen when you are upon it, is called on the Border by the significant name of a blind-road. [Author's note.]

companion for the Roman faith, he discoursed on other matters. The tone of his conversation was still grave, moral, and instructive. He had traveled much, and knew both the language and manners of other countries, 5 concerning which Halbert Glendinning, already anticipating the possibility of being obliged to leave Scotland for the deed he had done, was naturally and anxiously desirous of information. By degrees he was more attracted by the charms of the stranger's conversation than repelled 10 by the dread of his dangerous character as a heretic, and Halbert had called him father more than once, ere the turrets of Avenel Castle came in view.

The situation of this ancient fortress was remarkable. It occupied a small rocky islet in a mountain lake, or 15 "tarn," as such a piece of water is called in Westmoreland. The lake might be about a mile in circumference, surrounded by hills of considerable height, which, except where old trees and brushwood occupied the ravines that divided them from each other, were bare and heathy. 20 The surprise of the spectator was chiefly excited by finding a piece of water situated in that high and mountainous region, and the landscape around had features which might rather be termed wild, than either romantic or sublime; yet the scene was not without its charms. Under 25 the burning sun of summer, the clear azure of the deep unruffled lake refreshed the eye, and impressed the mind with a pleasing feeling of deep solitude. In winter, when the snow lay on the mountains around, these dazzling masses appeared to ascend far beyond their wonted and 30 natural height, while the lake, which stretched beneath, and filled their bosom with all its frozen waves, lay like the surface of a darkened and broken mirror around the black and rocky islet, and the walls of the gray castle with which it was crowned.

As the castle occupied, either with its principal buildings, or with its flanking and outward walls, every projecting point of rock, which served as its site, it seemed as completely surrounded by water as the nest of a wild swan, save where a narrow causeway extended betwixt the islet and the shore. But the fortress was larger in appearance than in reality; and of the buildings which it actually contained, many had become ruinous and uninhabitable. In the times of the grandeur of the Avenel family, these had been occupied by a considerable garrison of followers and retainers, but they were now in a great measure deserted; and Julian Avenel would probably have fixed his habitation in a residence better suited to his diminished fortunes, had it not been for the great security which the situation of the old castle afforded to a man of his precarious and perilous mode of life. Indeed, in this respect, the spot could scarce have been more happily chosen, for it could be rendered almost completely inaccessible at the pleasure of the inhabitant. The distance betwixt the nearest shore and the islet was not indeed above a hundred yards; but then the causeway which connected them was extremely narrow, and completely divided by two cuts, one in the mid-way between the islet and shore, and another close under the outward gate of the castle. These formed a formidable, and almost surmountable, interruption to any hostile approach. Each was defended by a drawbridge, one of which, being that nearest to the castle, was regularly raised at all times during the day, and both were lifted at night.

When, issuing from the gorge of a pass which terminated upon the lake, the travelers came in sight of the ancient castle of Avenel, the old man looked with earnest attention upon the scene before him. The castle was, as we have

said, in many places ruinous, as was evident, even at this distance, by the broken, rugged, and irregular outline of the walls and of the towers. In others it seemed more entire, and a pillar of dark smoke, which ascended from
 5 the chimneys of the donjon, and spread its long dusky pennon through the clear ether, indicated that it was inhabited. But no corn-fields or enclosed pasture-grounds on the side of the lake showed that provident attention to comfort and subsistence which usually appeared near
 10 the houses of the greater, and even of the lesser, barons. There were no cottages with their patches of infield, and their crofts and gardens, surrounded by rows of massive sycamores; no church with its simple tower in the valley; no herds of sheep among the hills; no castle on the lower
 15 ground; nothing which intimated the occasional prosecution of the arts of peace and of industry. It was plain that the inhabitants, whether few or numerous, must be considered as the garrison of the castle, living within its defended precincts, and subsisting by means which were
 20 other than peaceful.

THE DUCAL PALACE¹

JOHN RUSKIN

BEFORE the reader can enter upon any inquiry into the history of the Ducal Palace, it is necessary that he should be thoroughly familiar with the arrangement and names of its principal parts, as it at present stands; otherwise he cannot comprehend so much as a single sentence
 25 of any of the documents referring to it. I must do what I can, by the help of a rough plan and a bird's-eye view, to give him the necessary topographical knowledge.²

¹ *Stones of Venice.*

² At this point Ruskin inserts a drawing.

The reader will observe that the Ducal Palace is arranged somewhat in the form of a hollow square, of which one side faces the Piazzetta, and another the quay called Riva de' Schiavoni; the third is on the dark canal called Rio del Palazzo, and the fourth joins the Church of St. 5 Mark.

Of this fourth side, therefore, nothing can be seen. Of the other three sides we shall have to speak constantly, and they will be respectively called, that toward the Piazzetta, the "Piazzetta Façade"; that toward the Riva de' 10 Schiavoni, the "Sea Façade"; and that toward the Rio del Palazzo, the "Rio Façade." This Rio, or canal, is usually looked upon by the traveler with great respect, or even horror, because it passes under the Bridge of Sighs. It is, however, one of the principal thoroughfares of the 15 city; and the bridge and its canal together occupy, in the mind of a Venetian, very much the position of Fleet Street and Temple Bar in that of a Londoner,—at least at the time when Temple Bar was occasionally decorated with human heads. The two buildings closely resemble each 20 other in form.

We must now proceed to obtain some rough idea of the appearance and distribution of the palace itself; but its arrangement will be better understood by supposing ourselves raised some hundred and fifty feet above 25 the point in the lagoon in front of it, so as to get a general view of the Sea Façade and Rio Façade (the latter in very steep perspective) and to look down into its interior court. Fig. II ¹ roughly represents such a view, omitting all details on the roofs, in order to avoid confusion. In this 30 drawing we have merely to notice that, of the two bridges seen on the right, the uppermost, above the Rio del Palazzo, is the Bridge of Sighs; the lower one is the Ponte

¹ Ruskin's drawings have been omitted.

della Paglia, the regular thoroughfare from quay to quay, and, I believe, called the Bridge of Straws, because the boats which brought straw from the mainland used to sell it at this place. The corner of the palace, rising above
15 this bridge, and formed by the meeting of the Sea Façade and Rio Façade, will always be called the Vine angle, because it is decorated by a sculpture of the drunkenness of Noah. The angle opposite will be called the Fig-tree angle because it is decorated by a sculpture of the Fall
10 of Man. The long and narrow range of building, of which the roof is seen in perspective behind this angle, is the part of the palace fronting the Piazzetta; and the angle under the pinnacle most to the left of the two which terminate it will be called, for a reason presently to be stated, the
15 Judgment angle. Within the square formed by the building is seen its interior court (with one of its wells), terminated by small and fantastic buildings of the Renaissance period, which face the Giant's stair, of which the extremity is seen sloping down on the left.

20 The great façade which fronts the spectator looks southward. Hence the two traceried windows lower than the rest, and to the right of the spectator, may be conveniently distinguished as the "Eastern Windows." There are two others like them, filled with tracery, and at the
25 same level, which look upon the narrow canal between the Ponte della Paglia and the Bridge of Sighs: these we may conveniently call the "Canal Windows." The spectator will observe a vertical line in this dark side of the palace, separating its nearer and plainer wall from a long
30 four-storied range of rich architecture. This more distant range is entirely Renaissance: its extremity is not indicated, because I have no accurate sketch of the small buildings and bridges beyond it, and we shall have nothing whatever to do with this part of the palace in our present inquiry.

The nearer and undecorated wall is part of the older palace, though much defaced by modern opening of common windows, refittings of the brickwork, etc.

It will be observed that the façade is composed of a smooth mass of wall, sustained on two tiers of pillars, one 5 above the other. . . . The two lower stories [behind the two tiers of pillars] are entirely modernized, . . . and what vestiges remain of ancient masonry are entirely undecipherable. . . . With the subdivisions of these stories, therefore, I shall not trouble the reader; but those 10 of the great upper story are highly important.

In the bird's-eye view, we noticed that the two windows on the right are lower than the other four of the façade. In this arrangement there is one of the most remarkable instances I know of the daring sacrifice of symmetry to 15 convenience which was one of the chief noblenesses of the Gothic schools.

The part of the palace in which the two lower windows occur, we shall find, was first built, and arranged in four stories, in order to obtain the necessary number of apart- 20 ments. Owing to circumstances, of which we shall presently give an account, it became necessary, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, to provide another large and magnificent chamber for the meeting of the Senate. That chamber was added at the side of the older 25 building: but, as only one room was wanted, there was no need to divide the added portion into two stories. The entire height was given to the single chamber, being indeed not too great for just harmony with its enormous length and breadth. And then came the question how to place 30 the windows, whether on a line with the two others, or above them.

The ceiling of the new room was to be adorned by the paintings of the best masters in Venice, and it became

of great importance to raise the light near that gorgeous roof, as well as to keep the tone of illumination in the Council Chamber serene; and therefore to introduce light rather in simple masses than in many broken streams.

5 A modern architect, terrified at the idea of violating external symmetry, would have sacrificed both the pictures and the peace of the Council. He would have placed the larger windows at the same level with the other two, and have introduced above them smaller windows, like those

10 of the upper story in the older building, as if that upper story had been continued along the façade. But the old Venetian thought of the honor of the paintings, and the comfort of the Senate, before his own reputation. He unhesitatingly raised the large windows to their proper

15 position with reference to the interior of the chamber, and suffered the external appearance to take care of itself. And I believe the whole pile rather gains than loses in effect by the variation thus obtained in the spaces of wall above and below the windows.

20 In nearly the center of the Sea Façade, and between the first and second windows of the Great Council Chamber, is a large window to the ground, opening on a balcony, which is one of the chief ornaments of the palace, and will be called in future the "Sea Balcony."

25 The façade which looks on the Piazzetta is very nearly like this to the Sea, but the greater part of it was built in the fifteenth century, when people had become studious of their symmetries. Its side windows are all on the same level. Two light the west end of the Great Council

30 Chamber, one lights a small room anciently called the Quarantia Civil Nuova; the other three, and the central one, with a balcony like that to the Sea, light another large chamber, called Sala del Scrutino, or "Hall of In-

quiry," which extends to the extremity of the palace above the Porta della Carta.

The reader is now well enough acquainted with the topography of the existing building, to be able to follow the accounts of its history. 5

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

A dwelling-house, which you are approaching for the first time.

A dwelling-house with which you are familiar.

A church.

A college hall.

The handsomest building at —— College.

A capitol.

An old house.

The most striking house I know.

The most picturesque house I know.

THE CHAPEL AT ENGADDI ¹

SIR WALTER SCOTT

SO saying, and making the knight a sign to follow him, the hermit went toward the altar, and, passing behind it, pressed a spring, which, opening without noise, showed a small iron door wrought in the side of the cavern, so as to be almost imperceptible, unless upon the most severe scrutiny. The hermit, ere he ventured fully to open the door, dropt on the hinges some oil which the lamp supplied. A small staircase, hewn in the rock, was discovered when the iron door was at length completely opened. 15

"Take the veil which I hold," said the hermit, in a melancholy tone, "and blind mine eyes; for I may not look on the treasure which thou art presently to behold, without sin and presumption."

¹ From *The Talisman*, Chapter iv.

Without reply, the knight hastily muffled the recluse's head in the veil, and the latter began to ascend the staircase as one too much accustomed to the way to require the use of light, while at the same time he held the lamp to
5 the Scot, who followed him for many steps up the narrow ascent. At length they rested in a small vault of irregular form, in one nook of which the staircase terminated, while in another corner a corresponding stair was seen to continue the ascent. In a third angle was a Gothic door,
10 very rudely ornamented with the usual attributes of clustered columns and carving, and defended by a wicket, strongly guarded with iron, and studded with large nails. To this last point the hermit directed his steps, which seemed to falter as he approached it.

15 "Put off thy shoes," he said to his attendant; "the ground on which thou standest is holy. Banish from thy innermost heart each profane and carnal thought, for to harbor such while in this place were a deadly impiety."

20 The knight laid aside his shoes as he was commanded, and the hermit stood in the meanwhile as if communing with his soul in secret prayer, and when he again moved, commanded the knight to knock at the wicket three times. He did so. The door opened spontaneously, at least
25 Sir Kenneth beheld no one, and his senses were at once assailed by a stream of the purest light, and by a strong and almost oppressive sense of the richest perfumes. He stepped two or three paces back, and it was the space of a minute ere he recovered from the dazzling and overpowering
30 effects of the sudden change from darkness to light.

When he entered the apartment in which this brilliant luster was displayed, he perceived that the light proceeded from a combination of silver lamps, fed with purest oil, and sending forth the richest odors, hanging by silver

chains from the roof of a small Gothic chapel, hewn, like most part of the hermit's singular mansion, out of the sound and solid rock. But, whereas, in every other place which Sir Kenneth had seen, the labor employed upon the rock had been of the simplest and coarsest description, 5 it had in this chapel employed the invention and the chisels of the most able architects. The groined roof rose from six columns on each side, carved with the rarest skill; and the manner in which the crossings of the concave arches were bound together, as it were, with appropriate ornaments, was all in the finest tone of the architecture and of the age. Corresponding to the line of pillars, there were on each side six richly wrought niches, each of which contained the image of one of the twelve apostles. 15

At the upper and eastern end of the chapel stood the altar, behind which a very rich curtain of Persian silk, embroidered deeply with gold, covered a recess, containing unquestionably, some image or relic of no ordinary sanctity, in honor of whom this singular place of worship 20 had been erected. Under the persuasion that this must be the case, the knight advanced to the shrine, and, kneeling down before it, repeated his devotions with fervency, during which his attention was disturbed by the curtain being suddenly raised, or rather pulled aside, how or by 25 whom he saw not; but in the niche which was thus disclosed he beheld a cabinet of silver and ebony, with a double folding-door, the whole formed into the miniature resemblance of a Gothic church.

As he gazed with anxious curiosity on the shrine, the 30 two folding-doors also flew open, discovering a large piece of wood, on which were blazoned the words "VERA CRUX;"¹ at the same time a choir of female voices sung *Gloria*

¹ *Vera crux*, the true cross.

*Patri.*¹ The instant the strain had ceased, the shrine was closed and the curtain again drawn, and the knight who knelt at the altar might now continue his devotions undisturbed in honor of the holy relic which had been
5 just disclosed to his view. He did this under the profound impression of one who had witnessed, with his own eyes, an awful evidence of the truth of his religion, and it was some time ere, concluding his orisons, he arose and ventured to look around him for the hermit, who had guided
10 him to this sacred and mysterious spot. He beheld him, his head still muffled in the veil which he had himself wrapped around it, couching, like a roused hound, upon the threshold of the chapel, but, apparently, without venturing to cross it: the holiest reverence, the most
15 penitential remorse was expressed by his posture, which seemed that of a man borne down and crushed to the earth by the burden of his inward feelings. It seemed to the Scot that only the sense of the deepest penitence, remorse, and humiliation could have thus prostrated a frame so
20 strong and a spirit so fiery.

He approached him as if to speak, but the recluse anticipated his purpose, murmuring in stifled tone from beneath the fold in which his head was muffled, and which sounded like a voice proceeding from the cerements of a
25 corpse: "Abide—abide; happy thou that mayst—the vision is not yet ended." So saying, he reared himself from the ground, drew back from the threshold on which he had hitherto lain prostrate, and closed the door of the chapel, which, secured by a spring-bolt within, the snap
30 of which resounded through the place, appeared so much like a part of the living rock from which the cavern was hewn that Kenneth could hardly discern where the aperture had been. He was now alone in the lighted chapel, which

¹ *Gloria Patri*, Glory to the Father.

contained the relic to which he had lately rendered his homage, without other arms than his dagger, or other companion than his pious thoughts and dauntless courage.

Uncertain what was next to happen, but resolved to abide the course of events, Sir Kenneth paced the solitary 5 chapel till about the time of the earliest cock-crowing. At this dead season, when night and morning met together, he heard, but from what quarter he could not discover, the sound of such a small silver bell as is rung at the elevation of the host, in the ceremony, or sacrifice, as it 10 has been called, of the mass. The hour and the place rendered the sound fearfully solemn, and, bold as he was, the knight withdrew himself into the farther nook of the chapel, at the end opposite to the altar, in order to observe, without interruption, the consequences of this unexpected 15 signal.

He did not wait long ere the silken curtain was again withdrawn, and the relic again presented to his view. As he sunk reverentially on his knee, he heard the sound of the lauds, or earliest office of the Catholic Church, 20 sung by female voices, which united together in the performance as they had done in the former service. The knight was soon aware that the voices were no longer stationary in the distance, but approached the chapel and became louder, when a door, imperceptible when 25 closed, like that by which he had himself entered, opened on the other side of the vault, and gave the tones of the choir more room to swell along the ribbed arches of the roof.

The knight fixed his eyes on the opening with breathless 30 anxiety, and, continuing to kneel in the attitude of devotion which the place and scene required, expected the consequence of these preparations. A procession appeared about to issue from the door. First, four beautiful boys,

whose arms, neck, and legs were bare, showing the bronze complexion of the East, and contrasting with the snow-white tunics, which they wore, entered the chapel two by two. The first pair bore censers, which they swung from side to side, adding double fragrance to the odors with which the chapel already was impregnated. The second pair scattered flowers.

After these followed, in due and majestic order, the females who composed the choir—six who, from their black scapularies and black veils over their white garments, appeared to be professed nuns of the order of Mount Carmel, and as many whose veils, being white, argued them to be novices, or occasional inhabitants in the cloister, who were not as yet bound to it by vows. The former held in their hands large rosaries, while the younger and lighter figures who followed, carried each a chaplet of red and white roses. They moved in procession around the chapel without appearing to take the slightest notice of Kenneth, although passing so near him that their robes almost touched him; while they continued to sing, the knight doubted not that he was in one of those cloisters where the noble Christian maidens had formerly openly devoted themselves to the services of the church. Most of them had been suppressed since the Mahometans had reconquered Palestine, but many, purchasing connivance by presents, or receiving it from the clemency or contempt of the victors, still continued to observe in private the ritual to which their vows had consecrated them. Yet, though Kenneth knew this to be the case, the solemnity of the place and hour, the surprise at the sudden appearance of these votresses, and the visionary manner in which they moved past him, had such influence on his imagination, that he could scarce conceive that the fair procession which he beheld was formed of creatures of

this world, so much did they resemble a choir of supernatural beings rendering homage to the universal object of adoration.

Such was the knight's first idea, as the procession passed him, scarce moving, save just sufficiently to continue⁵ their progress; so that, seen by the shadowy and religious light which the lamps shed through the clouds of incense which darkened the apartment, they appeared rather to glide than to walk.

But as a second time, in surrounding the chapel, they¹⁰ passed the spot on which he kneeled, one of the white-stoled maidens, as she glided by him, detached from the chaplet which she carried a rosebud, which dropped from her fingers, perhaps unconsciously, at the foot of Sir Kenneth.

15

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Interiors:—

A church.

A gymnasium.

A theatre.

A library reading-room.

A lecture hall.

A commencement.

A church service on Easter Sunday.

ST. MARK'S¹

JOHN RUSKIN

AND now I wish that the reader, before I bring him into St. Mark's Place, would imagine himself for a little time in a quiet English cathedral town, and walk with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see²⁰ the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low, gray gateway with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the center, into the inner private-

¹ *Stones of Venice.*

looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grassplots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream color and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockleshells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable, wooden gables warped a little on one side; and so forward till we come to larger houses, also old-fashioned, but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft; and looking in front on the cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side, where the canons' children are walking with their nurserymaids. And so, taking care not to tread on the grass, we will go along the straight walk to the west front, and there stand for a time, looking up at its deep-pointed porches and the dark places between their pillars where there were statues once, and where the fragments, here and there, of a stately figure are still left, which has in it the likeness of a king, perhaps, indeed, a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king long ago in heaven; and so higher and higher up to the great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered, and gray, and grisly with heads of dragons and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and swirling winds into yet unseemlier shape, and colored on their stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen, melancholy gold; and so, higher still, to the bleak towers, so far above that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong, and only sees, like a

drift of eddying black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds that fill the whole square with that strange clangor of theirs, so harsh and yet so soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary 5 coast between the cliffs and sea.

Think for a little while of that scene, and the meaning of all its small formalisms, mixed with its serene sublimity. Estimate its secluded, continuous, drowsy felicities, and its evidence of the sense and steady performance of such 10 kind of duties as can be regulated by the cathedral clock; and weigh the influence of those dark towers on all who have passed through the lonely square at their feet for centuries, and on all who have seen them rising far away 15 over the wooded plain, or catching on their square masses the last rays of the sunset, when the city at their feet was indicated only by the mist at the bend of the river. And then let us quickly recollect that we are in Venice, and land at the extremity of the Calle Lunga San Moisè,¹ which may be considered as there answering to the secluded 20 street that led us to our English cathedral gateway.

We find ourselves in a paved alley, some seven feet wide where it is widest, full of people, and resonant with cries of itinerant salesmen,—a shriek in their beginning, and dying away into a kind of brazen ringing, all the 25 worse for its confinement between the high houses of the passage along which we have to make our way. Overhead, an inextricable confusion of rugged shutters, and iron balconies, and chimney flues, pushed out on brackets to save room, and arched windows with projecting sills 30 of Istrian stone, and gleams of green leaves here and there, where a fig-tree branch escapes over a lower wall from some inner cortile, leading the eye up to the narrow

¹ Lit. "Long street of St. Moses."

stream of blue sky high over all. On each side, a row of shops, as densely set as may be, occupying, in fact, intervals between the square stone shafts, about eight feet high, which carry the first floors: intervals of which
 5 one is narrow and serves as a door; the other is, in the more respectable shops, wainscoted to the height of the counter and glazed above, but in those of the poorer tradesmen left open to the ground, and the wares laid on benches and tables in the open air, the light in all cases
 10 entering at the front only, and fading away in a few feet from the threshold into a gloom which the eye from without cannot penetrate, but which is generally broken by a ray or two from a feeble lamp at the back of the shop, suspended before a print of the Virgin. The less pious
 15 shopkeeper sometimes leaves his lamp unlighted, and is contented with a penny print; the more religious one has his print colored and set in a little shrine with a gilded or figured fringe, with perhaps a faded flower or two on each side, and his lamp burning brilliantly. Here, at
 20 the fruiterer's, where the dark-green watermelons are heaped upon the counter like cannon-balls, the Madonna has a tabernacle of fresh laurel leaves; but the pewterer next door has let his lamp out, and there is nothing to be seen in his shop but the dull gleam of the studded patterns
 25 on the copper pans, hanging from his roof in the darkness. Next comes a "Vendita Frittole e Liquori,"¹ where the Virgin, enthroned in a very humble manner beside a tallow candle on a back shelf, presides over certain ambrosial morsels of a nature too ambiguous to be defined or enumerated. But, a few steps farther on, at the regular
 30 wine-shop of the calle, where we are offered "Vino Nostrani a Soldi 28-22,"² the Madonna is in great glory, enthroned

¹ Shop for cakes and liquors.

² Nostrani wine at so many *soldi* (cents).

above ten or a dozen large red casks of three-year-old vintage, and flanked by goodly ranks of bottles of Maraschino, and two crimson lamps; and for the evening, when the gondoliers will come to drink out, under her auspices, the money they have gained during the day, she will have 5 a whole chandelier.

A yard or two farther, we pass the hostelry of the Black Eagle, and glancing as we pass through the square door of marble, deeply moulded, in the outer wall, we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, 10 with a pointed shield carved on its side; and so presently emerge on the bridge and Campo San Moisè, whence to the entrance into St. Mark's Place, called the Bocca di Piazza (mouth of the square), the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful façade of San 15 Moisè, which we will pause at another time to examine, and then by the modernizing of the shops as they near the piazza, and the mingling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of English and Austrians. We will push fast through them into the shadow of the pillars at 20 the end of the "Bocca di Piazza," and then we forget them all; for between those pillars there opens a great light, and, in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St. Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of checkered stones: and, on each side, 25 the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude easements and broken walls had been transformed into 30 arches charged with goodly sculpture, and fluted shafts of delicate stone.

And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and

all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away;—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of colored light; a treasure-heap it seems, partly of gold and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory,—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm-leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, “their bluest veins to kiss,”—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses

are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars until, at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, 5 as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

Between that grim cathedral of England and this, what an interval! There is a type of it in the very birds that 10 haunt them; for, instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air, the St. Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints, 15 hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years.

And what effect has this splendor on those who pass beneath it? You may walk from sunrise to sunset, to and fro, before the gateway of St. Mark's, and you will not see 20 an eye lifted to it, nor a countenance brightened by it. Priest and layman, soldier and civilian, rich and poor, pass by it alike regardlessly. Up to the very recesses of the porches, the meanest tradesmen of the city push their counters; nay, the foundations of its pillars are themselves 25 the seats—not "of them that sell doves" for sacrifice, but of the vendors of toys and caricatures. Round the whole square in front of the church there is almost a continuous line of cafés, where the idle Venetians of the middle classes lounge, and read empty journals; in its center the Austrian 30 bands play during the time of vespers, their martial music jarring with the organ notes,—the march drowning the *Miserere*, and the sullen crowd thickening round them,—a crowd which, if it had its will, would stiletto every soldier

that pipes to it. And in the recesses of the porches, all day long, knots of men of the lowest classes, unemployed and listless, lie basking in the sun like lizards; and unregarded children,—every heavy glance of their young eyes
5 full of desperation and stony depravity, and their throats hoarse with cursing,—gamble, and fight, and snarl, and sleep, hour after hour, clashing their bruised centesimi upon the marble ledges of the church porch. And the images of Christ and His angels look down upon it con-
10 tinually.

That we may not enter the church out of the midst of the horror of this, let us turn aside under the portico which looks toward the sea, and passing round within the two massive pillars brought from St. Jean d'Acre, we shall
15 find the gate of the Baptistery; let us enter there. The heavy door closes behind us instantly, and the light and the turbulence of the Piazzetta are together shut out by it.

We are in a low vaulted room; vaulted, not with arches, but with small cupolas starred with gold, and checkered
20 with gloomy figures: in the center is a bronze font charged with rich bas-reliefs, a small figure of the Baptist standing above it in a single ray of light that glances across the narrow room, dying as it falls from a window high in the wall, and the first thing that strikes, and the only thing
25 that it strikes brightly, is a tomb. We hardly know if it be a tomb indeed; for it is like a narrow couch set beside the window, low-roofed and curtained, so that it might seem, but that it is some height above the pavement, to have been drawn toward the window, that the sleeper
30 might be wakened early; only there are two angels who have drawn the curtain back, and are looking down upon him. Let us look also, and thank that gentle light that rests upon his forehead forever, and dies away upon his breast.

The face is of a man, in middle life, but there are two deep furrows right across the forehead, dividing it like the foundations of a tower; the height of it above is bound by the fillet of the ducal cap. The rest of the features are singularly small and delicate, the lips sharp, perhaps the sharpness of death being added to that of the natural lines; but there is a sweet smile upon them, and a deep serenity upon the whole countenance. The roof of the canopy above has been blue, filled with stars; beneath, in the center of the tomb on which the figure rests, is a seated figure of the Virgin, and the border of it all around is of flowers and soft leaves, growing rich and deep, as if in a field in summer.

It is the Doge Andrea Dandolo, a man early great among the great of Venice; and early lost. She chose him for her king in his thirty-sixth year; he died ten years later, leaving behind him that history to which we owe half of what we know of her former fortunes.

Look round at the room in which he lies. The floor of it is of rich mosaic, encompassed by a low seat of red marble, and its walls are of alabaster, but worn and shattered, and darkly stained with age, almost a ruin,—in places the slabs of marble have fallen away altogether, and the rugged brickwork is seen through the rents, but all beautiful; the ravaging fissures fretting their way among the islands and channelled zones of the alabaster, and the time-stains on its translucent masses darkened into fields of rich golden brown, like the color of seaweed when the sun strikes on it through deep sea. The light fades away into the recess of the chamber toward the altar, and the eye can hardly trace the lines of the bas-relief behind it of the baptism of Christ: but on the vaulting of the roof the figures are distinct, and there are seen upon it two great circles, one surrounded by the “Principalities

and powers in heavenly places," of which Milton has expressed the ancient division in the single massy line,

"Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,"

and around the other, the Apostles; Christ the center of
5 both: and upon the walls, again and again repeated, the
gaunt figure of the Baptist, in every circumstance of his
life and death; and the streams of the Jordan running
down between their cloven rocks; the axe laid to the root
of a fruitless tree that springs upon their shore. "Every
10 tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be hewn down,
and cast into the fire." Yes, verily: to be baptized with
fire, or to be cast therein; it is the choice set before all men.
The march-notes still murmur through the grated window,
and mingle with the sounding in our ears of the sentence
15 of judgment, which the old Greek has written on that
Baptistery wall. Venice has made her choice.

He who lies under that stony canopy would have taught
her another choice, in his day, if she would have listened
to him; but he and his counsels have long been forgotten
20 by her, and the dust lies upon his lips.

Through the heavy door whose bronze net-work closes
the place of his rest, let us enter the church itself. It is
lost in still deeper twilight, to which the eye must be ac-
customed for some moments before the form of the building
25 can be traced; and then there opens before us a vast cave,
hewn out into the form of a Cross, and divided into shad-
owey aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof
the light enters only through narrow apertures like large
stars; and here and there a ray or two from some far-away
30 casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow
phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave
and fall in a thousand colors along the floor. What else
there is of light is from torches, or silver lamps, burning

ceaselessly in the recesses of the chapels; the roof sheeted with gold, and the polished walls covered with alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming to the flames; and the glories round the heads of the sculptured saints flash out upon us as we pass them, and sink 5 again into the gloom. Under foot and over head, a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another, as in a dream; forms beautiful and terrible mixed together; dragons and serpents, and ravening beasts of prey, and graceful birds that in the midst of 10 them drink from running fountains and feed from vases of crystal; the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolized together, and the mystery of its redemption; for the mazes of interwoven lines and changeful pictures lead always at last to the Cross, lifted and carved in every 15 place and upon every stone; sometimes with the serpent of eternity wrapt round it, sometimes with doves beneath its arms, and sweet herbage growing forth from its feet; but conspicuous most of all on the great rood that crosses the church before the altar, raised in bright blazonry 20 against the shadow of the apse. And although in the recesses of the aisles and chapels, when the mist of the incense hangs heavily; we may see continually a figure traced in faint lines upon their marble, a woman standing with her eyes raised to heaven, and the inscription above 25 her, "Mother of God," she is not here the presiding deity. It is the Cross that is first seen, and always burning in the center of the temple; and every dome and hollow of its roof has the figure of Christ in the utmost height of it, raised in power, or returning in judgment. 30

Nor is this interior without effect on the minds of the people. At every hour of the day there are groups collected before the various shrines, and solitary worshippers scattered through the darker places of the church, evi-

dently in prayer both deep and reverent, and, for the most part, profoundly sorrowful. The devotees at the greater number of the renowned shrines of Romanism may be seen murmuring their appointed prayers with wandering eyes and unengaged gestures; but the step of the stranger does not disturb those who kneel on the pavement of St. Mark's; and hardly a moment passes, from early morning to sunset, in which we may not see some half-veiled figure enter beneath the Arabian porch, cast itself into long abasement on the floor of the temple, and then rising slowly with more confirmed step, and with a passionate kiss and clasp of the arms given to the feet of the crucifix, by which the lamps burn always in the northern aisle, leave the church, as if comforted.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

(See lists under *Avenel Castle* and *The Chapel at Engaddi*.)

THE ENGLISH LAKE COUNTRY ¹

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

15 **A**T Lucerne, in Switzerland, is shown a model of the Alpine country which encompasses the lake of the four Cantons. The spectator ascends a little platform, and sees mountains, lakes, glaciers, rivers, woods, waterfalls, and valleys, with their cottages, and every other object contained in them, lying at his feet; all things being represented in their appropriate colors. It may be easily conceived that this exhibition affords an exquisite delight to the imagination, tempting it to wander at will from valley to valley, from mountain to mountain, through the deepest recesses of the Alps. But it supplies also a more substantial pleasure: for the sublime and beautiful region,

¹ From *Guide to the Lakes*, 1835.

with all its hidden treasures, and their bearings and relations to each other, is thereby comprehended and understood at once.

Something of this kind, without touching upon minute details and individualities which would only confuse and 5 embarrass, will here be attempted, in respect to the lakes in the North of England, and the vales and mountains enclosing and surrounding them. The delineation, if tolerably executed, will, in some instances, communicate 10 to the traveler, who has already seen the objects, new information; and will assist in giving to his recollections a more orderly arrangement than his own opportunities of observing may have permitted him to make; while it will be still more useful to the future traveler, by directing his attention at once to distinctions in things, which, 15 without such previous aid, a length of time only could enable him to discover. It is hoped, also, that this essay may become generally serviceable, by leading to habits of more exact and considerate observation than, as far as the writer knows, have hitherto been applied to local 20 scenery.

To begin, then, with the main outlines of the country: I know not how to give the reader a distinct image of these more readily, than by requesting him to place himself with me, in imagination, upon some given point; let it be 25 the top of either of the mountains, Great Gavel, or Scawfell; or, rather, let us suppose our station to be a cloud hanging midway between those two mountains, at not more than half a mile's distance from the summit of each, and not many yards above their highest elevation; we shall 30 then see stretched at our feet a number of valleys, not fewer than eight, diverging from the point on which we are supposed to stand, like spokes from the nave of a wheel. First, we note, lying to the southeast, the vale of Lang-

dale,¹ which will conduct the eye to the long lake of Win-
andermere, stretched nearly to the sea; or rather to the sands
of the vast bay of Morcamb, serving here for the rim of this
imaginary wheel;—let us trace it in a direction from the
5 southeast toward the south, and we shall next fix our
eyes upon the vale of Coniston, running up likewise from
the sea, but not (as all the other valleys do) to the nave of
the wheel, and therefore it may be not inaptly represented
as a broken spoke sticking in the rim. Looking forth
10 again with an inclination toward the west, we see imme-
diately at our feet the vale of Duddon, in which is no lake,
but a copious stream winding among fields, rocks, and
mountains, and terminating its course in the sands of
Duddon. The fourth vale, next to be observed, viz., that
15 of the Esk, is of the same general character as the last,
yet beautifully discriminated from it by peculiar features.
Its stream passes under the woody steep upon which
stands Muncaster Castle, the ancient seat of the Penning-
tons, and after forming a short and narrow estuary enters
20 the sea below the small towns of Ravenglass. Next,
almost due west, look down into, and along the deep
valley of Wastdale, with its little chapel and half a dozen
neat dwellings scattered upon a plain of meadow and corn-
ground intersected with stone walls apparently innume-
25 able, like a large piece of lawless patchwork, or an array
of mathematical figures, such as in the ancient schools of
geometry might have been sportively and fantastically
traced out upon sand. Beyond this little fertile plain
lies, within a bed of steep mountains, the long, narrow,
30 stern, and desolate lake of Wastdale; and, beyond this,
a dusky tract of level ground conducts the eye to the Irish

¹ Anciently spelled Langden, and so called by the old inhabitants to this day—dean, from which the latter part of the word is derived, being in many parts of England a name for a valley. [Author's note.]

Sea. The stream that issues from Wast-water is named the Irt, and falls into the estuary of the river Esk. Next comes in view Ennerdale, with its lake of bold and somewhat savage shores. Its stream, the Ehen or Enna, flowing through a soft and fertile country, passes the town of 5 Egremont, and the ruins of the castle,—then, seeming like the other rivers, to break through the barrier of sand thrown up by the winds on his tempestuous coast, enter the Irish Sea. The vale of Buttermere, with the lake and village of that name, and the Crummock-water, beyond, 10 next present themselves. We will follow the main stream, the Coker, through the fertile and beautiful vale of Lorton, till it is lost in the Derwent, below the noble ruins of Cockermouth Castle. Lastly, Borrowdale, of which the vale of Keswick is only a continuation, stretching due 15 north, brings us to a point nearly opposite to the vale of Winandermere with which we began. From this it will appear, that the image of a wheel, thus far exact, is little more than one half complete; but the deficiency on the eastern side may be supplied by the vales of Wythe- 20 burn, Ullswater, Haweswater, and the vale of Grasmere and Rydal; none of these, however, run up to the central point between Great Gavel and Scawfell. From this, hitherto our central point, take a flight of not more than four or five miles eastward to the ridge of Helvellyn, and 25 you will look down upon Wytheburn and St. John's Vale, which are a branch of the vale of Keswick; upon Ullswater, stretching due east:—and not far beyond to the southeast (though from this point not visible) lie the vale and lake of Haweswater; and lastly, the vale of 30 Grasmere, Rydal, and Ambleside, brings you back to Winandermere, thus completing, though on the eastern side in a somewhat irregular manner, the representative figure of the wheel.

Such, concisely given, is the general topographical view of the country of the lakes in the north of England; and it may be observed that, from the circumference to the center, that is, from the sea or the plain country 5 to the mountain stations specified, there is—in the several ridges that enclose these vales, and divide them from each other, I mean in the forms and surfaces, first of the swelling grounds, next of the hills and rocks, and lastly of the mountains—an ascent of almost regular gradation, from 10 elegance and richness, to their highest point of grandeur and sublimity. It follows therefore from this, first, that these rocks, hills, and mountains must present themselves to view in stages rising toward the central point; and next, that an observer familiar with the several vales, must, 15 from their various position in relation to the sun, have had before his eyes every possible embellishment of beauty, dignity, and splendor, which light and shadow can bestow upon objects so diversified. For example, in the vale of Winandermere, if the spectator looks for gentle and lovely 20 scenes, his eye is turned toward the south; if for grand, toward the north: in the vale of Keswick, which (as hath been said) lies almost due north of this, it is directly the reverse. Hence, when the sun is setting in summer far to the northwest, it is seen, by the spectator from the shores 25 or breast of Winandermere, resting among the summits of the loftiest mountains, some of which will perhaps be half or wholly hidden by clouds, or by the blaze of light which the orb diffuses around it; and the surface of the lake will reflect before the eye correspondent colors through 30 every variety of beauty, and through all degrees of splendor. In the vale of Keswick, at the same period, the sun sets over the humbler regions of the landscape, and showers down upon *them* the radiance which at once veils and glorifies,—sending forth, meanwhile, broad streams of

rosy, crimson, purple, or golden light, toward the grand mountains in the south and southeast, which, thus illuminated with all their projections and cavities, and with an intermixture of solemn shadows, are seen distinctly through a cool and clear atmosphere. Of course, there is as marked a difference between the *noontide* appearance of these two opposite vales. The bedimming haze that overspreads the south, and the clear atmosphere and determined shadows of the clouds in the north, at the same time of the day, are each seen in these several vales, with a contrast as striking. The reader will easily conceive in what degree the intermediate vales partake of a kindred variety.

I do not indeed know any tract of country in which, within so narrow a compass, may be found an equal variety in the influences of light and shadow upon the sublime or beautiful features of landscape; and it is owing to the combined circumstances to which the reader's attention has been directed. From a point between Great Gavel and Scawfell, a shepherd would not require more than an hour to descend into any one of eight of the principal vales by which he would be surrounded; and all the others lie (with the exception of Haweswater) at but a small distance. Yet, though clustered together, every valley has its distinct and separate character; in some instances, as if they had been formed in studied contrast to each other, and in others with the united pleasing differences and resemblances of a sisterly rivalry. This concentration of interest gives to the country a decided superiority over the most attractive districts of Scotland and Wales, especially for the pedestrian traveler. In Scotland and Wales are found, undoubtedly, individual scenes, which in their several kinds, cannot be excelled. But, in Scotland, particularly, what long tracts of desolate

country intervene! so that the traveler, when he reaches a spot deservedly of great celebrity, would find it difficult to determine how much of his pleasure is owing to excellence inherent in the landscape itself; and how much to an instantaneous recovery from an oppression left upon his spirits by the barrenness and desolation through which he has passed.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

The topography of my native county.
 The situation and plan of my home town.
 Roads and parks in a town I know well.
 A famous region which I have visited.

EDINBURGH FROM THE CALTON HILL

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON ¹

THE east of New Edinburgh is guarded by a craggy hill, of no great elevation, which the town embraces. The old London road runs on one side of it; while the New Approach, leaving it on the other hand, completes the circuit. You mount by stairs in a cutting of the rock to find yourself in a field of monuments. Dugald Stewart has the honors of situation and architecture; Burns is memorialized lower down upon a spur; Lord Nelson, as befits a sailor, gives his name to the top-gallant of the Calton Hill. This latter erection has been differently and yet, in both cases, aptly compared to a telescope and a butterchurn; comparisons apart, it ranks among the vilest of men's handiworks. But the chief feature is an unfinished range of columns, the "Modern Ruin" as it has been called, an imposing object from far and near, and

¹ From *Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes*. First published in *The Portfolio*, 1878.

giving Edinburgh, even from the sea, that false air of a modern Athens which has earned for her so many slighting speeches. It was meant to be a National Monument; and its present state is a very suitable monument to certain national characteristics. The old Observatory,—⁵ a quaint brown building on the edge of the steep,—and the New Observatory,—a classical edifice with a dome,—occupy the central portion of the summit. All these are scattered on a green turf, browsed over by some sheep. 10

Of all places for a view, this Calton Hill is perhaps the best; since you can see the Castle, which you lose from the Castle, and Arthur's Seat, which you cannot see from Arthur's Seat.¹ It is the place to stroll on one of those days of sunshine and east wind which are so common in ¹⁵ our more than temperate summer. The breeze comes off the sea, with a little of the freshness, and that touch of chill, peculiar to the quarter. . . . It brings with it a faint, floating haze, a cunning decolorizer although not thick enough to obscure outlines near at hand. But the haze ²⁰ lies more thickly to windward at the far end of Musselburgh Bay; and over the links of Aberlady and Berwick Law and the hump of the Bass Rock it assumes the aspect of a bank of thin sea fog.

Immediately underneath, upon the south, you command ²⁵ the yards of the High School, and the towers and courts of the new jail—a large place, castellated to the extent of folly, standing by itself on the edge of a steep cliff, and often joyfully hailed by tourists as the Castle. In the one, you may perhaps see female prisoners taking exercise ³⁰ like a string of nuns; in the other, schoolboys running at

¹ Arthur's Seat, a remarkable hill, 822 feet in height, which overlooks Edinburgh from the east. Stevenson describes it, farther on, as "a hill for magnitude, a mountain in virtue of its bold design."

play and their shadows keeping step with them. From the bottom of the valley, a gigantic chimney rises almost to the level of the eye, a taller and a shapelier edifice than Nelson's Monument. Look a little farther and there is
5 Holyrood Palace, with its Gothic frontal and ruined abbey, and the red sentry pacing smartly to and fro before the door like a mechanical figure in a panorama. By way of an outpost, you can single out the little peak-roofed lodge, over which Rizzio's murderers made their escape, and
10 where Queen Mary herself, according to gossip, bathed in white wine to entertain her loveliness. Behind and overhead, lie the Queen's Park, from Muschat's Cairn to Dumbie dykes, St. Margaret's Loch, and the long wall of Salisbury Crags; and thence, by knoll and rocky bulwark and
15 precipitous slope, the eye rises to the top of Arthur's Seat, a hill for magnitude, a mountain in virtue of its bold design. This upon your left. Upon the right, the roofs and spires of the Old Town climb one above another to where the citadel prints its broad bulk and jagged crown of bastions
20 on the western sky.—Perhaps it is now one in the afternoon; and at the same instant of time, a ball rises to the summit of Nelson's flagstaff close at hand, and, far away, a puff of smoke followed by a report bursts from the half-moon battery at the castle. This is the time-gun by which
25 people set their watches, as far as the sea coast or in hill farms upon the Pentlands. To complete the view, the eye enfilades Princes Street, black with traffic, and has a broad look over the valley between the Old Town and the New: here full of railway trains and stepped over by the
30 high North Bridge upon its many columns, and there, green with trees and gardens.

On the north, the Calton Hill is neither so abrupt in itself nor has it so exceptional an outlook, and yet even here it commands a striking prospect. A gully separates

it from the New Town. This is Greenside, where witches were burned and tournaments held in former days. Down that almost precipitous bank, Bothwell launched his horse, and so first, as they say, attracted the bright eyes of Mary. It is now tessellated with sheets and blankets 5 out to dry, and the sound of people beating carpets is rarely absent. Beyond all this, the suburbs run out to Leith; Leith camps on the seaside with her forest of masts; Leith roads are full of ships at anchor; the sun picks out the white pharos upon Inchkeith island: the 10 Firth extends on either hand from the Ferry to the May; the towns of Fifeshire sit, each in its bank of blowing smoke, along the opposite coast; and the hills inclose the view, except to the farthest east, where the haze of the horizon rests upon the open sea. There lies the road to 15 Norway: a dear road for Sir Patrick Spens and his Scots Lords; and yonder smoke on the hither side of Largo Law is Aberdour, from whence they sailed to seek a queen for Scotland.

"O lang, lang, may the ladies sit,
 Wi' their fans into their hand,
 Or e'er they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the land!"

20

These are the main features of the scene roughly sketched. How they are all tilted by the inclination of the 25 ground, how each stands out in delicate relief against the rest, what manifold detail, and play of sun and shadow, animate and accentuate the picture, is a matter for a person on the spot, and turning swiftly on his heels, to grasp and bind together in one comprehensive look. It is the char- 30 acter of such a prospect to be full of change and of things moving. The multiplicity embarrasses the eye; and the mind, among so much, suffers itself to grow absorbed with single points. You remark a tree in a hedge row, or follow

a cart along a country road. You turn to the city, and see children, dwarfed by distance into pigmies, at play about suburban doorsteps; you have a glimpse upon a thoroughfare where people are densely moving; you note ridge after ridge of chimney-stacks running downhill one behind another, and church spires rising bravely from the sea of roofs. At one of the innumerable windows, you watch a figure moving; on one of the multitude of roofs, you watch clambering chimney-sweeps. The wind takes a run and scatters the smoke; bells are heard, far and near, faint and loud, to tell the hour; or perhaps a bird goes dipping evenly over the housetops, like a gull across the waves. And here you are in the meantime, on this pastoral hillside, among nibbling sheep and looked upon by monumental buildings.

Return thither on some clear, dark, moonless night, with a ring of frost in the air, and only a star or two set sparsely in the vault of heaven; and you will find a sight as stimulating as the hoariest summit of the Alps. The solitude seems perfect; the patient astronomer, flat on his back under the Observatory dome and spying heaven's secrets, is your only neighbor; and yet from all round you there comes up the dull hum of the city, the tramp of countless people marching out of time, the rattle of carriages and the continuous jingle of the tramway bells. An hour or so before, the gas was turned on; lamplighters scoured the city; in every house, from kitchen to attic, the windows kindled and gleamed forth into the dusk. And so now, although the town lies blue and darkling on her hills, innumerable spots of the bright element shine far and near along the pavements and upon the high façades. Moving lights of the railway pass and repass below the stationary lights upon the bridge. Lights burn in the Jail. Lights burn high up on the Castle turrets; they

burn low down in Greenside or along the Park. They run out, one beyond the other, into the dark country. They walk in a procession down to Leith, and shine singly far along Leith pier. Thus the plan of the city and her suburbs is mapped out upon the ground of blackness, as when a child pricks a drawing full of pin holes and exposes it before a candle; not the darkest night of winter can conceal her high station and fanciful design; every evening in the year she proceeds to illuminate herself in honor of her own beauty; and as if to complete the scheme—or 10 rather as if some prodigal Pharaoh were beginning to extend to the adjacent sea and country—half-way over to Fife, there is an outpost of light upon Inchkeith, and far to seaward, yet another on the May.

And while you are looking across upon the Castle 15 Hill, the drums and bugles begin to recall the scattered garrison; the air thrills with the sound; the bugles sing aloud; and the last rising flourish mounts and melts into the darkness like a star: a martial swan-song, fitly rounding in the labors of the day. 20

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Describe, from a stationary point of view, a landscape with which you are familiar.

Describe the panorama from a high dome or tower.

Describe a city, from a point of view on a "sky-scraper."

EDINBURGH, FROM THE BALLOON ¹

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

[Note: The Vicomte de Saint-Yves, who is flying from the sheriff's officers, has taken refuge in a balloon which is about to ascend from a fair at Edinburgh.]

I TURNED to scan the earth we were leaving—I had not guessed how rapidly.

We contemplated it from the height of six hundred feet, or so Byfield asserted after consulting his barometer. He added that this was a mere nothing; the wonder was that the balloon had risen at all with one-half the total folly of Edinburgh clinging to the car. I passed the possible inaccuracy and certain ill-temper of this calculation. He had (he explained) made jettison of at least a hundred-weight of sand ballast. I could only hope it had fallen on my cousin. To me, six hundred feet appeared a very respectable eminence. And the view was ravishing.

The *Lunardi* mounting through a stagnant calm in a line almost vertical, had pierced the morning mists, and now swam emancipated in a heaven of exquisite blue. Below us, by some trick of eyesight, the country had grown concave, its horizons curving up like the rim of a shallow bowl—a bowl heaped, in point of fact, with sea-fog, but to our eyes with a froth delicate and dazzling as a whipped syllabub of snow. Upon it the traveling shadow of the balloon became no shadow but a stain; an amethyst (you might call it) purged of all grosser properties than color and lucency. At times thrilled by no perceptible wind, rather by the pulse of the sun's rays, the froth shook

¹ From Chapter 33 of *St. Ives*, by Robert Louis Stevenson, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1897. This story, not finished by Stevenson, was completed by Mr. Quiller-Couch, whose work begins at Chap. 31.

and parted; and then behold, deep in the *crevasses*, vignetted and shining, an acre or two of the earth of man's business and fret—tilled slopes of the Lothians, ships dotted on the Forth, the capital like a hive that some child had smoked—the ear of fancy could almost hear it buzzing. 5

I snatched the glass from Byfield, and brought it to focus upon one of these peepshow rifts: and lo! at the foot of the shaft, imaged, as it were, far down in a luminous well, a green hillside and three figures standing. A white speck fluttered; and fluttered until the rift closed 10 again. Flora's handkerchief! Blessings on the brave hand that waved it!—at a moment when (as I have since heard and knew without need of hearing) her heart was down in her shoes, or, to speak accurately, in the milk-maid Janet's. Singular in many things, she was at one 15 with the rest of her sex in its native and incurable distrust of man's inventions.

I am bound to say that my own faith in aërostatics was a plant—a sensitive plant—of extremely tender growth. . . .

But to my unspeakable relief the *Lunardi* floated up-20 ward, and continued to float, almost without a tremor. Only by reading the barometer, or casting scraps of paper overboard, could we tell that the machine moved at all. Now and again we revolved slowly: so Byfield's compass informed us, but for ourselves we had never guessed it. 25 We were the only point in space, without possibility of comparison with another. . . .

My hands, by this time, were numb with cold. We had been ascending steadily, and Byfield's English thermometer stood at thirteen degrees. I borrowed from 30 the heap a thicker overcoat, in the pocket of which I was lucky enough to find a pair of furred gloves; and leaned over for another look below, still with a corner of my eye

for the aëronaut, who stood biting his nails, as far from me as the car allowed.

The sea-fog had vanished, and the south of Scotland lay spread beneath us from sea to sea, like a map in monochrome tint. Nay, yonder was England, with the Solway cleaving the coast—a broad, bright spear-head, slightly bent at the tip—and the fells of Cumberland beyond, mere hummocks on the horizon; all else flat as a board or as the bottom of a saucer. White threads of high-road connected town to town: the intervening hills had fallen down, and the towns, as if in fright, had shrunk into themselves, contracting their suburbs as a snail his horns. The old poet was right who said that Olympians had ¹ a delicate view. The lace-makers of Valenciennes might have had the tracing of those towns and high roads; those knots of *guipure*, and ligatures of finest *réseau*-work. And when I considered that what I looked down on—this, with its arteries and nodules of public traffic—was a nation; that each silent nodule held some thousands of men, each man moderately ready to die in defence of his shopboard and hen-roost: it came into my mind that my Emperor's emblem was the bee, and this Britain the spider's web, sure enough.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Describe, from a changing point of view, a landscape with which you are familiar.

Describe, from a high and distant point of view, a football or baseball game on an athletic field; a boat-race; a naval review; a procession through the streets of a city.

¹ Olympians, the gods, *i. e.* the dwellers on Mt. Olympus, the mythical home of the gods.

SPRING IN A SIDE STREET¹

BRANDER MATTHEWS

IN the city the spring comes earlier than it does in the country, and the horsechestnuts in the sheltered squares sometimes break into blossom a fortnight before their brethren in the open fields. That year the spring came earlier than usual, both in the country and in the city, for March, going out like a lion, made an April-fool of the following month, and the huge banks of snow heaped high by the sidewalks vanished in three or four days, leaving the gutters only a little thicker with mud than they are accustomed to be. Very trying to the convalescent was the uncertain weather, with its obvious inability to know its own mind, with its dark fog one morning and its brisk wind in the afternoon, with its mid-day as bright as June and its sudden chill descending before nightfall.

Yet when the last week of April came, and the grass in the little square around the corner was green again, and the shrubs were beginning to flower out, the sick man also felt his vigor returning. His strength came back with the spring, and restored health sent fresh blood coursing through his veins as the sap was rising in the branches of the tree before his window. He had had a hard struggle, he knew, although he did not suspect that more than once he had wrestled with death itself. Now his appetite had awakened again, and he had more force to withstand the brooding sadness which sought to master him.

The tree before his window was but a shabby sycamore, and the window belonged to a hall bedroom in a shabby boarding-house down a side street. The young man

¹ Reprinted by permission from *Vignettes of Manhattan*. New York: Harper & Brothers.

himself lay back in the steamer chair lent him by one of the few friends he had in town, and his overcoat was thrown over his knees. His hands, shrunken yet sinewy, lay crossed upon a book in his lap. His body was wasted 5 by sickness, but the frame was well knit and solid. His face was still white and thin, although the yellow pallor of the sick-bed had gone already. His scanty boyish beard that curled about his chin had not been trimmed for two months, and his uncut brown hair fell thickly on the 10 collar of his coat. His dark eyes bore the mark of recent suffering, but they revealed also a steadfast soul, strong to withstand misfortune.

His room was on the north side of the street, and the morning sun shone in his window, as he lay back in the 15 chair, grateful for its warmth. A heavy cart rumbled along slowly over the worn and irregular pavement; it came to a stand at the corner, and a gang of workmen swiftly emptied it of the steel rails it contained, dropping them on the sidewalk one by one with a loud clang which 20 reverberated harshly far down the street. From the little knot of men who were relaying the horse-car track came cries of command, and then a rail would drop into position, and be spiked swiftly to its place. Then the laborers would draw aside while an arrested horse-car urged forward 25 again, with the regular footfall of its one horse, as audible above the mighty roar of the metropolis as the jingle of the little bell on the horse's collar. At last there came from over the housetops a loud whistle of escaping steam, followed shortly by a dozen similar signals, proclaiming 30 the mid-day rest. A rail or two more clanged down on the others, and then the cart rumbled away. The workmen relaying the track had already seated themselves on the curb to eat their dinner, while one of them had gone to the saloon at the corner for a large can of the new beer

advertised in the window by the gaudy lithograph of a frisky young goat bearing a plump young goddess on its back.

The invalid was glad of the respite from the more violent noises of track-layers, for his head was not yet as clear as 5 it might be, and his nerves were strained by pain. He leaned forward and looked down at the street below, catching the eye of a young man who was bawling "Straw-b'rees! straw-b'rees!" at the top of an unmelodious voice. The invalid smiled, for he knew that the street venders of 10 strawberries were an infallible sign of spring—an indication of its arrival as indisputable as the small square labels announcing that three of the houses opposite to him were "To let." The first of May was at hand. He wondered whether the flower market in Union Square had already 15 opened; and he recalled the early mornings of the preceding spring, when the girl he loved, the girl who had promised to marry him, had gone with him to Union Square to pick out young roses and full blown geraniums worthy to bloom in the windows of her parlor looking out on Central Park. 20

He thought of her often that morning, and without bitterness, though their engagement had been broken in the fall, three months or more before he was taken sick. He had not seen her since Christmas, and he found himself wondering how she would look that afternoon, and 25 whether she was happy. His reverie was broken by the jangling notes of an ill-tuned piano in the next house, separated from his little room only by a thin party-wall. Someone was trying to pick out the simple tune of "Wait till the clouds roll by." Seemingly it was the practice 30 hour for one of the children next door, whose playful voices he had often heard. Seemingly also the task was unpleasant, for the piano and the tune and the hearer suffered from the ill-will of the childish performer.

A sudden hammering of a steel rail in the street below notified him the nooning was over, and that the workmen had gone back to their labors. Somehow he had failed to hear the stroke of one from the steeple of the church at
5 the corner of the avenue, a short block away. Now he became conscious of a permeating odor, and he knew that the luncheon hour of the boarding-house had arrived. He had waked early, and his breakfast had been very light. He felt ready for food, and he was glad when the servant
10 brought him up a plate of cold beef and a saucer of prunes. His appetite was excellent, and he ate with relish and enjoyment.

When he had made an end of his unpretending meal, he leaned back again in his chair. A turbulent wind
15 blew the dust of the street high in the air and set swinging the budding branches of the sycamore before the window. As he looked at the tender green of the young leaves dancing before him in the sunlight he felt the spring-time in his blood; he was strong again with the strength of
20 youth; he was able to cope with all morbid fancies, and to cast away all repining. He wished himself in the country—somewhere where there were brooks and groves and grass—somewhere where there were quiet and rest and surcease of noise—somewhere where there were time and space to
25 think out the past and to plan out the future resolutely—somewhere where there were not two hand-organs at opposite ends of the block vying which should be the more violent, one playing “Annie Laurie” and the other “Annie Rooney.” He winced as the struggle between the two
30 organs attained its height, while the child next door pounded the piano more viciously than before. Then he smiled.

With returning health why should he mind petty annoyances? In a week or so he would be able to go back

to the store and to begin again to earn his own living. No doubt the work would be hard at first, but hard work was what he needed now. For the sake of its results in the future, and for its own sake also, he needed severe labor. Other young men there were a-plenty in the 5 thick of the struggle, but he knew himself as stout of heart as any in the whole city, and why might not fortune favor him too? With money and power and position he could hold his own in New York; and perhaps some of those who thought little of him now would then be glad 10 to know him.

While he lay back in the steamer chair in his hall room, the shadows began to lengthen a little, and the long day drew nearer to its end. When next he roused himself the hand-organs had both gone away, and the child next 15 door had given over her practising, and the street was quiet again, save for the high notes of a soprano voice singing a florid aria by an open window in the conservatory of music in the next block, and save also for an unusual rattle of vehicles drawing up almost in front of the 20 door of the boarding-house. With an effort he raised himself, and saw a line of carriages on the other side of the way, moving slowly toward the corner. A swirling sand-storm sprang up again in the street below, and a simoon of dust almost hid from him the faces of those who sat in the car- 25 riages—young girls dressed in light colors, and young men with buttoned frock-coats. They were chatting easily; now and again a gay laugh rang out.

He wondered if it were time for the wedding. With difficulty he twisted himself in his chair and took from 30 the bureau behind him an envelope containing the wedding-cards. The ceremony was fixed for three. He looked at his watch, and he saw that it lacked but a few minutes of that hour. His hand trembled a little as

he put the watch back in his pocket; and he gazed steadily into space until the bell in the steeple of the church at the corner of the avenue struck three times. The hour appointed for the wedding had arrived. There were still 5 carriages driving up swiftly to deposit belated guests.

The convalescent young man in the hall bedroom of the shabby boarding-house in the side street was not yet strong enough to venture out in the spring sunshine and to be present at the ceremony. But as he lay there in the rickety 10 steamer chair with the old overcoat across his knees, he had no difficulty in evoking the scene in the church. He saw the middle-aged groom standing at the rail awaiting the bride. He heard the solemn and yet joyous strains of the wedding-march. He saw the bride pass slowly 15 up the aisle on the arm of her father, with the lace veil scarcely lighter or fairer than her own filmy hair. He wondered whether she would be pale, and whether her conscience would reproach her as she stood at the altar. He heard the clergyman ask the questions and pronounce 20 the benediction. He saw the new-made wife go down the aisle again on the arm of her husband. He sighed wearily, and lay back in his chair with his eyes closed, as though to keep out the unwelcome vision. He did not move when the carriages again crowded past his door, 25 and went up to the church porch one after another in answer to hoarse calls from conflicting voices.

He lay there for a long while motionless and silent. He was thinking about himself, about his hopes, which had been as bright as the sunshine of spring, about his bitter 30 disappointment. He was pondering on the mysteries of the universe, and asking himself whether he could be of any use in the world—for he still had high ambitions. He was wondering what might be the value of any one man's labor for his fellow-men, and he thought harshly

of the order of things. He said to himself that we all slip out of sight when we die, and the waters close over us, for the best of us are soon forgotten, and so are the worst, since it makes little difference whether the coin you throw into the pool is gold or copper—the rarer metal does not make the more ripples. Then, as he saw the long shafts of almost level sunshine sifting through the tiny leaves of the tree before his window, he took heart again as he recalled the great things accomplished by one man. He gave over his mood of self-pity; and he even smiled at the unconscious conceit of his attitude toward himself.

He was recalled from his long reverie by the thundering of a heavy fire-engine, which crashed its way down the street, with its rattling hose-reel tearing along after it. In the stillness that followed, broken only by the warning whistles of the engine as it crossed avenue after avenue further and further east, he found time to remember that every man's struggle forward helps along the advance of mankind at large. The humble fireman who does his duty and dies serves the cause of humanity. 20

The swift twilight of New York was almost upon him when he was next distracted from his thoughts by the crossing shouts of loud-voiced men bawling forth a catch-penny extra of a third-rate evening paper. The cries arose from both sides of the street at once, and they ceased while the fellows sold a paper here and there to the householders whose curiosity called them to the doorstep.

The sky was clear, and a single star shone out sharply. The air was fresh, and yet balmy. The clanging of rails had ceased an hour before, and the gang of men who were spiking the iron into place had dispersed each to his own home. The day was drawing to an end. Again there was an odor of cooking diffused through the house, heralding the dinner hour.

But the young man who lay back in the steamer chair in the hall bedroom of the boarding-house was unconscious of all except his own thoughts. Before him was a picture of a train of cars speeding along moonlit valleys, and casting a hurrying shadow. In the train, as he saw it, was the bride of that afternoon, borne away by the side of her husband. But it was the bride he saw, and not the husband. He saw her pale face and her luminous eyes and her ashen-gold hair; and he wondered whether in the 10 years to come she would be as happy as if she had kept her promise to marry him.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Describe a convalescent's mood under other circumstances.
Describe a child's sensations and ideas during an illness.

THE SEA FOG. ¹

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A CHANGE in the colour of the light usually called me in the morning. By a certain hour, the long, vertical chinks in our western gable, where the boards had 15 shrunk and separated, flashed suddenly into my eyes as stripes of dazzling blue, at once so dark and splendid that I used to marvel how the qualities could be combined. At an earlier hour, the heavens in that quarter were still quietly coloured, but the shoulder of the mountain which 20 shuts in the cañon already glowed with sunlight in a wonderful compound of gold and rose and green; and this too would kindle, although more mildly and with rainbow

¹ Reprinted, by permission of the publishers, from Vol. XV., Edinburgh Edition of the Works of Robert Louis Stevenson, copyright, 1892 and 1895, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

tints, the fissures of our crazy gable. If I were sleeping heavily, it was the bold blue that struck me awake; if more lightly, then I would come to myself in that earlier and fairer light.

One Sunday morning about five, the first brightness⁵ called me. I rose and turned to the east, not for my devotions, but for air. The night had been very still. The little private gale that blew every evening in our cañon for ten minutes or perhaps a quarter of an hour, had swiftly blown itself out; in the hours that followed not a 10 sigh of wind had shaken the treetops; and our barrack, for all its breaches, was less fresh that morning than of wont. But I had no sooner reached the window than I forgot all else in the sight that met my eyes, and I made but two bounds into my clothes, and down the crazy 15 plank to the platform.

The sun was still concealed below the opposite hilltops, though it was shining already, not twenty feet above my head, on our own mountain slope. But the scene, beyond a few near features, was entirely changed. Napa²⁰ valley was gone; gone were all the lower slopes and woody foothills of the range; and in their place, not a thousand feet below me, rolled a great level ocean. It was as though I had gone to bed the night before, safe in a nook of inland mountains, and had awakened in a bay upon²⁵ the coast. I had seen these inundations from below; at Calistoga I had risen and gone abroad in the early morning, coughing and sneezing, under fathoms on fathoms of gray sea vapour, like a cloudy sky—a dull sight for the artist, and a painful experience for the invalid. But 30 to sit aloft one's self in the pure air and under the unclouded dome of heaven, and thus look down on the submergence of the valley, was strangely different and even delightful to the eyes. Far away were hilltops like little

islands. Nearer, a smoky surf beat about the foot of precipices and poured into all the coves of these rough mountains. The colour of that fog ocean was a thing never to be forgotten. For an instant, among the Hebrides
5 and just about sundown, I have seen something like it on the sea itself. But the white was not so opaline; nor was there, what surprisingly* increased the effect, that breathless, crystal stillness over all. Even in its gentlest moods the salt sea travails, moaning among the weeds or lisp-
10 ing on the sand; but that vast fog ocean lay in a trance of silence, nor did the sweet air of the morning tremble with a sound.

As I continued to sit upon the dump, I began to observe that this sea was not so level as at first sight it appeared
15 to be. Away in the extreme south, a little hill of fog arose against the sky above the general surface, and as it had already caught the sun, it shone on the horizon like the topsails of some giant ship. There were huge waves, stationary, as it seemed, like waves in a frozen sea; and
20 yet, as I looked again, I was not sure but they were moving after all, with a slow and august advance. And while I was yet doubting, a promontory of the hills some four or five miles away, conspicuous by a bouquet of tall pines, was in a single instant overtaken and swallowed up.
25 It reappeared in a little, with its pines, but this time as an islet, and only to be swallowed up once more and then for good. This set me looking nearer, and I saw that in every cove along the line of mountains the fog was being piled in higher and higher, as though by some wind that
30 was inaudible to me. I could trace its progress, one pine tree first growing hazy and then disappearing after another; although sometimes there was none of this fore-running haze, but the whole opaque white ocean gave a start and swallowed a piece of mountain at a gulp. It was

to flee these poisonous fogs that I had left the scaboard, and climbed so high among the mountains. And now, behold, here came the fog to besiege me in my chosen altitudes, and yet came so beautifully that my first thought was of welcome. 5

The sun had now gotten much higher, and through all of the gaps of the hills it cast long bars of gold across that white ocean. An eagle, or some other very great bird of the mountain, came wheeling over the nearer pine-tops, and hung, poised and something sideways, as if to look 10 abroad on that unwonted desolation, spying, perhaps with terror, for the eyries of her comrades. Then, with a long cry, she disappeared again towards Lake County and the clearer air. At length it seemed to me as if the flood were beginning to subside. The old landmarks, by 15 whose disappearance I had measured its advance, here a crag, there a brave pine tree, now began, in the inverse order, to make their reappearance into daylight. I judged all danger of the fog was over. This was not Noah's flood; it was but a morning spring, and would now drift 20 out seaward whence it came. So, mightily relieved, and a good deal exhilarated by the sight, I went into the house to light the fire.

I suppose it was nearly seven when I once more mounted the platform to look abroad. The fog ocean had swelled 25 up enormously since last I saw it; and a few hundred feet below me, in the deep gap where the Toll House stands and the road runs through into Lake County, it had already topped the slope, and was pouring over and down the other side like driving smoke. The wind had climbed along 30 with it; and although I was still in calm air, I could see the trees tossing below me, and their long, strident sighing mounted to me where I stood.

Half an hour later, the fog had surmounted all the ridge

on the opposite side of the gap, though a shoulder of the mountain still warded it out of our cañon. Napa valley and its bounding hills were now utterly blotted out. The fog, sunny white in the sunshine, was pouring over into Lake
5 County in a huge, ragged cataract, tossing tree-tops appearing and disappearing in the spray. The air struck with a little chill, and set me coughing. It smelt strong of the fog, like the smell of a washing-house, but with a shrewd tang of the sea salt.

10 Had it not been for two things—the sheltering spur which answered as a dyke, and the great valley on the other side which rapidly engulfed whatever mounted—our own little platform in the cañon must have been already buried a hundred feet in salt and poisonous air.
15 As it was, the interest of the scene entirely occupied our minds. We were set just out of the wind, and but just above the fog; we could listen to the voice of the one as to music on the stage; we could plunge our eyes down into the other, as into some flowing stream from over the parapet of
20 a bridge; thus we looked on upon a strange, impetuous, silent, shifting exhibition of the powers of nature, and saw the familiar landscape changing from moment to moment like figures in a dream.

The imagination loves to trifle with what is not. Had
25 this been indeed the deluge, I should have felt more strongly, but the emotion would have been similar in kind. I played with the idea, as the child flees in delighted terror from the creations of his fancy. The look of the thing helped me. And when at last I began to flee up the
30 mountain, it was indeed partly to escape from the raw air that kept me coughing, but it was also part in play.

As I ascended the mountain-side, I came once more to overlook the upper surface of the fog; but it wore a different appearance from what I had beheld at daybreak.

For, first, the sun now fell on it from high overhead, and its surface shone and undulated like a great nor'land moor country, sheeted with untrodden morning snow. And next, the new level must have been a thousand or fifteen hundred feet higher than the old, so that only five or six points of all the broken country below me, still stood out. Napa valley was now one with Sonoma on the west. On the hither side, only a thin scattered fringe of bluffs was unsubmerged; and through all the gaps the fog was pouring over, like an ocean, into the blue clear sunny country on the east. There it was soon lost; for it fell instantly into the bottom of the valleys; following the water-shed; and the hilltops in that quarter were still clear cut upon the eastern sky.

Through the Toll House gap and over the near ridges on the other side, the deluge was immense. A spray of thin vapour was thrown high above it, rising and falling, and blown into fantastic shapes. The speed of its course was like a mountain torrent. Here and there a few tree-tops were discovered and then whelmed again; and, for one second, the bough of a dead pine beckoned out of the spray like the arm of a drowning man. But still the imagination was dissatisfied, still the ear waited for something more. Had this indeed been water (as it seemed so, to the eye), with what a plunge of reverberating thunder would it have rolled upon its course, disembowelling mountains and deracinating pines! And yet water it was, and sea-water at that—true Pacific billows, only somewhat rarefied, rolling in mid air among the hilltops.

I climbed still higher, among the red rattling gravel and dwarf underwood of Mount Saint Helena, until I could look right down upon Silverado, and admire the favoured nook in which it lay. The sunny plain of fog was several hundred feet higher; behind the protecting

spur a gigantic accumulation of cottony vapour threatened, with every second, to blow over and submerge our home-
stead; but the vortex setting past the Toll House was too
strong; and there lay our little platform, in the arms of
5 the deluge, but still enjoying its unbroken sunshine.
About eleven, however, thin spray came flying over the
friendly buttress, and I began to think the fog had hunted
out its Jonah after all. But it was the last effort. The
wind veered while we were at dinner, and began to blow
10 squally from the mountain summit; and by half-past one,
all that world of sea-fogs was utterly routed and flying
here and there into the south in little rags of cloud. And
instead of a lone sea-beach, we found ourselves once more
inhabiting a high mountain-side, with the clear green
15 country far below us, and the light smoke of Calistoga
blowing in the air.

This was the great Russian campaign for that season.
Now and then, in the early morning, a little white lakelet
of fog would be seen far down in Napa Valley; but the
20 heights were not again assailed, nor was the surrounding
world again shut off from Silverado.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Dawn in the country.

Nightfall in the city.

A strange scene.

The most picturesque landscape I have ever seen.

A CRISIS IN MY MENTAL HISTORY ¹JOHN STUART MILL ²

FROM the winter of 1821, when I first read Bentham,³ and especially from the commencement of the Westminster Review,⁴ I had what might truly be called an object in life: to be a reformer of the world. My conception of my own happiness was entirely identified with this object. The personal sympathies I wished for were those of fellow labourers in this enterprise. I endeavoured to pick up as many flowers as I could by the way; but as a serious and permanent personal satisfaction to rest upon, my whole reliance was placed on this; and I was accus-¹⁰ tomed to felicitate myself on the certainty of a happy life which I enjoyed through placing my happiness on something durable and distant, in which some progress might always be making, while it could never be exhausted by complete attainment. This did very well for several ¹⁵ years, during which the general improvement going on in the world and the idea of myself as engaged with others in struggling to promote it, seemed enough to fill up an interesting and animated existence. But the time came when I awakened from this as from a dream. It was in ²⁰ the autumn of 1826. I was in a dull state of nerves, such as everybody is occasionally liable to; unsusceptible to

¹ From *Autobiography*, Chap. V.

² John Stuart Mill, (1806-1873) was a famous English economist and philosopher. The student is advised to read, also, the first chapter of this *Autobiography*, in which Mill gives an account of the extraordinary education which he received from his father. The effects of his unusual childhood are evident in the state of mind here described.

³ Jeremy Bentham, (1748-1842). Author of a system of utilitarian philosophy. (See "Utilitarianism" in any good dictionary).

⁴ A periodical founded by Bentham in 1823, to represent the views of the Radical party in England.

enjoyment or pleasurable excitement; one of those moods when what is pleasure at other times becomes insipid or indifferent; the state, I should think, in which converts to Methodism usually are when smitten by their first "con-
 5 viction of sin." In this frame of mind it occurred to me to put the question directly to myself: "Suppose that all your objects in life were realized; that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to could be completely effected at this very instant:
 10 would this be a great joy and happiness to you?" And an irrepressible self-consciousness distinctly answers, "No!" At this my heart sank within me. The whole foundation on which my life was constructed fell down. All my happiness was to have been found in the continual
 15 pursuit of this end. The end had ceased to charm, and how could there ever again be any interest in the means? I seemed to have nothing left to live for.

At first I hoped that the cloud would pass away of itself; but it did not. A night's sleep, the sovereign remedy
 20 for the smaller vexations of life, had no effect on it. I awoke to a renewed consciousness of the woful fact. I carried it with me into all companies, into all occupations. Hardly anything had power to cause me even a few minutes' oblivion of it. For some months the cloud
 25 seemed to grow thicker and thicker. The lines in Coleridge's "Dejection"—I was not then acquainted with them—exactly describe my case:

30 "A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
 A drowsy, stifled, unimpassioned grief,
 Which finds no natural outlet or relief
 In word, or sigh, or tear."

In vain I sought relief from my favourite books; those memorials of past nobleness and greatness from which I had always drawn strength and animation. I read them

now without feeling, or with the accustomed feeling *minus* all its charm; and I became persuaded that my love of mankind and of excellence for its own sake had worn itself out. I sought no comfort by speaking to others of what I felt. If I had loved any one sufficiently to make 5 confiding my griefs a necessity, I should not have been in the condition I was. I felt, too, that mine was not an interesting or in any way respectable distress. There was nothing in it to attract sympathy. Advice, if I had known where to seek it, would have been most precious. The 10 words of Macbeth to the physician often occurred to my thoughts.¹ But there was no one on whom I could build the faintest hope of such assistance. My father, to whom it would have been natural to me to have recourse in any practical difficulties, was the last person to whom, in such 15 a case as this, I looked for help. Everything convinced me that he had no knowledge of any such mental state as I was suffering from, and that even if he could be made to understand it, he was not the physician who could heal it. My education, which was wholly his work, had been 20 conducted without any regard to the possibility of its ending in this result; and I saw no use in giving him the pain of thinking that his plans had failed, when the failure was probably irremediable, and, at all events, beyond the power of his remedies. Of other friends, I had at that time 25 none to whom I had any hope of making my condition intelligible. It was, however, abundantly intelligible to myself; and the more I dwelt upon it the more hopeless it appeared.

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I now saw, or thought I saw, what I had always be- 30 fore received with incredulity—that the habit of analysis

¹ Act V, Sc. III. "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd, etc."

[in which the elder Mill had rigidly trained his son] has a tendency to wear away the feelings: as indeed it has when no other mental habit is cultivated, and the analysing spirit remains without its natural complements and correctives. . . . Analytic habits are therefore (I thought) favourable to prudence and clear-sightedness, but a perpetual worm at the root both of the passions and the virtues; and above all, fearfully undermine all desires and all pleasures which are the effects of association. . . .

10 These were the laws of human nature by which, as it seemed to me, I had been brought to my present state. All those to whom I looked up were of opinion that the pleasure of sympathy with human beings, and the feelings which made the good of others, and especially of mankind

15 on a large scale, the object of existence, were the greatest and surest sources of happiness. Of the truth of this I was convinced, but to know that a feeling would make me happy if I had it, did not give me the feeling. My education, I thought, had failed to create these feelings in sufficient strength to resist the dissolving influence of analysis,

20 while the whole course of my intellectual cultivation had made precocious and premature analysis the inveterate habit of my mind. I was thus, as I said to myself, left stranded at the commencement of my voyage, with a

25 well-equipped ship and a rudder, but no sail; without any real desire for the ends which I had been so carefully fitted out to work for: no delight in virtue or the general good, but also just as little in anything else. The fountains of vanity and ambition seemed to have dried up within me

30 as completely as those of benevolence. I had had (as I reflected) some gratification of vanity at too early an age: I had obtained some distinction, and felt myself of some importance, before the desire of distinction and of importance had grown into a passion: and little as it was which

I had attained, yet having been attained too early, like all pleasures enjoyed too soon, it had made me *blasé* and indifferent to the pursuit. Thus neither selfish nor unselfish pleasures were pleasures to me. And there seemed no power in nature sufficient to begin the formation of 5 my character anew, and to create in a mind now irretrievably analytic, fresh associations of pleasure with any of the objects of human desire.

These were the thoughts which mingled with the dry heavy dejection of the melancholy winter of 1826-7. Dur- 10 ing this time I was not incapable of my usual occupations. I went on with them mechanically, by the mere force of habit. I had been so drilled in a certain sort of mental exercise that I could still carry it on when all the spirit had gone out of it. . . . In all probability my case was 15 by no means so peculiar as I fancied it, and I doubt not that many others have passed through a similar state, but the idiosyncrasies of my education had given to the whole phenomenon a special character, which made it seem the natural effect of causes that it was hardly possible 20 for time to remove. I frequently asked myself if I could, or if I was bound to go on living, when life must be passed in this manner. I generally answered to myself that I did not think I could possibly bear it beyond a year. When, however, not more than half the duration of that time 25 had elapsed, a small ray of light broke in upon my gloom. I was reading, accidentally, Marmontel's *Mémoires*,¹ and came to the passage which relates his father's death, the distressed position of the family, and the sudden inspiration by which he, then a mere boy, felt and made 30 them feel that he would be everything to them—would supply the place of all that they had lost. A vivid concep-

¹ Jean François Marmontel (1723-1799). A French writer. Author of *Moral Tales*, etc.

tion of the scene and its feelings came over me, and I was moved to tears. From this moment my burden grew lighter. The oppression of the thought that all feeling was dead within me, was gone. I was no longer hopeless: 5 I was not a stock or a stone. . . . Thus the cloud gradually drew off, and I again enjoyed life; and though I had several relapses, some of which lasted many months, I never again was as miserable as I had been. . . .

I now began to find meaning in the things which I had 10 read or heard about the importance of poetry and art as instruments of human culture. . . . This state of my thoughts and feelings made the fact of my reading Wordsworth for the first time (in the autumn of 1828), an important event in my life. I took up the collection of his poems 15 from curiosity, with no expectation of mental relief from it, though I had before resorted to poetry with that hope. In the worst period of my depression I had read through the whole of Byron (then new to me), to try whether a poet whose peculiar department was supposed to be that 20 of the intenser feelings, could rouse any feeling in me. As might be expected, I got no good from this reading, but the reverse. The poet's state of mind was too like my own. His was the lament of a man who had worn out all pleasures, and who seemed to think that life, to 25 all who possess the good things of it, must necessarily be the vapid, uninteresting thing which I found it. His Harold and Manfred had the same burden on them which I had; and I was not in a frame of mind to desire any comfort from the vehement sensual passion of his Giaours, 30 or the sullenness of his Laras. But while Byron was exactly what did not suit my condition, Wordsworth was exactly what did. . . .

In the first place, these poems addressed themselves powerfully to one of the strongest of my pleasurable

susceptibilities, the love of rural objects and natural scenery. But Wordsworth would never have had any great effect on me if he had merely placed before me beautiful pictures of natural scenery. Scott does this still better than Wordsworth, and a very second-rate landscape does it more effectually than any poet. What made Wordsworth's poems a medicine for my state of mind was that they expressed not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling, and of thought coloured by feeling under the excitement of beauty. They seemed to be the very culture of the feelings which I was in quest of. In them I seemed to draw from a source of inward joy, of sympathetic and imaginative pleasure which could be shared in by all human beings; which had no connection with struggle or imperfection, but would be made richer by every improvement in the physical or social condition of mankind. . . . There have certainly been, even in our own age, greater poets than Wordsworth; but poetry of deeper and loftier feeling could not have done for me at that time what his did. I needed to be made to feel that there was real permanent happiness in tranquil contemplation. Wordsworth taught me this, not only without turning away from, but with a greatly increased interest in the common feelings and the common destiny of human beings. And the delight which these poems gave me proved that with culture of this sort there was nothing to dread from the most confirmed habit of analysis. At the conclusion of the Poems came the famous Ode, falsely called Platonic,¹ "Intimations of Immortality:" in which, along with more than his usual sweetness of melody and rhythm, and along with the two passages of grand imagery but bad philos-

¹ From a supposed resemblance between Wordsworth's poem and certain philosophic fables of Plato (427-347 B. C.), the famous Greek philosopher.

ophy so often quoted,¹ I found that he too had had similar experience to mine; that he also had felt that the first freshness of youthful enjoyment of life was not lasting; but that he had sought for compensation and found it, 5 in the way in which he was now teaching me to find it. The result was that I gradually but completely emerged from my habitual depression, and was never again subject to it. I long continued to value Wordsworth less according to his intrinsic merits, than by the measure of 10 what he had done for me. Compared with the greatest poets, he may be said to be the poet of unpoetical natures, possessed of quiet and contemplative tastes. But unpoetical natures are precisely those which require poetic cultivation. This cultivation Wordsworth is much more fitted 15 to give than poets who are intrinsically far more poetic than he.

THE PLAINS OF PATAGONIA ²

W. H. HUDSON

NEAR the end of Darwin's famous narrative of the voyage of the *Beagle* there is a passage which for me has a very special interest and significance. It is as 20 follows, and the italicization is mine: "In calling up images of the past, I find the plains of Patagonia frequently

¹ One, at least, of the passages alluded to here must be the celebrated
 "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting
 And cometh from afar:
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God who is our home."

² Reprinted from *Idle Days in Patagonia*, Chapter 13, by permission of Appleton & Company.

cross before my eyes; yet these plains are pronounced by all to be most wretched and useless. They are characterized only by negative possessions; without habitations, without water, without trees, without mountains, they support only a few dwarf plants. *Why then,—and the case is not peculiar to myself—have these arid wastes taken so firm possession of my mind?* Why have not the still more level, the greener and more fertile pampas, which are serviceable to mankind, produced an equal impression? I can scarcely analyse these feelings, but it must be partly 10 owing to the free scope given to the imagination. The plains of Patagonia are boundless, for they are scarcely practicable, and hence unknown; they bear the stamp of having thus lasted for ages, and there appears no limit to their duration through future time. If, as the ancients 15 supposed, the flat earth was surrounded by an impassable breadth of water, or by deserts heated to an intolerable excess, who would not look at these last boundaries to man's knowledge with deep but ill-defined sensations?"

That he did not in this passage hit on the right explana- 20 tion of the sensations he experienced in Patagonia, and of the strength of the impressions it made on his mind, I am quite convinced; for the thing is just as true of to-day as of the time, in 1836, when he wrote that the case was not peculiar to himself. Yet since that date—which now, 25 thanks to Darwin, seems so remote to the naturalist—those desolate regions have ceased to be impracticable, and, although still uninhabited and uninhabitable, except to a few nomads, they are no longer unknown. During the last twenty years the country has been crossed in 30 various directions, from the Atlantic to the Andes, and from the Rio Negro to the Straits of Magellan, and has been found all barren. The mysterious illusive city, peopled by whites, which was long believed to exist in the

unknown interior, in a valley called Trapalanda, is to moderns a myth, a mirage of the mind, as little to the traveler's imagination as the glittering capitol of great Manoa, which Alonzo Pizarro and his false friend Orellana
5 failed to discover. The traveler of to-day really expects to see nothing more exciting than a solitary huanaco keeping watch on a hill-top, and a few gray-plumaged rheas flying from him, and, possibly, a band of long-haired, roving savages, with their faces painted black and
10 red. Yet, in spite of accurate knowledge, the old charm still exists in all its freshness; and after all the discomforts and sufferings endured in a desert cursed with eternal barrenness, the returned traveler finds in after years that it still keeps its hold on him, that it shines brighter in
15 memory, and dearer to him than any other region he may have visited.

We know that the more deeply our feelings are moved by any scene the more vivid and lasting will its image be in memory—a fact which accounts for the comparatively
20 unfailling character of the images that date back to the period of childhood, when we are most emotional. Judging from my own case, I believe that we have here the secret of the persistence of Patagonian images, and their frequent recurrence in the minds of many who have
25 visited that gray, monotonous, and, in one sense, eminently uninteresting region. It is not the effect of the unknown, it is not imagination; it is that nature in these desolate scenes, for a reason to be guessed at by and by, moves us more deeply than in others. In describing his rambles
30 in one of the most desolate spots in Patagonia, Darwin remarks: "Yet, in passing over these scenes, without one bright object near, an ill-defined but strong sense of pleasure is vividly excited." When I recall a Patagonian scene, it comes before me so complete in all its vast extent,

with all its details so clearly outlined, that, if I were actually gazing on it, I could scarcely see it more distinctly; yet other scenes, even those that were beautiful and sublime, with forest, and ocean, and mountain, and over all the deep blue sky and brilliant sunshine of the 5 tropics, appear no longer distinct and entire in memory, and only become more broken and clouded if any attempt is made to regard them attentively. Here and there I see a wooded mountain, a grove of palms, a flowery tree, green waves dashing on a rock shore—nothing but isolated 10 patches of bright color, the parts of the picture that have not faded on a great blurred canvas, or series of canvases. These last are images of scenes which were looked on with wonder and admiration—but the gray, monotonous solitude woke other and deeper feelings, and in that 15 mental state the scene was indelibly impressed on the mind.

I spent the greater part of one winter at a point on the Rio Negro, seventy or eighty miles from the sea, where the valley on my side of the water was about five miles wide. 20 The valley alone was habitable, where there was water for man and beast, and a thin soil producing grass and grain; it is perfectly level, and ends abruptly at the foot of the bank or terrace-like formation of the higher barren plateau. It was my custom to go out every morning on horseback 25 with my gun, and, followed by one dog, to ride away from the valley; and no sooner would I climb the terrace and plunge into the gray universal thicket, than I would find myself as completely alone and cut off from all sight and sound of human occupancy as if five hundred instead of 30 only five miles separated me from the hidden green valley and river. So wild and solitary and remote seemed that gray waste, stretching away into infinitude, a waste untrodden by man, and where the wild animals are so few

that they have made no discoverable path in the wilderness of thorns. There I might have dropped down and died, and my flesh been devoured by birds, and my bones bleached white in sun and wind, and no person would
5 have found them, and it would have been forgotten that one had ridden forth in the morning and had not returned. Or if, like the few wild animals there—puma, huanaco,¹ and hare-like dolichotis,² or Darwin's rhea and the crested tinamou among the birds—I had been able to exist without
10 water, I might have made myself a hermitage of brushwood or dug-out in the side of a cliff, and dwelt there until I had grown gray as the stones and trees around me, and no human foot would have stumbled on my hiding-place.

Not once, nor twice, nor thrice, but day after day I
15 returned to this solitude, going to it in the morning as if to attend a festival, and leaving it only when hunger and thirst and the westering sun compelled me. And yet I had no object in going—no motive which could be put into words; for although I carried a gun, there was nothing
20 to shoot—the shooting was all left behind in the valley. Sometimes a dolichotis, starting up at my approach, flashed for one moment on my sight, to vanish the next moment in the continuous thicket; or a covey of tinamous sprang rocket-like into the air, and fled away with long
25 wailing note and loud whir of wings; or on some distant hillside a bright patch of yellow, of a deer that was watching me, appeared and remained motionless for two or three minutes. But the animals were few, and sometimes I would pass an entire day without seeing one mammal,
30 and perhaps not more than a dozen birds of any size. The weather at that time was cheerless, generally with a gray

¹ Huanaco or guanaco, the largest species of wild llama.

² Dolichotis, a genus of South American rodents, so named from the long ears which are like those of a rabbit.

film of cloud spread over the sky, and a bleak wind, often cold enough to make my bridle hand feel quite numb. Moreover, it was not possible to enjoy a canter; the bushes grew so close together that it was as much as one could do to pass through at a walk without brushing against them; 5 and at this slow pace, which would have seemed intolerable in other circumstances, I would ride about for hours at a stretch. In the scene itself there was nothing to delight the eye. Everywhere through the light, gray mould, gray as ashes and formed by the ashes of myriads of generations 10 of dead trees, where the wind had blown on it, or the rain had washed it away, the underlying yellow sand appeared, and the old ocean-polished pebbles, dull red, and gray, and green, and yellow. On arriving at a hill, I would slowly ride to its summit, and stand there to survey the prospect. 15 On every side it stretched away in great undulations; but the undulations were wild and irregular; the hills were rounded and cone-shaped; they were solitary and in groups and ranges; some sloped gently, others were ridge-like and stretched away in league-long terraces, with other 20 terraces beyond; and all alike were clothed in the gray everlasting thorny vegetation. How gray it all was! hardly less so near at hand than on the haze-wrapped horizon, where the hills were dim and the outline blurred by distance. Sometimes I would see the large eagle-like 25 white-breasted buzzard, *Buteo erythronotus*, perched on the summit of a bush half a mile away; and so long as it would continue stationed motionless before me, my eyes would remain involuntarily fixed on it, just as one keeps his eyes on a bright light shining in the gloom; for the 30 whiteness of the hawk seemed to exercise a fascinating power on the vision, so surpassingly bright was it by contrast in the midst of that universal unrelieved grayness. Descending from my lookout, I would take up my aimless

wanderings again, and visit other elevations to gaze on the same landscape from another point; and so on for hours, and at noon I would dismount and sit or lie on my folded poncho for an hour or longer. One day, in these rambles, 5 I discovered a small grove composed of twenty to thirty trees, about eighteen feet high, and taller than the surrounding trees. They were growing at a convenient distance apart, and had evidently been resorted to by a herd of deer or other wild animals for a very long time, for 10 the boles were polished to a glassy smoothness with much rubbing, and the ground beneath was trodden to a floor of clean, loose yellow sand. This grove was on a hill differing in shape from other hills in its neighborhood, so that it was easy for me to find it on other occasions; and after a 15 time I made a point of finding and using it as a resting-place every day at noon. I did not ask myself why I made choice of that one spot, sometimes going miles out of my way to sit there, instead of sitting down under any one of the millions of trees and bushes covering the country, on 20 any other hillside. I thought nothing at all about it, but acted unconsciously; only afterward, when revolving the subject, it seemed to me that after having rested there once, each time I wished to rest again the wish became associated with the image of that particular clump of trees, 25 with polished stems and clean bed of sand beneath; and in a short time I formed a habit of returning, animal-like, to repose at that same spot.

It was perhaps a mistake to say that I would sit down and rest, since I was never tired: and yet without being 30 tired, that noon-day pause, during which I sat for an hour without moving, was strangely grateful. All day the silence seemed grateful, it was very perfect, very profound. There were no insects, and the only bird sound—a feeble chirp of alarm emitted by a small skulking wrenlike species

—was not heard oftener than two or three times an hour. The only sounds as I rode were the muffled hoof-strokes of my horse, the scratching of twigs against my boot or saddle-flap, and the low panting of the dog. And it seemed to be a relief to escape even from these sounds when I 5 dismounted and sat down: for in a few moments the dog would stretch his head out on his paws and go to sleep, and then there would be no sound, not even the rustle of a leaf. For unless the winds blow strong there is no fluttering motion and no whisper in the small stiff undeciduous 10 leaves; and the bushes stand unmoving as if carved out of stone. One day while *listening* to the silence, it occurred to my mind to wonder what the effect would be if I were to shout aloud. This seemed at the time a horrible suggestion of fancy, a “lawless and uncertain thought” which 15 almost made me shudder, and I was anxious to dismiss it quickly from my mind. But during those solitary days it was a rare thing for any thought to cross my mind; animal forms did not cross my vision or bird-voices assail my hearing more rarely. In that novel state of mind I was in, 20 thought had become impossible. Elsewhere I had always been able to think most freely on horseback; and on the pampas, even in the most lonely places, my mind was always most active when I traveled at a swinging gallop. This was doubtless habit; but now, with a horse under me, 25 I had become incapable of reflection: my mind had suddenly transformed itself from a thinking machine into a machine for some other unknown purpose. To think was like setting in motion a noisy engine in my brain; and there was something there which bade me be still, and I was 30 forced to obey. My state was one of *suspense* and *watchfulness*; yet I had no expectation of meeting with an adventure, and felt as free from apprehension as I feel now when sitting in a room in London. The change in me was just

as great and wonderful as if I had changed my identity for that of another man or animal; but at the time I was powerless to wonder at or speculate about it; the state seemed familiar rather than strange, and although accompanied by a strong feeling of elation, I did not know it—did not know that something had come between me and my intellect—until I lost it and returned to my former self—to thinking, and the old insipid existence.

Such changes in us, however brief in duration they may be, and in most cases they are very brief, but which so long as they last seem to affect us down to the very roots of our being, and come as a great surprise—a revelation of an unfamiliar and unsuspected nature hidden under the nature we are conscious of—can only be attributed to an instantaneous reversion to the primitive and wholly savage mental conditions. . . .

It is true that we are eminently adaptive, that we have created, and exist in some sort of harmony with new conditions, widely different from those to which we were originally adapted; but the old harmony was infinitely more perfect than the new, and if there be such a thing as historical memory in us, it is not strange that the sweetest moment in any life, pleasant or dreary, should be when Nature draws near to it, and, taking up her neglected instrument, plays a fragment of some ancient melody, long unheard on the earth.

It might be asked: If nature has at times this peculiar effect on us, restoring instantaneously the old vanished harmony between organism and environment, why should it be experienced in a greater degree in the Patagonian desert than in other solitary places—a desert which is waterless, where animal voices are seldom heard, and vegetation is gray instead of green? I can only suggest a reason for the effect being so much greater in my own

case. In subtropical woods and thickets, and in wild forests in temperate regions, the cheerful verdure and bright colors of flowers and insects, if we have acquired a habit of looking closely at these things, and the melody and noises of bird-life engage the senses; there is movement and brightness; new forms, animal and vegetable, are continually appearing, curiosity and expectation are excited, and the mind is so much occupied with novel objects that the effect of wild nature in its entirety is minimized. In Patagonia the monotony of the plains, or 10 expanse of low hills, the universal unrelieved grayness of everything, and the absence of animal forms and objects new to the eye, leave the mind open and free to receive an impression of visible nature as a whole. One gazes on the prospect as on the sea, for it stretches away sealike without 15 change, into infinitude; but without the sparkle of water, the changes of hue which shadows and sunlight and nearness and distance give, and motion of waves and white flash of foam. It has a look of antiquity, of desolation, of eternal peace, of a desert that has been a desert from of 20 old and will continue a desert forever; and we know that its only human inhabitants are a few wandering savages, who live by hunting as their progenitors have done for thousands of years. Again, in fertile savannahs and pampas there may appear no signs of human occupancy, 25 but the traveler knows that eventually the advancing tide of humanity will come with its flocks and herds, and the ancient silence and desolation will be no more; and this thought is like human companionship, and mitigates the effect of nature's wildness on the spirit. In Patagonia no 30 such thought or dream of the approaching changes to be wrought by human agency can affect the mind. There is no water there, the arid soil is sand and gravel—pebbles rounded by the action of ancient seas, before Europe was;

and nothing grows except the barren things that nature loves—thorns, and a few woody herbs, and scattered tufts of wiry, bitter grass.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

A state of mind in which I once found myself.

An unexpected fright, and how I felt.

Homesickness.

Before my oration.

On the witness stand.

My interview with the President.

Before the race.

When I thought I heard a burglar.

On receiving a telegram.

Before we went into the championship game.

A runaway.

Afraid of the dark.

A dull day.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE ¹

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

5 **B**UT the business of landing was briskly carried through; and presently the baggage was all tumbled on shore, the boat on its return voyage to the lugger, and the passenger standing alone upon the point of rock, a tall slender figure of a gentleman, habited in black, with a sword by his side and a walking cane upon his wrist.

10 As he so stood, he waved the cane to Captain Crail by way of salutation, with something both of grace and mockery that wrote the gesture deeply on my mind.

I was now near enough to see him, a very handsome figure and countenance, swarthy, lean, long, with a quick,

¹ *The Master of Ballantrae*, p. 101. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, 1897.

alert, black look, as of one who was a fighter and accustomed to command; upon one cheek he had a mole, not unbecoming; a large diamond sparkled on his hand; his clothes, although of the one hue, were of a French and foppish design; his ruffles, which he wore longer than 5 common, of exquisite lace; and I wondered the more to see him in such a guise, when he was but newly landed from a dirty smuggling lugger.

THE ANTIQUARY ¹

SIR WALTER SCOTT

OUR youth . . . amused himself . . . by speculating upon the occupation and character of the personage 10 who was now come to the coach office.

He was a good-looking man of the age of sixty, perhaps older,—but his hale complexion and firm step announced that years had not impaired his strength or health. His countenance was of the true Scottish cast, strongly marked 15 and rather harsh in features, with a shrewd and penetrating eye, and a countenance in which habitual gravity was enlivened by a cast of ironical humor. His dress was uniform and of a color becoming his age and gravity; a wig, well dressed and powdered, surmounted by a slouched 20 hat, had something of a professional air. He might be a clergyman, yet his appearance was more that of a man of the world than usually belongs to the kirk of Scotland, and his first ejaculation put the matter beyond question.

He arrived with a hurried pace, and, casting an alarmed 25 glance toward the dial-plate of the church, then looking at the place where the coach should have been, exclaimed, “Deil’s in it—I am too late after all!”

¹From *The Antiquary*, Chapter 1.

ESTHER LYON ¹

GEORGE ELIOT

ESTHER bowed slightly as she walked across the room to fetch the candle and place it near her tray. Felix rose and bowed, also with an air of indifference, which was perhaps exaggerated by the fact that he was inwardly surprised. The minister's daughter was not the sort of person he expected. She was quite incongruous with his notion of ministers' daughters in general; and though he had expected something nowise delightful, the incongruity repelled him. A very delicate scent, the faint suggestion of a garden, was wafted as she went. He would not observe her, but he had a sense of an elastic walk, the tread of small feet, a long neck, and a high crown of shining brown plaits with curls that floated backward—things, in short, that suggested a fine lady to him, and determined him to notice her as little as possible.

DINAH MORRIS ²

GEORGE ELIOT

SEVERAL of the men followed Ben's lead, and the traveler pushed his horse on to the Green, as Dinah walked rather quickly, and in advance of her companions, toward the cart under the maple-tree. While she was near Seth's tall figure, she looked short, but when she had mounted the cart, and was away from all comparison, she seemed above the middle height of woman, though

¹ From *Felix Holt, the Radical*, Chapter v.

² From *Adam Bede*, Chapter ii.

in reality she did not exceed it—an effect which was due to the slimness of her figure, and the simple line of her black stuff dress. The stranger was struck with surprise as he saw her approach and mount the cart—surprise, not so much at the feminine delicacy of her appearance, as at the total absence of self-consciousness in her demeanor. He had made up his mind to see her advance with a measured step, and a demure solemnity of countenance; he had felt sure that her face would be mantled with the smile of conscious saintship, or else charged with denunciatory bitterness. He knew but two types of Methodist—the ecstatic and the bilious. But Dinah walked as simply as if she were going to market, and seemed as unconscious of her outward appearance as a little boy: there was no blush, no tremulousness, which said, “I know you think me a pretty woman, too young to preach;” no casting up or down of the eyelids, no compression of the lips, no attitude of the arms, that said, “But you must think of me as a saint.” She held no book in her ungloved hands, but let them hang down lightly crossed before her, as she stood and turned her gray eyes on the people. There was no keenness in the eyes; they seemed rather to be shedding love than making observations; they had the liquid look which tells that the mind is full of what it has to give out, rather than impressed by external objects. She stood with her left hand toward the descending sun, and leafy boughs screened her from its rays; but in this sober light the delicate coloring of her face seemed to gather a calm vividness, like flowers at evening. It was a small oval face, of a uniform transparent whiteness, with an egg-like line of cheek and chin, a full but firm mouth, a delicate nostril, and a low perpendicular brow, surmounted by a rising arch of parting between smooth locks of pale reddish hair. The hair was drawn straight back behind the ears, and

covered, except for an inch or two, above the brow, by a net Quaker cap. The eyebrows, of the same color as the hair, were perfectly horizontal and firmly pencilled; the eyelashes, though no darker, were long and abundant; 5 nothing was left blurred or unfinished. It was one of those faces that make one think of white flowers with light touches of color on their pure petals. The eyes had no peculiar beauty, beyond that of expression; they looked so simple, so candid, so gravely loving, that no accusing 10 scowl, no light sneer could help melting away before their glance. Joshua Rann gave a long cough, as if he were clearing his throat in order to come to a new understanding with himself; Chad Cranage lifted up his leather skull-cap and scratched his head; and Wiry Ben wondered how 15 Seth had the pluck to think of courting her.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH ¹

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

WORDSWORDH was, upon the whole, not a well-made man. His legs were pointedly condemned by all female connoisseurs in legs; not that they were bad in any way which *would* force itself upon your notice— 20 there was no absolute deformity about them; and undoubtedly they had been serviceable legs beyond the average standard of human requisition; for I calculate, upon good data, that with these identical legs Wordsworth must have traversed a distance of one hundred and seventy-five 25 thousand to one hundred and eighty thousand English miles—a mode of exertion which, to him, stood in the stead of alcohol and all other stimulants whatsoever to the animal spirits; to which, indeed, he was indebted for a

¹ From *Reminiscences of the English Lake Poets*,

life of unclouded happiness, and we for much of what is most excellent in his writings. But useful as they have proved themselves, the Wordsworthian legs were certainly not ornamental; and it was really a pity, as I agreed with a lady in thinking, that he had not another pair for evening dress parties. . . . But the worst part of Wordsworth's person was the bust; there was a narrowness and a droop about the shoulders which became striking, and had an effect of meanness when brought into close juxtaposition with a figure of a more statuesque build. 10 Once on a summer evening, walking in the Vale of Langdale with Wordsworth, his sister, and Mr. J——, a native Westmoreland clergyman, I remember that Miss Wordsworth was positively mortified by the peculiar illustration which settled upon this defective conformation. Mr. J—— 15 a fine towering figure, six feet high, massy and columnar in his proportions, happened to be walking, a little in advance, with Wordsworth, Miss Wordsworth and myself being in the rear; . . . at intervals, Miss Wordsworth would exclaim, in a tone of vexation, "Is it possible, 20 —can that be William? How very mean he looks!" And she did not conceal a mortification that seemed really painful, until I, for my part, could not forbear laughing outright at the serious interest which she carried into this trifle. She was, however, right, as regarded the mere 25 visual judgment. Wordsworth's figure, with all its defects, was brought into more powerful relief by one which had been cast in a more square or massy mould; . . . and yet Wordsworth was of a good height (five feet ten), and not a slender man But the total effect of Wordsworth's person was always worst in a state of motion. 30 Meantime, his face—that was one which would have made amends for greater defects of figure. Many such, and finer, I have seen among the portraits of Titian, and in a

later period, among those of Vandyke, . . . but none which has more impressed me in my own time.

It was a face of the long order, often falsely classed as oval The head was well filled out; and there, to
 5 begin with, was a great advantage over the head of Charles Lamb, which was absolutely truncated in the posterior region—sawn off, as it were, by no timid sawyer. The forehead was not remarkably lofty . . . but was perhaps remarkable for its breadth and expansive development.
 10 Neither were the eyes of Wordsworth “large,” as is erroneously stated somewhere in “Peter’s Letters”; on the contrary, they were (I think), rather small; but *that* did not interfere with their effect, which at times was fine, and suitable to his intellectual character After a long
 15 day’s toil in walking, I have seen them assume an appearance the most solemn and spiritual that it is possible for the human eye to wear The nose, a little arched, was large; which, by the way, . . . has always been accounted an unequivocal expression of animal appetites
 20 organically strong. And that expressed the simple truth: Wordsworth’s intellectual passions were fervent and strong: but they rested upon a basis of preternatural animal sensibility diffused through *all* the animal passions (or appetites); and something of that will be found to
 25 hold of all poets who have been great by original force and power The mouth, and the whole circumjacent parts of the mouth, composed the strongest feature in Wordsworth’s face; there was nothing specially to be noticed in the mere outline of the lips; but the swell and protrusion
 30 of the parts above and around the mouth were both noticeable in themselves, and also because they reminded me of a very interesting fact which I discovered about three years after my first visit to Wordsworth.

The Richardson engraving of Milton has the advantage of presenting, not only by far the best likeness of Wordsworth, but of Wordsworth in the prime of his powers It may be supposed that I took an early opportunity of carrying the book down to Grasmere, and calling for the opinion of Wordsworth's family upon this most remarkable coincidence. Not one member of that family but was as much impressed as myself with the accuracy of the likeness. All the peculiarities even were retained—a drooping appearance of the eyelids, that remarkable swell which I have noticed about the mouth, the way in which the hair lay upon the forehead. In two points only there was deviation from the rigorous truth of Wordsworth's features—the face was a little too short and too broad, and the eyes were too large. There was also a wreath of laurel about the head, which (as Wordsworth remarked) disturbed the natural expression of the whole picture; else, . . . he also admitted that the resemblance was, *for that period of his life*, perfect, or as nearly so as art could accomplish. 20

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE ¹

THOMAS CARLYLE

THE good man, he was now getting old, toward sixty perhaps; and gave you an idea of the life that had been full of suffering; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly

¹ From *The Life of John Sterling*. Centenary Edition. vol. xi, p. 54.

from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute, expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with
 5 knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and
 10 surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and singsong; he spoke as if preaching—you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his “object” and “subject,”
 15 terms of continual recurrence in the Kantean province;¹ and how he sang and snuffled them into “om-m-mject” and “sum-m-ject,” with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY²

THOMAS CARLYLE

20 **H**E was a pretty little creature, full of wire-drawn ingenuities, bankrupt enthusiasms, bankrupt pride; with the finest silver-toned low voice, and most elaborate gently-winding courtesies and ingenuities in conversation. “What wouldn’t one give to have him in a

¹ The Kantean province, i. e. the philosophy of Immanuel Kant, the renowned German philosopher. Province is used here in the learned sense: “a division in any department of knowledge or activity.” *Century Dictionary*.

² From *Reminiscences*, pp. 202–203. Charles Scribner’s Sons, New York, 1881.

Box, and take him out to talk!" (That was *Her*¹ criticism of him; and it was right good.) A bright, ready, and melodious talker; but in the end an inconclusive and long-winded. One of the smallest man-figures I ever saw; shaped like a pair of tongs; and hardly above five feet in all: when he sat, you would have taken him, by candle-light, for the beautifullest little child; blue-eyed, blonde-haired, sparkling face, had there not been a something, too, which said, "*Eccovi*,² *this Child has been in Hell!*"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING³

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

MRS. BROWNING met us at the door of the drawing-10 room, and greeted us most kindly,—a pale, small person, scarcely embodied at all; at any rate, only substantial enough to put forth her slender fingers to be grasped, and to speak with a shrill, yet sweet, tenuity of voice. Really, I do not see how Mr. Browning can sup-15 pose that he has an earthly wife any more than an earthly child; both are of the elfin race, and will flit away from him some day when least he thinks of it. She is a good and kind fairy, however, and sweetly disposed toward the human race, although only remotely akin to it. It is 20 wonderful to see how small she is, how pale her cheek, how bright and dark her eyes. There is not such another figure in the world; and her black ringlets cluster down into her neck, and make her face look the whiter by their sable profusion. I could not form any judgment about 25

¹ *Her*, *i. e.*, Mrs. Carlyle.

² *Eccovi*, here you are. (Italian.) A more expressive English equivalent would be "Look here!"

³ From *French and Italian Note Books*, p. 294. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

her age; it may range anywhere within the limits of human life or elfin life. When I met her in London at Lord Houghton's breakfast-table, she did not impress me so singularly; for the morning light is more prosaic than the dim illumination of their great tapestried drawing-room; and, besides, sitting next to her, she did not have occasion to raise her voice in speaking, and I was not sensible what a slender voice she has. It is marvelous to me how so extraordinary, so acute, so sensitive a creature can impress us, as she does, with the certainty of her benevolence. It seems to me there were a million chances to one that she would have been a miracle of acidity and bitterness.

CHARLES LAMB¹

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD

METHINKS I see him before me now, as he appeared then, and as he continued with scarcely any perceptible alteration to me, during the twenty years of intimacy which followed, and were closed by his death. A light frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression the most noble and sweet. His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose slightly curved, and delicately carved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on the shoulders, and gave importance and even dignity to a diminutive and shadowy stem. Who shall describe his countenance, catch its quivering sweet-

¹ Quoted in *Charles Lamb*, by Alfred Ainger, pp. 74-5. *English Men of Letters Series*.

ness, and fix it for ever in words? There are none, alas, to answer the vain desire of friendship. Deep thought, striving with humor; the lines of suffering wreathed into cordial mirth; and a smile of painful sweetness, present an image to the mind which it can as little describe as lose.⁵ His personal appearance and manner are not unfitly characterized by what he himself says in one of his letters to Manning, of Braham, "a compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel."

MY LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER¹

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Æt.² 19 +. Tender-eyed blonde. Long ringlets.¹⁰ Cameo pin. Gold pencil-case on a chain. Locket. Bracelet. Album. Autograph book. Accordeon. Reads Byron, Tupper, and Sylvanus Cobb, Junior,³ while her mother makes the puddings. Says "Yes?" when you tell her anything. 15

MR. MICAWBER⁴

CHARLES DICKENS

THE counting-house clock was at half-past twelve, and there was general preparation for going to dinner, when Mr. Quinion tapped at the counting-house window, and beckoned to me to go in. I went in, and found there a stoutish, middle-aged person, in a brown surtout and black 20

¹ From *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

² A Latin abbreviation for aged, or of age.

³ Popular writers of two generations ago. Tupper was an unimportant English poet; Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., an American miscellaneous writer. The implication is, of course, that all three are sentimental.

⁴ *David Copperfield*, Chap. xi.

tights and shoes, with no more hair upon his head (which was a large one, and very shining) than there is upon an egg, and with a very extensive face, which he turned full upon me. His clothes were shabby, but he had an imposing shirt-collar on. He carried a jaunty sort of stick, with a large pair of rusty tassels to it; and a quizzing-glass hung outside his coat,—for ornament, I afterward found, as he very seldom looked through it, and couldn't see anything when he did.

10 “This,” said Mr. Quinion, in allusion to myself, “is he.”

“This,” said the stranger, with a certain condescending roll in his voice, and a certain indescribable air of doing something genteel, which impressed me very much, “is Master Copperfield. I hope I see you well, sir?” I said
15 I was very well, and hoped he was. I was sufficiently ill at ease, Heaven knows; but it was not in my nature to complain much at that time of my life, so I said I was very well, and hoped he was.

“I am,” said the stranger, “thank Heaven, quite well.
20 I have received a letter from Mr. Murdstone, in which he mentions that he would desire me to receive into an apartment in the rear of my house, which is at present unoccupied—and is, in short, to be let as a—in short,” said the stranger, with a smile and in a burst of confidence, “as a
25 bedroom—the young beginner whom I have now the pleasure to”—and the stranger waved his hand, and settled his chin in his shirt collar.

“This is Mr. Micawber,” said Mr. Quinion to me.

“Ahem!” said the stranger, “that is my name.”

30 “Mr. Micawber,” said Mr. Quinion, “is known to Mr. Murdstone. He takes orders for us on commission, when he can get any. He has been written to by Mr. Murdstone, on the subject of your lodgings, and he will receive you as a lodger.”

“My address,” said Mr. Micawber, “is Windsor Terrace, City Road. I—in short,” said Mr. Micawber, with the same genteel air, and in another burst of confidence—“I live there.”

I made him a bow.

5

“Under the impression,” said Mr. Micawber, “that your peregrinations in this metropolis have not as yet been extensive, and that you might have some difficulty in penetrating the arcana of the Modern Babylon in the direction of the City Road—in short,” said Mr. Micawber, in another burst of confidence, “that you might lose yourself—I shall be happy to call this evening, and install you in the knowledge of the nearest way.”

I thanked him with all my heart; for it was friendly in him to offer to take that trouble.

15

“At what hour,” said Mr. Micawber, “shall I—”

“At about eight,” said Mr. Quinion.

“At about eight,” said Mr. Micawber. “I beg to wish you good day, Mr. Quinion. I will intrude no longer.”

20

So he put on his hat, and went out with his cane under his arm: very upright, and humming a tune when he was clear of the counting-house.

THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN ¹

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

WE slept on Wednesday evening at Capel Carig, which Sir W.² supposes to mean the Chapel of the Cragg,²⁵ a pretty little inn in a most picturesque situation certainly, and as to the matter of toasted cheese, quite exquisite.

¹ From *Letters of John Gibson Lockhart*.

² Sir W., Sir Walter Scott. Lockhart was Scott's son-in-law.

Next day we advanced through, I verily believe, the most perfect gem of a country eye ever saw, having all the wildness of Highland backgrounds, and all the loveliness of rich English landscape nearer us, and streams like the
5 purest and most babbling of our own. At Llangollen your papa was waylaid by the celebrated "Ladies," viz: Lady Eleanor Buller and the Honorable Miss Ponsonby, who having been one or both crossed in love, forswore all dreams of matrimony in the heyday of youth, beauty, and
10 fashion, and selected this charming spot for the repose of their now time-honored virginity. It was many a day, however, before they could get implicit credit for being the innocent friends they really were among the people of the neighborhood, for their elopement from Ireland had been
15 performed under suspicious circumstances, and as Lady Eleanor arrived here in her natural aspect of a pretty girl, while Miss Ponsonby had condescended to accompany her in the garb of a smart footman in buckskin breeches, years and years elapsed ere full justice was done to the
20 character of their romance.¹ We proceeded up the hill, and found everything about them and their habitation odd and extravagant beyond report. Imagine two women, one apparently seventy, the other sixty-five, dressed in heavy blue riding-habits, enormous shoes, and men's
25 hats, with their petticoats so tucked up that at the first glance of them, fussing and tottering about their porch in the agony of expectation, we took them for a couple of hazy or crazy old sailors. On nearer inspection, they both wear a world of brooches, rings, etc., and Lady
30 Eleanor positively *orders*—several stars and crosses, and a red ribbon, exactly like a K. C. B.² To crown all, they

¹ This story is perfectly true. Visitors to Llangollen (a small town in Wales) are still shown the house, which is carefully preserved.

² K. C. B., Knight Commander of the Bath. A British order, or honorary title.

have crop heads, shaggy, rough, bushy, and as white as snow, the one with age alone, the other assisted by a sprinkling of powder. The elder lady is almost blind, and every way much decayed; the other, the *ci-devant*¹ groom, in good preservation. But who could paint the prints, the dogs, the cats, the miniatures, the *cram* of cabinets, clocks, glass-cases, books, bijouterie, dragon-china, nodding mandarins, and whirligigs of every shape and hue—the whole house outside and in (for we must see everything in the dressing closets), *covered* with carved oak, very rich and fine some of it—and the illustrated copies of Sir W.'s poems, and the joking, simpering compliments about *Waverley*, and the anxiety to know who MacIvor really was, and the absolute devouring of the poor Unknown,² who had to carry off, besides all the rest, one small bit of literal *butter* dug up in a Milesian stone jar lately from the bottom of some Irish bog. Great romances, *i. e.*, absurd innocence of character, one must have looked for; but it was confounding to find this mixed up with such eager curiosity, and enormous knowledge of the tattle and scandal of the world they had so long left. Their tables were piled with newspapers from every corner of the kingdom, and they seemed to have the deaths and marriages of the antipodes at their fingers' ends. Their albums and autographs, from Louis XVIII and George IV, down to magazine poets and quack-doctors, are a museum. I shall never see the spirit of blue-stockings again in such perfect incarnation. Peveril² won't get over their final kissing match for a week. Yet it is too bad to laugh at these good old girls; they have long been the guardian

¹ *Ci-devant*, French for former.

² MacIvor, a character in Scott's novel of *Waverley*; the Unknown and Peveril, affectionate titles applied to Sir Walter by his friends and by the public.

angels of the village, and are worshipped by man, woman, and child about them.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS¹

A friend, for purposes of identification.

A friend, to show character.

A distinguished-looking personage.

A well-known personage.

The teacher whom I remember best.

The prettiest girl I know.

The cleverest person I know.

The most conceited person I know.

A disagreeable character.

An odd character.

An old gentleman.

An old lady.

A typical Freshman (Sophomore, etc.).

An engineering student.

An agricultural student.

The church choir.

A shop girl.

A janitor.

A newsboy.

A fireman.

An Indian squaw.

A commercial traveler.

The servant.

A book agent.

A reporter.

A "cow-puncher."

A washerwoman.

A street-car conductor.

A Brave.

¹ These, of course, may be indefinitely extended and made local.

CHAPTER IX

NARRATION

WHEN a student begins the study of narration, he is frequently puzzled by the difference between the *kinds* of narratives that he is asked to write, and by the resulting changes in treatment which seem to be necessary. What could be greater, for instance, than the difference between a narrative on the subject, *What I Did Last Saturday Afternoon*, and Poe's narrative, *The Purloined Letter*? In the first instance, the writer tells simply what he himself actually did, during a given time; and one event follows another, just as it did in reality. But in the other instance, the author narrates events not in the order in which they actually happened, but in an order which is artificially changed or inverted by him for the purpose of increasing the reader's surprise, and his curiosity as to the outcome. Now this may seem a very wide difference; but in reality the two sorts of narrative are fundamentally the same. A "simple narrative" and a "story" differ from each other according to the shifting of the order in which events are made known to the reader, and the relative emphasis that is laid upon some events as contrasted with others.

All narrative writing, then, may be defined as the recounting of a series of real or imaginary events. The difference between a simple narrative and a story is not a difference in the *kind* of events which are to be recounted, but in the complication or shifting of their order. A series of occurrences in actual life might, simply in themselves,

be stranger and more surprising than the circumstances of many stories. Yet these occurrences, related in a letter or a diary, by the person to whom they happened, might create less interest and suspense in the mind of the reader than another set of circumstances, in themselves much less novel and striking, but related in story form,—that is, with the order of events purposely inverted and complicated.

To say, then, that narratives are of two kinds: narration “without plot” and narration “with plot,” is really to perplex the beginner unnecessarily. The essence of any narrative is plot,—that is, the connection of certain persons with certain events. The plot of *What I Did Last Saturday Afternoon* is just as much a plot, in spite of its simplicity, as the plot of *The Purloined Letter*, in which the order of events is purposely inverted and the outcome made to seem uncertain. In our study of narration, then, we shall sometimes use merely the terms “Simple Narration” and “Complex Narration” to distinguish between these two sorts of narrative.

Simple narration may be personal, biographical, or historical. We may relate events that have happened to ourselves, or to other people whom we know or of whom we have heard. Or we may write narratives that are concerned with imaginary events, yet have the form of personal or biographical narration. Finally, we may write historical narrative; but in this case we deal only with actual past events, and our task is to put them down truthfully, showing their connection and the development of one from another. Among the illustrative examples in this book, Gibbon’s *Autobiography* is a personal narrative of actual events. *A Holiday* and *The Capture of a Trout* are personal narratives of imaginary events.

Complex narration is illustrated in this book by the

last five narrative pieces. Narratives such as these are usually called short stories. They represent, of course, only one form of complex narration. The novel, a form more familiar to most of us, cannot, and need not, be illustrated here. Since, however, the short story is frequently prescribed as an exercise for students, examples are given for study. *Fame's Little Day* represents the story of rural life and character; *One Who Did* is a sufficiently typical college story; *The Purloined Letter* is one of the earliest and most famous of detective stories. *The Cask of Amontillado* and *Markheim* are classic studies in criminal psychology.

In our present discussion, we give most attention to simple narration.

SIMPLE NARRATION

Personal narratives of actual events are those for which students are best qualified, and which they are most likely to write well. There is, moreover, a very special value in the attempt to throw into artistic form one's own personal experiences or those of other people whom one knows well. The strain of making up a plot is removed; and at the same time, the writer is stimulated to look at his own experiences objectively and to select details for their definite artistic effect. The fact that the situation is true is also a valuable restraint. When young people make up stories, their imagination is likely either to run away with them or to play them false, with the result that the narratives lack verisimilitude or are untrue to the experience of maturer persons. If students are restricted, also, to their own personal experience or observation, they are saved from wasting energy on unprofitable material. It should be a simple matter to convince a college Freshman that

his own observations, hardships, quarrels, friendships, travels, and accomplishments furnish far more interesting material than do the imaginings suggested by *Confessions of an Aeronaut*, or *The Autobiography of a Five Cent Piece*, or *The Sophomore's Dream*. In a narrative of actual events, moreover, the student need concern himself only with the presentation of the situation, and that, in itself, is quite enough of an undertaking for the inexperienced writer.

Since a simple narrative cannot depend upon the existing complexities of plot, it must resort to other means of compelling the reader's interest: liveliness, selection of picturesque details, emphasis on setting, disclosure of character. The question of selection is especially important. A simple narrative of the diary type, for instance, such as a canoe trip, or a long journey of any kind, must depend for its interest largely upon the skill with which picturesque sights and lively moments are emphasized. The two themes that follow illustrate comparative treatments of this sort of subject:

A TRIP TO CHICAGO

It was early morning when I awoke in my berth to find that during the night our sleeper had been attached to a train and was now whirling along toward Chicago. I had just rolled over to take another nap, when the car began to bump and sway 5 ominously, and finally stopped with a jerk. Some one pulled the whistle cord and immediately all was excitement. The snoring ceased on all sides, and the ringing of the electric bell at the end of the car showed that the porter was in great demand. I soon learned that our car had left the rails, and it was not long before 10 we were requested to get dressed and go up into the car ahead. After some delay we started again and finally puffed into the great Northwestern station. I elbowed my way through the crowd on the platform and soon discovered my friend awaiting me. It was but a few minutes now before we were gliding along 15 the crowded streets in his car, and after a twenty-minute ride we stopped in front of his house, where we were greeted by his mother and sister.

The rest of the day we spent down town, and after an evening at the theatre we returned home. The next day we took an elevated train to the city where we visited the automobile show. Cars of every description from the tiny Hupmobile to the luxurious Packard limousine, all received our attention. We wandered aimlessly here and there and drank in the wonderful sights that met our eyes. Finally tiring of this bustle and excitement, we entered a car and were soon at home. The next day being Sunday, we remained at home and amused ourselves by driving about the well-paved streets of north Chicago. That night, bidding farewell to the family, we boarded a sleeper and awoke next morning in Clinton.

A STOP-OVER AT BROUGHTON

I climbed off the train at Broughton in high spirits at being so near home, only to have them dashed to the ground by being told that no train left for M—— until seven o'clock the next morning. I had no choice but to take the little four-wheeled, barn-like street-car for the Broughton Hotel. On the way to the hotel I heard a fellow passenger ask the conductor if there were any small houses to rent in Broughton, from which I concluded that the town was about to secure at least one new addition, if not two, to its population. At the hotel I was greeted by a sleepy-eyed clerk, who carried my suit-case to my room.

As it was still early in the evening, I trudged off to the only moving-picture show the town afforded, where a dainty bit of femininity sang "On Wednesday night when I'm all alone." The show was really good, however, and a novel idea was presented in a series of different-toned electric bells arranged about the room, which, when played upon, sounded like chimes.

A mist of light feathery snow flakes was falling when I left the picture show. I hurried directly to my room and was soon asleep, tired out by my long journey. At six-thirty the next morning I was called by the bell-boy, the same sleepy-eyed clerk who had served as porter the night before. I crawled out of bed, dressed, washed, and hurried down to a good breakfast of sirloin steak, toast, and coffee. That is, I thought it was good; but on the way over to the station in the morning stage-coach, I heard a smart travelling man say as he leaned over his cane: "Yes, it's a pretty good hotel; but they put up an awful cheap line of grub in the dining-room." In spite, then, of the immense possibilities of the Broughton Hotel, I felt no regret when the train pulled out and left the snow-clad village in the distance.

The subjects of these two themes are similar in type; if there is any artistic advantage inherent in one or the other, it belongs obviously to the subject of the first theme. One would naturally expect two days in Chicago to afford a greater amount of interesting material for narration. Yet *A Stop-over at Broughton* is much the more lively and suggestive of the two little narratives. Now the reason for this is clear. In each of these narratives the plot is of the slightest,—there are no complications sufficient in themselves to arouse and hold the interest of the reader. The setting, therefore, and such brief incidents as happen by the way, are the author's main resource. The author of *A Trip to Chicago* neglects every possible chance of this sort for liveliness or variety; and the dulness of his narrative is his just punishment. On the other hand, the simple realism and local color of *A Stop-over at Broughton* have a good deal of effectiveness in evoking a genuine image of the snow-clad country village junction, with its dreary little hotel. Another count against the author of *A Trip to Chicago* is his failure to see the possibilities in the derailment of his sleeper. It is hard to imagine that even so mild an accident as this could occur in a manner so tame. One might imagine a whole narrative created out of this incident alone, if it were told with an appropriate amount of realistic detail, and with some effort at climax.

These points of criticism, however, will be even more clearly illustrated in the next themes that we shall consider.

THE SKI TOURNAMENT

The long train, crowded with passengers, pulled out from the station, and we were on our way to Olson to attend the ski tournament. After a half-hour journey, we left the train, moved with a long line of people over the hill, and were soon standing on the

hillside where we could plainly see the jumpers as they landed. 5
We held our breath while the skiers, stepping off the landing at
the top of the slide, started down the steep incline; almost in-
stantly they reached the bottom, jumped high in the air, and
landing on the hillside, slid to the end of the course. Now and
then a contestant, failing to alight on his feet, fell sprawling, so 10
that we half expected he had broken his neck; but all escaped
without serious injury. Although we disliked to miss any of the
contest, the wind was so sharp and bitter that we several times
crowded into the little tent where a friendly stove offered warmth.
It was while we were in this hospitable tent that the best jump 15
of the afternoon was made. But we were satisfied, for we had
seen a ski tournament. To watch the crowd crawling, slipping,
and falling as they climbed up the hill after the tournament was
almost as interesting as the contest itself. If one did not care to
walk back to the station, several sleds were at the service of 20
those who had the price to pay for a ride. Since there was an
hour to wait before the train started, we walked up the main
street of the town. While on the way back to the station, we
were treated to a demonstration of the Olson fire department in
action at a small fire. The latter excitement over, we returned 52
to the station, and by five o'clock were again in the city of
M—.

The dull and blurred effect of *A Ski Tournament* is due, first of all, to a structural defect,—the narrative has not been properly paragraphed. For this reason everything is in confusion, and none of the circumstances stands out clearly.

In the second place, the descriptive possibilities of this subject—its most important asset—are completely sacrificed. No one who has ever beheld the “ski-jump” in question, could forget the gaunt pyramidal skeleton rising to an enormous height, and black against the white surrounding fields, like a smaller Eiffel Tower, magically transported from its base by the Seine. Yet the author here leaves us blank and gaping in our effort to picture the scene. For the purposes of the narrative, also, it is most unfortunate that the writer had retired to the tent just as the best jump of the afternoon was made! And another admirable

opportunity for local color was lost when the writer failed to depict for us the village fire department in action.

To all these adverse criticisms the student may urge that if he included so much descriptive detail, his narrative would become unduly long. But there is not the least danger of this, provided that the writer selects and excludes with the proper discretion. This subject, moreover, is worthy of a longer and more elaborate treatment than that here accorded it.

It will be helpful to consider still another theme based upon a simple sort of personal experience, and one which might easily happen to any of us. This theme is as follows:

WITHOUT A RUDDER

It was about eleven o'clock at night when we stepped from the wharf into the boat which was to take us back to our hotel. A heavy sea had risen, and it was with difficulty that we all tumbled into the rolling boat. The home of our hostess was the 5 only one on a small island situated in Boston Harbor, and it looked very beautiful in the moonlight as we gazed up at it, at the top of the high rough rocks. When we were finally settled in our seats and wrapped up warmly—for it was a chilly evening in the early fall—the engine started, and the old captain at the 10 wheel steered us out into the harbor.

The lights of the big white house grew dimmer and dimmer, and at last faded from view as we sailed farther away from shore. Far to the left Boston Light was visible. In spite of the cold we were enjoying our ride homeward when suddenly the captain 15 cried, "Take the wheel!"—and rushed toward the stern and crawled under the deck. The boat was making no progress in the direction it was steered, but seemed rather to be nearing Boston Light. A minute more and all was confusion, for the captain rushed back again with the startling news that the rudder 20 was gone.

We were all very much frightened, and began plying him with questions as to what was to be done. We could not go ahead, neither could we turn and go back; we could only drift. By this time the engine was shut off and the anchor thrown out. The 25 boat was just rolling about in the heavy sea, broadside of the huge waves.

It was finally decided that the captain should lower the small boat and row back for assistance. This he did; and, as he pulled away with steady strokes, now visible, now hidden in the trough of the waves, I felt that surely he would never reach home alive. 30

We were anchored out here for about two hours before his return, tossing about, and gradually drifting with the tide. The little boat rolled so much that we had to hold tightly to the side in order to remain in our seats. Every time it dipped, it seemed that it would be the last. Scarcely any one spoke all this time; but 35 we sat huddled in blankets and oilskins, shivering with the cold, dumbly waiting.

At last, after what seemed hours of waiting, we heard a faint noise in the distance and, straining our ears, we could just barely distinguish the rumbling sound of an engine. It grew more 40 distinct and gradually became louder as it approached, until finally we could see plainly the outline of a small launch plowing through the waves to our rescue.

Without a Rudder illustrates excellently a kind of narrative often written by students. The theme on a "summer adventure" has, indeed, become proverbially, and perhaps unjustly, hackneyed. There is no real reason why a summer adventure should not furnish as good material as any other sort of subject. The experience from which *Without a Rudder* is drawn contains, as a matter of fact, admirable possibilities for vivid and interesting narrative. The theme, however, shows the same lack of background; it is almost impossible for a reader to picture the scene. The crisis of the narrative, moreover, is not half exciting enough. Too little attention and emphasis are given to the long strain of waiting and the final relief of the rescue. The style of the theme, finally, is marred by the slipshod sentences,—the correction of which would provide a good exercise for the student using this book.

Another subject often chosen by students is the narrative of a contest or struggle,—a fight, a game, or a race, as the case may be. An instructive comparison of ways of treating this sort of subject may be drawn from the

two following narratives of the famous Oxford-Cambridge boat race. The one from the London *Times* is written for an audience who already know that Oxford won the race, and whose interest is centered, accordingly, not on the climax but on the details. In the other, from Henry Kingsley's novel, *Ravenshoe*, the hero himself is in the Oxford boat, and the narrative stakes its interest upon exciting our suspense and curiosity as to who shall win.

THE BOAT RACE¹

VICTORY OF OXFORD

A MAGNIFICENT STRUGGLE

The 70th Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race was rowed yesterday afternoon over the usual course from Putney to Mortlake. Oxford won by three-quarters of a length after one of the most wonderful races in the history of the event, Cambridge having 5 held the lead from the start to within a few hundred yards of the finish. Among the spectators was the Prince of Wales, who watched the race with the Oxford coaches from the bows of the launch *Consuta*.

It was a fine afternoon, with the sun shining through a thin 10 haze, and a light wind drawing from the south. The tide was of moderate strength. The race was timed to start at 4.30. A few minutes before this hour Cambridge, the challengers, put off from the *Leander* hard² and paddled to their stake boat. Oxford followed five minutes later. Cambridge had won the toss and 15 chosen the Surrey station.

The crews were soon in readiness, and the race was started by Mr. Pitman without delay. Cambridge, rowing 36 strokes to the minute, led at once, although Oxford, at 38, rowed the faster stroke. It was quickly evident that Cambridge had the better 20 pace. At each stroke they gained slightly but surely, and after two minutes' rowing had an advantage of half a length. With the inside of the first bend in their favour Oxford struggled hard to recover the lost distance, but Cambridge were clearly and appreciably the faster crew, and at a slower stroke continued to 25 gain. At the Mile Post, reached in 4min. 12sec., they had in-

¹ From the London *Times*, (Weekly Edition), March 14, 1913.

² Hard, a landing-place.

creased their lead to one length. Cambridge reached Hammersmith in 7min. 40sec., one length the good.

Up to this point Cambridge had been rowing the better of the two crews. They showed length and liveliness, and appeared to keep their lead, at the slower stroke, without undue effort. 30 Oxford held on to them only by sheer hard work and by rowing at a faster rate. As they passed under Hammersmith Bridge, Oxford were rowing 33 and Cambridge 31. After Hammersmith, Cambridge increased their lead still further without quickening the stroke or making any definite spurt. With Oxford, on the 35 other hand, it seemed all spurt from start to finish. They were being driven, as it were, faster than they could go. They could not slacken for a moment, and Mr. Horsfall,¹ rowing most pluckily, pushed them continuously to the very limit of their capacity. Only at top pressure could they live in the race and 40 not be further outdistanced. For pluck and pertinacity it was a performance that could hardly be beaten.

Round the Chiswick bend the crews had run into choppy water, and down Corney Reach the wind was dead against them, but it was not of sufficient strength to interfere seriously with the 45 rowing or to provide a test of watermanship. At Chiswick the race seemed over. Cambridge were now quite a length and a half ahead, and they were still rowing the slower stroke. At Thornycroft's the Cambridge coxswain crossed to the Middlesex station, taking the Oxford water and going dead ahead of them. 50

And now for the first time Cambridge ceased to gain. The Oxford men were clearly exhausted but struggled on as gamely as ever. Presently it was evident that they were coming up, though very slightly. The pace of the boat did not seem to increase—Oxford had only one pace, and that a slow one—but 55 foot by foot, almost by inches, Cambridge were falling back to them. The effort to keep ahead had told on the Cambridge eight, and the half-trained men in the bow were showing signs of weakness. It still looked as if Cambridge would get home first, but not by so much as had once seemed probable. 60

As the crews approached Barnes Bridge, the Cambridge coxswain edged out from the Middlesex bank. The nose of the Oxford boat was uncomfortably close to him, and he was compelled to give way. The Oxford coxswain very rightly did not attempt to force his rival out further than was necessary, but, giving way 65 a little in his turn, kept to the Middlesex side. At Barnes Bridge, reached by Cambridge in 17min. 21sec., the lead had been reduced to one length—the same distance that had separated the boats at the Mile Post and at Hammersmith.

¹The Oxford stroke.

70 The race between Barnes Bridge and the finish was one of the finest ever seen on the Thames. For nearly a minute Oxford made little further impression on the leaders. The men were painfully "done," but still they struggled on with a determination that was inspiring to see. No. 6 in particular heaved and
75 tugged as if he had never been at Eton or heard of oarsmanship as a science. The rest were little better. But somehow the crew held together and by sheer will and pluck kept their pace. It had appeared as if stroke had rowed as fast as he was able all the way and could have no reserve of power left; but he quickened,
80 and the men behind him, exhausted as they were, quickened with him. They gained foot by foot and then, dramatically, 300 yards or less from the finish, came on with a rush. They worked up the stroke to 38—it was a desperate effort, their only chance—shot level with Cambridge, passed them, gained half a length in
85 a few strokes, and struggled on to the finishing post winners by three-quarters of a length. The time to the finish was 20min. 53sec.

In the last quarter of a mile Cambridge had tired perceptibly, and bow and No. 3 showed very clearly their want of condition.
90 Even allowing for this, that Oxford should have won seemed little short of amazing. Three times only in the history of the race has the crew that was behind at Barnes Bridge succeeded in winning—in 1886, in 1896, and in 1901—but in each of these previous cases the crew that was behind had enough stamina
95 left to enable them to gain rapidly the moment Barnes Bridge was passed. Yesterday, even after having cleared Barnes Bridge, Oxford appeared the more exhausted crew. They rowed wildly, their bodies falling about, and it seemed by sheer pluck and desperation rather than by any strength left in them that they forced
100 their boat to the finish.

The race was so magnificent and provided so striking an exhibition of pluck that it would be ungracious to criticize too severely the oarsmanship of those engaged in it. Cambridge were excellently stroked by Mr. Tower. He could not have done more
105 than he did for the rather moderate and insufficiently trained crew behind him. It is hard lines on Cambridge that their losses through ill-health should have made it impossible for them to last to the finish of a gruelling race. The four stern oars in the Cambridge eight are all promising men. There was good material
110 in the crew, and the form shown was sufficiently good to improve Cambridge prospects for the future. Oxford, though strong physically, were not a fast crew; but they raced magnificently.

THE CAMBRIDGE-OXFORD BOAT-RACE ¹

Putney Bridge at half-an-hour before high tide; thirteen or fourteen steamers; five or six thousand boats, and fifteen or twenty thousand spectators. This is the morning of the great University race, about which every member of the two great Universities and a very large section of the general public have been fidgeting and talking for a month or so.

The bridge is black, the lawns are black, every balcony and window in the town is black; the steamers are black with a swarming eager multitude, come to see the picked youths of the upper classes try their strength against one another. There are two friends of ours nearly concerned in the great event of the day. Charles is rowing three in the Oxford boat, and Marston is steering. This is a memorable day for both of them, and more especially for poor Charles.

Now the crowd surges to and fro, and there is a cheer. The men are getting into their boats. The police boats are busy clearing the course. Now there is a cheer of admiration, Cambridge dashes out, swings round, and takes her place at the bridge.

Another shout. Oxford sweeps majestically out and takes her place by Cambridge. Away go the police-galleys, away go all the London club-boats, at ten miles an hour down the course. Now the course is clear and there is almost a silence.

Then a wild hubbub; and people begin to squeeze and crush against one another. The boats are off; the fight has begun; then the thirteen steamers come roaring on after them, and their wake is alive once more with boats.

Everywhere a roar and a rushing to and fro. Frantic crowds upon the towing-path, mad crowds on the steamers, which make them sway and rock fearfully. Ahead Hammersmith Bridge, hanging like a black bar, covered with people as with a swarm of bees. As an eye-piece to the picture, two solitary flying boats, and the flashing oars, working with the rapidity and regularity of a steam-engine.

"Who's in front?" is asked by a thousand mouths; but who can tell? We shall see soon. Hammersmith Bridge is stretching across the water not a hundred yards in front of the boats. For one half-second a light shadow crosses the Oxford boat, and then it is out into the sunlight beyond. In another second the same shadow crosses the Cambridge boat. Oxford is ahead.

¹ From *Ravenshoe*, a novel by Henry Kingsley, Chap. XXIII.

The author tells us that this narrative was written from his recollection of the race of 1852. [Eds.]

The men with light-blue neckties say that, "By George, Oxford can't keep that terrible quick stroke going much longer;" and the men with dark-blue ties say, "Can't she, by Jove!" Well, we shall know all about it soon, for here is Barnes Bridge. Again
 45 the shadow goes over the Oxford boat, and then one, two, three, four seconds before the Cambridge men pass beneath it. Oxford is winning! There is a shout from the people at Barnes, though the πολλοί¹ don't know why. Cambridge has made a furious rush, and nearly drawn up to Oxford; but it is useless. Oxford
 50 leaves rowing, and Cambridge rows ten strokes before they are level. Oxford has won!

It is most interesting to see how the raw material set forth in the newspaper account is remoulded in Kingsley's narrative. The student should note the swiftness with which Kingsley's narrative begins, and the skill of the climax with which it closes. Both accounts are full of detail; but Kingsley chooses details with the one object of helping on the narrative. The reporter, on the contrary, goes along in a leisurely way, putting in everything that will interest the amateurs of rowing who are going to read his account. The reporter gives us an interesting and well written *post mortem* review of the race; the novelist gives us a narrative in the artistic sense of the word.

The Mysterious Lady and *A Yellowstone Lion*, the last simple narratives that we shall quote here, are students' themes of more than the ordinary interest. *The Mysterious Lady* shows especially what may be accomplished with very simple material, provided the treatment is skilful. It owes much of its vividness to the fact of its being told in the first person. *A Yellowstone Lion* is at once the most ambitious and the most effective of the narrative themes quoted here. It has, obviously, an unusually picturesque subject; in addition to this advantage, the theme opens effectively with the time-honored device of excited con-

¹Greek for mob or populace.

versation; and the background of the scenes is clearly defined.

THE MYSTERIOUS LADY

It was on a sultry July evening that Arthur and I first saw the mysterious lady. We were quietly strolling along Walnut Street, between the long rows of over-hanging maple trees on one side of the walk, and the black wall of whispering hedge on the other, when suddenly a lone woman crossed the walk in 5 front of us and vanished through a gaping gateway into the dense darkness beyond. Taken completely by surprise, we did not question the lady's actions until, upon looking back, we discovered her again standing in the middle of the walk and intently watching us. Our first impulse was to return and question 10 her; but as it was quite late and the affair not particularly strange, we conquered our curiosity and strolled towards home.

The next day, however, the little scene continually recurred to my mind. In the neighborhood during the past few months, there had been numerous petty robberies; and I soon grew more and 15 more curious to know something of this mysterious woman's doings. The next evening, therefore, I sought out Arthur, and together we again strolled down Walnut Street. Upon approaching this lonely stretch of walk from another direction, we were somewhat startled to see that solitary figure again outline itself against 20 the glare of a distant street light. Our suspicions were now completely aroused, and, resolved this time to know the lady's purpose, we slipped into the shadow and patiently watched her movements. But her actions in no manner gave us the slightest clue to her intention. She would stand gazing silently up and 25 down the street; then, at the approach of any belated passer-by, she would slip through the narrow gateway and die out in the shadows beyond, only to reappear when the pedestrian was safely by.

Our curiosity at last conquered our fears, and we advanced 30 towards the lady only to see her vanish once more into the shadows. But this time Arthur and I rushed after her, merely to find ourselves lost in the black darkness behind the hedge. As we groped our way among the shrubs and toward the corner of the dark slumbering house, we heard a rustling of skirts against 35 the hedge. With a headlong rush we seized the object of our search and forced her out into the gleam of the adjacent arc light. Then, to our amazement, a most embarrassing silence ensued. Our prisoner uttered not a word. Slowly we recognized a well known character,—Crazy Mary had come back to town. 40

A YELLOWSTONE LION

“Whoa there! Back into the road, you black brute! What are you shyin’ at?” yelled the driver of a sight-seeing coach in the Yellowstone.

He glanced across the bridge and immediately learned the 5 reason for the strange behavior of one of his leaders. There, in a leather-wood thicket, crouched the long, lithe form of a mountain lion. Its wicked yellow eyes challenged his right to the passage, and its long slender tail writhed among the bushes. The driver pulled up his horses, uncertain of the lion’s intentions; 10 but the great cat, finding himself unmolested, slipped through the bushes and disappeared among the jagged rocks on the mountain slope.

As the coach was discharging its passengers at the next stopping place, the driver yelled to a camp boy,

15 “Go over and tell the guards I saw that big lion they’ve been looking for, down by the last bridge. Tell ’em they’d better hurry before he leaves the country.”

The boy lost no time; and soon two of the soldiers were at the bridge, carefully examining the tracks of the great beast from 20 the impressions in the loose dirt. They quickly learned that this lion was the very one with which they had been having a great deal of trouble, the one which had invaded camps during the night, and had terrified tourists with his long-drawn, almost human wail from the forests.

25 Clambering over the great grey rocks, and sliding in the loose gravel of the slope, the two soldiers made their way slowly up the mountain side. When they reached the first promontory they stopped to rest and look about them. Far to the left and a mile below them, still shrouded by the evening mists yet tinted 30 now by the morning sun, lay the magnificent and awe-inspiring Yellowstone Gorge. They gazed at the green thread winding along the floor of the great chasm and tried to hear what they knew to be the roar of its rushing waters.

“It’s a great sight, Judd! We don’t realize it, bein’ here all 35 the time.—But come on. Let’s hit the trail again.”

“Wait a second.” replied the other. “Help me tighten this bandage on my hand,—it’s come loose.”

The men, intent upon the loosened bandage, failed to see that, from the edge of an overhanging rock above them, two pale 40 green eyes were watching their every move. Behind the eyes, the sinewy form of a great cat was stealthily adjusting itself for a leap.

Having tightened the bandage, the men straightened up and

at the same time stepped back a pace. Their feet, imbedded in the loose gravel, began to slide, and together the two soldiers 45 rolled back under the overhanging rock. At the same instant a great tawny streak flashed over their heads, and the huge form of the mountain lion crashed into the rocks at the very place upon which they had been standing.

They jumped to their feet and, with startled eyes, watched 50 the great ball of yellow fur as it bumped and rolled down the steep incline. The lion tore madly at the rocks and bushes as he fell, but tried in vain to secure a footing in the sliding gravel. A hundred feet below, he stopped with a thud against a fallen tree trunk; but before he could move, two bullets crunched their 55 way through his body, and, with a gasp, he straightened out, dead.

From this brief survey of narrative principles and examples, we may derive the following practical suggestions:

1. The Scope of the Narrative.

The writer must not undertake too much. In a brief narrative, of the length of a usual class theme, one cannot treat such extensive subjects as *A Trip to Alaska*, or *A Summer in Maine*. One must narrow the subject to something like *Our Landing at Sitka*, or *Stalking a Deer*.

2. Selection of Incidents and Details.

(a) From a long series of separate incidents select the most human and the most picturesque.

(b) Subordinate or eliminate the mere mechanical elements of the action, and give your attention to things of life and feeling. A theme was once begun with the following dull details:

My alarm-clock went off at five o'clock, and, after dressing, I went to the station, where I arrived just in time to catch the train. I bought my ticket, and checked my trunk, and boarded the train just as the conductor said "All board."

In its revised form the narrative begins as follows:

The impatient conductor was swinging his lantern and shouting "All board," as I flopped panting into my seat on the Chicago Special, that dark September morning.

This version everybody must acknowledge to be an improvement.

3. Enlivening the style of a narrative.

(a) Make as liberal use as possible of specific words and phrases. (See p. 129). Especial attention should be given to rendering the setting vivid by means of descriptive words.

(b) Whenever it is possible, bring in the actual conversation of your characters. Do not hesitate to do this even though it prolongs the theme.

4. Characterization.

Never neglect an opportunity for characterization. If there is a chance for a character to say even a mere word or two, make these few words indicative of his character and personality. As an example, note the gain from the third bit of direct discourse in *A Yellowstone Lion*.

5. Sequence.

Although the events selected are detached, the general sequence should be clear. No unexplained gaps should be left, and no occurrences introduced which have not been prepared for.

These are the elementary conditions of effectiveness in simple narration. A little further preparation is required for an intelligent study of short stories.

SHORT STORIES

The main problems in the actual writing of a short story are (1) finding the story;¹ (2) deciding how much

¹ We use here the terminology and the principles set forth in Miss Gertrude Buck's able little book, *Narrative Writing*.

shall be actually narrated and how much left to be inferred from suggestions here and there; (3) determining the point of view from which the story shall be told; (4) depicting the characters dramatically, *i. e.* making them show themselves by their own talk and behavior; (5) deciding upon and embodying the setting or background.

1. *Finding the Story*

For purposes of the practice recommended by this book, the initial difficulty of finding material for a story has been removed for all students who have trouble in "thinking up a plot." Those who so desire may avail themselves of the outlines for plots that are appended to each story. Ample occupation will be found, however, in deciding the other four problems treated below.

2. *The Scope of the Action-Proper*

One of the most vital points in the writing of an effective short story is the selection of that exact moment in the whole series of events at which the actual written story ought to begin. In *Fame's Little Day* (p. 602), for instance, a knowledge of the whole series of events takes us far back in the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Pinkham. As will be noticed, however, the written story begins with Mr. Pinkham's talk with the reporter in the New York hotel. All that has gone before is gradually told or implied later. Now the object of this arrangement is clear. The story must be taken up late enough in its progress to avoid wearying the reader with too much preliminary explanation. It must also open in an interesting way, with conversation, or a bit of spirited action, or some challenging statement that awakens the curiosity of the reader. All these rules are observed, simply yet effectively, in this

little story of Miss Jewett's. The stories that follow will be found, also, to obey the same general principle. *The Cask of Amontillado* (p. 649) has a particularly skilful opening, and one that strikes the key-note of all that is to follow.

3. *The Point of View*

After one has found his story and decided upon the scope and duration of the action proper, he must next choose the point of view,—in other words, he must decide who is to tell the story. Obviously, this is an extremely important question. If the hero tells the story, as do Robinson Crusoe, Henry Esmond, and David Copperfield, we may feel that we are learning more about what actually happened than we could in any other way; because, clearly, no one can know so much about his own adventures as the hero. On the other hand, in some stories, it may prove advantageous to have the story told by a subordinate actor, who may be supposed to be in sympathy with the hero. Examples of this point of view are seen in Stevenson's *The Master of Ballantrae*, where the story is related in great part by an old servant of the family; in *John Halifax, Gentleman*, where the hero's life is depicted for us by his friend, Phineas; and in the *Sherlock Holmes* stories, where Dr. Watson narrates the exploits of the friend whom he so much admires. Finally, a story may be told from the point of view of the author, who must be presumed to know everything, and who is, through long literary convention, allowed to share the inmost heart-secrets of the hero or the heroine. It is from the author's point of view that most of the fairy tales and the great stories of antiquity are told: *Cinderella*, *Jack the Giant Killer*, *The Iliad*, and *The Odyssey*.

No one point of view can be said to be superior to the others. This most important choice must be made by the writer of the story after a careful consideration of his material, and of the precise effects he wishes to produce. Some plots seem curiously well adapted to be told by the hero himself; for others, the "self-effacing author's" point of view is obviously the only appropriate one. The advantages of the actor's point of view (hero or subordinate actor) are greater concentration and unity, greater plausibility, and a better excuse for telling the story at all. On the other hand, it may be said that an author must often use great skill in making the hero tell his own story without being unduly egotistical, self-conceited, or indiscreet. Sometimes these very difficulties may be utilized to bring out the hero's character more strongly.

In *Lorna Doone* this difficulty is indeed cleverly met. Where it becomes necessary for John Ridd to relate one of his acts of prowess, he does so with the naïve manner of a bashful but self-respecting man, who knows exactly what he has done and what he has not done, and who finds it necessary on occasion to correct the exaggerated reports of his feats. Where his tale touches upon his relations with Lorna, he is reticent, and with a touch of mingled humor and shamefacedness that is one of his most attractive qualities, he now and then stops abruptly, and gives the reader to understand that the rest of this particular incident is not to be told, since it is strictly a part of John Ridd's private business.¹

To use the author's point of view in telling a story is in general easier. After the initial difficulty has been overcome—accounting to the reader for the fact that the author has been able to find out all the most private thoughts of the actors—if the story is told with any skill whatever, we are usually carried along on the full tide of it without further question.

The student should go over each one of the stories re-

¹ G. Buck: *Narrative Writing*, p. 58.

produced in this book for the express purposes of justifying or attacking the point of view chosen by the author.

4. *Dramatic Presentation of Character*

The next and perhaps the most difficult problem of the beginner is to make his characters "live," and exhibit themselves through their own character and actions. Our judgments of people in real life are nearly all determined by what they themselves say and do; and only secondarily by what other people tell us of them. To follow this method in a story, then, is clearly the best way to depict life. In *The Cask of Amontillado*, for example (p. 649), we can make but one inference from the first words of the chief actor, who tells his own story: namely, that he is a cruel, cold, pitiless, and vengeful man. Similarly, the first conversation of Mr. and Mrs. Pinkham (p. 605) shows unmistakably their gentle simplicity and lack of sophistication. The best rule for the young writer to follow, then, is seldom to allow himself, as author, to explain his own characters. If they are genuine creations, they will, by their own speech and actions, betray their own strength and weaknesses. Many novelists of the present day follow a method that is almost like that of the playwright, so entirely is the reader left to make his own inferences from the action and speech of the characters. The following passage from George Meredith's novel, *The Egoist*, is an effective illustration:

[The scene is between Sir Willoughby Patterne and Clara Middleton, the girl to whom he is engaged to be married. They are walking in the grounds of Sir Willoughby's country place.]

"Pardon me, my love," he said. "The man you see yonder violates my express injunction that he is not to come on my grounds, and here I find him on the borders of my garden!"

Sir Willoughby waved his hand to the abject figure of a man standing to intercept him. . . . 5

"Is he married? Has he children?" said Clara.

"Nine; and a wife that cannot cook or sew or wash linen."

"You could not give him employment?"

"After his having dismissed himself?"

"It might be overlooked." 10

"Here he was happy. He decided to go elsewhere, to be free—of course—of my yoke. He quitted my service against my warning. He returns, but his place is filled; he is a ghost here, and I object to ghosts."

"Some work might be found for him." 15

"It will be the same with old Vernon, my dear. If he goes, he goes for good. It is the vital principle of my authority to insist on that. A dead leaf might as reasonably demand to return to the tree. Once off, off for all eternity! I am sorry, but such was your decision, my friend. I have, you see, Clara, elements in 20 me—"

"Dreadful!"

"—Elements in me, I was remarking, which will no more bear to be handled carelessly than gunpowder. . . At the same time there is no reason why they should not be respected, managed with 25 some degree of regard for me and attention to consequences. Those who have not done so have repented."

"You do not speak to others of the elements in you," said Clara.

"I certainly do not: I have but one bride," was his handsome 30 reply.¹

The value of this passage in the story is, of course, the unconscious revelation, by Sir Willoughby himself, of his real character. The girl who, without really knowing him, has promised to marry him, shows to us, in each of her speeches, the growth of her shocked realization of Sir Willoughby's conceit, pomposity, lack of humor, and genuine cruelty.

¹ Chap. XI.

5. *Background and Setting*

In reading a story, we all demand of the author that he shall make us see and feel the surroundings among which his characters move. Whether the action take place in country or town, in a western mining camp or a Parisian *salon*, a Nebraska prairie or an African jungle, we wish to be convinced that the setting is as truthful as possible in each detail, and that it is emphasized with all necessary vividness. The emphasis upon the effect of natural scenery for example, is a marked tendency of modern narrative art. The older novelists, as Mr. Bliss Perry points out to us,¹ make it rain "only to delay the coach and not to affect or symbolize the sentiments of the passengers." But in a novel such as *The Octopus*, by Mr. Frank Norris, we feel that the atmosphere of the California wheat fields has a definite spiritual effect upon the characters and what they do, quite aside from the plot value of the episodes incidental to wheat growing.

Some modern writers feel so strongly the atmosphere of places, that they have sometimes received from a given spot or locality the complete suggestion for a story. Such an impression is admirably described by Stevenson:

One thing in life calls for another; there is a fitness in events and places. The sight of a pleasant arbor puts it in our minds to sit there. One place suggests work, another idleness, a third early rising and long rambles in the dew. The effect of night, of any flowing water, of lighted cities, of the peep of day, of ships, of the open ocean, calls up in the mind an army of anonymous desires and pleasures. Something, we feel, should happen; we know not what, yet we proceed in quest of it. And many of the happiest hours of life fleet by us in this vain attendance on the genius of the place and the moment. It is thus that tracts of young fir, and low rocks that reach into deep soundings, particularly torture and delight me. Something must have happened

¹ *A Study of Prose Fiction*, p. 162.

in such places, and perhaps ages back, to members of my race; when I was a child I tried in vain to invent appropriate games for them, as I still try, just as vainly, to fit them with the proper 15 story. Some places speak distinctly. Certain dank gardens cry aloud for a murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck. Other spots again seem to abide their destiny, suggestive and impenetrable, "miching mallecho." The inn at Burford Bridge, with its arbors 20 and green garden and silent eddying river—though it is known already as the place where Keats wrote some of his *Endymion*, and Nelson parted from his Emma—still seems to wait the coming of the appropriate legend. Within these ivied walls, behind these old green shutters, some further business smoulders, 25 waiting for its hour. The old Hawes Inn, at the Queen's Ferry makes a similar call upon my fancy. There it stands, apart from the town beside the pier, in a climate of its own, half inland, half marine—in front, the ferry bubbling with the tide and the guardship swinging to her anchor; behind, the old garden with the trees. 30 Americans seek it already for the sake of Lovel and Oldbuck, who dined there at the beginning of *The Antiquary*. But you need not tell me—that is not all; there is some story, unrecorded or not yet complete, which must express the meaning of that inn more fully. . . . I have lived both at the Hawes and at 35 Burford in a perpetual flutter, on the heels, as it seemed, of some adventure that should justify the place; but though the feeling had me to bed at night and called me again at morning in one unbroken round of pleasure and suspense, nothing befell me in either worth remark. The man or the hour had not yet come; 40 but some day, I think, a boat shall put off from the Queen's Ferry, fraught with a dear cargo, and some frosty night a horseman on a tragic errand rattle with his whip upon the green shutters of the inn at Burford.¹

The object and justification, then, of background or setting in a story is to express, or (in Stevenson's phrase) to "realize" the action. Indeed, it is even more than this,—the setting *is* a part of the action, and the whole management of setting must be regulated by the need for vivid presentation of the action. Description merely for the sake of description is nowhere more out of place than in a story. Yet, on the other hand, nothing is more essential

¹ *A Gossip on Romance.*

to the semblance of reality than skilful representation of the environment and its effect upon the characters. Hence, all the emphasis which we see placed nowadays upon the truthful reproduction of the local color of a given region or place, and upon accurate reproduction of past conditions in a historical novel.

Story writing, as an exercise, is often under-valued by teachers, and over-valued by students. The object of requiring stories in theme courses is not to turn out professional short-story writers, but rather (beside the general practice in writing) to develop in young people a feeling for what is the best art in narrative. If people in general were more critical of authors, and demanded of them only the very best that could be done, we should hear less from critics of the poor character of current novels and their vitiating influence on the taste of the general public. The ideal of cultivation and taste toward which young persons who care for literature should strive is that expressed by the famous French writer of short stories, Guy de Maupassant, in a passage often quoted from the preface of his novel, *Pierre et Jean*:

The public is composed of numerous groups who say to us [novelists]: "Console me,—amuse me,—make me sad,—make me sentimental,—make me dream,—make me laugh,—make me tremble,—make me think." But there are some chosen spirits
5 who demand of the artist: "Make for me something *fine*, in the form which suits you best, following your own temperament."

EXAMPLES OF SIMPLE NARRATION

AUTOBIOGRAPHY ¹

EDWARD GIBBON

A TRAVELLER who visits Oxford or Cambridge is surprised and edified by the apparent order and tranquillity that prevail in the seats of the English muses. In the most celebrated universities of Holland, Germany, and Italy, the students who swarm from different countries, are loosely dispersed in private lodgings at the houses of the burghers; they dress according to their fancy and fortune; and in the intemperate quarrels of youth and wine, their *swords*, though less frequently than of old, are sometimes stained with each other's blood. The use of arms is banished from our English universities; the uniform habit of the academics, the square cap and black gown, is adapted to the civil and even to the clerical profession; and from the doctor of divinity to the undergraduate, the degrees of learning and age are externally distinguished. Instead of being scattered in a town, the students of Oxford and Cambridge are united in colleges; their maintenance is provided at their own expense, or that of the founders; and the stated hours of the hall and chapel represent the discipline of a regular, and, as it were, a religious community. The eyes of the traveller are attracted by the size or beauty of the public edifices; and the principal colleges appear to be so many palaces, which a liberal nation has erected and endowed for the habitation of science. My own introduction to the university of Oxford forms a new æra in my life; and at the distance of forty years I still remember my first emotions of surprise and satisfaction.

¹ Written about 1789; first published in 1796.

In my fifteenth year I felt myself suddenly raised from a boy to a man: the persons whom I respected as my superiors in age and academical rank entertained me with every mark of attention and civility; and my vanity was flattered
5 by the velvet cap and silk gown which distinguished a gentleman-commoner from a plebeian student. A decent allowance, more money than a schoolboy had ever seen, was at my own disposal; and I might command, among the tradesmen of Oxford, an indefinite and dangerous
10 latitude of credit. A key was delivered into my hands, which gave me the free use of a numerous and learned library; my apartment consisted of three elegant and well-furnished rooms in the new building, a stately pile, of Magdalen College;¹ and the adjacent walks, had they
15 been frequented by Plato's disciples, might have been compared to the Attic shade on the banks of the Ilissus.² Such was the fair prospect of my entrance (April 3, 1752) into the university of Oxford.

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To the university of Oxford [however] I acknowledge
20 no obligation; and she will as cheerfully renounce me for a son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother. I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College; they proved the fourteen months the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life; the reader will pronounce between the school
25 and the scholar, but I cannot affect to believe that nature had disqualified me for all literary pursuits. The specious and ready excuse of my tender age, imperfect preparation,

¹ One of the most famous of the group of colleges composing Oxford University. (Pronounced Maudlen).

² The Academy was a public pleasure-ground about one mile north-west of ancient Athens. It was the resort of Plato, who taught in its groves for nearly fifty years, till his death in 348 B. C. The Ilissus was a small river flowing through ancient Athens.

and hasty departure, may doubtless be alleged; nor do I wish to defraud such excuses of their proper weight. Yet in my sixteenth year I was not devoid of capacity or application; even my childish reading had displayed an early though blind propensity for books; and the shallow flood might have been taught to flow in a deep channel and a clear stream. In the discipline of a well-constituted academy, under the guidance of skilful and vigilant professors, I should gradually have risen from translations to originals, from the Latin to the Greek classics, from dead languages to living science; my hours would have been occupied by useful and agreeable studies, the wanderings of fancy would have been restrained, and I should have escaped the temptations of idleness, which finally precipitated my departure from Oxford. 15

The college of St. Mary Magdalen was founded in the fifteenth century by Wainfleet, Bishop of Winchester; and now consists of a president, forty fellows, and a number of inferior students. It is esteemed one of the largest and most wealthy of our academical corporations, which may be compared to the Benedictine abbeys of Catholic countries; and I have loosely heard that the estates belonging to Magdalen College, which are leased by those indulgent landlords at small quit-rents and occasional fines, might be raised, in the hands of private avarice, to an annual revenue of nearly thirty thousand pounds. Our colleges are supposed to be schools of science, as well as of education; nor is it unreasonable to expect that a body of literary men, devoted to a life of celibacy, exempt from the care of their own subsistence, and amply provided with books, should devote their leisure to the prosecution of study, and that some effects of their studies should be

manifested to the world. The shelves of their library groan under the weight of the Benedictine folios, of the editions of the fathers, and the collections of the middle ages, which have issued from the single abbey of St. 5 Germain des Prés at Paris. A composition of genius must be the offspring of one mind; but such works of industry as may be divided among many hands, and must be continued during many years, are the peculiar province of a laborious community. If I inquire into the manufactures of the 10 monks of Magdalen, if I extend the inquiry to the other colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, a silent blush, or a scornful frown, will be the only reply. The fellows or monks of my time were decent easy men, who supinely enjoyed the gifts of the founder; their days were filled by a 15 series of uniform employments: the chapel and the hall, the coffee-house and the common room, till they retired, weary and well satisfied, to a long slumber. From the toil of reading, or thinking, or writing, they had absolved their conscience; and the first shoots of learning and ingenuity 20 withered on the ground, without yielding any fruits to the owners or the public. As a gentleman-commoner, I was admitted to the society of the fellows, and fondly expected that some questions of literature would be the amusing and instructive topics of their discourse. Their conversation 25 stagnated in a round of college business, Tory politics, personal anecdotes, and private scandal; their dull and deep potations excused the brisk intemperance of youth; and their constitutional toasts were not expressive of the most lively loyalty for the house of Hanover. A general 30 election was now approaching: the great Oxfordshire contest already blazed with all the malevolence of party zeal. Magdalen College was devoutly attached to the old interest! and the names of Wenman and Dashwood ¹

¹ English politicians of the period.

were more frequently pronounced than those of Cicero and Chrysostom.¹ The example of the senior fellows could not inspire the undergraduates with a liberal spirit or studious emulation; and I cannot describe, as I never knew, the discipline of college. Some duties may possibly 5 have been imposed on the poor scholars whose ambition aspired to the peaceful honors of a fellowship (*ascribi quietis ordinibus . . . Deorum*),² but no independent members were admitted below the rank of a gentleman commoner, and our velvet cap was the badge of liberty. 10 A tradition prevailed that some of our predecessors had spoken Latin declamations in the hall, but of this ancient custom no vestige remained: the obvious methods of public exercises and examinations were totally unknown; and I have never heard that either the president or the society 15 interfered in the private economy of the tutors and their pupils.

The silence of the Oxford professors,³ which deprives the youth of public instruction, is imperfectly supplied by the tutors, as they are styled, of the several colleges. 20 Instead of confining themselves to a single science, . . . they teach, or promise to teach, either history or mathematics, or ancient literature, or moral philosophy; and as it is possible that they may be defective in all, it is highly probable that of some they will be ignorant. They are 25 paid, indeed, by private contributions; but their appointment depends on the head of the house: their diligence is voluntary, and will consequently be languid, while the pupils themselves, or their parents, are not indulged in the

¹ Cicero, a Roman philosopher and man of letters; Chrysostom, a preacher and saint of the early Christian church.

² To be admitted into the dignified assembly of the Gods.—Horace, *Odes*, III, iii, l. 35.

³ The Oxford professors, at this period, were not required or expected to give oral lectures.

liberty of choice or change. The first tutor into whose hands I was resigned appears to have been one of the best of the tribe: Dr. Waldegrave was a learned and pious man, of a mild disposition, strict morals, and abstemious life, who seldom mingled in the politics or the jollity of the college. But his knowledge of the world was confined to the university; his learning was of the last, rather than of the present age, his temper was indolent; his faculties, which were not of the first rate, had been relaxed by the climate, and he was satisfied, like his fellows, with the slight and superficial discharge of an important trust. As soon as my tutor had sounded the insufficiency of his disciple in school-learning, he proposed that we should read every morning, from ten to eleven, the comedies of Terence.¹ The sum of my improvement in the university of Oxford is confined to three or four Latin plays; and even the study of an elegant classic, which might have been illustrated by a comparison of ancient and modern theatres, was reduced to a dry and literal interpretation of the author's text. During the first weeks I constantly attended these lessons in my tutor's room; but as they appeared equally devoid of profit and pleasure, I was once tempted to try the experiment of a formal apology. The apology was accepted with a smile. I repeated the offence with less ceremony; the excuse was admitted with the same indulgence: the slightest motive of laziness or indisposition, the most trifling avocation at home or abroad, was allowed as a worthy impediment; nor did my tutor appear conscious of my absence or neglect. Had the hour of lecture been constantly filled, a single hour was a small portion of my academic leisure. No plan of study was recommended for my use; no exercises were prescribed

¹ Terence, a celebrated Roman writer of comedies, in the second century B. C.

for his inspection; and, at the most precious season of youth, whole days and weeks were suffered to elapse without labor or amusement, without advice or account. I should have listened to the voice of reason and of my tutor; his mild behavior had gained my confidence. I preferred his society to that of the younger students; and in our evening walks to the top of Heddington Hill we freely conversed on a variety of subjects. Since the days of Pocock and Hyde,¹ Oriental learning has always been the pride of Oxford, and I once expressed an inclination to study Arabic. His prudence discouraged this childish fancy; but he neglected the fair occasion of directing the ardor of a curious mind. During my absence in the summer vacation Dr. Waldegrave accepted a college living at Washington in Sussex, and on my return I no longer found him at Oxford. From that time I have lost sight of my first tutor; but at the end of thirty years (1781) he was still alive; and the practice of exercise and temperance had entitled him to a healthy old age.

After the departure of Dr. Waldegrave I was transferred, with his other pupils, to his academical heir, whose literary character did not command the respect of the college. Dr. — well remembered that he had a salary to receive, and only forgot that he had a duty to perform. Instead of guiding the studies, and watching over the behavior of his disciple, I was never summoned to attend even the ceremony of a lecture; and, excepting one voluntary visit to his rooms, during the eight months of his titular office, the tutor and pupil lived in the same college as strangers to each other. The want of experience, of advice, and of occupation soon betrayed me into some

¹ English travelers and savants in the 18th century.

improprieties of conduct, ill-chosen company, late hours, and inconsiderate expense. My growing debts might be secret; but my frequent absence was visible and scandalous: and a tour to Bath, a visit into Buckinghamshire, 5 and four excursions to London in the same winter, were costly and dangerous frolics. They were indeed without a meaning, as without an excuse. The irksomeness of a cloistered life repeatedly tempted me to wander; but my chief pleasure was that of travelling; and I was too 10 young and bashful to enjoy, like a Manly Oxonian in Town, the pleasures of London. In all these excursions I eloped from Oxford; I returned to college; in a few days I eloped again, as if I had been an independent stranger in a hired lodging, without once hearing the voice of 15 admonition, without once feeling the hand of control. Yet my time was lost, my expenses were multiplied, my behavior abroad was unknown; folly as well as vice should have awakened the attention of my superiors, and my tender years would have justified a more than ordinary 20 degree of restraint and discipline.

It might at least be expected that an ecclesiastical school should inculcate the orthodox principles of religion. But our venerable mother had contrived to unite the opposite extremes of bigotry and indifference; an heretic, or un- 25 believer, was a monster in her eyes; but she was always, or often, or sometimes, remiss in the spiritual education of her own children. According to the statutes of the university, every student, before he is matriculated, must subscribe his assent to the Thirty-nine Articles of the 30 Church of England, which are signed by more than read, and read by more than believe them. My insufficient age excused me, however, from the immediate performance of this legal ceremony; and the vice-chancellor directed me to return as soon as I should have accomplished my

fifteenth year; recommending me, in the meanwhile, to the instruction of my college. My college forgot to instruct; I forgot to return; and was myself forgotten by the first magistrate of the university. Without a single lecture, either public or private, either Christian or Protestant, without any academical subscription, without any episcopal confirmation, I was left by the dim light of my catechism to grope my way to the chapel and communion-table, where I was admitted without a question how far or by what means I might be qualified to receive the sacrament. Such almost incredible neglect was productive of the worst mischiefs. From my childhood I had been fond of religious disputation: my poor aunt had often been puzzled by the mysteries which she strove to believe; nor had the elastic spring been totally broken by the weight of the atmosphere of Oxford. The blind activity of idleness urged me to advance without armor into the dangerous mazes of controversy; and, at the age of sixteen, I bewildered myself in the errors of the Church of Rome.¹

20

It was accordingly necessary for my father to form a new plan of education, and to devise some method which, if possible, might effect the cure of my spiritual malady. After much debate it was determined, from the advice and personal experience of Mr. Eliot (now Lord Eliot), to fix me, during some years, at Lausanne in Switzerland. Mr. Frey, a Swiss gentleman of Basil, undertook the conduct of the journey: we left London the 19th of June, crossed the sea from Dover to Calais, travelled post through several provinces of France, by the direct road

¹ Gibbon's father was much distressed and incensed at what he considered his son's strange departure in religion. In the heat of passion, he let the circumstances be known, and Gibbon was refused re-admission to Magdalen.

of St. Quentin, Rheims, Langres, and Besançon, and arrived the 30th of June at Lausanne, where I was immediately settled under the roof and tuition of Mr. Pavilliard, a Calvinist minister.

5 The first marks of my father's displeasure rather astonished than afflicted me: when he threatened to banish, and disown, and disinherit a rebellious son, I cherished a secret hope that he would not be able or willing to effect his menaces; and the pride of conscience
10 encouraged me to sustain the honorable and important part which I was now acting. My spirits were raised and kept alive by the rapid motion of my journey, the new and various scenes of the Continent, and the civility of Mr. Frey, a man of sense, who was not ignorant of books
15 or the world. But after he had resigned me into Pavilliard's hands, and I was fixed in my new habitation, I had leisure to contemplate the strange and melancholy prospect before me. My first complaint arose from my ignorance of the language. In my childhood I had once
20 studied the French grammar, and I could imperfectly understand the easy prose of a familiar subject. But when I was thus suddenly cast on a foreign land, I found myself deprived of the use of speech and of hearing; and, during some weeks, incapable not only of enjoying the
25 pleasures of conversation, but even of asking or answering a question in the common intercourse of life. To a home-bred Englishman every object, every custom was offensive; but the native of any country might have been disgusted with the general aspect of his lodging and
30 entertainment. I had now exchanged my elegant apartment in Magdalen College, for a narrow, gloomy street, the most unfrequented of an unhandsome town, for an old inconvenient house, and for a small chamber ill contrived and ill furnished, which on the approach of winter,

instead of a companionable fire, must be warmed by the dull invisible heat of a stove. From a man I was again degraded to the dependence of a schoolboy. Mr. Pavilliard managed my expenses, which had been reduced to a diminutive state: I received a small monthly allowance for my 5 pocket-money; and helpless and awkward as I have ever been, I no longer enjoyed the indispensable comfort of a servant. My condition seemed as destitute of hope as it was devoid of pleasure: I was separated for an indefinite, which appeared an infinite term, from my native country; 10 and I had lost all connection with my Catholic friends. I have since reflected with surprise, that, as the Romish clergy of every part of Europe maintain a close correspondence with each other, they never attempted, by letters or 15 messages, to rescue me from the hands of the heretics, or at least to confirm my zeal and constancy in the profession of the faith. Such was my first introduction to Lausanne; a place where I spent nearly five years with pleasure and profit, which I afterwards revisited without 20 compulsion, and which I have finally selected as the most grateful retreat for the decline of my life.

But it is the peculiar felicity of youth that the most unpleasing objects and events seldom make a deep or lasting impression; it forgets the past, enjoys the present, and anticipates the future. At the flexible age of sixteen 25 I soon learned to endure, and gradually to adopt, the new forms of arbitrary manners: the real hardships of my situation were alienated by time. Had I been sent abroad in a more splendid style, such as the fortune and bounty of my father might have supplied, I might have returned 30 home with the same stock of language and science which our countrymen usually import from the Continent. An exile and a prisoner as I was, their example betrayed me into some irregularities of wine, of play, and of idle ex-

cursions: but I soon felt the impossibility of associating with them on equal terms; and after the departure of my first acquaintance, I held a cold and civil correspondence with their successors. This seclusion from English society
5 was attended with the most solid benefits. In the Pays de Vaud the French language is used with less imperfection than in most of the distant provinces of France: in Pavilliard's family necessity compelled me to listen and to speak; and if I was at first disheartened by the apparent
10 slowness, in a few months I was astonished by the rapidity of my progress. My pronunciation was formed by the constant repetition of the same sounds; the variety of words and idioms, the rules of grammar, and distinctions of genders, were impressed in my memory: ease and free-
15 dom were observed by practice; correctness and elegance by labor; and before I was recalled home, French, in which I spontaneously thought, was more familiar than English to my ear, my tongue, and my pen. The first effect of this opening knowledge was the revival of my
20 love of reading, which had been chilled at Oxford; and I soon turned over, without much choice, almost all the French books in my tutor's library. Even these amusements were productive of real advantage: my taste and judgment were now somewhat riper. I was introduced
25 to a new mode of style and literature; by the comparison of manners and opinions, my views were enlarged, my prejudices were corrected, and a copious voluntary abstract of the *Histoire de l'Eglise et de l'Empire*, by le Sueur, may be placed in a middle line between my childish
30 and my manly studies. As soon as I was able to converse with natives, I began to feel some satisfaction in their company: my awkward timidity was polished and emboldened; and I frequented for the first time assemblies of men and women. The acquaintance of the Pavilliards

prepared me by degrees for more elegant society. I was received with kindness and indulgence in the best families of Lausanne; and it was in one of these that I formed an intimate and lasting connection with Mr. Deyverdun, a young man of an amiable temper and excellent under-5 standing. In the arts of fencing and dancing, small indeed was my proficiency; and some months were idly wasted in the riding-school. My unfitness to bodily exercise reconciled me to a sedentary life, and the horse, the favorite of my countrymen, never contributed to the pleasures 10 of my youth.

My obligations to the lessons of Mr. Pavilliard gratitude will not suffer me to forget: he was endowed with a clear head and a warm heart; his innate benevolence had assuaged the spirit of the church; he was rational, because 15 he was moderate: in the course of his studies he had acquired a just though superficial knowledge of most branches of literature; by long practice he was skilled in the arts of teaching; and he labored with assiduous patience to know the character, gain the affection, and 20 open the mind of his English pupil. As soon as we began to understand each other, he gently led me, from a blind and undistinguishing love of reading into the path of instruction. I consented with pleasure that a portion of the morning hours should be consecrated to a plan of 25 modern history and geography, and to the critical perusal of the French and Latin classics: and at each step I felt myself invigorated by the habits of application and method. His prudence repressed and dissembled some youthful sallies; and as soon as I was confirmed in the 30 habits of industry and temperance, he gave the reins into my own hands. His favorable report of my behavior and progress gradually obtained some latitude of action and expense; and he wished to alleviate the hardships of

my lodging and entertainment. The principles of philosophy were associated with the examples of taste; and by a singular chance, the book, as well as the man, which contributed the most effectually to my education, has a stronger claim on my gratitude than on my admiration. Mr. De Crousaz,¹ the adversary of Bayle and Pope, is not distinguished by lively fancy or profound reflection; and even in his own country, at the end of a few years, his name and writings are almost obliterated. But his philosophy had been formed in the school of Locke, his divinity in that of Limborch and Le Clerc;² in a long and laborious life, several generations of pupils were taught to think, and even to write; his lessons rescued the academy of Lausanne from Calvinistic prejudice; and he had the rare merit of diffusing a more liberal spirit among the clergy and people of the Pays de Vaud. His system of logic, which in the last editions has swelled to six tedious and prolix volumes, may be praised as a clear and methodical abridgment of the art of reasoning, from our simple ideas to the most complex operations of the human understanding. This system I studied, and meditated, and abstracted, till I obtained the free command of a universal instrument, which I soon presumed to exercise on my catholic opinions. Pavilliard was not unmindful that his first task, his most important duty, was to reclaim me from the errors of popery. The intermixture of sects has rendered the Swiss clergy acute and learned on the topics of controversy; and I have some of his letters in which he celebrates the dexterity of his attack, and my gradual concessions, after a firm and well-managed defence.³ I was willing and I

¹ De Crousaz, a Swiss philosopher and logician (1663–1748).

² Locke, an English philosopher of the 17th century; Limborch, a Dutch theologian of the same period; LeClerc, a Swiss theologian and commentator, same period.

³ M. Pavilliard has described to me the astonishment with which

am now willing, to allow him a handsome share of the honor of my conversion: yet I must observe that it was principally effected by my private reflections; and I still remember my solitary transport at the discovery of a philosophical argument against the doctrine of transubstantiation: *that* the text of scripture, which seems to include the real presence, is attested only by a single sense—our sight; while the real presence itself is disproved by three of our senses—the sight, the touch, and the taste. The various articles of the Romish creed disappeared like 10 a dream; and after a full conviction, on Christmas Day, 1754, I received the sacrament in the church of Lausanne. It was here that I suspended my religious inquiries, acquiescing with implicit belief in the tenets and mysteries which are adopted by the general consent of Catholics 15 and Protestants.

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I hesitate, from the apprehension of ridicule, when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. By this word I do not mean the polite attention, the gallantry, without hope or design, which has originated in the spirit 20 of chivalry, and is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness, which is inflamed by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness 25 of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment. The personal he gazed on Mr. Gibbon standing before him: a thin little figure, with a large head, disputing and urging, with the greatest ability, all the best arguments that had ever been used in favor of popery. Mr. Gibbon many years ago became very fat and corpulent, but he had uncommonly small bones, and was very slightly made.—SHEFFIELD.

attractions of Mademoiselle Susan Curchod were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was respectable. Her mother, a native of France, had preferred her religion to her country.

5 The profession of her father did not extinguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper, and he lived content with a small salary and laborious duty in the obscure lot of minister of Crassy, in the mountains that separate the Pays de Vaud from the county of Burgundy. In the soli-

10 tude of a sequestered village he bestowed a liberal and even learned education on his only daughter. She surpassed his hopes by her proficiency in the sciences and languages; and in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, and the erudition of Mademoiselle

15 Curchod were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity; I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits

20 and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make her two or three visits at her father's house. I passed some happy days there, in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honorably encouraged the connection. In a calm retirement the gay vanity of youth

25 no longer fluttered in her bosom; she listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity; but on my return to England, I soon discovered that my

30 father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that, without his consent, I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate; I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son; ¹ my wound was insensibly healed

¹ See *Œuvres de Rousseau*, tom. xxxiii, pp. 88, 89, octavo edition. As

by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided in friendship and esteem. The minister of Crassy soon afterwards died; his stipend died with him; his daughter 5 retired to Geneva, where, by teaching young ladies, she earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mother; but in her lowest distress she maintained a spotless reputation and a dignified behavior. A rich banker of Paris, a citizen of Geneva, had the good fortune and good sense 10 to discover and possess this inestimable treasure; and in the capital of taste and luxury she resisted the temptations of wealth, as she had sustained the hardships of indigence. The genius of her husband has exalted him to the most conspicuous station in Europe. In every 15 change of prosperity and disgrace he has reclined on the bosom of a faithful friend; and Mademoiselle Curchod is now the wife of M. Necker, the minister, and perhaps the legislator, of the French monarchy.

Whatsoever have been the fruits of my education, they 20 must be ascribed to the fortunate banishment which placed me at Lausanne. I have sometimes applied to my own fate the verses of Pindar,¹ which remind an Olympic champion that his victory was the consequence of his exile; and that at home, like a domestic fowl, his 25 days might have rolled away inactive or inglorious.

If my childish revolt against the religion of my country had not stripped me in time of my academic gown, the five important years, so liberally improved in the studies and conversation of Lausanne, would have been steeped 30

an author, I shall not appeal from the judgment, or taste, or caprice of Jean Jacques; but that extraordinary man, whom I admire and pity, should have been less precipitate in condemning the moral character and conduct of a stranger. [Author's note.]

¹ A Greek lyric poet (522-443 B. C.).

in port and prejudice among the monks of Oxford. Had not the fatigue of idleness compelled me to read, the path of learning would not have been enlightened by a ray of philosophic freedom. I should have grown to manhood ignorant of the life and language of Europe, and my knowledge of the world would have been confined to an English cloister. But my religious error fixed me at Lausanne, in a state of banishment and disgrace. The rigid course of discipline and abstinence to which I was condemned invigorated the constitution of my mind and body; poverty and pride estranged me from my countrymen. One mischief, however, and in their eyes a serious and irreparable mischief, was derived from the success of my Swiss education: I had ceased to be an Englishman. At the flexible period of youth, from the age of sixteen to twenty-one, my opinions, habits, and sentiments were cast in a foreign mould; the faint and distant remembrance of England was almost obliterated; my native language was grown less familiar; and I should have cheerfully accepted the offer of a moderate independence on the terms of perpetual exile. By the good sense and temper of Pavilliard my yoke was insensibly lightened: he left me master of my time and actions; but he could neither change my situation nor increase my allowance, and with the progress of my years and reason I impatiently sighed for the moment of my deliverance. At length, in the spring of the year 1758, my father signified his permission and his pleasure that I should immediately return home.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Aspects of my life.

Persons who have really influenced me.

My religious experience.

A HOLIDAY¹

KENNETH GRAHAME

THE masterful wind was up and out, shouting and chasing, the lord of the morning. Poplars swayed and tossed with a roaring swish; dead leaves sprang aloft, and whirled into space; and all the clear-swept heaven seemed to thrill with sound like a great harp. It was one of the first awakenings of the year. The earth stretched herself, smiling in her sleep; and everything leapt and pulsed to the stir of the giant's movement. With us it was a whole holiday; the occasion a birthday—it matters not whose. Some one of us had had presents, and pretty conventional speeches, and had glowed with that sense of heroism which is no less sweet that nothing has been done to deserve it. But the holiday was for all, the rapture of awakening Nature for all, the various out-door joys of puddles and sun and hedge-breaking for all. Colt-like I ran through the meadows, frisking happy heels in the face of Nature laughing responsive. Above, the sky was bluest of the blue; wide pools left by the winter's floods flashed the color back, true and brilliant; and the soft air thrilled with the germinating touch that seemed to kindle something in my own small person as well as in the rash primrose already lurking in sheltered haunts. Out into the brimming sun-bathed world I sped, free of lessons, free of discipline and correction, for one day at least. My legs ran of themselves, and though I heard my name called faint and shrill behind, there was no stopping for me. It was only Harold, I concluded, and his legs, though shorter than mine, were good for a longer spurt than this. Then

¹ *The Golden Age*. 1897. *Selected*. Reproduced by permission of the John Lane Company.

I heard it called again, but this time more faintly, with a pathetic break in the middle; and I pulled up short, recognizing Charlotte's plaintive note.

She panted up anon, and dropped on the turf beside me. Neither had any desire for talk; the glow and the glory of existing on this perfect morning were satisfaction full and sufficient.

"Where's Harold?" I asked presently.

"Oh, he's just playin' muffin-man, as usual," said Charlotte with petulance. "Fancy wanting to be a muffin-man on a whole holiday!"

It was a strange craze, certainly; but Harold, who invented his own games and played them without assistance, always stuck staunchly to a new fad, till he had worn it quite out. Just at present he was a muffin-man, and day and night he went through passages and up and down staircases, ringing a noiseless bell and offering phantom muffins to invisible wayfarers. It sounds a poor sort of sport; and yet—to pass along busy streets of your own building, for ever ringing an imaginary bell and offering airy muffins of your own make to a bustling thronging crowd of your own creation—there were points about the game, it cannot be denied, though it seemed scarce in harmony with this radiant wind-swept morning!

"And Edward, where is he?" I questioned again.

"He's coming along by the road," said Charlotte. "He'll be crouching in the ditch when we get there, and he's going to be a grizzly bear and spring out on us, only you mustn't say I told you, 'cos it's to be a surprise." "All right," I said magnanimously. "Come on and let's be surprised." But I could not help feeling that on this day of days even a grizzly felt misplaced and common.

Sure enough, an undeniable bear sprang out on us as we dropped into the road; then ensued shrieks, growlings,

revolver-shots, and unrecorded heroisms, till Edward condescended at last to roll over and die, bulking large and grim, an unmitigated grizzly. It was an understood thing, that whosoever took upon himself to be a bear must eventually die, sooner or later, even if he were the eldest born; 5 else, life would have been all strife and carnage, and the Age of Acorns have displaced our hard-won civilization. This little affair concluded with satisfaction to all parties concerned, we rambled along the road, picking up the defaulting Harold by the way, muffinless now, and in his 10 right and social mind.

“What would you do?” asked Charlotte presently,—the book of the moment always dominating her thoughts until it was sucked dry and cast aside,—“what would you do if you saw two lions in the road, one on each side, and 15 you didn’t know if they was loose or if they was chained up?”¹

“Do?” shouted Edward, valiantly, “I should—I should—I should—” His boastful accents died away into a mumble: “Dunno what I should do.” 20

“Shouldn’t do anything,” I observed after consideration; and really it would be difficult to arrive at a wiser conclusion.

“If it came to *doing*,” remarked Harold, reflectively, “the lions would do all the doing there was to do, wouldn’t 25 they?”

“But if they was *good* lions,” rejoined Charlotte, “they would do as they would be done by.”

“Ah, but how are you to know a good lion from a bad one?” said Edward. “The books don’t tell you at all, 30 and the lions ain’t marked any different.”

“Why, there aren’t any good lions,” said Harold, hastily.

¹ The book of the moment, Bunyan’s *Pilgrim’s Progress*.

“Oh, yes, there are, heaps and heaps,” contradicted Edward. “Nearly all the lions in the story-books are good lions. There was Androcles’ lion, and St. Jerome’s lion, and—and—the lion and the Unicorn—”

5 “He beat the Unicorn,” observed Harold, dubiously, “all round the town.”

“That *proves* he was a good lion,” cried Edward, triumphantly. “But the question is, how are you to tell ’em when you see ’em?”

10 “I should ask Martha,” said Harold of the simple creed.

Edward snorted contemptuously, then turned to Charlotte. “Look here,” he said; “let’s play at lions, anyhow, and I’ll run on to that corner and be a lion,—I’ll be two lions, one on each side of the road,—and you’ll come along, 15 and you won’t know whether I’m chained up or not, and that’ll be the fun!”

“No, thank you,” said Charlotte, firmly; “you’ll be chained up till I’m quite close to you, and then you’ll be loose, and you’ll tear me in pieces, and make my frock all 20 dirty, and p’raps you’ll hurt me as well. I know your lions!”

“No, I won’t; I swear I won’t,” protested Edward. “I’ll be quite a new lion this time,—something you can’t even imagine.” And he raced off to his post. Charlotte 25 hesitated; then she went timidly on, at each step growing less Charlotte, the mummer of a minute, and more the anxious Pilgrim of all time. The lion’s wrath waxed terrible at her approach; his roaring filled the startled air. I waited until they were both thoroughly absorbed, and then 30 I slipped through the hedge out of the trodden highway, into the vacant meadow spaces. It was not that I was unsociable, nor that I knew Edward’s lions to the point of satiety; but the passion and the call of the divine morning were high in my blood. Earth to earth! That was the

frank note, the joyous summons of the day; and they could not but jar and seem artificial, these human discussions and pretences, when boon Nature, reticent no more, was singing that full-throated song of hers that thrills and claims control of every fibre. 5

All the time the hearty wind was calling to me companionably from where he swung and bellowed in the tree-tops. "Take me for guide to-day," he seemed to plead. So we sheered off together, so to speak; and with fullest confidence I took 10 the jiggling, thwartwise course my chainless pilot laid for me.

A whimsical comrade I found him, ere he had done with me. Was it in jest, or with some serious purpose of his own, that he brought me plump upon a pair of lovers, 15 silent, face to face o'er a discreet unwinking stile? As a rule this sort of thing struck me as the most pitiful tomfoolery. Two calves rubbing noses through a gate were natural and right and within the order of things; but that human beings, with salient interests and active pursuits 20 beckoning them on from every side, could thus—! Well, it was a thing to hurry past, shamed of face, and think on no more. But this morning everything I met seemed to be accounted for and set in tune by that same magical touch in the air; and it was with a certain surprise that I 25 found myself regarding these fatuous ones with kindness instead of contempt, as I rambled by, unheeded of them. There was indeed some reconciling influence abroad, which could bring the like antics into harmony with bud and growth and the frolic air. 30

He was tugging at me anew, my insistent guide; and I

felt sure, as I rambled off in his wake, that he had more holiday matter to show me. And so, indeed, he had; and all of it was to the same lawless tune. Like a black pirate flag on the blue ocean of air, a hawk hung ominous; then, 5 plummet-wise, dropped to the hedgerow, whence there rose, thin and shrill, a piteous voice of squealing. By the time I got there a whisk of feathers on the turf—like scattered playbills—was all that remained to tell of the tragedy just enacted. Yet Nature smiled and sang on, 10 pitiless, gay, impartial. To her, who took no sides, there was every bit as much to be said for the hawk as for the chaffinch. Both were her children, and she would show no preferences.

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My invisible companion was singing also, and seemed at 15 times to be chuckling softly to himself, doubtless at thought of the strange new lessons he was teaching me; perhaps, too, at a special bit of waggishness he had still in store. For when at last he grew weary of such insignificant earth-bound company, he deserted me at a certain spot I 20 knew; then dropped, subsided, and slunk away into nothingness. I raised my eyes, and before me, grim and lichened, stood the ancient whipping-post of the village; its sides fretted with the initials of a generation that scorned its mute lesson, but still clipped by the stout 25 rusty shackles that had tethered the wrist of such of that generation's ancestors as had dared to mock at order and law. Had I been an infant Sterne, here was a grand chance for sentimental output! As things were, I could only hurry homeward, my moral tail well between my 30 legs, with an uneasy feeling, as I glanced back over my shoulder, that there was more in this chance than met the eye.

And outside our gate I found Charlotte, alone and crying. Edward, it seemed, had persuaded her to hide, in the full expectation of being duly found and ecstatically pounced upon; then he had caught sight of the butcher's cart, and, forgetting his obligations, had rushed off for a 5 ride. Harold, it further appeared, greatly coveting tadpoles, and top-heavy with the eagerness of possession, had fallen into the pond. This, in itself, was nothing; but on attempting to sneak in by the back door, he had rendered up his duckweed-bedabbled person into the hands of an 10 aunt, and had been promptly sent off to bed; and this, on a holiday, was very much. The moral of the whipping-post was working itself out; and I was not in the least surprised when, on reaching home, I was seized upon and accused of doing something I had never even thought of. 15 And my frame of mind was such, that I could only wish most heartily that I had done it.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

How I ran away from home.

The biggest fight I ever had.

Afraid of the dark.

How we went to the circus.

My first cigar.

Having my own way and what came of it.

The life and death of my first doll.

The story of a disappointment.

THE CAPTURE OF A TROUT¹

R. D. BLACKMORE

HILARY followed a path through the meadows, with the calm bright sunset casting his shadow over the shorn grass, or up in the hedge-road, or on the brown banks where the drought had struck. On his back he carried a fishing-basket, containing his bits of refreshment; and in his right hand a short springy rod, the absent sailor's favorite. After long council with Mabel, he had made up his mind to walk up stream, as far as the spot where two brooks met, and formed body enough for a fly flipped in very carefully to sail downward. Here he began, and the creak of his reel and the swish of his rod were music to him, after the whirl of London life.

The brook was as bright as the best cut-glass, and the twinkles of its shifting facets only made it seem more clear. It twisted about a little, here and there; and the brink was fringed now and then with something, a clump of loose-strife, a tuft of avens, or a bed of flowering water-cress, or any other of the many plants that wash and look into the water. But the trout, the main object in view, were most objectionably too much in view. They scudded up the brook at the shadow of a hair, or even the tremble of a blade of grass; and no pacific assurance could make them even stop to be reasoned with. "This won't do," said Hilary, who very often talked to himself, in lack of a better comrade; "I call this very hard upon me. The beggars won't rise till it is quite dark. I must have the interdict off my tobacco, if this sort of thing is to go on. How I should enjoy a pipe just now! I may just as well sit on a gate and think. No, hang it, I hate thinking now.

¹ From *Alice Lorraine*

There are troubles hanging over me, as sure as the tail of that comet grows. How I detest that comet! No wonder the fish won't rise. But if I have to strip and tickle them in the dark, I won't go back without some for her."

He was lucky enough to escape the weight of such horri- 5
ble poaching upon his conscience; for suddenly to his ears was borne the most melodious of all sounds, the flop of a heavy fish sweetly jumping after some excellent fly or grub.

"Ha, my friend!" cried Hilary, "so you are up for your supper, are you? I myself will awake right early. Still 10
I behold the ring you made. If my right hand forget not its cunning, you shall form your next ring in the frying-pan."

He gave that fish a little time to think of the beauty of that mouthful, and get ready for another; the while he 15
was putting a white moth on, in lieu of his blue upright. He kept the grizzled palmer still for tail-fly, and he tried his knots, for he knew that this trout was a Triton.

Then, with a delicate sidling and stooping, known only to them that fish for trout in very bright water of the 20
summer-time—compared with which art the coarse work of the salmon-fisher is as that of a scene-painter to Mr. Holman Hunt's—with, or in, and by a careful manner, not to be described to those who have never studied it, Hilary won access to the water, without any doubt in the mind of 25
the fish concerning the prudence of appetite. Then he flipped his short collar in, not with a cast, but a spring of the rod, and let his flies go quietly down a sharpish run into that good trout's hole. The worthy trout looked at them both, and thought; for he had his own favorite spot 30
for watching the world go by, as the rest of us have. So he let the grizzled palmer pass, within an inch of his upper lip; for it struck him that the tail turned up in a manner not wholly natural, or at any rate unwholesome. He looked

at the white moth also, and thought that he had never seen one at all like it. So he went down under his root again, hugging himself upon his wisdom, never moving a fin, but oaring and helming his plump, spotted sides with his tail.

“Upon my word, it is too bad!” said Hilary, after three beautiful throws and exquisite management down stream: “everything Kentish beats me hollow. Now, if that had been one of our trout, I would have laid my life upon catching him. One more throw, however. How would it be if I sunk my flies? That fellow is worth some patience.”

While he was speaking, his flies alit on the glassy ripple, like gnats in their love-dance; and then by a turn of the wrist, he played them just below the surface, and let them go gliding down the stickle, into the shelfy nook of shadow, where the big trout hovered. Under the surface, floating thus, with the check of ductile influence, the two flies spread their wings and quivered, like a centiplume moth in a spider’s web. Still the old trout, calmly oaring, looked at them both suspiciously. Why should the same flies come so often, and why should they have such crooked tails, and could he be sure that he did not spy the shadow of a human hat about twelve yards up the water? Revolving these things he might have lived to a venerable age—but for that noble ambition to teach, which is fatal to even the wisest. A young fish, an insolent whipper-snapper, jumped in his babyish way at the palmer, and missed it through overeagerness. “I’ll show you the way to catch a fly,” said the big trout to him; “open your mouth like this, my son.”

With that he bolted the palmer, and threw up his tail, and turned to go home again. Alas! his sweet home now shall know him no more. For suddenly he was surprised by a most disagreeable sense of grittiness, and then a keen

stab in the roof of his mouth. He jumped, in his wrath, a foot out of the water, and then heavily plunged to the depths of his hole.

"You've got it, my friend," cried Hilary, in a tingle of fine emotions; "I hope the sailor's knots are tied with 5 professional skill and care. You are a big one, and a clever one too. It is much if I ever land you. No net, or gaff, or anything. I only hope that there are no stakes here. Ah, there you go! Now comes the tug."

Away went the big trout down the stream, at a pace 10 very hard to exaggerate, and after him rushed Hilary, knowing that his line was rather short, and that if it ran out, all was over. Keeping his eyes on the water only, and the headlong speed of the fugitive, headlong over a stake he fell, and took a deep wound from another stake. 15 Scarcely feeling it, up he jumped, lifting his rod, which had fallen flat, and fearing to find no strain on it. "Aha, he is not gone yet!" he cried, as the rod bowed like a *springlebow*.

He was now a good hundred yards down the brook from 20 the corner where the fight began. Through his swiftness of foot, and good management, the fish had never been able to tighten the line beyond yield of endurance. The bank had been free from bushes, or haply no skill could have saved him; but now they were come to a corner where 25 a nut-bush quite overhung the stream.

"I am done for now," said the fisherman; "the villain knows too well what he is about. Here ends this adventure."

Full though he was of despair, he jumped anyhow into 30 the water, kept the point of his rod close down, reeled up a little, as the fish felt weaker, and just cleared the drop of the hazel boughs. The water flapped into the pockets of his coat, and he saw red streaks flow downward. And then

he plunged out to an open reach of shallow water and gravel slope.

“I ought to have you now,” he said; “though nobody knows what a rogue you are; and a pretty dance you have
5 led me!”

Doubting the strength of his tackle to lift even the dead weight of the fish, and much more to meet his despairing rally, he happily saw a little shallow gut, or backwater, where a small spring ran out. Into this by a dexterous
10 turn he rather led than pulled the fish, who was ready to rest for a minute or two; then he stuck his rod into the bank, ran down stream, and with his hat in both hands appeared at the only exit from the gut. It was all up now with the monarch of the brook. As he skipped and
15 jumped, with his rich yellow belly, and chaste silver sides, in the green of the grass, joy and glory of the highest merit, and gratitude, glowed in the heart of Lorraine. “Two and three-quarters you must weigh. And at your very best you are! How small your head is! And how
20 bright your spots are!” he cried, as he gave him the stroke of grace. “You really have been a brave and fine fellow. I hope they will know how to fry you.”

While he cut his fly out of this grand trout’s mouth, he felt for the first time a pain in his knee, where the point of
25 the stake had entered it. Under the buckle of his breeches blood was soaking away inside his gaiters; and then he saw how he had dyed the water.

ADAPTED SUBJECT

Narrate an experience of your own in hunting, fishing, or trapping.

SHORT STORIES

FAME'S LITTLE DAY ¹

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

NOBODY ever knew, except himself, what made a foolish young newspaper reporter, who happened into a small old-fashioned hotel in New York, observe Mr. Abel Pinkham with deep interest, listen to his talk, ask a question or two of the clerk, and then go away and make up an effective personal paragraph for one of the morning papers. He must have had a heart full of fun, this young reporter, and something honestly rustic and pleasing must have struck him in the guest's demeanor, for there was a flavor in the few lines he wrote that made some of his fellows seize upon the little paragraph, and copy it, and add to it, and keep it moving. Nobody knows what starts such a thing in journalism, or keeps it alive after it is started, but on a certain Thursday morning the fact was made known to the world that among the notabilities then in the city, Abel Pinkham, Esquire, a distinguished citizen of Wetherford, Vermont, was visiting New York on important affairs connected with the maple-sugar industry of his native State. Mr. Pinkham had expected to keep his visit unannounced, but it was likely to occasion much interest in business and civic circles. This was something like the way that the paragraph started; but here and there a kindred spirit of the original journalist caught it up and added discreet lines about Mr. Pinkham's probable stay in town, his occupation of an apartment on the fourth floor of the Ethan Allen Hotel, and other circumstances so

¹ From the *Life of Nancy*, Boston, 1895. Copyright, 1895, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

uninteresting to the reading public in general that presently in the next evening edition, one city editor after another threw out the item, and the young journalists, having had their day of pleasure, passed on to other things.

5 Mr. and Mrs. Pinkham had set forth from home with many forebodings, in spite of having talked all winter about taking this journey as soon as the spring opened. They would have caught at any reasonable excuse for giving it up altogether, because when the time arrived it
10 seemed so much easier to stay at home. Mrs. Abel Pinkham had never seen New York; her husband himself had not been to the city for a great many years; in fact, his reminiscences of the former visit were not altogether pleasant, since he had foolishly fallen into many snares, and
15 been much gulled in his character of honest young countryman. There was a tarnished and worthless counterfeit of a large gold watch still concealed between the outer boarding and the inner lath and plaster of the lean-to bedroom which Mr. Abel Pinkham had occupied as a bachelor; it
20 was not the only witness of his being taken in by city sharpers, and he had winced ever since at the thought of their wiles. But he was now a man of sixty, well-to-do, and of authority in town affairs; his children were all well married and settled in homes of their own, except a wid-
25 owed daughter, who lived at home with her young son, and was her mother's lieutenant in household affairs.

The boy was almost grown, and at this season, when the maple-sugar was all made and shipped, and it was still too early for spring work on the land, Mr. Pinkham could
30 leave home as well as not, and here he was in New York, feeling himself to be a stranger and foreigner to city ways. If it had not been for that desire to appear well in his wife's eyes, which had buoyed him over the bar of many difficulties, he could have found it in his heart to take the

next train back to Wetherford, Vermont, to be there rid of his best clothes and the stiff rim of his heavy felt hat. He could not let his wife discover that the noise and confusion of Broadway had the least power to make him flinch: he cared no more for it than for the woods in snow-5 time. He was as good as anybody, and she was better. They owed nobody a cent; and they had come on purpose to see the city of New York.

They were sitting at the breakfast table in the Ethan Allen Hotel, having arrived at nightfall the day before. 10 Mrs. Pinkham looked a little pale about the mouth. She had been kept awake nearly all night by the noise, and had enjoyed but little the evening she had spent in the stuffy parlor of the hotel, looking down out of the window at what seemed to her but garish scenes, and keeping a reproachful 15 and suspicious eye upon some unpleasantly noisy young women of forward behavior who were her only companions. Abel himself was by no means so poorly entertained in the hotel office and smoking-room. He felt much more at home than she did, being better used to meeting strange 20 men than she was to strange women, and he found two or three companions who had seen more than he of New York life. It was there, indeed, that the young reporter found him, hearty and country-fed, and loved the appearance of his best clothes, and the way Mr. Abel Pinkham 25 brushed his hair, and loved the way that he spoke in a loud and manful voice the beliefs and experience of his honest heart.

In the morning at breakfast time the Pinkhams were depressed. They missed their good bed at home; they 30 were troubled by the roar and noise of the streets that hardly stopped over night before it began again in the morning. The waiter did not put what mind he may have had to the business of serving them; and Mrs. Abel Pink-

ham, whose cooking was the triumph of parish festivals at home, had her own opinion about the beefsteak. She was a woman of imagination, and now that she was fairly here, spectacles and all, it really pained her to find that the
5 New York of her dreams, the metropolis of dignity and distinction, of wealth and elegance, did not seem to exist. These poor streets, these unlovely people, were the end of a great illusion. They did not like to meet each other's eyes, this worthy pair. The man began to put on an
10 unbecoming air of assertion, and Mrs. Pinkham's face was full of lofty protest.

"My gracious me, Mary Ann! I *am* glad I happened to get the *Tribune* this mornin'," said Mr. Pinkham, with sudden excitement. "Just you look here! I'd like well to
15 know how they found out about our comin'!" and he handed the paper to his wife across the table. "There—there 'tis; right by my thumb," he insisted. "Can't you see it?" and he smiled like a boy as she finally brought her large spectacles to bear upon the important paragraph.
20 "I guess they think somethin' of us, if you don't think much o' them," continued Mr. Pinkham, grandly. "Oh, they know how to keep the run o' folks who are somebody to home! Draper and Fitch knew we was comin' this week: you know I sent word I was comin' to settle with
25 them myself. I suppose they send folks around to the hotels, these newspapers, but I shouldn't thought there'd been time. Anyway, they've thought 't was worth while to put us in!"

Mrs. Pinkham did not take the trouble to make a mys-
30 tery out of the unexpected pleasure. "I want to cut it out an' send it right up home to daughter Sarah," she said, beaming with pride, and looking at the printed names as if they were flattering photographs. "I think 't was most too strong to say we was among the notables.

But there! 'tis their business to dress up things, and they have to print somethin' every day. I guess I shall go up and put on my best dress," she added, inconsequently; "this one's kind of dusty; it's the same I rode in."

"Le' me see that paper again," said Mr. Pinkham 5 jealously. "I didn't more'n half sense it, I was so taken aback. Well, Mary Ann, you didn't expect you was goin' to get into the papers when you came away. '*Abel Pinkham, Esquire, of Wetherford, Vermont.*' It looks well, don't it? But you might have knocked me down with a 10 feather when I first caught sight of them words."

"I guess I shall put on my other dress," said Mrs. Pinkham, rising, with quite a different air from that with which she had sat down to her morning meal. "This one looks a little out o' style, as Sarah said, but when I 15 got up this mornin' I was so homesick that it didn't seem to make any kind o' difference. I expect that saucy girl last night took us to be nobodies. I'd like to leave the paper round where she couldn't help seein' it."

"Don't take any notice of her," said Abel, in a dignified 20 tone. "If she can't do what you want an' be civil, we'll go somewheres else. I wish I'd done what we talked of at first an' gone to the Astor House, but that young man in the cars told me 't was remote from the things we should want to see. The Astor House was the top o' everything 25 when I was here last, but I expected to find some changes. I want you to have the best there is," he said, smiling at his wife as if they were just making their wedding journey. "Come, let's be stirrin'; 'tis long past eight o'clock," and he ushered her to the door, newspaper in 30 hand.

Later that day the guests walked up Broadway, holding themselves erect, and feeling as if every eye was upon

them. Abel Pinkham had settled with his correspondents for the spring consignments of maple-sugar, and a round sum in bank-bills was stowed away in his vest pocket. One of the partners had been a Wetherford boy, so when
5 there came a renewal of interest in maple-sugar, and the best confectioners were ready to do it honor, the finest quality being at a large premium, this partner remembered that there never was any sugar made in Wetherford of such melting and delicious flavor as from the trees on the old
10 Pinkham farm. He had now made a good bit of money for himself on this private venture, and was ready that morning to pay Mr. Abel Pinkham cash down, and to give him a handsome order for the next season for all he could make. Mr. Fitch was also generous in the matter
15 of such details as freight and packing; he was immensely polite and kind to his old friends, and begged them to come out and stay with him and his wife, where they lived now, in a not far distant New Jersey town.

"No, no, sir," said Mr. Pinkham promptly. "My
20 wife has come to see the city, and our time is short. Your folks will be up this summer, won't they? We'll wait and visit them."

"You must certainly take Mrs. Pinkham up to the Park," said the commission merchant. "I wish I had
25 time to show you round myself. I suppose you've been seeing some things already, haven't you? I noticed your arrival in the *Herald*."

"The *Tribune* it was," said Mr. Pinkham, blushing through a smile and looking round at his wife.

30 "Oh no; I never read the *Tribune*," said Mr. Fitch. "There was quite an extended notice in my paper. They must have put you and Mrs. Pinkham into the *Herald* too." And so the friends parted laughing. "I am much pleased to have a call from such distinguished parties," said Mr.

Fitch, by way of final farewell, and Mr. Pinkham waved his hand grandly in reply.

"Let's get the *Herald*, then," he said, as they started up the street. "We can go an' sit over in that little square that we passed as we came along, and rest an' talk things 5 over about what we'd better do this afternoon. I'm tired out a-trampin' and standin'. I'd rather have set still while we were there, but he wanted us to see his store. Done very well, Joe Fitch has, but 'taint a business I should like."

There was a lofty look and sense of behavior about Mr. 10 Pinkham of Wetherford. You might have thought him a great politician as he marched up Broadway, looking neither to right hand nor left. He felt himself to be a person of great responsibilities.

"I begin to feel sort of at home myself," said his wife, 15 who always had a certain touch of simple dignity about her. "When we was comin' yesterday New York seemed to be all strange, and there wasn't nobody expectin' us. I feel now just as if I'd been here before."

They were now on the edge of the better looking part 20 of the town; it was still noisy and crowded, but noisy with fine carriages instead of drays, and crowded with well-dressed people. The hours for shopping and visiting were beginning, and more than one person looked with appreciative and friendly eyes at the comfortable, pleased- 25 looking elderly man and woman who went their easily beguiled and loitering way. The pavement peddlers detained them, but the cabmen beckoned them in vain; their eyes were busy with the immediate foreground. Mrs. Pinkham was embarrassed by the recurring reflection 30 of herself in the great windows.

"I wish I had seen about a new bonnet before we came," she lamented. "They seem to be havin' on some o' their spring things."

“Don’t you worry, Mary Ann. I don’t see anybody that looks any better than you do,” said Abel, with boyish and reassuring pride.

Mr. Pinkham had now bought the *Herald* and also the *Sun*, well recommended by an able newsboy, and presently they crossed over from that corner by the Fifth Avenue Hotel which seems like the heart of New York, and found a place to sit down on the Square,—an empty bench, where they could sit side by side and look the papers through, reading over each other’s shoulder, and being impatient from page to page. The paragraph was indeed repeated, with trifling additions. Ederton of the *Sun* had followed the *Tribune* man’s lead, and fabricated a brief interview, a marvel of art and discretion, but so general in its allusions that it could create no suspicion; it almost deceived Mr. Pinkham himself, so that he found unaffected pleasure in the fictitious occasion, and felt as if he had easily covered himself with glory. Except for the bare fact of the interview’s being imaginary, there was no discredit to be cast upon Mr. Abel Pinkham’s having said that he thought the country near Wetherford looked well for the time of year, and promised a fair hay crop, and that his income was augmented one-half to three-fifths by his belief in the future of maple-sugar. It was likely to be the great coming crop of the Green Mountain State. Ederton suggested that there was talk of Mr. Pinkham’s presence in the matter of a great maple-sugar trust in which much of the capital of Wall Street would be involved.

“How they do hatch up these things, don’t they?” said the worthy man at this point. “Well, it all sounds well, Mary Ann.”

“It says here that you are a very personable man,” smiled his wife, “and have filled some of the most responsible town offices” (this was the turn taken by Goffey of the

Herald.) "Oh, and that you are going to attend the performance at Barnum's this evening, and occupy reserved seats. Why, I didn't know—who have you told about that?—who was you talkin' to last night, Abel?"

"I never spoke o' goin' to Barnum's to any livin' soul,"⁵ insisted Abel, flushing. "I only thought of it two or three times to myself that perhaps I might go and take you. Now that is singular; perhaps they put that in just to advertise the show."

"Ain't it a kind of a low place for folks like us to be seen 10 in?" suggested Mrs. Pinkham timidly. "People seem to be payin' us all this attention, an' I don't know's 'twould be dignified for us to go to one o' them circus places."

"I don't care; we shan't live but once. I ain't comin' to New York an' confine myself to evenin' meetin's,"¹⁵ answered Abel, throwing away discretion and morality together. "I tell you I'm goin' to spend this sugar-money just as we've a mind to. You worked hard, an' counted a good while on comin', an' so've I; an' I ain't goin' to mince my steps an' pinch and screw for nobody. I'm goin' to 20 hire one o' them hacks an' ride up to the Park."

"Joe Fitch said we could go right up in one o' the elevated railroads for five cents, and return when we was ready," protested Mary Ann, who had a thriftier inclination than her husband; but Mr. Pinkham was not to be 25 let or hindered, and they presently found themselves going up Fifth Avenue in a somewhat battered open landau. The spring sun shone upon them, and the spring breeze fluttered the black ostrich tip on Mrs Pinkham's durable winter bonnet, and brought the pretty color to her faded 30 cheeks.

"There! this is something like. Such people as we are can't go meechin' round; it ain't expected. Don't it pay for a lot o' hard work?" said Abel; and his wife gave him

a pleased look for her only answer. They were both thinking of their gray farmhouse high on a long western slope, with the afternoon sun full in its face, the old red barn, the pasture, the shaggy woods that stretched far up
5 the mountain side.

“I wish Sarah Ann an’ little Abel was here to see us ride by,” said Mary Ann Pinkham, presently. “I can’t seem to wait to have ’em get that newspaper. I’m so glad we sent it right off before we started this mornin’.
10 If Abel goes to the post-office comin’ from school, as he always does, they’ll have it to read to-morrow before supper time.”

This happy day in two plain lives ended, as might have
15 been expected, with the great Barnum show. Mr. and Mrs. Pinkham found themselves in possession of countless advertising cards and circulars next morning, and these added somewhat to their sense of responsibility. Mrs. Pinkham became afraid that the hotel-keeper would
20 charge them double. “We’ve got to pay for it some way; there. I don’t know but I’m more’n willin’,” said the good soul. “I never did have such a splendid time in all my life. Findin’ you so respected way off here is the best of anything; and then seein’ them dear little babies in
25 their nice carriages, all along the streets and up to the Central Park! I never shall forget them beautiful little creatures. And then the houses, an’ the hosses, an’ the store-windows, an’ all the rest of it! Well, I can’t make my country pitcher hold no more, an’ I want to get home
30 an’ think it over, goin’ about my housework.”

They were just entering the door of the Ethan Allen Hotel for the last time, when a young man met them and bowed cordially. He was the original reporter of their arrival, but they did not know it, and the impulse was

strong within him to formally invite Mr. Pinkham to make an address before the members of the Produce Exchange on the following morning; but he had been a country boy himself, and their look of seriousness and self-consciousness appealed to him unexpectedly. He wondered what effect this great experience would have upon their after-life. The best fun, after all, would be to send marked copies of his paper and Ederton's to all the weekly newspapers in that part of Vermont. He saw before him the evidence of their happy increase of self-respect, and he would make all their neighborhood agree to do them honor. Such is the dominion of the press.

"Who was that young man? He kind of bowed to you," asked the lady from Wetherford, after the journalist had meekly passed; but Abel Pinkham, Esquire, could only tell her that he looked like a young fellow who was sitting in the office the evening that they came to the hotel. The reporter did not seem to these distinguished persons to be a young man of any consequence.

ADAPTED PLOTS

(a) An old farmer and his wife have lived during their whole lives in a remote New England village. At length the time comes when their married son, in New York City, considers it unsafe for the old people to live longer alone and insists that they shall come to make their home with him. The old couple, however, are deeply grieved at the idea of giving up their own home, and—as they consider it—their independence. At last, the doctor tells them that neither one of them will probably survive another rigorous winter in the country. Upon this, the old man and his wife deliberately expose themselves to a severe storm, in order to contract pneumonia and thus avoid the dreaded removal.

Finish the plot in any way which seems to you appropriate.

(b) An old woman had lived for many years as servant to a family in a remote New England village. Upon the death of the last member of the family, the town seized the estate for taxes, and the old woman was left destitute, except for a few

articles of household furniture bequeathed to her by her former employer. There was no almshouse in the village, and no private family was willing to take her in. The old woman conceives the idea of moving her bed and stove into the gallery of the meeting house, and earning her living by being sexton. This she does, in the face of a refusal from the deacons. After she is installed in the church, the community cannot turn her out, and she cares for the church so faithfully that their pity and sympathy are finally awakened, and by common consent they permit her to stay.

(c) A young workingman is living happily with his bride in a small manufacturing town. Quite suddenly the husband is discharged, without being able to learn the reason why. He and his wife start out together, on foot, to seek work in another town. They walk for a long distance, but are always unsuccessful. At last they take refuge in a deserted farmhouse, and the husband falls ill. The wife finds a half broken-down buggy in the old barn, and harnessing herself to this, draws her husband three miles to the next town, to beg a doctor's aid. A kind family gives them shelter; the husband gets well, and finds work at last.

ONE WHO DID ¹

JAMES G. SANDERSON

THE three-car train backed, puffing and panting, up the steep grade of the second switch. Fordyce, with a curious straining in his throat, and a misty damp feeling in his eyes, stood on the rear platform of the last car looking out across the valley.

High on the hills the buildings of the University stood clearly outlined against the summer sky. The afternoon sunlight fell across them all,—Morrill, White, McGraw, the Physical Lab., and all the rest,—making the roofs of the newer buildings glisten and shine. North of the others, the dumpy little observatory stood forlornly alone, its one small telescope looking out of its curved roof, round-

¹ From *Cornell Stories*, copyright, 1898, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

eyed and disconsolate. Further down the hill, the top of the flag pole in front of the gymnasium and the gables of two fraternity houses broke the line of tree-tops, and across the bridge the gray, windowed walls of the old Cascadilla dormitory marked the entrance to the campus. The 5 leaves in the trees hung quietly, mourning the death of the afternoon breeze, and from the shops to the bridge there was hardly a sign of life. Even the old town of Ithaca itself, clinging to the hillside, and stretching over the lowlands, seemed still and lifeless. Beyond Renwick, 10 the lake lay without a ripple, in its nest of forests, reflecting every cloud or bird which sailed across the June sky.

Fordyce was going home.

The spring term was ended, and the university had stopped to breathe. This year three hundred and four 15 men had been graduated. Men from the North, the South, the East, the West, men from England, men from Scotland, men from Japan, men from Spain, men from the Hawaiian Islands, men from almost everywhere, who had earnestly, flippantly, merrily, stolidly lived and studied 20 together for four whole years, were now scouring the country in search of positions, or packing their flannels and outing clothes for one last long vacation.

Senior week had been gayer than usual. There had been more pretty girls, dances, boat rides, and drives than ever 25 before, and the Senior Ball Committee had made their part of the week so far outshine the Senior Balls of the past that they were scarcely remembered.

Fordyce looked back over it, and told himself that he had enjoyed it all most gloriously. Then he looked fur- 30 ther back. It was this that caused his mistiness and the queer feeling in his throat.

It is hard for a man to leave his college and all its associations forever. The thread of its life is very slender,

and, once broken, all but impossible to tie. If one is absent but a year, he finds on his return that half his friends are gone and their places filled with newer men with whom he has nothing in common and whom he does not even know. 5 He loses track of things, and when his remaining friends gather in his room, use his tobacco, tear leaves out of his books for spills, and talk over the things that have happened, he is hopelessly at sea, and has to ask who Dick is, or Tom who? or in what class is Harry? It takes a long 10 time to get back the old feeling of oneness; and even when new friends are made, and fresh associations formed (which if one had not had the others would be just as satisfying), there is always the feeling that those who are new never knew those whom you knew, and thus one note is lost 15 from the fulness of the chord.

Fordyce thought of all this, for his father had offered him two more years in the Law School. He knew that he had finished the pleasantest chapters of his twenty-two years. He knew that his work, so far from being done, 20 was but in its beginning, and he appreciated the enormous possibilities which the broader field brought to him. He felt guilty as he looked back across those hills, and the old love welled up into his heart, for he was not at all sure that he cared about enormous possibilities, or a chance to 25 show what was in him. And there was the Law School!

He saw its stone sides as the train puffed on. He had no intention of ever practicing law, but it would be very pleasant to spend two more years there. Then too a legal education was never wasted; and maybe, if he knew a little 30 law, business would open up better.

He stood with one foot on the railing, and behind him his hands grasped the platform handles. The little drib-lets of smoke floated from his pipe to the edge of the rushing wind at the car side, and one after another were caught

and blown to pieces. Inside, the car was crowded with students and their guests of the week going home. They were all singing, and one fellow was sitting on the back of a seat playing banjo accompaniments. Several chaperons sat in one corner. They smiled indulgently at this boisterousness. They had been smiling indulgently at everything for so long that week that the smile had almost become a habit, and would fly to their faces mechanically, even if some one only said "Scat!" or scratched a match somewhere near them. 10

But Fordyce was not in the humor for this gayety,— at least not now, he said to himself. He wanted to stand on the rear platform and think, until the college should be far out of sight. Moreover, he did not exactly see how the seniors who were never coming back could bear to laugh and sing and joke in such a heartless way. There was certainly nothing to laugh at. He had not yet learned that this was what many people do when they do not wish to think about things. 15

How much had happened since first, as a lowly freshman, he had trudged up and down that hill to recitations! There was a car crawling up State Street now! When he first came a car line was not even thought of, and the crew used to run up and down the steepest parts of Buffalo Street to get their wind and bring the calves of their legs into proper shape. There had been a little horse-car running from the hotel to the station, but that was all. How many, many times he and his chum Burleigh had tumbled out of bed in that old red house over there on Stewart Avenue, and raced all the way up the hill as far as their legs could carry them, to make an eight o'clock in White or Morrill Hall. Burleigh was a good fellow, he thought, and it was a pity that his father had died just as he was commencing his second year. They had been 20 25 30

pretty much together, and both had been pledged to the same fraternity when Burleigh left. He had not joined, but Fordyce had, and how well he remembered it all! How embarrassed he had felt when he was being rushed, and how queer it had been to see an upper-classman offer him his seat, or get him a match for his pipe! What a nice crowd of fellows they were; and how he had trembled and felt a sort of numbness all over when Collingwood, a senior then, and an object of terrible awe, had put his hand on his shoulder, and said solemnly, "Jack, I should like to speak to you for a few moments. Will you come up to my room?" He laughed at himself when it was over; but he had always known how others who were being rushed felt, and he had, in consequence, treated them very kindly.

Then there had been the time that he and Blake had been so nearly expelled for climbing up the inside of the Sibley Chimney, while the fires were burning, and fastening a tin flag, with their class numerals painted thereon, to the very topmost outside brick. If there had not been a few young professors on the faculty who admired the daring of the feat, they would have received much more than the solemn reprimand and warning as they stood tremblingly before the faculty. That had been the beginning of the firm friendship between Blake and himself.

He wondered where all the fellows would be a year from now; scattered to the four corners of the earth, he supposed. He did not even know where he should be. At all events, it was all over now. There would be no more sitting around Zinckes and singing the old songs on winter evenings. There would be no more Savage Club gatherings and good times together. The Sibley Dinner Pail Brigade was disorganized, and the pails were lying abandoned in the vacant rooms. In the fall, freshmen would come and

take the rooms and pails. He wondered who would have his. He had never known who had used it before him; but he had become quite attached to it, and he hoped that it would not fall into unappreciative hands.

But it was not any one thing that he so regretted leaving, he thought, it was not the baseball, the football, or the tennis, even if he *had* held the intercollegiate championship in the latter; nor was it the free and easy life one could lead with a lot of fellows; it was not the Masque, nor the Glee Club, nor the Savage Club, nor any other one of the ways in which he had enjoyed himself,—it was the knowledge that he was turning his back on all these things. In themselves, they were not of any great importance, but the secret was his love for their associations. For instance, there was that long black bench in White 10, where Professor Black held his lectures on French Literature. There was nothing to attract one to it, but Fordyce had sat there every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at nine for two college years, and he knew every pencil-mark or knife scratch around the seat. He knew just when he would be called on, and he knew the exact location of the hairpin which was always on the point of dropping from the back hair of the co-ed on the front seat. Then, too, he had sat next to Griggs, the 'varsity stroke, and a very nice chap. He remembered that Griggs used to pinch the man in front of him, and then say, "Ouch! Quit that!" very audibly; and when Professor Black would look reprovingly at the man in front, and request the class to keep better order, Griggs would look in an injured way at him, and nod his head as if to say, "That's right! Good! A man really can't attend to his lesson if that goes on, you know," and then would go into gales of laughter as soon as the professor turned away.

Now a man cannot go in and out of the same buildings,

up and down the same stairways, and to and fro on the same road for four years with a crowd of his friends, doing as they do, sharing their lot, and sitting by their sides, without growing to love the buildings, the stairways, and the road. He may not know he loves them until after he leaves them. While he is tramping in and out, and up and down, he may consider that he is undergoing a terrible grind, and he may believe he hates the sight of the steps and the recitation rooms; but the instant he leaves them forever, he is conscious of all their latent charms. There have been many men who in the midst of the din and turmoil of business-life have become suddenly conscious of an inexplicable yearning for the steps of old White Hall; and Fordyce, pulling at his empty pipe, was not the first who had felt that species of homesickness.

It certainly seemed longer ago than yesterday that he and Blake had strolled over the campus, taking their last farewell of all their old haunts. It must have been longer ago than that when they stood in the centre of the old athletic field, and looked around in silence at all their old stone friends. Then they had walked back of the Fiske-McGraw, and lying on the grass had watched the sun slowly sinking beyond the lake. He remembered that they had not spoken for a long time. There had been little need of speech, for both were watching with a sad intensity as the sun crept slowly nearer the crimson horizon. They felt as though dusk had overtaken them at the foot of the lane, and that to-morrow the sun would be rising upon paths of which they knew nothing, on paths which led far away from the old buildings and the campus and each other, and sometimes that there might be paths on which the sun did not shine. And yet it was not the future itself, but the past which was so soon to be that caused their silence. It was the knowledge that to-morrow the new life

began and the old life ended—and the old life was inexpressibly dear.

Then he remembered how at last the sun had set, and Blake had suddenly buried his face in his hands and said, in an odd sort of voice, "Jack, it's all over!" He said 5 nothing in reply, but slipped an arm around his neck, and they had sat for some time looking out across the hills, while the shadows faded from the waters of the lake, and the skies melted slowly from red to gold. Finally he rose and said, "Come on, old man," to Blake, and Blake had 10 stumbled to his feet, pushed back his hair and set his hat firmly on his head. They walked down the campus, talking of other things, but as they reached Sage both had turned and looked back for a moment.

Now, after all that, here Blake was laughing and singing 15 with the girls and fellows inside the car, as if he had forgotten that there ever was a last night. How people could laugh when they were leaving college forever, he did not understand!

Then he thought of the Law School once more. Really, 20 he thought, a legal education was just the thing to top off with. After that and his four years' course in M. E., he would be ready for almost anything; he would have a fully rounded education. He did not believe in onesidedness and he thought it possible that now, with only one 25 degree, he—and he had always heard that law was extremely pleasant work. Moreover, Wilbur was coming back, and he and Wilbur could room together, and—and he would not have to leave it all just yet. That was the main argument, he thought: he would not have to leave it all 30 just yet. There were so many things he had not done and would now like to do. He would like to finish that Masque play. He would like to run for Commodore of the crew and go to Poughkeepsie when they rowed Yale next year.

He would like to have a try at the baseball manager-ship, too, and he would like to be again with the Glee Club.

Then the words of his mother's last letter, written just
5 after he had passed his last examination, flashed into his mind. "Chicago is so far away," she had written, "that your father and I do not feel as if we could afford to come on to your graduation. It has been a great disappointment to us both; but we are happy in the hope of soon seeing you
10 again, and having you with us for all time. Your father counts greatly upon your help in the business, as, ever since the store burned, he has not been so well; and I know that he looks forward to your coming."

Fordyce flushed with shame.

15 Here he was thinking of going back for two more years! It was not right. It could not be right that he should be enjoying himself, even if he was studying, while his father needed him. In most instances a law course might be a very good thing; but—moreover, he would be spending
20 more money, and though no one at home had ever said anything about his expenses, he knew how hard it had been to keep him at college.

Fordyce leaned over and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. He would certainly not take those extra two years.
25 He had been a fool, he thought, for even thinking of them. He would make up his mind now, once and for all, to put such thoughts away. More than that, he was glad—he was very glad that he was not going back. If he couldn't go, he might just as well make up his mind to it, he thought,
30 and there was no use in feeling blue about it anyway. So he was glad, he was sure of it.

Still—What a lucky fellow Wilbur was! He had failed,

to be sure, but he didn't seem to mind it a bit, and laughed and joked about his being there next year quite as if it were the thing to be "busted." He was fortunate not to have very deep feelings, he thought. Yes, he should certainly like to go back with Wilbur; but it was not best. 5
Anyway, after one has had four years of college it is time for him to do something. At the same time—But, pshaw! He had decided that he was glad. How extremely annoying it was to forget such a thing! There was no real need of his reminding himself of it,—at least there should not be. 10
It was very simple. He was glad. What more? He would go into the car and sing and laugh with Blake, and get Torresdale angry by talking nonsense with that little Miss What's-her-name from Buffalo. It was fun to get Torresdale angry. He would do that. 15

Fordyce looked up. He saw that the train had passed Caroline five minutes before and that he had not noticed. The University was far behind, out of sight beyond the hills.

The mistiness in his eyes, and the curious straining in 20 his throat came back again with a sudden rush. He felt like screaming, "I can't go! *I can't!* I CAN'T!" but he waited quietly until the mistiness had gone away and his throat felt natural again. Then he walked into the car and stopped at the water-cooler. He looked around him. 25
The fellow was still playing the banjo, and Fordyce, tiptoeing softly behind him, gave a sudden slight jerk, and he fell,—a mass of tangled legs and arms and banjo, while the crowd shrieked wildly with joy, and the chaperons smiled indulgently. In a moment he emerged between 30 two seats, his face one huge grin.

Fordyce sat down by the girl from Buffalo.

"I am very glad," he said.

The girl turned wonderingly.

“Why—why—thank you,” she answered.
But Fordyce only smiled.

ADAPTED PLOTS

(a) A young man has worked his way through college against the utmost difficulties, and has reached his Senior year. He desires ardently to gain a Rhodes Scholarship. He learns by accident that the examination papers, which have arrived in a sealed packet from England, have been carelessly left on a desk in the registrar's office, in one of the college buildings. He becomes possessed with a desire to see them, and forcing open a window of the office, gains access to the papers. After he has broken the seal, however, a wave of remorse overcomes him, and without reading the papers, he starts to retreat, only to be confronted by the night watchman.

The night watchman reports to the president, and the young man makes a clean breast of the whole matter. The president believes his story and allows him to take the examinations. The young man passes first and, receiving the Rhodes Scholarship, is, henceforward, an exemplary character.

(Adapted from *Materials for the Study of Rhetoric and Composition*, by F. N. Scott.)

(b) A popular and athletic youth in a boy's boarding-school finds himself in danger of failing on his senior examinations. He is sent into the principal's office for a book; and while there, is tempted to steal a copy of the questions for the most important of the impending examinations.

Being thus fairly assured of his safety, he at first has little remorse for what he has done. Two days later, however, he is informed that he has passed highest in his class, and that—according to custom—he will be given the honor of making the oration for his class at Commencement.

At first he is disagreeably surprised at the enormous consequences of his action. Next he is decidedly pleased with himself. Finally, however, he is so filled with scorn, shame, and distress at the lie he is acting, that he eventually confesses to the principal.

The principal gives the boy a second examination which he barely passes.

(c) Two boys at boarding school met at night in the room of one of them to have a spread. The visiting boy was passing to his room when he was horrified to see the headmaster coming

down the hall. In desperation he pretended to be walking in his sleep. The headmaster waked him and gave him some kind advice. Conclude the story according to your own idea.

(d) Two sophomores play a joke on a freshman by suggesting to him, as a plot for the story he is required to write for his course in English, the plot of a "classic" short story which is sure to be known and recognized by the freshman's instructor. The freshman innocently writes and hands in the story. To his astonishment and dismay he is called up and accused of plagiarism. He perceives the trick that has been played on him. There are reasons, however, why he feels a certain obligation to shield the two sophomores. Invent the outcome of the story, showing carefully the differing characters of the three students, and their effect upon one another.

THE PURLOINED LETTER

EDGAR ALLAN POE

*Nil sapientiæ odiosus acumine nimio.*¹

SENECA

AT Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend, C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book-closet, *au troisieme*,² No. 33, Rue Dunôt, Faubourg Saint Germain. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally¹⁰ discussing certain topics which had formed matter for

¹ Nothing is more hateful to a wise man than too great cleverness.

² *Au troisième*, on the third story. (In Paris, this would be really what we should call the fourth story, since there the "ground floor" is our "first story.")

conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening; I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Rogêt. I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence, when the door
5 of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G—, the Prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome, for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible
10 about the man, and we had not seen him for several years.

We had been sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again without doing so, upon G—'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend, about some
15 official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

“If it is any point requiring reflection,” observed Dupin, as he forebore to enkindle the wick, “we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark.”

20 “This is another of your odd notions,” said the Prefect, who had a fashion of calling everything “odd” that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of “oddities.”

“Very true,” said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor
25 with a pipe, and rolled toward him a comfortable chair.

“And what is the difficulty now?” I asked. “Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?”

“Oh no; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is *very* simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we
30 can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it, because it is so excessively *odd*.”

“Simple and odd,” said Dupin.

“Why, yes; and not exactly that, either. The fact is,

we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair *is* so simple, and yet baffles us altogether."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you *do* talk!" replied the Prefect, ⁵ laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little *too* plain," said Dupin.

"Oh, good heavens! who ever heard of such an idea?"

"A little *too* self-evident."

10

"Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!" roared our visitor, profoundly amused, "O Dupin, you will be the death of me yet!"

"And what, after all, *is* the matter on hand?" I asked.

"Why, I will tell you," replied the Prefect, as he gave ¹⁵ a long, steady, and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. "I will tell you in a few words; but, before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold, were it known that I had ²⁰ confided it to any one."

"Proceed," said I.

"Or not," said Dupin.

"Well, then; I have received personal information, from a very high quarter, that a certain document of the ²⁵ last importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

30

"It is clearly inferred," replied the Prefect, "from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing *out* of the robber's possession;—that is to say

from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it."

"Be a little more explicit," I said.

"Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper
5 gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable." The Prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

"Still I do not quite understand," said Dupin.

"No? Well; the disclosure of the document to a third
10 person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honor of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holders of the document an ascendancy over the illustrious personage whose honor and peace are so jeopardized."

15 "But this ascendancy," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare—"

"The thief," said G—, "is the minister D—, who dares all things, those unbecoming as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question—a letter, to be frank—had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal she was
25 suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage, from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavor to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and, the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At
30 this juncture enters the minister D—. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he

produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses for some fifteen minutes upon the public affairs. At length, in taking leave, he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but, of course, dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage, who stood at her elbow. The minister decamped, leaving his own letter—one of no importance—upon the table.”

10

“Here, then,” said Dupin to me, “you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendancy complete—the robber’s knowledge of the loser’s knowledge of the robber.”

“Yes,” replied the Prefect; “and the power thus attained has for some months past been wielded, for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced every day of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me.”

20

“Than whom,” said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, “no more sagacious agent could, I suppose, be desired, or even imagined.”

“You flatter me,” replied the Prefect; “but it is possible that some such opinion may have been entertained.”

25

“It is clear,” said I, “as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the minister; since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs.”

“True,” said G—; “and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the minister’s hôtel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger

which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait* in these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often 5 before."

"Oh yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance 10 from their master's apartment, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in 15 ransacking the D— Hôtel. My honor is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of 20 the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the letter may be in possession of the minister, as it unquestionably is, he may have concealed it elsewhere than 25 upon his own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present peculiar condition of affairs at court, and especially of those intrigues in which D— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability of the document— 30 its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice— a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"Its susceptibility of being produced?" said I.

"That is to say, of being *destroyed*," said Dupin.

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly then upon

the premises. As for its being upon the person of the minister, we may consider that as out of the question.”
“Entirely,” said the Prefect. “He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection.” 5

“You might have spared yourself the trouble,” said Dupin. “D—, I presume, is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings, as a matter of course.”

“Not *altogether* a fool,” said G—; “but then he’s a 10 poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool.”

“True,” said Dupin, after a long and thoughtful whiff from his meerschaum, “although I have been guilty of certain doggerel, myself.”

“Suppose you detail,” said I, “the particulars of your 15 search.”

“Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room, devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the 20 furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly trained police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a ‘secret’ drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing 25 is *so* plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me 30 employ. From the tables we removed the tops.”

“Why so?”

“Sometimes the top of a table or other similarly arranged piece of furniture is removed by the person wishing

to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top is replaced. The bottoms and tops of bed-posts are employed in the same way."

5 "But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case we were obliged to proceed without noise."

10 "But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large
15 knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better—we examined the rungs of every chair in the hôtel, and indeed, the jointings
20 of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder
25 in the gluing, any unusual gaping in the joints, would have sufficed to insure detection."

"I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bed-clothes, as well as the curtains and carpets."

30 "That, of course; and when we had absolutely completed every article of furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square

inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before."

"The two houses adjoining!" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble." 5

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the *grounds* about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed." 10

"You looked among D—'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly, we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere 15 shake, according to the fashion of some of our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-cover, with the most accurate admeasurement, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would 20 have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed, longitudinally with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?" 25

"Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?" 30

"We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises, as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the Prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough re-search of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G—. "I am
5 not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the hôtel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

10 "Oh, yes." And here the Prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely
15 depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterward he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair, and entered into some ordinary con-
20 versation. At length I said:—

"Well, but, G—, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the minister?"

"Confound him, say I—yes; I made the re-examination,
25 however, as Dupin suggested; but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a *very* liberal reward—I don't
30 like to say how much precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual check for fifty thousand francs to any one who obtains me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If

it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done."

"Why, yes," said Dupin drawlingly, between the whiffs of his meerschaum, "I really—think, G—, you have not exerted yourself—to the utmost in this matter. You might do a little more, I think, eh?"

"How? in what way?"

"Why, [puff, puff] you might [puff, puff] employ counsel in the matter, eh? [puff, puff, puff]. Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?"

"No; hang Abernethy!"

"To be sure! hang him and welcome. But, once upon a time, a certain rich miser conceived the design of sponging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he insinuated his case to the physician, as that of an imaginary individual.

"'We will suppose,' said the miser, 'that his symptoms are such and such; now, doctor, what would *you* have directed him to take?'"

"'Take!' said Abernethy, 'why, take *advice*, to be sure.'"

"But," said the Prefect, a little discomposed, "I am *perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give fifty thousand francs to any one who would aid me in this matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a check-book, "you may as well fill me up a check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The Prefect appeared absolutely thunderstricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from

their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and, after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a check for fifty thousand francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin. 5 The latter examined it carefully, and deposited it in his pocket-book; then, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the Prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having offered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the check.

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations. 15

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises of the Hôtel D—, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation—so far as his labors extended."

"So far as his labors extended?" said I.

"Yes," said Dupin. "The measures adopted were 25 not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond a question, have found it."

I merely laughed, but he seemed quite serious in all 30 that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the Prefect, a

sort of Procrustean bed, to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow for the matter in hand; and many a schoolboy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of "even and odd" attracted universal admiration. This game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing: and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an arrant simpleton is his opponent, and, holding up his closed hand asks, 'Are they even or odd?' Our schoolboy replies, 'odd' and loses; but upon the second trial he wins, for he then says to himself, 'The simpleton had them even upon the first trial, and his amount of cunning is just sufficient to make him have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd;' he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first he would have reasoned thus. 'This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and in the second he will propose to himself, upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton; but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally he will decide upon putting it even as before. I will therefore guess even;' he guesses even, and wins. Now, this mode of reasoning in the schoolboy, whom his fellows term 'lucky' what, in its last analysis, is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

"It is," said Dupin; "and, upon inquiring of the boy

by what means he effected the *thorough* identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows: 'When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how good, or how wicked is any one, or what are his thoughts
5 at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face, as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression.' This response of the schoolboy
10 lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucauld, to La Bougive, to Machiavelli, and to Campanella."¹

"And the identification," I said, "of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent depends, if I understand
15 you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent's intellect is admeasured."

"For its practical value it depends upon this," replied Dupin; "and the Prefect and his cohort fail so frequently, first, by default of this identification, and secondly, by
20 ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement, of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their *own* ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for anything hidden, advert only to the modes in which *they* would have hidden it. They are right in this
25 much—that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of the *mass*; but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them, of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They
30 have no variation of principle in their investigations; at best when urged by some unusual emergency—by some ex-

¹ Rochefoucauld, properly La Rochefoucauld (1613-1680), a French moralist. Machiavelli (1469-1527), famous Italian statesman and author. His name has become, somewhat unjustly, a by-word for unscrupulous subtlety. Campanella (1568-1639), Italian renaissance philosopher.

traordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their old mode of *practice*, without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D—, has been done to vary the principle of action? What is all this boring, and probing, and sounding, and scrutinizing with the micro-5 scope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches—what is it all but an exaggeration of *the application* of the one principle or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the Prefect, in the 10 long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see he has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter—not exactly in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg—but, at least, in *some* out of the way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would 15 urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg? And do you not see also, that such *recherché* nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions, and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects—*for* in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article 20 concealed—a disposal of it in this *recherché* manner, is, in the very first instance, presumable and presumed; and thus its discovery depends, not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of im-25 portance—or, what amounts to the same thing in the political eyes, when the reward is of magnitude—the qualities in question have *never* been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the 30 limits of the Prefect's examination—in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the Prefect—its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This

functionary, however, has been thoroughly mystified; and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the minister is a fool, because he has acquired renown as a poet. All fools are poets; this the Prefect *feels*; and he is 5 merely guilty of a *non distributio medii*¹ in thence inferring that all poets are fools."

"But is this really the poet?" I asked. "There are two brothers, I know; and both have attained reputation in letters. The minister, I believe, has written learnedly 10 on the Differential Calculus. He is a mathematician, and no poet."

"You are mistaken; I know him well; he is both. As poet *and* mathematician he would reason well; as mere mathematician he could not have reasoned at all, and thus 15 would have been at the mercy of the Prefect."

"You surprise me," I said, "by these opinions, which have been contradicted by the voice of the world. You do not mean to set at naught the well-digested idea of centuries. The mathematical reason has long been re- 20 garded as *the reason par excellence*."

"*Il y a à parier,*" replied Dupin, quoting from Chamfort,² "*que toute idée publique, toute convention reçue, est une sottise, car elle a convenue au plus grand nombre.*" The mathematicians, I grant you, have done their best to 25 promulgate the popular error to which you allude, and which is none the less an error for its promulgation as truth. With an art worthy a better cause, for example, they have insinuated the term 'analysis' into application to algebra. The French are the originators of this practi-

¹ *non distributio medii*, "undistributed middle," a term in technical logic.

² Chamfort (1741-1794), a French man of letters. The French quotation means, "It is safe to wager that every generally-accepted idea, every settled convention, is really stupid, for the precise reason that it has suggested itself to the majority of people."

cal deception; but if the term is of any importance—if words derive any value from applicability—then ‘analysis’ conveys, in algebra, about as much as, in Latin, ‘*ambitus*’ implies ‘ambition,’ ‘*religio*,’ ‘religion’ or ‘*homines honesti*,’ a set of *honorable* men.”

5

“You have a quarrel on hand, I see,” said I, “with some of the algebraists of Paris; but proceed.”

“I dispute the availability, and thus the value, of that reason which is cultivated in any special form other than the abstractly logical. I dispute, in particular, the reason 10
educated by mathematical study. The mathematics are the science of form and quantity; mathematical reasoning is merely logic applied to observation upon form and quantity. The great error lies in supposing that even the truths of what is called *pure* algebra are abstract or general 15
truths. And this error is so egregious that I am confounded at the universality with which it has been received. Mathematical axioms are not axioms of general truth. What is true of *relation*, of form and quantity, is often grossly false in regard to morals, for example. In this 20
latter science it is very usually *untrue* that the aggregated parts are equal to the whole. In chemistry, also, the axiom fails. In the consideration of motive it fails; for two motives, each of a given value have not, necessarily, a value, when united, equal to the sum of their values 25
apart. There are numerous other mathematical truths which are only truths within the limits of *relation*. But the mathematician argues, from his *finite truths*, through habit, as if they were of an absolutely general applicability—as the world indeed imagines them to be. Bryant, in 30
his very learned *Mythology*, mentions an analogous source of error, when he says that ‘although the Pagan fables are not believed, yet we forget ourselves continually, and make inferences from them as existing realities.’ With the

algebraists, however, who are Pagans themselves, the 'Pagan fables' are believed; and the inferences are made, not so much through lapse of memory, as through an unaccountable addling of the brains. In short, I never yet
5 encountered the mere mathematician who could be trusted out of equal roots, or one who did not clandestinely hold it as a point of his faith that $x^2 + px$ was absolutely and unconditionally equal to q . Say to one of these gentlemen, by way of experiment if you please, that you believe occasions may occur where $x^2 + px$ is not altogether equal to q , and, having made him understand what you mean, get out of his reach as speedily as convenient, for, beyond doubt, he will endeavor to knock you down.

"I mean to say," continued Dupin, while I merely
15 laughed at his last observation, "that if the minister had been no more than a mathematician, the Prefect would have been under no necessity of giving me this check. I knew him, however, as both mathematician and poet; and my measures were adapted to his capacity, with refer-
20 erence to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I know him as courtier, too, and as a bold *intrigant*. Such a man, I consider, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary political modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—and events have proved that he did not fail to
25 anticipate—the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the Prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as *ruses*, to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police; and thus the sooner
30 to impress them with the conviction to which G—, in fact, did finally arrive—the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. I felt, also, that the whole train of thought, which I was at some pains in detailing to you

just now, concerning the invariable principle of political action in searches for articles concealed, I felt that this whole train of thought would necessarily pass through the mind of the minister. It would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary *nooks* of concealment. *He* could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his *hôtel* would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the Prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the Prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first interview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being so *very* self-evident.”

“Yes,” said I, “I remember his merriment well. I really thought he would have fallen into convulsions.”

“The material world,” continued Dupin, “abounds with very strict analogies to the immaterial; and thus some color of truth has been given to the rhetorical dogma, that metaphor, or simile, may be made to strengthen an argument, as well as to embellish a description. The principle of the *vis inertiae*,¹ for example, seems to be identical in physics and metaphysics. It is not more true in the former, that a large body is with more difficulty set in motion than a smaller one, and that its subsequent *momentum* is commensurate with this difficulty, than it is in the latter, that intellects of the vaster capacity, while more forcible, more constant, and more eventful in their movements than those of inferior grade, are yet the less readily moved, and more embarrassed and full of hesitation in the first few steps of their progress. Again,

¹The strength of inertia.

have you ever noticed which of the street signs over the shop doors are the most attractive of attention?"

"I have never given the matter a thought," I said.

5 "There is a game of puzzles," he resumed, "which is played upon a map. One party playing requires another to find a given word—the name of town, river, state, or empire—any word, in short, upon the motley and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seeks to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names; but the adept selects such words as stretch, in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the over-largely lettered signs and placards of the street, escape observation by
15 dint of being excessively obvious; and here the physical oversight is precisely analogous with the moral inapprehension by which the intellect suffers to pass unnoticed those considerations which are too obtrusively and too palpably self-evident. But this is a point, it appears, somewhat
20 above or beneath the understanding of the Prefect. He never once thought it probable, or possible, that the minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world, by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

25 "But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D—; upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand*, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the Prefect, that it was not hidden within the
30 limits of that dignitary's ordinary search—the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

"Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of

green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the ministerial hôtel. I found D— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of *ennui*. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

“To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

“I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

“At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filigree card-rack of pasteboard, that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon, from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two, across the middle—as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, had been altered, or stayed, in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D—, the minister himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

“No sooner had I glanced at this letter, than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure,

it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the Prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D— cipher; there it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S— family. Here the address, to the minister, was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But then, the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt, the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the *true* methodical habits of D—, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived—these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

“I protracted my visit as long as possible; and while I maintained a most animated discussion with the minister, upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination, I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reversed direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed, and re-sealed. I bade the

minister good-morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

“The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if 5 of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hôtel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams and the shoutings of a terrified mob. D— rushed to a case-ment, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime, I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my 10 pocket, and replaced it by a *fac-simile* (so far as regards externals) which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D— cipher very readily by means of a seal formed of bread.

“The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by 15 the frantic behavior of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D— came from the window, whither I had 20 followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterward I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay.”

“But what purpose had you,” I asked, “in replacing the letter by a *fac-simile*? Would it not have been better, 25 at the first visit, to have seized it openly, and departed?”

“D—,” replied Dupin, “is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His hôtel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interest. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I might never have left the ministerial presence alive. 30 The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen

months the minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself, at 5 once, to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni*;¹ but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I 10 have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum*,² an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the Prefect terms ‘a certain 15 personage,’ he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack.”

“How? did you put anything particular in it?”

“Why, it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. D—, 20 at Vienna, once did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humoredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clue. He is well acquainted with 25 my MS.;³ and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words—

“—*Un dessein si funeste,
S'il n'est digne d'Atrée, est digne de Thyeste.*”

They are to be found in Crébillon's *Atrée*.⁴

¹ The descent to Avernus is easy.

² Monster to be feared.

³ MS. used in the sense of handwriting.

⁴ Crébillon (1674–1762), a noted French tragic poet. His play *Atrée et Thyeste* [*Atræus and Thyestes*] was published in 1707. The quotation means “If so direful a scheme is unworthy of Atræus, it is [at any rate] appropriate to Thyestes.”

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

From any one of the following plots write a "tale of ratiocination," with Dupin as the man who solves the mystery.

(a) "While A. M. Jones and his wife, of Pittsburgh, were taking dinner last night at the Hotel Woodstock, No. 127 West Forty-third Street, where they are stopping, their big black touring car was stolen.

"At six-thirty this morning, Lieutenant Kauff of the West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street police station found an automobile at One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street and St. Nicholas Avenue. Its cylinders were cold, so Lieutenant Kauff thought it had been abandoned.

"The car was in good shape and intact. Pinned to one of the rugs was an envelope addressed to Mrs. Jones; hence Lieutenant Kauff communicated with her. He then hailed a milk-wagon, and the auto was towed to the station house, where Mrs. Jones later claimed it. The envelope contained a ten-dollar bill, with the words 'Thank you,' written on a slip of paper. No clue to the person or persons who thus borrowed the machine has yet been found."

(b) "London, April 13.—At the Clerkenwell Sessions to-day Lord William Nevill was found guilty of the charge of swindling a pawnbroker and was sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

"Lord William Nevill is the fourth son of the Marquis of Abergavenny. He was sentenced to five years' penal servitude on February 15, 1898, for fraud in connection with a promissory note. The crime for which Lord William was sentenced to-day was stealing from a pawnbroker a box containing \$2000 worth of jewelry, by exchanging it for a similar box, apparently containing the jewels. When this box was opened, it was found to contain two pieces of coal wrapped in tissue paper."

(c) "Laredo, Texas, May 2.—The Wells-Fargo Express Company has reported to the authorities of Torreon, Mexico, a loss of \$63,000 in Mexican currency, which they say was taken from a 'through' safe on their City of Mexico train. The money was consigned to one of the banks of Chihuahua.

"Two arrests have been made in Torreon, although it is not believed by the officials here that these men have the money. It appears that one of the agents of the company boarded the express train at a station between the City of Mexico and Torreon, afterward leaving the train. It is said that he was the only man who was in the car who knew the combination of the safe. He has not yet been apprehended."

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as best I could; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You who so well know the nature of my soul will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length* I would be revenged; this was a point definitively settled—but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile *now* was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point—this Fortunato—although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity—to practise imposture upon the British and Austrian *millionnaires*. In painting and gemmary¹ Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack—but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially: I was skilful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my

¹ *Gemmary*, the science of, or knowledge concerning, gems. [Rare use.]

friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him—"My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day! But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts." 10

"How?" said he. "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival?"

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful 15 of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them." 20

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me—"

"Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match 25 for your own."

"Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good 30 nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchesi—"

"I have no engagement;—come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The

vaults are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with nitre."

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as 5 for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk, and drawing a *roquelaire*¹ 10 closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honor of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders 15 were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a 20 long and winding stairway, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon 25 his cap jingled as he strode.

"The pipe," he said.

"It is farther on," said I; "but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls."

He turned towards me, and looked into my eyes with 30 two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

"Nitre?" he asked, at length.

"Nitre," I replied. "How long have you had that cough?"

¹ *Roquelaire*, a French word now obsolete, meaning a sort of cloak.

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said at last. 5

"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there 10 is Luchesi—"

"Enough," he said; "the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough."

"True—true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily—but you should use all 15 proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damp."

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine. 20

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life." 25

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."

"I forget your arms." 30

¹ Arms, *i. e.* coat-of-arms, a term from the old science of heraldry, when every noble family had a certain symbolic device and motto. The terms that follow, foot-d'or, a golden foot, field azure, a sky-blue shield or background, and serpent rampant, serpent in a threatening attitude, are technical words of heraldry.

“A huge human foot d’or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel.”

“And the motto?”

5 “*Nemo me impune lacessit.*”¹

“Good!” he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through walls of piled bones, with casks and pun-
10 cheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

“The nitre!” I said; “see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river’s bed.
15 The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough—”

“It is nothing,” he said; “let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc.”

I broke and reached him a flagon of De Grâve.² He
20 emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesticulation I did not understand. I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement—a grotesque one.

“You do not comprehend?” he said.

25 “Not I,” I replied.

“Then you are not of the brotherhood.”

“How?”

“You are not of the masons.”

“Yes, yes,” I said, “yes, yes.”

30 “You? Impossible! A mason?”

“A mason,” I replied.

“A sign,” he said.

¹ No one attacks me with impunity.

² A flagon, or small bottle, of De Grâve wine.

"It is this," I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my *roquelaire*.

"You jest," he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. "But let us proceed to the Amontillado."

"Be it so," I said replacing the tool beneath the cloak, ⁵ and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and, descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux ¹⁰ rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior ¹⁵ crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones we perceived a still interior recess, ²⁰ in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of ²⁵ solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavored to pry into the depths of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for ³⁰ Luchesi—"

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of

the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more, and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key, I stepped back from the recess.

10 "Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed it is *very* damp. Once more let me *implore* you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

15 "The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied; "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them
20 aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I
25 discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was *not* the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the
30 third, and the fourth, and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the

trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaux over the masonwork, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within. 5

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated—I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess, but the thought of an instant reassured 10 me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamored. I reëchoed—I aided—I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamorer grew still. 15

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it par- 20 tially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said:— 25

“Ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—a very good joke indeed—an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo—he! he! he!—over our wine—he! he! he!”

“The Amontillado!” I said. 30

“He! he! he!—he! he! he!—yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo—the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone.”

“Yes,” I said, “let us be gone.”

“*For the love of God, Montresor!*”

“Yes,” I said, “for the love of God!”

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I
5 grew impatient. I called aloud,—

“Fortunato!”

No answer. I called again,—

“Fortunato!”

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining
10 aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return
only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick—on ac-
count of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to
make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its
position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I
15 reërected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a
century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat.*¹

ADAPTED PLOTS

(a) On a rocky headland of Southern Corsica, near Bonifacio, lived a poor widow and her only son, a youth approaching manhood. The son, having become obnoxious to a certain cobbler of the Island, was one night assassinated by his enemy and brought home dead to his mother's cabin. The murderer escaped to the neighboring island of Sardinia, nor was the mother able to have him punished through the regular course of law. Her heart, which had formerly been kind and charitable, became filled only with the desire for revenge. Brooding over her trouble, she devised a means of satisfying her desire. The one living creature which remained to her was a large and powerful dog. This dog she resolved to train for her purpose. She tied him up and refused him all food until he was perfectly ravenous; meanwhile she made the effigy of a man and attached some food to his neck. At the proper moment she loosed the dog, crying, “At him, good Leo!” whereupon the dog, scenting the meat, tore the effigy to pieces in order to satisfy his hunger. For months she continued this practice, so that the dog, naturally good and gentle, was perfectly murderous, at the utterance of those fatal words.

¹ May he rest in peace.

Early one morning she took the famishing dog, securely muzzled, to the beach, a friend rowed them to the Sardinian shore, and they found their way to the village where the cobbler was working. As her eye fell upon the assassin of her son, she loosened the dog's muzzle, crying fiercely, "At him, good Leo!" and in a few moments her terrible desire for vengeance was sated.

(b) An old peasant woman had lived for many years in the district of Virelogne, France. She had one child only, a son, who at length was drafted into the French army during the Franco-Prussian war. Some time after this, four young Prussian soldiers were quartered in the old woman's hut. One day she received tidings of the killing of her son by a Prussian shell. That night, while the Prussian soldiers were sleeping, she set fire to the place, consuming both hut and men. She then gave herself up to justice.

(c) An adult human skeleton has been discovered buried in the path outside the kitchen of No. 34, Heckford-road, Heckford Park, Poole. The house has for the past 11 years been occupied by an old man named Alfred Westbeare, aged 73, a retired disciplinary clerk and warder from Portland Prison. The old man was taken ill a few weeks ago and died in Cornelia Hospital, Poole, on December 31. The skeleton was discovered by a man who was doing some repairs for an incoming tenant.

An open verdict was returned at the inquest held at Poole Workhouse on Wednesday by the Borough Coroner, Mr. E. J. Conway, on the remains.

Maud Mary Westbeare, Westbeare's daughter, said that she and her mother left Poole in November, 1905, and went to London. Her brother, Alfred Charles, was then living at Highgate. He was ill and out of work, and came to Poole a fortnight after she left. She had not seen or heard from him since her mother received a letter from her father to the effect, "You need not fear; your son is at rest."

The Coroner.—"Previous to receiving that letter you all of you thought something was wrong."—"No; we did not know what had become of him. We never heard, anything about him. They found," she added, "two suits of working clothes and one best suit, belonging to her brother, Alfred Charles, among her father's belongings."

Dr. Olivey, of Poole, said he was present when the skeleton was unearthed. In his opinion the body must have been buried for some years. Dr. Olivey said that the skull was evidently that of an adult male, and showed no sign of fracture.

Levi Luckham, who had lived next door to Westbeare for 15

years, said that in 1907 he missed Westbeare's son. About that time he now remembered hearing a loud shout in an angry tone. It seemed like the elder Westbeare's voice. Then there was a scuffling. He thought Westbeare and his son were quarreling. The sounds ended in what seemed like a thud. When he saw no more of the son, the witness thought that Westbeare had turned him out.

The jury, as stated, returned an open verdict.

London Times.

[NOTE.] Very careful thought should be given to the selection of a point of view for each one of these plots. (See p. 565.) Would the same point of view be suitable for each?

MARKHEIM

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

“YES,” said the dealer, “our windfalls are of various kinds. Some customers are ignorant, and then I touch a dividend on my superior knowledge. Some are dishonest,” and here he held up the candle, so that the light fell strongly on his visitor, “and in that case,” he continued, “I profit by my virtue.”

Markheim had but just entered from the daylight streets, and his eyes had not yet grown familiar with the mingled shine and darkness in the shop. At these pointed words, and before the near presence of the flame, he blinked painfully and looked aside.

The dealer chuckled. “You come to me on Christmas day,” he resumed, “when you know that I am alone in my house, put up my shutters, and make a point of refusing business. Well, you will have to pay for that; you will have to pay for my loss of time, when I should be balancing my books; you will have to pay, besides, for a kind of manner that I remark in you to-day very strongly. I am the essence of discretion, and ask no awkward questions; but when a customer cannot look me in the eye, he has to

pay for it." The dealer once more chuckled; and then, changing to his usual business voice, though still with a note of irony, "You can give, as usual, a clear account of how you came into the possession of the object?" he continued. "Still your uncle's cabinet? A remarkable 5 collector, sir!"

And the little pale, round-shouldered dealer stood almost on tiptoe, looking over the top of his gold spectacles, and nodding his head with every mark of disbelief. Markheim returned his gaze with one of infinite pity, and a touch 10 of horror.

"This time," said he, "you are in error. I have not come to sell, but to buy. I have no curios to dispose of; my uncle's cabinet is bare to the wainscot; even were it still intact, I have done well on the Stock Exchange, and 15 should more likely add to it than otherwise, and my errand to-day is simplicity itself. I seek a Christmas present for a lady," he continued, waxing more fluent as he struck into the speech he had prepared; "and certainly I owe you every excuse for thus disturbing you upon so 20 small a matter. But the thing was neglected yesterday; I must produce my little compliment at dinner; and, as you very well know, a rich marriage is not a thing to be neglected."

There followed a pause, during which the dealer seemed 25 to weigh this statement incredulously. The ticking of many clocks among the curious lumber of the shop, and the faint rushing of the cabs in a near thoroughfare, filled up the interval of silence.

"Well, sir," said the dealer, "be it so. You are an old 30 customer after all; and if, as you say, you have the chance of a good marriage, far be it from me to be an obstacle. Here is a nice thing for a lady now," he went on, "this hand glass—fifteenth century, warranted; comes from a

good collection, too; but I reserve the name, in the interests of my customer, who was just like yourself, my dear sir, the nephew and sole heir of a remarkable collector."

The dealer, while he thus ran on in his dry and biting voice, had stooped to take the object from its place; and, as he had done so, a shock had passed through Markheim, a start both of hand and foot, a sudden leap of many tumultuous passions to the face. It passed as swiftly as it came, and left no trace beyond a certain trembling of the hand that now received the glass.

"A glass," he said hoarsely, and then paused, and repeated it more clearly. "A glass? For Christmas? Surely not!"

"And why not?" cried the dealer. "Why not a glass?" Markheim was looking upon him with an indefinable expression. "You ask me why not?" he said. "Why, look here—look in it—look at yourself! Do you like to see it? No! nor I—nor any man."

The little man had jumped back when Markheim had so suddenly confronted him with the mirror; but now, perceiving there was nothing worse in hand, he chuckled. "Your future lady, sir, must be pretty hard-favored," said he.

"I ask you," said Markheim, "for a Christmas present, and you give me this—this damned reminder of years, and sins and follies—this hand conscience! Did you mean it? Had you a thought in your mind? Tell me. It will be better for you if you do. Come, tell me about yourself. I hazard a guess now, that you are in secret a very charitable man?"

The dealer looked closely at his companion. It was very odd, Markheim did not appear to be laughing; there was something in his face like an eager sparkle of hope, but nothing of mirth.

"What are you driving at?" the dealer asked.

"Not charitable?" returned the other, gloomily, "Not charitable; not pious; not scrupulous; unloving, unbeloved; a hand to get money, a safe to keep it. Is that all? Dear God, man, is that all?" 5

"I will tell you what it is," began the dealer, with some sharpness, and then broke off again into a chuckle. "But I see this is a love match of yours, and you have been drinking the lady's health."

"Ah!" cried Markheim, with a strange curiosity. "Ah, 10 have you been in love? Tell me about that."

"I!" cried the dealer. "I in love! I never had the time, nor have I the time to-day for all this nonsense. Will you take the glass?"

"Where is the hurry?" returned Markheim. "It is 15 very pleasant to stand here talking; and life is so short and insecure that I would not hurry away from any pleasure—no, not even from so mild a one as this. We should rather cling, cling to what little we can get, like a man at a cliff's edge. Every second is a cliff, if you think upon it— 20 a cliff a mile high—high enough, if we fall, to dash us out of every feature of humanity. Hence it is best to talk pleasantly. Let us talk of each other; why should we wear this mask? Let us be confidential. Who knows, we might become friends?" 25

"I have just one word to say to you," said the dealer. "Either make your purchase, or walk out of my shop."

"True, true," said Markheim. "Enough fooling. To business. Show me something else."

The dealer stooped once more, this time to replace the 30 glass upon the shelf, his thin blond hair falling over his eyes as he did so. Markheim moved a little nearer, with one hand in the pocket of his greatcoat; he drew himself up and filled his lungs; at the same time many different

emotions were depicted together on his face—terror, horror, and resolve, fascination and a physical repulsion; and through a haggard lift of his upper lip, his teeth looked out.

5 “This perhaps, may suit,” observed the dealer; and then, as he began to rearise, Markheim bounded from behind upon his victim. The long, skewerlike dagger flashed and fell. The dealer struggled like a hen, striking his temple on the shelf, and then tumbled on the floor in a heap.
10 Time had some score of small voices in that shop, some stately and slow as was becoming to their great age; others garrulous and hurried. All these told out the seconds in an intricate chorus of tickings. Then the passage of a lad’s feet, heavily running on the pavement, broke in
15 upon these smaller voices and startled Markheim into the consciousness of his surroundings. He looked about him awfully. The candle stood on the counter, its flame solemnly wagging in a draught; and by that inconsiderable movement, the whole room was filled with noiseless bustle
20 and kept heaving like a sea: the tall shadows nodding, the gross blots of darkness swelling and dwindling as with respiration, the faces of the portraits and the china gods changing and wavering like images in water. The inner door stood ajar, and peered into that leaguer of shadows
25 with a long slit of daylight like a pointing finger.

From these fear-stricken roivings, Markheim’s eyes returned to the body of his victim, where it lay both humped and sprawling, incredibly small and strangely meaner than in life. In these poor, miserly clothes, in that ungainly
30 attitude, the dealer lay like so much sawdust. Markheim had feared to see it and, lo! it was nothing. And yet, as he gazed, this bundle of old clothes and pool of blood began to find eloquent voices. There it must lie; there was none to work the cunning hinges or direct the miracle of locomo-

tion—there it must lie till it was found. Found! ay, and then? Then would this dead flesh lift up a cry that would ring over England, and fill the world with echoes of pursuit. Ay, dead or not, this was still the enemy. “Time was that when the brains were out,” he thought; and the first word struck into his mind. Time, now that the deed was accomplished—time, which had closed for the victim, had become instant and momentous for the slayer.

The thought was yet in his mind, when first one and then another, with every variety of pace and voice—one deep as the bell from a cathedral turret, another ringing on its treble notes the prelude of a waltz—the clocks began to strike the hour of three in the afternoon.

The sudden outbreak of so many tongues in that dumb chamber staggered him. He began to bestir himself, going to and fro with the candle, beleaguered by moving shadows and startled to the soul by chance reflections. In many rich mirrors, some of home designs, some from Venice or Amsterdam, he saw his face repeated and repeated, as it were an army of spies; his own eyes met and detected him; and the sound of his own steps, lightly as they fell, vexed the surrounding quiet. And still as he continued to fill his pockets, his mind accused him, with a sickening iteration, of the thousand faults of his design. He should have chosen a more quiet hour; he should have prepared an alibi; he should not have used a knife; he should have been more cautious, and only bound and gagged the dealer and not killed him; he should have been more bold, and killed the servant also; he should have done all things otherwise; poignant regrets, weary, incessant toiling of the mind to change what was unchangeable, to plan what was now useless, to be the architect of the irrevocable past. Meanwhile, and behind all this activity, brute terrors, like the scurrying of rats in a deserted attic, filled the more remote

chambers of his brain with riot; the hand of the constable would fall heavy on his shoulder, and his nerves would jerk like a hooked fish; or he beheld, in galloping defile, the dock, the prison, the gallows, and the black coffin.

5 Terror of the people in the street sat down before his mind like a besieging army. It was impossible, he thought, but that some rumor of the struggle must have reached their ears and set on edge their curiosity; and now, in all the neighboring houses, he divined them sitting motionless
10 and with uplifted ear—solitary people, condemned to spend Christmas dwelling alone on memories of the past, and now startingly recalled from that tender exercise; happy family parties, struck into silence round the table, the mother still with raised finger: every degree and age
15 and humor, but all, by their own hearths, prying and hearkening and weaving the rope that was to hang him. Sometimes it seemed to him he could not move too softly; the clink of the tall Bohemian goblets rang out loudly like a bell; and alarmed by the bigness of the ticking, he
20 was tempted to stop the clocks. And then, again, with a swift transition of his terrors, the very silence of the place appeared a source of peril, and a thing to strike and freeze the passer-by; and he would step more boldly, and bustle aloud among the contents of the shop, and imitate, with
25 elaborate bravado, the movements of a busy man at ease in his own house.

But he was now so pulled about by different alarms that, while one portion of his mind was still alert and cunning, another trembled on the brink of lunacy. One hallucina-
30 tion in particular took a strong hold on his credulity. The neighbor hearkening with white face beside his window, the passer-by arrested by a horrible surmise on the pavement—these could at worst suspect, they could not know; through the brick walls and shuttered windows only

sounds could penetrate. But here, within the house, was he alone? He knew he was; he had watched the servant set forth sweethearting, in her poor best, "out for the day" written in every ribbon and smile. Yes, he was alone, of course; and yet, in the bulk of empty house about him, 5 he could surely hear a stir of delicate footing—he was surely conscious, inexplicably conscious of some presence. Ay, surely; to every room and corner of the house his imagination followed it; and now it was a faceless thing, and yet had eyes to see with; and again it was a shadow of 10 himself; and yet again behold the image of the dead dealer, reinspired with cunning and hatred.

At times, with a strong effort, he would glance at the open door, which still seemed to repel his eyes. The house was tall, the skylight small and dirty, the day blind with 15 fog; and the light that filtered down to the ground story was exceedingly faint, and showed dimly on the threshold of the shop. And yet, in that strip of doubtful brightness, did there not hang wavering a shadow?

Suddenly, from the street outside, a very jovial gentle- 20 man began to beat with a staff on the shop door, accompanying his blows with shouts and railleries in which the dealer was continually called upon by name. Markheim, smitten into ice, glanced at the dead man. But no! he lay quite still; he was fled away far beyond earshot of these 25 blows and shoutings; he was sunk beneath seas of silence; and his name, which would once have caught his notice above the howling of a storm, had become an empty sound. And presently the jovial gentleman desisted from his knocking and departed. 30

Here was a broad hint to hurry what remained to be done, to get forth from this accusing neighborhood, to plunge into a bath of London multitudes, and to reach, on the other side of day, that haven of safety and apparent

innocence—his bed. One visitor had come: at any moment another might follow and be more obstinate. To have done the deed, and yet not to reap the profit, would be too abhorrent a failure. The money, that was now Markheim's concern; and as a means to that, the keys.

He glanced over his shoulder at the open door, where the shadow was still lingering and shivering; and with no conscious repugnance of the mind, yet with a tremor of the belly, he drew near the body of his victim. The human character had quite departed. Like a suit half-stuffed with bran, the limbs lay scattered, the trunk doubled, on the floor; and yet the thing repelled him. Although so dingy and inconsiderable to the eye, he feared it might have more significance to the touch. He took the body by the shoulders, and turned it on its back. It was strangely light and supple, and the limbs, as if they had been broken, fell into the oddest postures. The face was robbed of all expression; but it was as pale as wax, and shockingly smeared with blood about one temple. That was, for Markheim, the one displeasing circumstance. It carried him back, upon the instant, to a certain fair day in a fishers' village: a gray day, a piping wind, a crowd upon the street, the blare of brasses, the booming of drums, the nasal voice of a ballad singer; and a boy going to and fro, buried overhead in the crowd and divided between interest and fear, until, coming out upon the chief place of concourse, he beheld a booth and a great screen with pictures, dismally designed, garishly colored: Brownrigg with her apprentice; the Mannings with their murdered guest; Weare in the death-grip of Thurtell; and a score besides of famous crimes. The thing was as clear as an illusion; he was once again that little boy; he was looking once again, and with the same sense of physical revolt, at these vile pictures; he was still stunned by the thumping of the drums. A bar of that

day's music returned upon his memory; and at that, for the first time, a qualm came over him, a breath of nausea, a sudden weakness of the joints, which he must instantly resist and conquer.

He judged it more prudent to confront than to flee from 5 these considerations; looking the more hardily in the dead face, bending his mind to realize the nature and greatness of his crime. So little a while ago that face had moved with every change of sentiment, that pale mouth had spoken, that body had been all on fire with governable 10 energies; and now, and by his act, that piece of life had been arrested, as the horologist, with interjected finger, arrests the beating of the clock. So he reasoned in vain; he could rise to no more remorseful consciousness; the same heart which had shuddered before the painted effigies of 15 crime, looked on its reality unmoved. At best, he felt a gleam of pity for one who had been endowed in vain with all those faculties that can make the world a garden of enchantment, one who had never lived and who was now dead. But of penitence, no, not a tremor. 20

With that, shaking himself clear of these considerations, he found the keys and advanced towards the open door of the shop. Outside, it had begun to rain smartly; and the sound of the shower upon the roof had banished silence. Like some dripping cavern, the chambers of the house were 25 haunted by an incessant echoing, which filled the ear and mingled with the ticking of the clocks. And, as Markheim approached the door, he seemed to hear, in answer to his own cautious tread, the steps of another foot withdrawing up the stair. The shadow still palpitated loosely on the 30 threshold. He threw a ton's weight of resolve upon his muscles, and drew back the door.

The faint, foggy daylight glimmered dimly on the bare floor and stairs; on the bright suit of armor posted, halbert

in hand, upon the landing; and on the dark wood carvings, and framed pictures that hung against the yellow panels of the wainscot. So loud was the beating of the rain through all the house that, in Markheim's ears, it began
5 to be distinguished into many different sounds. Footsteps and sighs, the tread of regiments marching in the distance, the chink of money in the counting, and the creaking of doors held stealthily ajar, appeared to mingle with the patter of the drops upon the cupola and the gushing of the
10 water in the pipes. The sense that he was not alone grew upon him to the verge of madness. On every side he was haunted and begirt by presences. He heard them moving in the upper chambers; from the shop, he heard the dead man getting to his legs; and as he began with a great effort
15 to mount the stairs, feet fled quietly before him and followed stealthily behind. If he were but deaf, he thought, how tranquilly he would possess his soul! And then again, and hearkening with ever fresh attention, he blessed himself for that unresting sense which held the outposts and
20 stood a trusty sentinel upon his life. His head turned continually on his neck; his eyes, which seemed starting from their orbits, scouted on every side, and on every side were half rewarded as with the tail of something nameless vanishing. The four-and-twenty steps to the first floor were
25 four-and-twenty agonies.

On that first story, the doors stood ajar, three of them like three ambushes, shaking his nerves like the throats of cannon. He could never again, he felt, be sufficiently immured and fortified from men's observing eyes; he
30 longed to be home, girt in by walls, buried among bed-clothes, and invisible to all but God. And at that thought he wondered a little, recollecting tales of other murderers and the fear they were said to entertain of heavenly avengers. It was not so, at least, with him. He feared the laws

of nature, lest, in their callous and immutable procedure, they should preserve some damning evidence of his crime. He feared tenfold more, with a slavish, superstitious terror, some scission in the continuity of man's experience, some willful illegality of nature. He played a game of 5 skill, depending on the rules, calculating consequence from cause; and what if nature, as the defeated tyrant overthrew the chessboard, should break the mold of their succession? The like had befallen Napoleon (so writers said) when the winter changed the time of its appearance. 10 The like might befall Markheim: the solid walls might become transparent and reveal his doings like those of bees in a glass hive; the stout planks might yield under his foot like quicksands and detain him in their clutch; ay, and there were soberer accidents that might destroy him: if, 15 for instance, the house should fall and imprison him beside the body of his victim; or the house next door should fly on fire, and the firemen invade him from all sides. These things he feared; and, in a sense, these things might be called the hands of God reached forth against sin. But 20 about God himself he was at ease; his act was doubtless exceptional, but so were his excuses, which God knew; it was there, and not among men, that he felt sure of justice.

When he had got safe into the drawing-room, and shut 25 the door behind him, he was aware of a respite from alarms. The room was quite dismantled, uncarpeted besides, and strewn with packing cases and incongruous furniture; several great pier glasses, in which he beheld himself at various angles, like an actor on a stage; many pictures, 30 framed and unframed, standing with their faces to the wall; a fine Sheraton sideboard, a cabinet of marquetry, and a great old bed, with tapestry hangings. The windows opened to the floor; but by great good fortune the lower

part of the shutters had been closed, and this concealed him from the neighbors. Here, then, Markheim drew in a packing case before the cabinet, and began to search among the keys. It was a long business, for there were 5 many; and it was irksome, besides; for, after all, there might be nothing in the cabinet, and time was on the wing. But the closeness of the occupation sobered him. With the tail of his eye he saw the door—even glanced at it from time to time directly, like a besieged commander 10 pleased to verify the good estate of his defenses. But in truth he was at peace. The rain falling in the street sounded natural and pleasant. Presently, on the other side, the notes of a piano were wakened to the music of a hymn, and the voices of many children took up the air and 15 words. How stately, how comfortable was the melody! How fresh the youthful voices! Markheim gave ear to it smilingly, as he sorted out the keys; and his mind was thronged with answerable ideas and images; churchgoing children and the pealing of the high organ; children afield, 20 bathers by the brookside, ramblers on the brambly common, kiteflyers in the windy and cloud-navigated sky; and then, at another cadence of the hymn, back again to church, and the somnolence of summer Sundays, and the high genteel voice of the parson (which he smiled a little 25 to recall) and the painted Jacobean tombs, and the dim lettering of the Ten Commandments in the chancel.

And as he sat thus, at once busy and absent, he was startled to his feet. A flash of ice, a flash of fire, a bursting gush of blood, went over him, and then he stood transfixed 30 and thrilling. A step mounted the stair slowly and steadily, and presently a hand was laid upon the knob, and the lock clicked, and the door opened.

Fear held Markheim in a vice. What to expect he knew not, whether the dead man walking, or the official ministers

of human justice, or some chance witness blindly stumbling in to consign him to the gallows. But when a face was thrust into the aperture, glanced round the room, looked at him, nodded and smiled as if in friendly recognition, and then withdrew again, and the door closed behind it, 5 his fear broke loose from his control in a hoarse cry. At the sound of this the visitant returned.

"Did you call me?" he asked pleasantly, and with that he entered the room and closed the door behind him.

Markheim stood and gazed at him with all his eyes. 10 Perhaps there was a film upon his sight, but the outlines of the newcomer seemed to change and waver like those of the idols in the wavering candlelight of the shop; and at times he thought he knew him; and at times he thought he bore a likeness to himself; and always, like a lump of 15 living terror, there lay in his bosom the conviction that this thing was not of the earth and not of God.

And yet the creature had a strange air of the commonplace, as he stood looking on Markheim with a smile; and when he added: "You are looking for the money, 20 I believe?" it was in the tones of everyday politeness.

Markheim made no answer.

"I should warn you," resumed the other, "that the maid has left her sweetheart earlier than usual and will soon be here. If Mr. Markheim be found in this house, I need not describe to him the consequences." 25

"You know me?" cried the murderer.

The visitor smiled. "You have long been a favorite of mine," he said; "and I have long observed and often sought to help you."

"What are you?" cried Markheim; "the devil?" 30

"What I may be," returned the other, "cannot affect the service I propose to render you."

"It can," cried Markheim; "it does! Be helped by you?"

No, never; not by you! You do not know me yet; thank God, you do not know me!"

"I know you," replied the visitant, with a sort of kind severity or rather firmness. "I know you to the soul."

5 "Know me!" cried Markheim. "Who can do so? My life is but a travesty and slander on myself. I have tried to belie my nature. All men do; all men are better than this disguise that grows about and stifles them. You see each dragged away by life, like one whom bravos have
10 seized and muffled in a cloak. If they had their own control—if you could see their faces, they would be altogether different, they would shine out for heroes and saints! I am worse than most; myself is more overlaid; my excuse is known to me and God. But, had I the time, I could
15 disclose myself."

"To me?" inquired the visitant.

"To you before all," returned the murderer. "I supposed you were intelligent. I thought—since you exist—you would prove a reader of the heart. And yet you would
20 propose to judge me by my acts! Think of it; my acts! I was born and I have lived in a land of giants; giants have dragged me by the wrists since I was born out of my mother—the giants of circumstances. And would judge me by my acts! But can you not look within? Can you not
25 understand that evil is hateful to me? Can you not see within me the clear writing of conscience, never blurred by any willful sophistry, although too often disregarded? Can you not read me for a thing that surely must be common as humanity—the unwilling sinner?"

30 "All this is very feelingly expressed," was the reply, "but it regards me not. These points of consistency are beyond my province, and I care not in the least by what compulsion you may have been dragged away, so as you are but carried in the right direction. But time flies; the

servant delays, looking in the faces of the crowd and at the pictures on the hoardings, but still she keeps moving nearer; and remember, it is as if the gallows itself were striding towards you through the Christmas streets! Shall I help you; I, who know all? Shall I tell you where to find the money?"

"For what price?" asked Markheim.

"I offer you the service for a Christmas gift," returned the other.

Markheim could not refrain from smiling with a kind of bitter triumph. "No," said he, "I will take nothing at your hands; if I were dying of thirst, and it was your hand that put the pitcher to my lips, I should find the courage to refuse. It may be credulous, but I will do nothing to commit myself to evil."

"I have no objection to a deathbed repentance," observed the visitant.

"Because you disbelieve their efficacy!" Markheim cried.

"I do not say so," returned the other; "but I look on these things from a different side, and when the life is done, my interest falls. The man has lived to serve me, to spread black looks under color of religion, or to sow tares in the wheat field, as you do, in a course of weak compliance with desire. Now that he draws so near to his deliverance, he can add but one act of service—to repent, to die smiling, and thus to build up in confidence and hope the more timorous of my surviving followers. I am not so hard a master. Try me. Accept my help. Please yourself in life as you have done hitherto; please yourself more amply, spread your elbows at the board; and when the night begins to fall and the curtains to be drawn, I tell you, for your greater comfort, that you will find it even easy to compound your quarrel with your conscience, and

to make a truckling peace with God. I came but now from such a deathbed, and the room was full of sincere mourners, listening to the man's last words: and when I looked into that face, which had been set as a flint against 5 mercy, I found it smiling with hope."

"And do you, then, suppose me such a creature?" asked Markheim. "Do you think I have no more generous aspirations than to sin, and sin, and sin, and, at last, sneak into heaven? My heart rises at the thought. Is this, then, 10 your experience of mankind? or is it because you find me with red hands that you presume such baseness? and is this crime of murder indeed so impious as to dry up the very springs of good?"

"Murder is to me no special category," replied the other. 15 "All sins are murder, even as all life is war. I behold your race, like starving mariners on a raft, plucking crusts out of the hands of famine and feeding on each other's lives. I follow sins beyond the moment of their acting; I find in all that the last consequence is death; and to my 20 eyes, the pretty maid who thwarts her mother with such taking graces on a question of a ball, drips no less visibly with human gore than such a murderer as yourself. Do I say that I follow sins? I follow virtues also; they differ not by the thickness of a nail, they are both scythes for the 25 reaping angel of Death. Evil, for which I live, consists not in action but in character. The bad man is dear to me; not the bad act, whose fruits, if we could follow them far enough down the hurtling cataract of the ages, might yet be found more blessed than those of the rarest virtues. 30 And it is not because you have killed a dealer, but because you are Markheim, that I offered to forward your escape."

"I will lay my heart open to you," answered Markheim. "This crime on which you find me is my last. On my way to it I have learned many lessons; itself is a lesson, a mo-

mentous lesson. Hitherto I have been driven with revolt to what I would not; I was a bonds slave to poverty, driven and scourged. There are robust virtues that can stand in these temptations; mine was not so: I had a thirst of pleasure. But to-day, and out of this deed, I pluck both warn-⁵ing and riches—both the power and a fresh resolve to be myself. I become in all things a free actor in the world; I begin to see myself all changed, these hands the agents of good, this heart at peace. Something comes over me out of the past; something of what I have dreamed on ¹⁰Sabbath evenings to the sound of the church organ, of what I forecast when I shed tears over noble books, or talked, an innocent child, with my mother. There lies my life; I have wandered a few years, but now I see once more my city of destination.” 15

“You are to use this money on the Stock Exchange, I think?” remarked the visitor; “and there, if I mistake not, you have already lost some thousands?”

“Ah,” said Markheim, “but this time I have a sure thing.” 20

“This time, again, you will lose,” replied the visitor quietly.

“Ah, but I keep back the half!” cried Markheim.

“That also you will lose,” said the other.

The sweat started upon Markheim’s brow. “Well, ²⁵then, what matter?” he exclaimed. “Say it be lost, say I am plunged again into poverty, shall one part of me, and that the worse, continue until the end to override the better? Evil and good run strong in me, haling me both ways. I do not love the one thing, I love all. I can con- ³⁰ceive great deeds, renunciations, martyrdoms; and though I be fallen to such a crime as murder, pity is no stranger to my thoughts. I pity the poor; who knows their trials better than myself? I pity and help them; I prize love,

I love honest laughter; there is no good thing nor true thing on earth but I love it from the bottom of my heart. And are my vices only to direct my life, and my virtues to lie without effect, like some passive lumber of the mind?
5 Not so; good, also, is a spring of acts."

But the visitant raised his finger. "For six-and-thirty years that you have been in this world," said he, "through many changes of fortune and varieties of humor, I have watched you steadily fall. Fifteen years ago you would
10 have started at a theft. Three years back you would have blenched at the name of murder. Is there any crime, is there any cruelty or meanness, from which you still recoil?—five years from now I shall detect you in the fact! Downward, downward, lies your way; nor can anything
15 but death avail to stop you."

"It is true," Markheim said huskily, "I have in some degree complied with evil. But it is so with all; the very saints, in the mere exercise of living, grow less dainty, and take on the tone of their surroundings."

20 "I will propound to you one simple question," said the other; "and as you answer, I shall read to you your moral horoscope. You have grown in many things more lax; possibly you do right to be so; and at any account, it is the same with all men. But granting that, are you in any
25 one particular, however trifling, more difficult to please with your own conduct, or do you go in all things with a looser rein?"

"In any one?" repeated Markheim, with an anguish of consideration. No," he added, with despair, "in none!
30 I have gone down in all."

"Then," said the visitor, "content yourself with what you are, for you will never change; and the words of your part on this stage are irrevocably written down."

Markheim stood for a long time silent, and indeed it was

the visitor who broke the silence. "That being so," he said, "shall I show you the money?"

"And grace?" cried Markheim.

"Have you not tried it?" returned the other. "Two or three years ago, did I not see you on the platform of revival meetings, and was not your voice the loudest in the hymn?"

"It is true," said Markheim; "and I see clearly what remains for me by way of duty. I thank you for these lessons from my soul; my eyes are opened, and I behold myself at last for what I am."

At this moment, the sharp note of the door bell rang through the house; and the visitant as though this were some concerted signal for which he had been waiting, changed at once his demeanor. 15

"The maid!" he cried. "She has returned, as I forewarned you, and there is now before you one more difficult passage. Her master, you must say, is ill; you must let her in, with an assured but rather serious countenance—no smiles, no overacting, and I promise you success! Once the girl within, and the door closed, the same dexterity that has already rid you of the dealer will relieve you of this last danger in your path. Thenceforth you have the whole evening—the whole night, if needful—to ransack the treasures of the house and to make good your safety. This is help that comes to you with the mask of danger. Up!" he cried: "up, friend; your life hangs trembling in the scales; up, and act!" 20

Markheim steadily regarded his counselor. "If I be condemned to evil acts," he said, "there is still one door of freedom open—I can cease from action. If my life be an ill thing, I can lay it down. Though I be, as you say truly, at the beck of every small temptation, I can yet, by one decisive gesture, place myself beyond the reach of

all. My love of good is damned to barrenness; it may, and let it be! But I have still my hatred of evil; and from that, to your galling disappointment, you will see that I can draw both energy and courage."

5 The features of the visitor began to undergo a wonderful and lovely change: they brightened and softened with a tender triumph; and, even as they brightened, faded and dislimned. But Markheim did not pause to watch or understand the transformation. He opened the door and went
10 downstairs very slowly, thinking to himself. His past went soberly before him; he beheld it as it was, ugly and strenuous like a dream, random as chance-medley—a scene of defeat. Life, as he thus reviewed it, tempted him no longer; but on the farther side he perceived a quiet haven
15 for his bark. He paused in the passage, and looked into the shop, where the candle still burned by the dead body. It was strangely silent. Thoughts of the dealer swarmed into his mind, as he stood gazing. And then the bell once more broke out into impatient clamor.

20 He confronted the maid upon the threshold with something like a smile.

"You had better go for the police," said he; "I have killed your master."

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

See plots appended to the preceding story.



